

BEAVER.

Thomas Coulson has returned from the logging camp. A Mr. Gilbert, of Falls City, Polk co., who contracted with Mr. Shortage, of Dolph, to build the bridge at Castle Rock, on Three rivers, is surely deserving of praise the way he is sticking to his contract; in fact, he expected other parties to have hauled the material on the ground. On Monday of this week it was observed that when he reached a point on Mill's hill there was a slide on the road, and at pouring down in rain, Mr. Gilbert was not to be discouraged. He went to work and unloaded his load of 1000 feet and dragged it one piece at a time through deep mud. Reloaded, on he went, seemingly delighted.

Miss May Donaldson, who is teaching school at Three Rivers school-house, passed through in route to her home beyond Tillamook, where her father died. Miss Donaldson has many warm friends at Beaver who truly sympathize with her.

J. R. Finley, our justice of the peace was called on last week to go to Oretown to marry a couple.

Alva Finley's house, which is now being painted, is not only helping the looks of his home, but the town of Beaver as well.

Our carpenter, J. R. Finley, is now pushing the work on the United Brethren church. Beaver is beginning to look like a town. She can now boast of one church-house, one parsonage and another to be built in the near future, two cheese factories and four cheese makers one shoe and harness shop, blacksmith shop, one hotel, one saw mill, livery stable or at least a feed stable, post-office with good mail service (two mails per day, and five hours sooner at Beaver than at Tillamook). Beaver has one sawyer, three engineers, five preachers, five or six carpenters, two blacksmiths, one shoe and harness maker, two dressmakers and lots of rain and plenty of mud.

Hurrah for Skucome Lake! A Mr. Tharp, of Eastern Oregon, has purchased it and expects to fit it up for a summer resort. Success to Mr. Tharp.

We are glad to report that Mrs. Isaac Hiner is improving, who has been in very poor health for some time.

Beaverites all seem to feel glad to see Chas. Ray being so active in improving our public roads. Charlie is making us just what we expected—a number one county commissioner.

ORETOWN.

Dr. Bissell, of Woods, was in the neighborhood last week visiting the sick. Mrs. Penter has been in ill health for some time, but is now improving. W. L. Gardner has hired a teacher for his family during the winter months. Mr. McIntosh has packed all his cheese ready for shipment, waiting the coming of a steamer. It is reported that Mr. McIntosh will start a general merchandise store here in the spring. No doubt it will be well patronized and fill a long felt want.

HOBSONVILLE.

J. A. Payne left here last Thursday for Southern Oregon, where he will spend the winter. The Cleone came in Friday from San Francisco and loaded here at the mill. As yet the bar is too lumpy to cross out. A party from here were attracted to Bay City last Saturday night by a dance there. They report walking very good. C. W. Peterson cut his hand badly last Monday evening on the cut-off saw. At present he is getting along nicely. With the new lath machine, new planer, new gang trimmer and other contemplated improvements the mill here is getting ready for a big run this next year. Bay City is fixing up the old Cooperage dock.

NEHALEM.

The Seven Sisters and the Volante are still at Himple & Wheeler mill. The engineer of the tug Maggie received a telegram that his wife was dead, and left for 'Frisco. The Dewey, after a struggle with the wind and tide finally got up to Henry Tohls, for whom she had quite a lot of freight. She is now loading salmon at Wist's cannery. Wm. Blackburn has made a successful transfer of his steam donkey from the Dewey to his logging camp, and it is now at work in the woods. The comanche yell of the cook is no longer heard, the steam whistle having taken its place. Mr. Blackburn has invested about \$2000 in his engine, which is a 30 horse power nominal, but can be rigged to exert the force of 100. We hope he will have fair weather and good luck to pay him for his enterprise. Dave Zaddach contemplates a visit to his brothers in San Francisco in a few weeks. The Rev. Dill, who was quite ill the past week, is much better. Herman and Will Tohl have gone out to school at Forest Grove. You are right, Mr. Editor, no one man can assess a county like this intelligently. District or precinct assessor is the proper

way, but each district should have the privilege of electing its assessor. Appointive officers are too much abused paying off political debts.

NESKOWIN.

