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COPENHAGEN MILK SUPPLY.

A Milk Distributing System That Is Bet-

ter Than Ours.

The Copenhagen Milk Supply company was organized about twelve years ago by Mr. G. Busch, who saw the evils of the prevailing method and wanted something better. Mr. Busch succeeded in interesting with him a number of distinguished medical men and savants, and a company was formed, with a capital of \$5,000. Three of the gentlemen agreed to serve as an independent committee, without remuneration and with no monetary interest in the concern. When the profits on stock reached a dividend of 5 per cent., all amounts over that were given to the consumers by reducing the price of milk to them.

The company does not attempt to give cheap or cheaper, but better milk, and to bring this about they hedge its production with every possible safeguard. To begin with, they make contracts for milk only with farmers having healthy herds, and they pay the highest price, thus making it an object for the contractor to retain the business. All milk is analyzed regularly to see that it comes up to the required standard. Milk must be cooled immediately to about 40 degs. Fahr. after milking, and if at a temperature above 50 degs. when it reaches the company it is rejected and sold elsewhere. Competent veterinarians inspect all the cows in every dairy once in two weeks; also the condition of stables, etc.

A competent man is regularly sent out to inspect the management of the dairy farms, the quality of the fodder, the cooling apparatus, the cleanliness of methods, etc. An experienced dairyman is also sent to visit all the farms, to see that the milking is properly done and that cleanliness prevails during the process. When the milk reaches the quarters of the company it is all filtered before being sold.

Every producer is pledged to report immediately any case of infectious disease on his farm or in the families of any of his employees. To insure this the company agrees to buy his milk at the same price if he reports promptly—not at all if he delays. The milk in such cases is otherwise disposed of—never comes in contact with that from the other dairies. The health of the employees in the city is looked after with the same care. When infectious disease appears in the families of any of the city employees they are suspended from work, but receive their salaries, so that no incentive to deceive can exist.

The original capital was about \$5,000, and it has gradually been increased as the business has grown, until it is now \$30,000, with double that amount invested. At first the business did not pay, but today it is a sound mercantile enterprise, paying fair returns.—Rural New Yorker.

Tobacco Chewing Butter Makers.
Probably referring to this may seem rather uncalculated for and at this particular time out of place, but take it for what it is worth. I detect it; I despise it. Think of your butter maker spitting all over the butter room while in the act of working and packing the butter. Quite frequently does this come to my notice. I hold that the habitual use of tobacco should utterly disqualify any man from occupying the butter maker's sanctum. I might go on and enumerate the habits of cleanliness, promptness, politeness—not only politeness to your customers, but as well to your cows—the habit of acquiring and reading dairy literature, etc.—Address of J. E. Nissley.

Dairy and Creamery.
The milk producer, the cheese and butter factory man and the private dairyman are no enemies. They are the best of friends; their interests are one. The only trouble is they do not always realize this fact.

The cause of abortion in dairy cows is ascribed by Dr. Salmon to want of cleanliness in many cases. The germ of disease and putrefaction are easily spread. Wherever the epidemic starts in among a herd of cows the only safe way to disinfect all the premises and burn or bury many feet deep whatever can decay or spread contagion.

A common hay barn can be turned easily into a silo. Line with double boarding, with paper between or with single lining tightly fitted by tongue and groove. The bottom and sides must be airtight wherever the silage touches them.

Ten tons of ensilage to the acre is a good estimate.
Fifty pounds of ensilage a day is a good ration for one dairy cow. One acre will do a little more than produce silage for one cow.

A successful dairyman who grows his own feed and uses ensilage on a large scale estimates the cost of feeding and keeping a cow at \$14.33 a year.

A butter maker who has a herd of grade Jerseys and Guernseys finds that their milk runs away above 4 per cent. butter fat.

The Milk Producers' association in the neighborhood of Philadelphia was organized last December on the basis of disposing of their goods themselves. They hired agents to meet the milk cans as they came into the five railway stations at Philadelphia, receive them and dispose of them to dealers at the producers' price, which last December was 4½ cents a quart, falling to 4 cents as the warm weather came on. The milk that is left is made into cheese and

The Legend of Chocorua.

