

SISTER JONES' CONFESSION.

I thought the deacon liked me, yit I warn't adzackly shore of it. Fer, mind ye, time and time ag'in When Jiners 'ud be comin in I'd see him shakin hands as free With all the sistern as with me! But Jurin last revival, where He called on me to lead in prayer An kneeled there with me, side by side, A-whisper'n "the felt sanctified, Jes' tetchin of my gyarment's hem," That settled things as fur as them There other wimmin was concerned! And—well, I know I must 'a' turned A dozen colored Flurried? Lal! No mortal sinner never saw A gladder widder than the one A-kneelin there and wonderin Who'd pray! So glad, upon my word, I really couldn't thank the Lord!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

ONE DAY'S FISHING.

"Like a blooming idiot," said the major, "I agreed to take the colonel fishing. Well, the next afternoon, which was Saturday, he came around with a fishing rod that I gave him, and when I got into the cab blame me if he didn't have a trunk. 'Got my things in that,' said he, and may I eternally fry if there weren't things enough in that trunk to stock a pawnshop. By god, he had everything from evening clothes to a patent bootjack. But he hasn't them any more," and the major chuckled.

"We started for Mud Run, out in Pennsylvania. I'd never been there before, but a man told me there was good fishing there. He was a liar, by the way. 'About the time we got started the colonel wanted to smoke, and by the hind hole of Gehenna if he hadn't packed all the cigars in that bloody trunk. When I cursed, he tried to get up in the baggage car and was nearly killed. Then he got some bad cigars from the porter and growled for an hour steady. Pretty soon he wanted a drink, and the whiskey was in that confounded trunk."

"The woman at the hotel where we got out said it was too late to get anything to eat, and the colonel got mad and called me a burbling chump for dragging him out into the wilderness."

"When the boy waked us in the morning, the colonel kicked because he had to get up so early. He had the deuce of a time finding his things in that infernal trunk, and he kicked because I got impatient."

"The woman at the hotel looked queer when we got down. 'Going fishing?' says she. 'You'd better look out for the constable. It's against the law to fish round here Sundays.'"

"Then the colonel got suspicious and said he didn't want to be locked up. I got him into the wagon, and the driver says: 'Better look out for the constable. It's against the law to fish round here Sundays.'"

"Say," says the colonel, "I'm not going to get locked up and bring eternal disgrace upon my family." I choked him off finally, and we started. Then we met a farmer, and he told that we'd get in trouble if we fished on Sunday. The driver grinned and the colonel, like the eternal galoot he is, says, 'I told you so.' It took me about 10 minutes to choke him off, but he growled all the way to the stream."

"Say," continued the major, "did you ever see the colonel catch trout? No! Well, neither did anybody else. He couldn't catch a trout in a week of leap years. By god, it was a sight to see him whip the stream. It was like driving bulky mules over a broken bridge. He banged that river until half the fish in it were scared to death, and I guess he thought he could catch it out by knocking them stone dead with his rod. He lost about two dozen flies trying to cast half the length of his rod, and then he got his line all tangled up in the bushes. Did you ever hear the colonel swear? Well, hodgecarriers and river pirates aren't in it with the colonel. Talk about breaking the Sabbath! Why, the colonel swore enough to send an army to perdition for eternity."

"While the colonel was cursing everything in sight the driver came tearing down the road, waving his hands like a windmill in full sail."

"Hi!" he yelled, "the constable's coming, and he's after you too. You'd better get. Cut up through the woods there, and I'll meet you at the turn of the pike."

"We didn't know where the turn of the pike was, but the colonel grabbed me by the arm and hustled up into the woods. When we got under cover, he was steaming like a soap factory and cursing me too."

"What in the name of thunder did you ever bring me out here for? You want to get me arrested, do you?"

"I was that sp'cess that I couldn't answer. I just stood and looked at him. Pretty soon I recovered."

"Drought you out here?" said I. "You blooming blot of idiocy, who brought you out here? You came yourself."

"Then the colonel got madder than ever, and he wouldn't talk again. But that was a mercy."

"It was getting along toward dark when we got to the hotel. The colonel was prancing up to the front door when the man who drove the team came out of a barn."

"Hey," says he, "the constable's waiting for you fellows. He's over to the hotel."

"Maybe I and the colonel didn't run. We just lit out and hung around in the brush until it was plum dark. Then we crawled back to the hotel, but the constable was still sitting there."

"Then the colonel tried to make a bolt to the woods, and the constable saw him. With a whole pack in full cry after us, the colonel and I ran down the hill. I guess we outdistanced the constable and his crew. But after awhile they came after us with lanterns, and we had to run again. Up in the heavy brush they lost us, and when we got our wind we struck out for the railroad."

"The nearest station was 10 miles away, and the colonel was nearly dead before we got half way there. He sat down on a log and swore that he was dy-

ing. He was wet through and about the most miserable man that ever cursed a streak of hard luck."

"The colonel got so bad that I got some chips and started a fire by the railroad track. He lay down beside it and tried to get dry. He was just beginning to grunt, when there was a roar down the road, and the train came puffing round the curve."