A quiet wedding occurred here on Nov. 16th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Commons. Their daughter, Miss Stella Vivien Commons was united in marriage to Mr. William H. Christensen. Mr. J. R. Finley officiating. The bride, charmingly attired in cream Henrietta, trimmed in ivory white brocaded silk and moire taffeta ribbon, was attended by Miss Lona Christensen and Miss Fay Commons. Mr. Fred Christensen, brother of the groom, acted as best man, Mr. Andrew Commons giving away the bride. The wedding took place at 8 o'clock p.m., after which the guests partook of a delicious lunch. The house was nicely decorated with English ivy and the national colors. The flowers used in decorating were chrysanthemums and casmas, the bride wore white chrysanthemums. The happy couple received many handsome and useful presents. The bride and groom have resided at Oretown since childhood and have our best wishes for their future happiness.

Mrs. Maude Compton, of Hebo, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Scherzinger, of Neskowin. Mr. and Mrs. Becker, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. A. C. Stork of Portland, returned to their home at Neskowin. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Page have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. D. A. Harvey at Vienta, Washington.

Born, to the wife of Fred Scherzinger, a boy. Miss Fay Commons was a visitor at Neskowin Sunday.

The First Kiss.

Sweetheart, 'twas but a while ago—it scarce seems yesterday, Though now my locks are white as snow, and all your curls are gray— When, walking in the twilight haze, ere stars had smiled above, I whispered soft: "I love you," and you kissed me for that love! The first kiss, dear, and then your hand—hand your little hand so sweet, And white than the white, white sand that twinkled at your feet, Laid tenderly within my own! Have queens such lovely hands? No wonder that the whippoorwill made sweet the autumn lands! It seemed to me that my poor heart would beat to death and break, While all the world—Sweetheart! Sweetheart! seemed singing for your sake! And every rose that barred the way in glad and dying grace, Forgot its faded summer day, and leaning, kissed your face! I envied all the roses then, and all the rosy ways That blossomed for your sake are still my life's bright yesterdays. But thinking of that first sweet kiss, and that first clasp of hands, Life's whippoorwill sings sweeter now through all the autumn lands!

Real Estate Transfers.

Nov. 9.—G. M. and M. A. Landingham to Chas. Ray, four acres more or less in sec. 22, tp. 4 S, R. 10 W. Nov. 9.—State of Oregon to John P. McMahon, E 1/2 of sec. 30, tp. 1 S, R. 7 W. Nov. 11.—Erastus Mills et ux to John R. Mills, Se 1/4 of Nw 1/4, Ne 1/4 of Sw 1/4, Nw 1/4 of Se 1/4 and Sw 1/4 of Ne 1/4 of sec. 32, tp. 2 S, R. 9 W. Nov. 15.—Marcus Curl et ux to Fannie Smith, S 1/2 of Ne 1/4 of sec. 25, tp. 3 S of R. 9, W and lot 2 of sec. 30, tp. 3 S, R. 8 W. Nov. 16.—F. M. and M. Barrows to Lizzie White, Sw 1/4 of Ne 1/4, Se 1/4 of Nw 1/4, Nw 1/4 of Nw 1/2 lots 1, sec. 32 and lot 9, sec. 31, tp. 4 S, R. 10 W. Nov. 16.—James M. and Lucy Level to Annie L. Johnson, tract of land beginning at a pt. 3.35 chains N. of Meander post in slough. Nov. 16.—U. S. to Nystrom Loe, lots 9, 10 and 11 in sec. 34 tp 3 N. R. 9 W. Nov. 16.—Nystrom Loe to B. A. Todd, lots 9, 10 and 11 in sec. 34 tp 3 N. R. 9 W. Nov. 16.—Julius Schmeer to B. A. Todd lot 8 in sec. 34 tp 3 N. R. 9 W. Nov. 16.—Wm. Batterson to Julius Schmeer, lot 9 in sec. 35 and lots 2 and 3 of sec. 35 tp 3 N. R. 9 W. Nov. 18.—Charles E. Seal to T. M. Bailey Sw 1/4 of Sw 1/4 (or lot 10) of sec. 28 tp 4 S, R. 10 W. Nov. 21.—U. S. of A. to Madaline M. Nutes E 1/2 of Nw 1/4 W 1/2 of Ne 1/2. Nov. 23.—U. S. of A. to Ralph W. Mills, S 1/2 of Nw 1/4 and Ne 1/4 of Sw 1/4 of sec. 29 tp 23 R 9 W.