Chocorua, which can be seen from the poet's home, is a tall mountain perfectly bare on top and bereft of all vegetation. There is a native legend in connection with it, as with all old Indian localities, that is very interesting.

Chocorua was the chief of a great tribe who dwelt on the borders of what Whittier calls "his broad Lake Ossipee." For years the tribe and their mighty chief were supreme, but one day the white man came. The strange visitors had conquered all the other Indians, but Chocorua was bound not to submit. For days and days the battle raged until the chief alone was left, and he fled from the conquerors. The white men followed him on and on, pressing close behind, until the chief sped up the rugged mountain side and left his enemies below.

Then he raised his hands aloft and prayed to the Great Spirit to grant his final wish, and he cursed the mountain on which he stood, and ordered nothing to grow upon the summit while the white man held the land. Long and hard was his curse upon the mountain top, and when he had finished night had come and the chief leaped into the darkness and vanished from sight forevermore; and runs the legend, from that time forth the mountain was called Chocorua, and the curse of the old Indian was fulfilled, for today it is bare and bleak.

Such was the story told one summer's night beneath the shadow of the mountain just as the moon outlined it against the sky.—Harper's Young People.

The Size of Families.

The decrease in the size of families is a subject which causes some alarm. Taking the United States as a whole, it is found by the census figures that in 1850 the average family consisted of 5.55 persons. There has been a gradual decrease, it being in 1860 5.23, in 1870 5.09, in 1880 5.04 and in 1890 4.94. Looking at the different geographical divisions, it is found that this rule holds true except in the western division, where the average size of the family has risen from 4.18 in 1850 to 4.88 in 1890, the increase having been steady through the intermediate decades.

This result would have been expected, of course, on account of the settlement of the west in the last few years, the population having increased rapidly and being more and more brought to the family basis instead of that of single individuals or young families settling in western territories. The small average size of the family in Oklahoma shows the influence of new settlements upon the size of the family.

In Oklahoma the size of the family will increase until population becomes fairly dense, when it will follow the rule of older communities and decrease. When population becomes more or less urban in character the maximum is reached, and after that a constantly receding average will probably be shown at each succeeding census.—Carroll D. Wright in Popular Science Monthly.

Figures About Nebulae.

We know of some 3,000 nebulae which represent milky ways like ours. Let us count 2,000 of them as being of the size of our milky way (our milky way holds about 20,191,000 stars), then 2,000 by 20,191,000 equals 40,383,000,000 stars, or 2,019,100,000,000 heavenly bodies. Suppose these heavenly bodies parading before our mental eye one per minute, it would require 3,840,000 years to finish the march, in all of which time we would have to look upon them unceasingly. Suppose a human being migrating from globe to globe and spending fifty years on each, he would require 100,955,000,000,000 years for the round. If he staid only one hour he would save much time, but still need 230,000,000 years for the task.

Yet these nebulae are only a part of the universe! Outside the nebula limits we know of other nebulae not resolvable into stars. They appear to be primitive nebulae, pure unused world stuff—matter for new creations. Some of them occupy a space as large as the orbit of Uranus. Some are still larger. The one in "Orion" is estimated to be 2,200,000,000,000,000,000 times larger than our sun.—Copenhagen Norstjerne.

Date of His Downfall.

Anxious Wife—I am appalled at my dear husband's growing disregard for the truth.

Sympathetic Visitor—And he was always so truthful! When did this terrible change take place?

Anxious Wife—Since he spent two weeks fishing for tarpon.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Slightly Improbable.

Judge Duffy—You say you are innocent. What, then, were you doing with the watch if you didn't intend to steal it?

Sam Johnson—I just wanted to wind it up for him. Dat's de solemn troof. I can't tell a lie if I was ter try for a week.—Texas Sittings.

The last words of the Empress

THE "HOUSE AND COO."

Maggie Tells Why It Was She Was Persuaded to Marry Dinny O'Sullivan.

