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General Banking and Exchange business. Interest paid on time deposits.

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Wagon-making, and all kinds of Wood-work and General Blacksmithing done. Mill Machinery Repaired.

RUGGLES & JOHNSON, MILLINERY AND DRESS-MAKING.

Hats, Dress Trimmings and a General Assortment of Millinery Goods. We always keep the latest styles.

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Washing gathered and delivered every week. Work done on short notice when desired.

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The best Beef, Veal, Pork and Mutton always on hand. Eggs, Butter, Vegetables and Chickens bought and sold.

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First-class single and double turn-outs kept on hand. Boarding and transient stock cared for.

ACRE TRACTS AND TOWN LOTS.

For sale at reasonable prices and on favorable terms. Location best in the city of Tillamook.

THE S. AUGUSTA.

Will make regular trips, the weather permitting, from TILLAMOOK to ASTORIA and PORTLAND.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee.

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SOCIETY DIRECTORY. G. A. R.—Meets first and third Wednesday of each month...

M. E. CHURCH—Religious services conducted by the Pastor every Sunday at 11 A. M.

M. E. CHURCH SOUTH—First Sunday in each month at Long Prairie at 11:00 A. M.

L. HINER, Pres. and Manager. Wm. Eberman, Vice President. Wm. D. Stillwell, Treasurer.

THE MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. Write the best policy, guaranteeing you cash and paid up insurance every year.

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THE BEST INVESTMENT YOU CAN MAKE. It is to insure your life, and thus provide your estate with cash at your death.

TILLAMOOK, - - - OREGON.

THEY KEEP ON HANDS AT THEIR STORE IN HOBSONVILLE THE LARGEST STOCK OF GOODS IN TILLAMOOK COUNTY.

Our stock consists of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps and Notions.

AGENTS FOR The Steamer TRUCKEE. TILLAMOOK, SAN FRANCISCO AND WAY PORTS.

Makes regular trips about every two weeks, the weather permitting.

The fast sailing Steamer TRUCKEE has been specially fitted up for carrying passengers.

Following are the rates: CABIN PASSAGE \$15. ROUND TRIP \$20. STEERAGE (one way) \$5.

Freight (General Merchandise) \$4 per ton. J. E. SIBLEY, Manager, Hobsonville, Ore.

TRADING WITH CANADA.

HOW IT HAS BEEN AFFECTED BY THE MCKINLEY TARIFF.

That Tariff Has Resulted in Giving the American Farmer Better Markets and Higher Prices for His Products—Canadians Always Pay the "Tariff Tax."

They were not covards, the men who framed and passed the McKinley tariff. They believed it would benefit the American people and resolutely passed it through both houses of congress.

The men who took this course knew what they were about. They assumed full responsibility for the new law and were willing to stand or fall with its success or failure.

That committee has been hard at work for over a year, visiting different sections of the country, taking the testimony of residents and trying in every way to get at the exact facts.

Nevertheless it does not harm to have the new law officially vindicated. The opening chapters of that formal vindication are now at hand in the partial report just submitted to the senate by one part of the investigating committee.

From the beginning to the end all the places visited by us in our own country were increasing in population, while on the other side of the line, as we were informed, the population was everywhere diminishing.

When the duty on imported horses was increased, the price of horses fell in Canada. It was the same with eggs and barley.

It was also ascertained at Eastport, Me., from the owners of the sardine factories, who are among the largest consumers of tin, that the increased duty thereon had increased the price to the amount of one dollar per box.

More or less emigrants appeared to be entering into our country from the Canadian dominion all along the border line, and at some points it was stated that large numbers in the spring of the year, as at Newport, Vt., of 800 per day, often came in to find employment for the season and returned in the autumn.

That wages were much less in the Canadian dominion was stated everywhere, ranging in amount from 15 to 33 per cent, and in some cases even to 50 per cent.

Senator McPherson appends this rather curious remark to the report: "I assume that the facts are correctly stated in the foregoing report, but dissent from the conclusions drawn therein from such testimony."

Which is about as if he had admitted the correctness of a geometrical proposition, but denied its corollary. After admitting the facts, his protest against the

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SHAKE-PEARE UP TO DATE.

"A plague o' both your houses."—Romeo and Juliet.

Modern Civil Engineering. The man who always figures out results and tabulates statements was nosing around the platform, when he ran into an engineer whose locomotive was resting on the siding.

"Speed is all right," said the engineer, "but it ain't everything it looks."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the figure man.

"Well, I mean that the time made between places ain't always according to the distance. For instance, this division I'm running on is ten miles shorter than when I came here three years ago."

"It's done, you see," went on the engineer, "by shortening the road. They built it first in a hurry, picking out the easiest places and that sort, and then afterward they began taking in curves and going through hills and so on, making it shorter every year. Why, the distance is forty miles less between Chicago and St. Joe, Mo., than it used to be."

"How long ago, say?" inquired the figure man with great interest, taking out his pencil and paper.

"About four years ago, I guess," ventured the engineer.

"Um—um—let me see," said the figure man, calculating. "At present St. Joe, Mo., is about 300 miles southwest of Chicago, and if they keep on shortening the distance at the rate you mention, say for fifty years, St. Joe will have moved up somewhere in the neighborhood of Gladwin county, Mich. I guess I'll make a note of that. You don't care if I use your name, do you?"

But the engineer did, and the way he did was reprehensibly impolite, and the figure man walked off down the platform and tackled the baggage-master.