"The first thing the engineer saw I guess was our fire, and then you should have heard the racket. He just turned all his steam into his old whistle and tooted like a fiend possessed. The train came to a standstill by our fire, and then the conductor came racing up, swearing awfully. I got out. The colonel expostulated, but they were so mad they were going to thrash him. I got on the platform of the last car, and blow me if they would let the colonel get on. He prayed and pleaded, but the conductor said no, and the train started with the colonel doing more cursing."

"When the last car was abreast, however, the colonel grabbed the hand bar and hung on for his life. He took steps about four yards long, and when the train got going he just sailed out behind. I yanked and pulled till I got him aboard. My, I thought he was going to die. But he didn't. After awhile he began swearing again, and then I felt relieved."

"After we had gone about 10 miles we got up to get into the car. The colonel went first, but he hadn't taken two steps when he fell back with a gasp."

"What's the matter?" says I.

"Matter?" says he. "The constable's in that car."

"And sure enough he was. Then we went out on the steps and sat in the cold. The colonel shivered till he rocked the car, and he more than lit into me. Say, I've been sworn at in 15 different languages, but the way the colonel sailed into me was art. I sat there and growled, and for about 20 miles the train left a streak of blue behind."

"We rode on the tail of that car for 50 miles, and the colonel swore all the way. Every time we came to a station we got off and hid. And after every station the colonel was worse than ever."

"Finally it got so bad that I got desperate and went into the car. The constable was gone. I asked a red nosed man in the back seat where the constable was, and he told me that the constable had left the train an hour before. And there we two blooming chumps sat on that platform all that time."

"I let the colonel sit there for about an hour more before I went out and told him. And then you should have heard him curse. It was awful, and I had to leave him. I haven't seen him since."

Just then a limp figure came slouching around the corner. When it saw the major, there was a start of surprise. It made a vain attempt to escape discovery. The major saw, and with a dash he secured the cringing form. It was the colonel."

"Colonel," said the major, "let bygones be bygones."

"They are," said the colonel. "Let's take a drink."

And they did.—New York World.

A Quaint Custom.

A unique proceeding in connection with the distribution of the White Bread Meadow charity takes place annually during the first week in April at Bourne, Lincolnshire. By the will of Richard Clay, gentleman, dated July 2, 1770, some land was allotted to the inhabitants for the time being residing in the east portion of the town, the rent being every year laid out in bread and distributed to the householders and commoners. The letting of the meadow is attended by a large concourse of people, the bidding being regulated by the running of boys.

The auctioneer starts the boys to run a fixed distance, whereupon he requests bids for renting the property one year. If a bid is made during the time the boys are running, they are immediately started off again and again until no bid shall have been made during the time the boys are running, when the last bidder is declared the lessee. The public afterward adjourn to an inn, where a spread of spring onions, cheese and beer are supplied ad lib. to all who wish to partake, after which a committee for managing the charity for the following year is appointed.—Million.

Men and Bears.

A man named Conn went hunting for bear near Creede, Colo., the other day. He wanted to do a little killing just for fun. Presently he stirred up a she bear with two cubs, and he banged away at the cubs, wounding both. The mother resented this boisterous humor and chased Mr. Conn up a tree and dallied with him awhile herself. Mr. Conn was buried by his friends next day, a victim of his own supererogatory lust for fun.

The bear is a peaceable, inoffensive creature. It seeks a home remote from the haunts of humanity. It certainly seems to have some rights which mankind should respect. We have no sympathy with people who make a practice of going about slaughtering game in cold blood merely "for the fun of the thing." If man is so inhuman as not to enact and conserve laws for the protection of the bear, we certainly shall applaud the bear for protecting itself.—Chicago Record.

Curiousities About Observatories.

The first recorded observatory was on the top of the temple of Belus; the tomb of Oesynadias in Egypt was the second. This last contained a golden astronomical circle 200 feet in diameter. Another at Benaris, India, is believed to be almost as ancient as either of the other two. The first in Europe was erected at Cassel in 1561; that of Tycho Brahe at Uraniburg was built in 1576. The Paris observatory dates from 1657 and that of Greenwich is two years older. The one at Nuremberg was erected in 1678 and that at Berlin in 1711. The famous Bologna tower was built in 1714. The Stockholm, Utrecht, Copenhagen and Lisbon observatories were built in 1740, 1650, 1656 and 1728 respectively.—Philadelphia Press.

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, any 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 where 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 at its base, being higher than the top boughs 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 tide 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 fishing lumber and for boxes and barrels. Being odorless, it is good for packing butter and fruits. The largest size of spruce in the Northwest is found in Tillamook county, and as it is growing scarce elsewhere, 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 innumerable 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 Coopage works at Bay City are capable of working a great amount of spruce into barrel staves, and a large saw 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 bar 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 200,000,000 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 here. 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 \$2 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 \$1600 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 of 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 sportsmen than Tillamook. The hunter can find elk, deer, waterfowl, bear and cougars here; the fisherman can yank 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 fish the world easy there is a fine fish which can be caught more readily. We refer to the succulent clams, which grow 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 sections 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, and the Indians are disappearing fast, and the Indians having land allotted to them in severally, after which the reservation will be opened for settlement.

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