The girl who marries for money is popularly supposed to marry for plenty of it. But mercenary matches are unfortunately quite as common in poor and humble society as in more conspicuous circles. An Irish woman, still young and on the eve of a second marriage, thus related her first experience, which happily partook more of comedy than tragedy.

"'Twas to the shore I'd bin for molasses that mornin', an' bein' foiné weather an' me frinds hangin' over a fence here an' there as I went along, I jist stopped to spake wid thim, an' tuk a good hour for me arrint. Whin I come home wid me jug an' come in, there sat me mother an' me father an' Norah, me married sister, an' me brother Teddy, an' Pater an' Mike that I hadn't seen for three months, an' they all as excited an' solemn as if 'twas a funeral.

"Arrah, thim," says I, puttin' down me jug, 'an' what's bringin' the lot of ye together?' says I. 'What's happened?'

"It's not happened yet," says me mother, 'but it's goin' to.'

"An' what, sure?" says I.

"A weddin'," says she. 'It's you that's to be married.'

"Me, is it?" says I; 'not a bit of it. An' who's to marry me?'

"Thim Mike, he struck in, an' says he: 'Maggie,' says he, 'it's the truth we're tellin' ye. I've come back from Boston this day to bring ye a husband; an' an' a grand one he is. He's a frind of mine, an' a mighty good lad he is; six foot high an' strong as a derriek, wid never a fault to him, barrin' he likes a bit of a drink on holidays, as who wouldn't?'

"An' what do ye think?" says he. 'He's near a hundred dollars in the bank an' his mother, bless her providin' soul! has jist died convariant an' left him a foiné house wid a shed to it, an' a hinhouse an' hins, an' a pig an' a coo.'

"Faith," says he, 'ye may thank hivin' I thought of ye whin he towld me he was thinkin' of takin' a wife. It's the lucky one ye are of the family, for ye'll be marryin' a house an' a coo!'

"But I don't want to marry," says I; 'but they set up a howl an' all began talkin' at me at once, an' at last I said, 'What's his name?' says I. 'Ye've not towld me his name.'

"Dinny O'Sullivan's his name," says Mike, 'an' a proud girrl ye may be whin ye're Mrs. O'Sullivan, wid foiné clo'es an' a house an' a coo an' a husband to your back!'

"Ah, be asy wid your husband," says I; 'tis me that don't want him.'

"But I married him the next month; an' a good sowl he was, barrin' the drink, an' a grand wale did I give him, as ye know the man! Arrah, well, I tuk Dinny for the house an' the coo, an' now I've the house an' the coo an' no Dinny. 'Tis a lone life I'd be livin' indead the rest of me days if it wasn't for Larry Shane, as says he's a widdy man as lone as meself, an' we'd better jine company. Sure he's a b'ye of since, is Larry, an' so I towld him.'—Youth's Companion.

Several Kinds of Sausages.

The Germans, in most instances, altogether discard breadcrumbs for their sausages, and when they do use it moisten it with milk or water; but the Italians refuse to put any bread into their sausages, and they claim that their famous "Bolognese Mortadella" is at once a more nourishing and a more economical sausage than the very best German Würst, inasmuch as the "Mortadella" must be boiled three times before it is properly cooked, and the water in which it has been boiled constitutes a strong clear soup. The Romans make likewise a highly ambitious sausage, in which no kind of bread is allowed to enter. They call it "zampino," which is the foot and leg of young pork, the best of which is obtained from Modena.

A leg freshly salted is chosen and carefully preserved, the trotter being preserved; and the meat is finely minced, and, after being seasoned, is replaced in the "zampino," which is tied with string and simmered in an oval pan for two hours. Wholly innocent of breadcrumb are also the renowned "cervelas" of Strasburg.—London Telegraph.

Sty George.

George went with his father to bring home a sleigh. The distance was not great and Mr. S. decided to draw the vehicle home. The little boy took his sled with him, but was to push and render all the assistance he could in that way. Now, the temptation to slip the rope of his sled through the runner of the sleigh and so catch a ride occasionally was too great to be resisted.

