

#### LAST WEEK'S STORMS.

##### The Steamer Elmore had an Interesting Experience.

From the Astorian of Oct. 17, and dispatches in the Oregonian, we glean the following interesting matter:

The gale of the past two days has been pretty hard on all the coastwise vessels, and this morning's dispatches show several wrecks along the coast as a result of its fury. Down by Fort Stevens several vessels were at anchor inside the head, awaiting smoother water so they could venture out with safety and up to 10 o'clock no vessels had ventured in. Early in the morning the Relief had gone down and taken a look at the bar, but there were too many feathers flying, so she put back and kept company with the State of California and Elder. About 10 o'clock a long, trailing cloud just outside indicated the approach of a steamer, so the State, Elder and Relief prepared to move out. They were surprised, however, when they saw that the first vessel to venture in over the bar was the Elmore, and they concluded that if she could stand the heavy breakers the larger steamers ought to be able to get outside. But they pitched even higher than the Elmore, and they took on several pretty heavy seas, that apparently did no damage other than drench them with spray. The Elmore crossed out over the Tillamook bar about 7 o'clock Monday morning, and met a moderate swell from the westward outside. But very little breeze was blowing, and the day promised to be one of bright sunshine. When off Necarney mountain they were in pretty heavy swells, and there spoke the Bandorille, which signalled that she had met with an accident, but would be able to get along with her sails until repairs to her machinery were made. It was not until Tillamook Rock was reached that they ran into the heavy nor-wester, and from that time on they had heavy weather to contend with, but the little steamer behaved nobly. Some of the passengers were ordinarily seasick, but there was no complaining, and they were surprised when told they were safely over the Columbia bar. Rev. Dr. Gue, the M. E. presiding elder, who was aboard, jovially recognized the fact that he was the Jonah of the occasion.

The swells were mountains high, and when the little steamer was down between them, it seemed like being in a deep canyon. On the crest of a great wave the ocean presented a scene like that viewed from one mountain peak over hundreds of others. It was not a choppy sea, only great, monster swells unlike anything outside in years. When the outer bar buoy was reached, a glance inside soon convinced Captain Tatton that it would be useless to attempt to cross over. From head to head was a perfect white sheet of foam, great lines of breakers that rolled in with a front like a body of marching troops—not a break through which a boat could pass. It was not an inviting spectacle, so the steamer was put about and headed for open sea. All night long they kept her head to the sea, the wind keeping as stiff as ever, and the waves piling up even higher than during the afternoon. About 5:20 P. M. the captain gave orders to jettison a portion of her cargo that was piled up forward, so over went about 240 cases of salmon. Relieved of this weight, the steamer rode the seas much easier, and no more trouble was experienced. The night was almost as light as day, the moon shining down on the turbulent waters, causing the forming crests to glisten like molten silver. It is safe to say the passengers, who were a pretty seasick crowd, hailed the morning with joy, and when the inside of the bar was reached yesterday each and every one of them took a silent oath never to venture to sea again. The cargo was fully insured, and as there was

no damage done to the vessel the loss will not be great.

One report, which says the officers of the boat at one time gave up all hope of saving the vessel, is entirely without foundation. The value of the salmon thrown overboard was about \$1500. The boat arrived here promptly Thursday, and sailed Saturday, with the entire Stutz company, and others as passengers.

#### Horse Stolen

One night last week a horse belonging to Dan Calahan at Garibaldi disappeared. Mr. Calahan supposed at first that the horse had strayed, but later development showed that the horse was stolen. The thief took the horse from the pasture near Garibaldi, and rode bare-back until he was near Tillamook, where he helped himself to Mr. Steven's saddle. When he got to Mr. Conklin's place he traded saddles, thinking Mr. Conklin's the best. He went out via the Wilson river road, and was seen by the toll collector at Gales Creek. He refused to pay toll and went around the gate. He was also seen by a timber locator. The same night the horse was stolen, a compass worth \$25 was taken from the steamer Garfield, and the locator says the thief had the compass under his arm when he saw him. It is evident the rascal did not intend to lose his bearing in case he had to leave the road and travel through the woods.

There are some very peculiar features about this case. In the first place Tillamook is the worst place in the world for a horse thief, as it is almost impossible for a man to get out of the county without being noticed. Besides this, there have been no suspicious characters hanging around Garibaldi, and nobody is missing. The horse is an old plug, at least 15 years old, worth about \$20, and was sold by Mr. Steinlilber to Calahan for \$30 three years ago. Better horses, and handier to an escape, could have been secured just as easy.

It is the opinion of some, that some fellow in the vicinity of Garibaldi wanted to leave the county, and not wishing to walk or pay stage fare, borrowed the horse.

The sheriff sent deputy L. L. Stillwell after the thief a day or two ago.

LATER—L. L. Stillwell has just returned from a search in the valley for the culprit, but as he had a week the start could not be found. The thief was heard of in two or three places, however, and had something under his arm that looked like a compass. From the description given it is supposed he is the man who escaped from the Portland jail a short time ago, and that he has been in hiding in this county for some time.

#### A Puzzler.

Flour has dropped. It has gone to the remarkably low figure of 70 cents per sack, where retailed. We don't see how this can be done with wheat at 30 cents per bushel. It takes a bushel and a third—or 40 cents worth of wheat to make 50 pounds of flour, and then the manufacturer has 20 pounds bran, shorts, etc., to fall back on. We hardly see how the millers of the country are going to live at this rate.—Dallas (Polk Co.) Transcript.

Tillamook merchants advertise that they sell the best Polk county flour at \$2.30 cents per barrel, or 60 cents per sack. This leaves several things to be explained.

Jones, of the Tillamook Headlight, thinks the theatre company now performing there "way ahead of the Swedish Ladies quartet, who rendered selections from the "Messiah," some time ago. The ladies' quartet was alright," says Jones, but some how he couldn't catch the words.—Astorian.

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