

THE NEW BABY.

There came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on,
I looked and looked and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water
And moue herself right in my room—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

She had no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er her water;
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

Ring out, will bells, and tamed ones too!
Ring out the lover's moon!
Ring in the little worsted socks!
Ring in the bib and spoon.

Ring out the music; ring in the nurse!
Ring in the milk and water!
Away with paper, pen and ink—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

—George W. Cable in Washington Star.

FLORIDA GIRLS.

Not long ago two Florida girls concluded to take a day's hunt in the Great Amentula hammock, the upper edge of which touches the river. Starting out early, they made good progress, and by 9 o'clock were in the midst of the wild hammock. During the forenoon they had luck—killing a deer, a wildcat, 10 big gray squirrels and several enormous snakes. After taking a noonday lunch they decided to cross over Alligator creek, a wide but shallow stream that crosses the hammock, emptying into the Withlacoochee. Just before reaching the creek they had to pass through a dense canebrake for several rods. When about half way through, one of their dogs that had lingered behind came rushing up, yelping lustily, while close on its heels was a big black bear, fierce and ugly as it could be. The path was so narrow that they had no chance to fight the animal, and in fact the dog and bear came in on them so suddenly that little time was allowed for reflection.

Miss Josie slung her rifle around and fired at the bear, but in the confusion only wounded him. The girls then ran ahead, intending to get out on to the open bank by the water's edge, so as to get a fair ground to battle old bruin. But the infuriated animal, aroused to madness by the rifle ball, pursued them so closely that only scientific dodging saved them from a close hug. Emerging from the path, they noticed the boat used to cross the creek lying right in front of them, and both of the girls, struck with the same idea, sprang into it, their impetus carrying it out into the creek.

The dog was unable to get into the boat, but he bit at bruin's heels so sharply that the latter had to stop his pursuit of the girls and endeavor to punish his four footed assailant. But the dog was too wary and kept out of his reach. The girls called him, and plunging in he swam out to them. Meanwhile the hungry denizens of the creek, whose numbers give it its name, were awakened by the tumult, and they began to show themselves. As the dog jumped in, the splash attracted scores of the ugly reptiles from all directions, and the water was dotted by the black snouts of the hungry gators.

The girls noticed this and called encouragingly to their dog, who seemed to be fully aware of his danger. Several black noses were already pointed in his direction, and it looked as if the gators might get a meal. But Wilda seized the pole lying at the bottom of the canoe, and by a skillful push sent the boat close to the dog. Josie was waiting, and as the dog swam up she helped him to clamber over the side, almost upsetting the frail vessel. And it was just in time, too, for just as the dog's legs slipped out of the water a huge pair of jaws rose out of the depths with an ominous snap. With a souse the disappointed saurian sank.

While this was going on bruin stood on the bank, growling and snarling in impotent rage at the dog and girls as they escaped. Seeing the dog in the canoe seemed to render him still more furious, and with a deep growl he dashed into the water and began swimming toward the boat. Between the bear and the gators the girls began to think their hands would be full. Wilda picked up her gun and made a snap shot at the animal, but a movement of the dog disconcerted her aim, and the load of buckshot flew to one side, only a small number striking the bear. But they angered him the more, and with a snarl he almost leaped out of the water in his mad eagerness to reach the boat.

Wilda dropped the gun, and picking up the pole soon placed the boat a rod ahead of the pursuing animal. Josie had again reloaded her gun, and she turned to deliver his quietus to the animal. But the commotion in the water and the bear's evident disquietude put a new face on matters, and she withheld her fire.

The dog's yelping and the bear's growling had evidently awakened the scaly denizens of the creek to a realizing sense that it was mealtime. Missing the dog, they were not averse to bear meat, bruin, in his hurry to catch his first prey, had paid little attention to what might befall him in the creek. But now he began to notice the increasing number of black spots in the water all turning toward him, and probably instinct told him that hungry gators in their own element were a foe not to be despised.

With an uneasy whine, he attempted to turn and regain the shore, but now it was too late. With a rush, a big black form was seen to dart up against him, and in a second he was seized and dragged under. The old fellow was game, however, and now that he had got into the fight he proved no mean antagonist. With an immense effort he plunged away from the attacking gator and dashed forward for the shore. The water shoaled, and it seemed as if he would escape. A big bull saurian dashed forward and seized the bear by one of his hind legs, while two others swam behind him to cut off his retreat.