At such times his father (who was very nearsighted), finding the sleigh drawing a little heavily, would say, 'George, George, are you pushing?' As often as the question came the little fellow was on his feet in an instant, and renewing his exertions would answer, 'Yeth, yeth, yeth; you pullin'!'—New York Tribune.

Something New.

He—Going into the surf this morn-

THE RAW RECRUIT.

Enlisted as a Substitute and Lost His Life After Battle.

It was at the hour of midnight. We received marching orders and fell into line to join our comrades, who had but a few hours before preceded us. Welcome news it had been to our battalion, for it was in the fall of the year, and for twenty-four hours we had not been permitted to light a fire lest our movements be discovered by the enemy, who was close behind us. Several new recruits had joined us—one a tall, gaunt Irishman, who had evidently been tempted to enlist as a substitute, not thinking he would so soon be sent to the front.

He was very nervous and ill at ease, showing the white feather long before he smelled the smoke of battle. Conspicuously in the distance seemed nearly to paralyze him, and when three of our pickets were shot dead at their posts his face assumed the color of a corpse. The boys were cruel enough to tell him this was a common occurrence and that he would never return to camp if he went on picket duty.

Military tactics to him were yet a blank, and always would be, for that matter, as the drillmaster never lived who could make a soldier of Mike Degan. He was placed in the rear, and as it was my duty to prevent straggling I had hard work to keep him in line. Every now and then "click!" would go a rifle in the hands of some sharpshooter ambushed upon the mountains, and another of our gallant boys lying stark and still along the roadside told us how true had been the aim.

These silent messengers of our constant danger were a great trial to Mike, and he would shake his head and exclaim, 'It's meself that would be wishin' I was out of this!'

We had marched about a mile amid gloom and silence when the ominous order, "Halt!" was given. I stood near Mike when the command was received, and a more pitiable looking specimen of manhood I have never seen as he exclaimed, 'Why do we be stoppin' here, sur?'

"Well, Mike," I replied, 'we have either got to stop here or some one will stop us farther on,' for I had learned but a few minutes before that a reconnoitering party had discovered danger ahead; consequently we had to change our line of march.

After a halt of several minutes, which seemed hours to us, we started at the order, "Forward march." Then came the command, "Left oblique."

Mike, now several paces behind his comrades, gazed at me in silent awe, threw down his musket and rushed wildly to the rear and endeavored to extract a huge stone from its frozen foundation. "Get back with him there," I exclaimed; "have you gone crazy?" "Sure, sur," replied Mike, "didn't ye hear the cap'n's orders to lift a break. Devil a break I see at all, and I thought a stone might do, for we'll all be murdered, so we will."

It was with difficulty that I could suppress laughter at Mike's definition of the captain's orders.

I did not see Mike again for several hours, when he approached me, looking so wan and weary that I really felt sorry for him.

He had a white handkerchief tied about his throat. "Sure, sur," said he, 'I'd loike to go to the ambulance, for I've a bad pain in me t're and me knees are that stiff I can't be using them at all, at all.'

I sent him to the surgeon, who must have placed him on the sick list and sent him to the ambulance train, but Mike evidently lost his way, for he was reported as found dead beside the road with a bullet hole in his head.

The white handkerchief had made a good target for some sharpshooter. No one knows whether it was the rifle of friend or foe.—New York Recorder.

The Way of the World.

When Thackeray was in this country he called on General Scott, full of admiration for his remarkable campaign in Mexico, and eager to hear the warrior explain how battles were fought and fields were won. "Well, now you know all about it," remarked a friend, as the novelist returned from a two hours' tête-à-tête with the soldier. "Not at all," replied Thackeray, with a twinkle in his eye. "The general takes no interest in strategy. I found that literature was his forte."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Sufrage in Iceland.

In Iceland men and women are in every respect political equals. The nation, which numbers about 70,000 people, is governed by representatives elected by men and women together. Those opposed to woman suffrage probably think such an arrangement more appropriate to Greenland.—Chicago Herald.

The Islands of Ghent.