Parental Foresight. Father of the Family—No, John is not what you would call a promising boy, but I am going to do the very best I can for him. I expect to send him to college, give him a full classical course and let him choose a profession. He will be able at least to earn a living with such a start as that.

Just as Well. Miss Pinkerly (before the good night)—It's raining so now, Mr. Tutter, that you had better take my umbrella.

Tutter—Thanks, Miss Pinkerly, I don't know but I will. But (brightly) I will try and bring it back with me tomorrow night.

Miss Pinkerly—Oh, you needn't trouble yourself, Mr. Tutter, you can just as well send it.—Cloak Review.

A Little Grammar Lesson. "Liza, you don't seem to be very busy?"

"None; I've finished up all the work they was to be did."

"Done, you mean done?"

"Yessum; I've finished up all the work they was to be done did."—Indianapolis Journal.

Enough Already. "Are you going to have a dodo in your study?"

"No," said the old gentleman. "I've got a portrait of Dido and the skeleton of a dodo, and I guess a dodo'll be a little bit too much of a good thing."—Larper's Bazar.

True Love of the Period. Cholly's Chum—Did you love her very much, old man?

Cholly (jilted)—Love isn't the word for it. Her father owned ten acres near the World's fair grounds and she was an only child.—Chicago News Record.

Proof of It. "Does your husband swear as much as ever?"

"Swear? Why, I can't keep a parrot two weeks in the house!"—Texas Siftings.

Engle. The swallow is a bird of easy flight. That is why a man is flighty when he has taken several swallows.—Binghamton Republican.

No Enjoyment. "I never enjoy my bed," said a hard worker, "because the minute I put my head on the pillow it's morning."—Youth's Companion.

Doubtful All Around. Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and isn't quite sure how it is going to get along itself.—Singer

BLINDED BY A SPIDER'S BITE.

The Last Thing She Saw Was the Hand of the Doctor That Lanced Her Eye.

In the almshouse of Kings county in Flatbush there are many old women, some of whom have seen the light of an earlier century, who delight in gathering around the stove at nights and telling one another queer stories. These stories generally die away in weakened memories and rarely go outside the long brick walls.

There is a woman there who tells how she was dancing on her sixteenth birthday when her brother burst into the room with the news of Waterloo. And there is a woman who saw Washington, and yet another who picked berries where the Brooklyn municipal buildings now stand.

Not long ago a visitor to this institution remarked to one of these women: "I guess there are many inmates here who have had some remarkable experiences."

"Yes, indeed," the old woman answered. "There's Annie Krozan, poor woman, stone blind from a spider's bite. Did you ever hear the like of that before?"

This visitor, in telling about these very old women, repeated the story of the spider's bite, and it spread all over. Yesterday Annie Krozan told the story herself. She lay on a cot in the basement of the almshouse, where she has been lying for nearly eight years. All that could be seen of her was a white and wrinkled face half hidden in a white hood.

"I came here in 1882, sir," she said, "when I was only sixty-five years old. I had as fine and strong a pair of eyes then as a girl of sixteen, but now I'm all in darkness, and everything is black before me. Well, sir, I was married for the second time in 1865 to John Krozan, who was a sailor. After we were married he went to sea and never came home again. The ship, they told me, went down and all were lost. I never knew the name of the ship or the owners."

"Well, sir, things went badly with me, and at last I had to come here. Now it was one summer night, very hot, maybe eight, maybe nine years ago, and I was lying here on this very cot. I was just dozing off when I felt a sting in my left eye. I thought it was a mosquito, so I took my handkerchief and brought it down right hard on my eye. Then I fell asleep. The first thing in the morning I looked at my handkerchief, and there, as I hope to see heaven, was a big, black spider crushed dead. The next day my eye began to pain and swell, and when I couldn't bear it any longer they sent me to the hospital."

"They put poultices on the eye, but that didn't help it any, and soon the pain spread to the right eye. I went to the hospital regularly, and one day a young doctor lanced my right eye. It didn't hurt much, but I felt him cutting something, and his hand over my face was the last thing I ever saw. I was stone blind. He never believed the spider story, but it was either that, sir, or his lance that blinded me."

That is her story, and the matron of the institution and all the other inmates believe it.—New York Sun.

How Teeth Last. One often reads of the art by which the naturalist is able to restore the skeleton of an animal from a single bone, and in fact a good many mistakes have been made through overconfidence on the part of learned men in reconstructing fossils by theory from insufficient material. But there is no possibility of mistaking the testimony afforded by the teeth. They tell all about the manner of existence led by their former owner, giving accurately the habits, diet and approximate age of the beast.

Thus it is fortunate that teeth last longer than any other objects in nature. At this day are found in a perfect state of preservation the molars and incisors which were used to chew with by the mighty reptiles of millions of years ago.—Interview in Washington Star.

Omnivorous China. Dogs and cats are subject to the same process of absorption as dead horses, mules and donkeys. We have been personally cognizant of two cases in which villagers cooked and ate dogs which had been purposely poisoned by strychnine to get rid of them. On one of these occasions some one was thoughtful enough to consult a foreigner as to the probable results; but as the animal was already in the pot the convives could not make up their minds to forego the luxury of a feast, and no harm appeared to come of their indulgence.—"Chinese Characteristics."

A Restful Night. It would rest any one's nerves to stand on Walnut street in Philadelphia and look at the gentleman who sits in the window of the Philadelphia club in the afternoon and does not move from ten minutes to 3 to five minutes to 5.—Cor. New York Sun.

The custom of shaking hands, which exists among the Ainos, the aboriginal inhabitants of Japan, was so strange to a Japanese author, in a work published so late as 1834,