Schilling's Best Tea. J-pan Ceylon, English Breakfast, Oo'cong, Ideal Blend.

DEEP SEA LIFE.

Submarine Animals Have Been Adjusted to the Pressure of the Water.

When marine life began to command notice, the question of the depth to which life could extend divided scientific thought into warring camps. About 1840 it was generally believed that the bathymetrical limit was about 300 fathoms, and some strange ideas were current as to the physical condition of the water when under a pressure such as a depth of two miles would produce. It was thought that skeletons of drowned men or even heavy cannon and the "wedges of gold" that popular imagination places in the sea floated at certain levels, beneath which is water so compressed as to be impenetrable. In fact, says the North American Review, water is almost incompressible, and the weight of a cubic inch of it at the depth of a mile is very little more than at the surface, but it was assumed that no living being could survive a pressure which at 1,000 fathoms is about a ton to the square inch. We ourselves live under a pressure of about 15 pounds to the square inch and are unaware of it. Indeed, we sometimes waken on a morning when the barometer has risen, say, half an inch during the night, and consequently find ourselves sustaining an increased pressure of several tons, not only without suffering, but with a positive feeling of buoyancy and good spirits. On the other hand, if the tremendous pressure under which we live be relieved as by a surgical "cup," severe injury may follow. Aeronauts suffer from this cause and marine animals dredged from great depth often reach the surface in a most lamentable condition, with eyes protruding and viscera distended.

DIFFERENCE EXPLAINED.

There is Considerable Difference Between the Gases from Anthracite and Bituminous Coal.

Prof. Hilseng, of the state college, Pennsylvania, gives an interesting explanation of the difference between anthracite and bituminous coal, so far as the gases are concerned, his opinion being based on the supposition of all coal beds having been originally formed on a horizontal or flat bed. The anthracite beds, he assumes, were placed under enormous pressure, or side pressure, by the contraction of the earth's crust during the cooling stage, thus forming the coal basins as now seen at the foot of the mountains; such an enormous pressure resulted in forcing the explosive and other gases out of the anthracite beds to the seams and crevices of the veins and to the fissures, seams and pores of the rock strata. This compression has been so great that gases in the anthracite region are sometimes found with the mighty pressure of 17,000 pounds to the square inch. On the other hand, the bituminous beds have not been subjected to such a disturbance and pressure, and the coal, therefore, retains the gases which it contained originally. White damp, Prof. Hilseng shows, is produced by imperfect combustion, while black damp is produced by perfect combustion, and destroys life by being devoid of sustaining elements.

AUCTIONS AT HOME.

How the Daughters of a Western Millionaire Sell Their Clothes to Each Other.

"In a family of my town," said a western woman to a New York friend, "there is a little custom which is often amusing, and which is, I think, quite original. The father is a millionaire, and, unlike many rich fathers, he leaves his checks blank when he signs them, and never asks any questions. One result of this sometimes is thoughtless expenditure. I wouldn't say extravagance, because the daughter would not willingly disregard their privilege. But when one makes a purchase which she afterward regrets, instead of returning it, as most women would do, an auction is held in the household, and the article is sold to the highest bidder. The auctioneer is the original purchaser.

"Sometimes the auction is very amusing, and the manner of the sale shows a woman's cunning. When I was there last a dress which cost \$300 was knocked down to one of the sisters for \$15. There were no other bidders. The 'auctioneer' was slightly disappointed, but she didn't know that the purchaser had entered into an agreement with her other sisters not to bid against them on her articles if they wouldn't bid against her on the dress."

GOT EVEN WITH THE HOUSE.

How a Saratoga Walter Turned the Balance of a Damage Account.

With summer hotels closed and winter resorts in the south still suffering on account of the war, there are hundreds of waiters out of work, and they spend their days in the various offices and resorts where people are likely to go when they look for a colored man servant, says the New York Tribune. There accounts of summer experiences are exchanged, and landlords and head waiters' good and bad qualities discussed. "I got the best of our boss last summer," said one waiter who had served his term at Saratoga. "We had to pay 25 cents apiece for everything we broke, and one week I had three pieces to pay for, and every cent came hard because the horses didn't come right for me that week. It didn't make any difference if the piece was a teacup or a teapot, it was 25 cents apiece, and on pay day I just dropped a big vegetable dish for luck. It made the 75 cents one dollar, but I got even with the boss."