With a deep roar of rage, the bear turned on the one that seized him, and with one stroke of his paw clawed out the gator's eye. The latter bellowed with pain, and thrashing the water mad-

ly plunged forward at bruin. Other gators joined in, and the poor animal was beset on all sides. Sitting on its haunches, with the blood flowing from a gaping wound in its hind leg, the bear snarled, clawed and bit at his savage antagonists, but they were too many for him.

Another seized one of its legs in its powerful jaws, and with a strong effort drew the bear off into deeper water. Others dashed at him from all sides, snapping at him from every point. The water splashed high and was churned to a snowy whiteness by the furious efforts of the fighters, save where the red blood told the tale. But a few moments longer did the unequal struggle last. Bruin strove to regain his feet, but the cruel jaws of the reptiles closed on his legs, sides and wherever a hold could be secured, and with one mighty, agonizing struggle the bear disappeared, while the furious struggle continued under water for several seconds.

The girls had gazed on the fight spell-bound, but now they were rudely aroused to their own peril. The dog had barked loudly during the savage fight going on so near, and the gators who missed bear meat seemed to be after dog's flesh. The canoe rocked, almost overturning, and the startled girls saw a monstrous pair of open jaws right at the side of their small craft. Josie pushed her rifle barrel in the gator's mouth and pulled the trigger, sending a bullet where it evidently didn't agree, judging from the reptile's sudden sinking and thrashing about.

A moment later a huge tail came flying over the bow of the boat, and striking the dog, who stood there barking, knocked him into the water. A big pair of wide open jaws was just about to close on the tempting morsel when Wilda stooped down, and catching the dog's forepaws by a sudden effort drew him into the boat, the saurian's jaws closing with a snap that indicated a great disappointment. The dog cowered down in the bottom of the boat, while the girls attended to the other gators, who seemed to manifest an inclination to get into the canoe. Several shots were fired at the reptiles, but their taste of blood had made them fearless.

A scream from Josie aroused Wilda, who was striving to pole the boat ashore. Turning around she saw her sister half drawn out of the canoe, a big monster gator having seized her dress. Josie was beating the gator over the nose with her rifle with one hand, while with the other she endeavored to hold herself in the boat. Without a moment's hesitation Wilda raised the long pole she was using, and poising it a moment threw it at the gator's head. By rare good fortune it struck him in the eye and penetrated to the brain. With a loud bellow the reptile sank.

For the next few minutes the brave girls had all they could do—one firing at the saurians as they approached too closely, while the other, using the breech of her gun as a paddle, urged the canoe to shore. As it touched the sand both leaped out and ran up the bank. None too soon either, for a big, pursuing gator, in its desperation at losing its prey, threw itself forward, crushing in the sides of the boat. The girls concluded that they had had enough hunting for that day and returned home by another route.—Million.

Sleeps on the Floor.

"I have never slept in a bed since the war." This remark was made yesterday by A. M. Warner of Boston.

"The reason," he continued, "is not because I am a vegetarian or a crank. I simply am unable to go to sleep in a bed, and for 30 years I have not tried. During the war I was in service four years and in all that time never slept in a bed. I had no home and consequently had no furlongs. The habit of rolling in a blanket and sleeping grew so fixed with me that when I got back from the war and settled down a bed was a nuisance. I have rolled and tossed and tried hard to sleep night after night, but was not able to keep my eyes closed until I sought the floor. For 10 years I tried to reconcile myself to a bed, but it was no use. Finally I gave it up, and now in my home in Boston I sleep in a room in which there is no bed. I simply roll myself in a blanket or two, according to the temperature, and I sleep soundly. My health is good, and I am sure that I shall live just as long as if I slept on a down mattress."—Chicago Tribune.

Phenomena Allied to Lightning.

Subterranean thunders have occasionally been heard preparatory to an aerial eruption. The sea has cast up volumes of water, as if volcanoes were exploding below. The ground has burst open, and floods of water have gushed forth from the sides of hills or from fissures in the rocks. Taking another class of effects, cures have been performed by lightning—gouty men have been enabled to walk freely, epileptic persons have been healed, amputations have been removed and rheumatism dispelled by a flash. But one dare not look too closely into the subject of medical electricity nor venture to recommend any one to tempt lightning in the hope of experiencing its curative effects.—Chambers' Journal.