Ghent, in Belgium, is built on twenty-six islands, which are connected by eighty bridges, the city having as many canals as streets.—Boston Globe.

THE ROSE PARK OF NICE.

A Garden in France Where Roses Are Grown on a Very Large Scale.

I have several times had occasion to visit the famous Park of Roses at Nice. The flowers there are the most beautiful in the world.

Both banks of the Var are bordered by a line of hills of some height, which are prolonged as far as the sea. The hills on the left bank aid in protecting the whole plain of Nice from the northwest wind. Toward the southern extremity of these hills, on very rich, alluvial soil, is the Carras quarter, in which are the principal market gardens of Nice. In that quarter, also, a little higher up the hill, is the Josephine villa, or Park of Roses.

Here roses are cultivated exclusively for sale in winter as cut flowers. Out of the twenty-eight or thirty acres which the property comprises about ten acres are devoted to the purpose of forcing the rose trees, and are covered with very numerous small greenhouses or extensive hot-bed frames, one or the other of these being always in use for furthering the production of the flowers. The total surface covered with glass exceeds 6,000 square meters, or an acre and a half.

Naturally it is during the months of active sale, from November to April, that the principal harvest occurs, but even in the spring and summer the very beautiful roses grown under shelter are in demand by the dealers. These roses are the only ones, or nearly the only ones, which show a purity of perfect tint, exempt on the outside petals from the discoloration, the veining and folds, which are caused by the bite of cold, too warm sunstrokes or prolonged humidity.

During the summer the movable sides of the greenhouses are taken away, and there remains only the glass roof which protects the roses from the rainstorms.

The proprietor and founder of the establishment is Mr. Antoine Mari. It may be said that the most striking feature of his mode of cultivation is the simplicity of the means employed and their perfect adaptation to the end to be attained, which is to obtain an abundant and continued production of flowers without great expense and without exhausting the plants.

A rosebush, as is known, does not require a high temperature. Certain varieties, like the saffron rose, continue to put forth buds and flowers all winter long in Provence, and well developed roses of that variety can be picked at the end of November even in the climate of Paris. At Mr. Mari's place the rose trees are planted either in three lines parallel to each other, for the bushy variety, or in the case of those with flexible stalks, each by itself, something like grape-vines, as for instance, the Marechal Niel. They are sheltered by frames just high enough above the ground to allow a man walking about inside. At the height of the season, from Dec. 15 to April 15, the Park of Roses sends away an average of 500 dozen roses a day.—Henry de Vilmorin in Revue Horticole.

Examining Fruit in Maine.

The most thoroughly frightened man in Auburn was a Gray farmer who brings blueberries to market. From the story he tells it is no wonder. He was driving down the street at the gray of dawn and just a suspicion of the red and blue tints which herald the lord of the day was tingling the east. The old farmer was thinking over the fat pocketbook he would return with when he had sold his fruit, and the old horse was ambling leisurely along when, horrors! out from behind a building sprang four blue coated policemen.

Their white helmets and brass buttons gleamed in the morning sun, which just then looked over the horizon. Arms gleamed ominously from their belts, and the fierce look they wore caused the old man to run over his past sins like lightning. One grabbed the horse, two seized the farmer, while a fourth proceeded to examine the cargo. It appeared harmless enough and the man was allowed to drive on.—Bangor Commercial.

Shaking Hands at French Funerals.

A most painful custom at French funerals is the posting at the exit door of the church wherein the ceremonies take place of the male members of the deceased person's family, the widower or the eldest son or brother, whose duty it is to shake hands with every person who has been present at the obsequies, when once they are over and people are going away. It is not etiquette for the gentleman to speak to anybody, but if he is moved to tears his weeping is considered a most appropriate action.—Paris Letter.

Hospitality.

Little Ethel—Mamma, may I invite Lucy Locket in to dinner?
Mamma—Why today?
Little Ethel—'Cause I wants her to come when I can be real hospitable, and I can today. We is goin' to have a dessert at I don't like.—Good News.

Gifts to the Saviour.

A Dutch painter, in the picture