MISS LEITER'S PAPER CROWN.

When a Child the Lady Said She Would Be a Queen Some Day.

That is a very interesting story which relates how Mrs. Curzon, when little Miss Leiter, was seen strutting up and down a room wearing a paper crown while she remarked: "I will be a queen some day." The lady who tells the story, says the Chicago Post, adds significantly that "many a truth is spoken in jest." All of which is undeniably true, but at the same time we have no special reason to believe that the prediction has been verified or is likely to be verified, or that little Miss Mary prophetically gave utterance to a sparkling truth. We suppose there has never been a little girl in this delightful city of Chicago who has not at one time or another adorned herself with a paper crown and announced that she was going to be a queen. Little girls have a weakness for this sort of thing, and yet we have no recollection that any young woman of our town has ever ascended a throne, save for temporary and unimportant purposes. Somebody has said that all American women are queens. Of course, not even the women themselves believe such wild hyperbole, but it is a gallant remark, and if it makes them feel good for the time being there is no objection to the phrase. Let the little girls play with their paper crowns and utter their mock solemn predictions, for we are making history nowadays, and Cuba or Hawaii or the Philippines may yet ask for a queen.

READY TO BE THRILLED.

The Harrowing Experience of a Western Girl While Sightseeing in Boston.

Not many days ago a bright girl from a neighboring state stopped for a short time in Chicago while on her way home from a lengthy stay at the Atlantic seacoast. This was her first visit east, and she had gone there prepared to be thrilled by all sorts of emotions evoked by historic memories. She came back considerably disillusioned and merrily tells several good stories at her own expense. While in Boston she went sight-seeing under the guidance of her sister-in-law, and declares that while in the Copp's Hill burying ground she had the thrill of her life. The old cemetery is, of course, a good place for arousing patriotic emotions, but when that idea is suggested to this western girl she just smiles.

"As soon as my sister-in-law and I got into the place," she said, "I found myself almost stepping over a grave with an inscription on a queer little iron-covered sort of tomb. I jumped back, feeling the way you do when you step on a grave, and read the inscription, just three initials, no name or date. 'Isn't it pathetic?' I said to my sister-in-law. 'Oh, I don't know,' she answered, 'B. W. means Boston water works.' Oh, I had a long thrill there for about five seconds, but it was the last. After the awful prosaic shock administered by my sister-in-law I believe I could stand at Adam's grave without a quiver."

WEATHER SIGNS IN THE SOUTH.

When the Forecaster Was All Done by the Darkies and the Poor "White Trash."

"The prediction of Ezekiel Bouzy, of Maine, the forecaster of winter weather by the goose bone, stirred up some weather recollections of the time when I lived in the south," said a former resident of a Dixie state the other day, says the New York Sun. "We got our forecasts then from the darkies or from what was called the 'white trash.' When the cat in the corner 'washed her face' the housemaid assured her mistress that 'it was going to rain.' The severity of the winter was foreshadowed by the industry of the squirrel. If it stored up nuts early, that meant an early freeze and an early snow. If you have ever sat in front of an open fireplace where wood was burned you may remember the different sounds made by different varieties of wood while being consumed. There was one variety which made a noise like the dripping of water from a roof. When a darky heard that he always said: 'It's gwine to snow. Listen to de snow drappin' in de hot ashes?'"

"Cornstalks that grew no tassels 'meant something.' Ears of corn which were irregular, or peculiar, were a sure forecast of a hard winter. 'If the smoke from the old chimney went straight up, good weather for the next day was predicted from the cabins.'"

He or She. The word "ship" is masculine in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, and possesses no sex in Teutonic and Scandinavian. Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom back to the Greeks, who called all ships by feminine names, probably out of deference to Athene, goddess of the sea. But the sailor assigns no such reasons. The ship to him is a veritable sweetheart. She possesses a waist, collars, stays, laces, bonnets, ties, ribbons, chain, watches and dozens of other feminine valuables. Lightest of All Liquids. Additional experiments by Prof. Dewar have shown that liquid hydrogen is by far the lightest of all known liquids. Its density is one-fourteenth that of water, and, curiously enough, this happens to be the same ratio of density that hydrogen in the gaseous state bears to air. Heretofore the lightest liquid known has been liquidified marsh gas, which possesses about two-fifths the density of water.

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