Uses For a Dead Rattlesnake.

Rattlesnakes are of value to the mountain doctors of Pennsylvania for several reasons. The oil obtained by draining the reptile after skinning is used to cure deafness. The rattle suspended from a string and worn by a baby will have the power of preventing the wearer from having convulsions during dentition. The tongue of the snake when worn in the glove will have the power of compelling any girl who grasps the gloved hand to love the one so greeted, even should she ordinarily be indifferent to his attentions.—Science.

Walter Raleigh's Fine Shoes.

The most splendid pair of shoes on record were those worn by Sir Walter Raleigh on great court occasions. They were of buff leather, covered with precious stones and valued at £7,000.—Washington Star.

TILLAMOOK'S RESOURCES.

A Description of the County—Its Many Advantages.

About fifty miles south of the mouth of the Columbia river is the entrance to Tillamook bay, and here is the center of a county rich in resources, and magnificent in its possibilities. Tillamook county extends for about ninety miles north and south along the coast, and inland to the Coast Range, an average distance of twenty miles.

The county has an area of 2000 square miles, and is larger than some of the smallest states, and capable of supporting a great population as some of them.

Tillamook is in about the same latitude as St. Paul, Minnesota, though the climate here is much warmer and more even. The Japan current warms the shores of this region in such a way that winter is hardly noticed here. There is little or no snow generally, and when it does fall it soon melts away. The principal feature of winter is the long continued rains, always warm and this season of the year is remarkably healthful. The summers are unsurpassed. No finer climatic conditions exist than those of a Tillamook summer. This is the dry season, generally speaking, but there are refreshing showers occasionally, and the sea breeze tempered by the Japan current, is perfectly delightful. People camp out doors six to eight months in the year here with perfect comfort.

THE TIMBER.

The immense forests of this county are its chief and greatest resource. It is impossible to convey an idea of the magnitude of this item by any description. It is necessary to travel through our dense forests in order to even comprehend the least idea of their extent and immensity. A great portion of the county is covered with a growth of trees, the like of which can not be seen in any other portion of the United States. There may be a few larger trees in the redwood forest of California, but the fir trees of this section will almost equal them in size and they stand so thick that they are much taller; and much more imposing in appearance. A man can not enter into the gloomy shades of our dense woods without feeling a sense of awe, if not reverence, towards the giant monsters of the forest. Trees ten and twelve feet in diameter are often found, and the average size of the fir trees is perhaps six feet in diameter. And many of these trees are 250 and 300 feet in height. The trunks are very straight, and taper so slowly that it is hardly noticeable, and many of them have no vestige of a limb for the first hundred feet above the ground. Near Skookum lake, in this county, is a tree that is twenty-eight feet in diameter near the ground, thus almost equalling in size the famous "Big Trees of California." Once see the big trees in Tillamook county and you will lose all desire to see the California monsters. Here it is possible to travel for miles and miles through dense forests of big trees, and all of them being wonders in size to people who are accustomed to the tooth pick timber of Minnesota or Michigan. The largest specimens of timber in the eastern or central states, are mere telegraph poles in comparison with the stately fir of Oregon. In places were settlers have tried to clear out a garden spot on their homes, it is a common thing to see a large tree that has been felled, used for a fence on one side of a lot. Near this city, on the public road is a log serving as a fence in this way that is twelve feet high as it lies, being higher than the top buggies which pass by. In fact a man would have to be on top of a load of hay to look over into this particular field. These stories regarding the immense size of the timber here are hard for people to believe who have not seen it, and those who have read the fullest descriptions of them are surprised to find them so large.

There are several kinds of timber here. The fir is most abundant and is in the rough and mountainous regions. The side land spruce is plentiful along the coast and on the rivers and the spruce attains as large a size as the fir. Cedar is found in many localities, and larch grows on the summit of the coast range. These are all valuable timbers. The fir (properly Douglas spruce) is a very durable and strong wood, and is manufactured into rough lumber for all purposes, and is made into flooring and rustic weather-boarding largely. A great deal of fir is used for ship masts. Timbers, 150 feet long have been sawed from it in many instances. Spruce is a softer wood, is white and is used mostly for finishing lumber and for boxes and barrels. Being odorless, it is good for packing butter and fruits. The largest area of spruce in the Northwest is found in Tillamook county, and as it is growing so close together, it will be of great value in a short time. Most of the lumber manufactured here now is made from spruce. The cedar takes an elegant finish, and is the very best material for doors, sash and shingles. It commands a high price at present.

Nearly all of the timber in this county is adjacent to streams that will float logs, and with a little labor all of it can be put in streams where the winter freshets will bring it to the bay. The expense of logging here will always be small. The county is a net work of rivers that cheapen the cost of logging right at the start. Many of these rivers are good sized streams on their lower courses, but the Coast Range prevents their being very long, and dozens of creeks course down the immense canyons of the range, uniting into one large stream. No less than five rivers empty into Tillamook bay. The lower courses of these streams are affected by the tide and so far as the tide water extends inland, steamboat navigation is carried on. This makes the navigable extent of Tillamook bay and its arms very great, and the facilities for rafting logs are much better than in most countries. There is at Hobsonville, on Tillamook bay, a mill that cuts 40,000 feet of spruce lumber per day for the San Francisco market. Two vessels are employed in carrying the lumber there, and it is all made into boxes, mostly for raisins and fruit. At Bay City is a small mill that cuts about 20,000 feet of lumber per day, the product of which is mostly consumed at home. The Cooperage works at Bay City are capable of working a great amount of spruce into barrel staves, and a large new mill is partially built. At Tillamook City there is a saw mill that runs steadily, cutting about 20,000 feet of lumber per day, mostly for local use. This mill has a planing attachment. At Woods, on the Nestucca river, in the south end of the county is a saw and planing mill that supplies the local demand and there is another local mill on the headwaters of the Big Nestucca. On Nehalem there is a mill that supplies the local wants, also a large mill and box factory, which is capable of working 40,000 feet of lumber per day into boxes.

Other large milling industries, some of them much larger than any mentioned, will be started soon. A logging railway has been surveyed into one of the finest bodies of timber in the county, right of way secured and ample grounds for yards, pastures and mill sites have been procured. It will not be long until active operations on a large scale will begin, and the improvement of the bay and harbor of Tillamook and Nehalem, both of which are being provided for by the government, will give a great impetus to the lumbering business of this county. A low estimate puts the amount of lumber in our forests at 20,000,000,000 feet, and the work of cutting this into lumber, with all the preliminary work of logging, will give a large population employment for many years to come. A great deal of money will be distributed here, and the farming community can find a ready

market for all their produce right at home. Some good sized towns are sure to spring up on Tillamook bay and on Nehalem river as soon as the lumbering business gets well started.

The lumbering interests are by far the most important resource of the county, and this resource cannot possibly be exhausted within the next hundred years. The improvement of the harbors and the opening of the Nicaragua canal will bring all the lumber produced on this coast within reach of the Atlantic coast market, and there will also at that time be a greater demand for lumber on this coast as a general degree of prosperity will begin on this coast as soon as there is a canal across the isthmus and the high trans-continental rates broken.

DAIRYING.

Next in importance to Tillamook's lumbering resources, are the dairy interests. Grass is good here the year round. Feed is plentiful and easily produced, the climate is so temperate that cattle thrive; and all the conditions here contribute towards making dairying successful. The grasses and natural feed are of a kind that produces the best milk and butter. The climate is so even and cool, and the water so pure that the butter here possesses the finest flavor if any care is taken in making it. This business is found very profitable here and nearly two hundred tons of butter have been shipped from here during the past year. General stock raising goes with dairying here generally, and is very profitable.

FARMING.

General farming pays well here, especially when done in connection with stock raising. Markets are getting better every year, and as soon as the wagon roads are put in better shape, which is being done rapidly, the farmer will not have any trouble in finding a good market for his produce all the year. Of course there is no railroad yet, but the freight by the steamers is low, besides there is a home market at present for a great deal of produce. Barley and oats grow here to perfection, making yields equal to the richest sections of California or Oregon. Hay of various kinds does as well here as in any part of the United States. Potatoes and garden vegetables of all kinds are at their best here, and the yield is simply enormous. Hops grow and mature well wherever tried. There is a large area of prairie and bottom land in this county, and it is capable of supplying a large population. The hill lands are good for fruit and for grazing, and there is plenty of this kind of land, with occasional patches of table land or bottom land, that can be obtained under the government land laws. Land much less productive than this in the eastern states is being farmed. In fact there is very little of this county but what can be made productive in some way. The tide lands here are exceedingly rich, and much more of it could easily be reclaimed from the tidal overflow and made to yield immense crops. A great deal of the tide land is covered with a thick growth of nutritive grasses, and it is the most remunerative land that the county has. Cattle are often allowed to roam in the hills, and even in the woods, all winter without other feed than the natural grasses, and come out in good condition in the spring. The hills that have been denuded of their timber by fire make good sheep ranges. Fruits of all kinds grow to perfection here, especially apples, pears, prunes and small fruits, such as blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, etc. are prolific bearers. The woods are full of wild berries, there being almost a dozen distinct varieties of huckleberries, besides salmonberries, thimbleberries, and many other kinds, which goes to show that this is a natural fruit country. Bee-keeping is carried on in some localities, and the honey produced here always commands the highest price being of exceptionally fine flavor. A living can be made here on a very small farm, and farmers can always do well here. They are the class that is needed. Improved land here sells at \$20 to \$40 per acre and unimproved land is worth from \$5 to \$20 per acre. A farm of 100 acres can be obtained from the government by residing on it five years, or by residing on it fourteen months and paying the government \$4.25 per acre. There is yet much vacant timber land which can be had on the same terms as above, or may be bought outright from the government without residing thereon for \$2.50 per acre. This land is selling to timber speculators at prices varying from \$800 to \$1000 per quarter section of 100 acres and will soon be worth a great deal more.

ETC., ETC.

Salmon fishing is carried on during the fishing season on Tillamook bay, on Nehalem bay, and sometimes on Nestucca bay. The output of canned salmon amounts in value to \$50,000 to \$200,000 every year, and gives employment to a great many fishermen. There are canneries at each of the above named places and the item of canned salmon amounts each year to much more than the wheat of some of the grain producing counties.

Coal is found in abundance on the Nehalem and in good quality. These deposits will be worked soon. Coal is also found in other localities, and other minerals are known to exist in various parts of the county.

There is no better field for the sportsman than Tillamook. The hunter can find elk, deer, waterfowl, bear and cougars here; the fisherman can yield thousands of fine speckled trout from the mountain streams. Trolling for salmon in the bay is an exhilarating sport. The salmon is a gamey fish, and sometimes it takes half an hour to bring in one of these lively fishes, and some of them weigh as much as fifty pounds. There is no finer fish than the Royal Chinook Salmon. For those who like to take the world, easy there is a fine fish which can be caught more readily. We refer to the succulent clam, which grows in the sand bars and mud flats every where on the bay or beach. A common farming utensil, a hoe or a shovel, is all that is needed, or you can dig them out with your hand. They are delicious in various ways, and there are several varieties of clams, oysters and mussels. Crabs are plentiful also. In the bay, flounder, sturgeon, porgy, and other fish are found. Deep sea fish are plentiful.

Nehalem beach, Netarts beach and Nestucca beach are favorite resorts for campers, and they are frequented by wagon loads of campers every year who amuse themselves by digging clams, gathering shells and bathing. There will soon be better roads to these places, and they are sure to become popular resorts.

The same general description is practically good for every locality in the county, and as lack of space will not permit a special review of each valley or particular neighborhood, we mention a few of the special features only of each locality. Nehalem is particularly noted for its vast resources of timber and for its coal. There is, also, much fine bottom land on the Nehalem, and at the mouth of the river will be an excellent harbor when the proposed government work is done. The Nehalem river is a very fine stream, and for scenic grandeur is not surpassed even by the majestic Columbia. The river is more than one hundred miles long and thousands of feet one of magnificent timber are tributary to it and its branches. The greatest area of farming land is around Tillamook bay, and on the various streams tributary to Tillamook bay. These streams will be the means of bringing large bodies of timber to the saw mills on the bay. Netarts is famous as a summer resort, and some fine bodies of spruce timber are adjacent. Nestucca is a farming and stock raising country, the timber having been burnt away years ago. The people in that section are prospering. South of Nestucca is the Siletz Indian Reservation, covering one-third of the county, and containing much fine agricultural land. The Indians are disappearing fast, and the Indians having land allotted to them in severalty, after which the reservation will be opened for settlement.

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