

TO RENT--ROOMS

By Kenneth Herford.

"OF COURSE we can do it. Why not?"

What could I say to that? Susan had made up her mind and that was the end of it.

"But," I ventured, "the work. Think of the work."

"That is why I favor the plan. It will give me something to do when you are away."

"Very well," I agreed, "it shall be as you say. We'll take the house and you can rent the four rooms if you want to."

"And just think," she went on, "we'll get all the rent back. Then we will get our shelter for nothing."

"Please don't call our home 'shelter,'" I begged, whereat she offered: "Well, what else is it? We are sure of food. You make enough a week to get that--same weeks; and the shelter is all that remains for me to think of."

"Very well," said I, "we'll move." And we did.

Three days later, after the carpets had been cut over and matting had been bought for the hall bedroom upstairs, we were snugly--or, at least pleasantly--housed at 231 Sunny Street.

Hanging the pictures and learning the ins and outs of the gas furnace had tired Susan, so we agreed to put off placing the advertisement in the paper until the following Sunday. The Saturday night before, we walked down to the office and gave the young man behind the counter 58 cents in exchange for a slip saying that we had taken about an eighth of an inch of space for one day--in the paper of the following morning.

Susan went about it all enthusiastically, and she was up at the first cry of the newsboys the next morning and into my pocket for a nickel to buy that paper. She looked through it twice by the faint light of the north window before she found the advertisement we had placed the night before, and when she did she appeared as pleased with herself, with it, and with the world in general, as a child in the second grade with a new slate.

"But it's awfully little, don't you think, Reuben?" she asked.

I looked at the three lines. It did look little, but I would not have discouraged Susan for the world. "Oh, there'll some one see it," I ventured.

"But I want a great many to see it," she went on. "I want a great many to come so that we can select from them. I wouldn't have ordinary people in the house for the world."

To tell the truth, I had no idea that in the city of Detroit there would be very many people who would see those three lines advertising the rooms we had to rent, but I held my opinion to myself, only venturing to remark to Susan, standing there by the window in the half light: "You'll see."

And she did, and that before the day was out.

We were at breakfast. The chops were excellent, the rolls done to a turn, and the coffee nearer like mother's than any Susan ever before had made. The doorbell rang. "Now, who in the world can that be?" exclaimed Susan, dropping her fork on the plate before her with a clatter.

"It may be your brother," I suggested.

"It isn't either," she disagreed. Whereat I suggested that one of the best means of learning who it was would be to answer the bell.

The idea seemed to impress itself upon Susan's mind favorably, for she did as I suggested.

I listened, a monthful of chop poised on the tip of my fork in mid air.

"Yes," I heard Susan say to the person at the door, "we have rooms to rent. Do you desire to look at the furnished ones or the unfurnished ones?"

I smiled. Apparently the person wished the latter, for Susan took him or her along the hall, to the door at the end. There was silence for a moment, followed by a confusion of voices. It seemed to me, and then the front door closed and Susan came back into the dining-room.

She sat down near the register, not at the table, though I wanted another cup of coffee.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It was a man," she replied.

"That being a bit unsatisfactory I continued: "What did he want?"

"Rooms."

"Didn't he like ours?"

"He did until I told him they were heated with natural gas, and then he started for the door. He said his wife's cousin was asphyxiated by natural gas once and that his wife wouldn't live in a house where it was used."

"Did he say anything else?"

Then there was the young man and his sister. They liked the connecting rooms upstairs. He worked on a morning paper and she was a stenographer. The next exposure he thought would not permit of his sleeping late in the morning, and it would be cold in winter for his sister during the day and early evening. No, the rooms upstairs wouldn't do for them, and as for those on the ground floor they had no furniture.

About noon there came a man with a little boy.

He was a widower, but he looked as though it were not owing to any fault of his own. While he talked with Susan his son dug nice little nick in the window sill with a new jack-knife. He liked the rooms very much, but his wife had left on his hands a lot of dishes and there appeared to be no place to hang them or arrange them at all. Susan told him of our large woodshed, but he said that he could never think of "the light of his life's" things being put out in the woodshed, so he didn't take the rooms.

Then there were two ancient school teachers. They liked the rooms upstairs, but could not see how their piano could be moved there. Susan couldn't either, so they went away.

About four in the afternoon a young man and his wife came up the front steps and rang the bell.

They wanted two unfurnished rooms and wanted them right away. They wanted running water, a stationary wash-stand, a mantel, and a gas grate. Those characteristics were of our rooms exactly. From behind the curtains I saw Susan's color grow flush with interest as she thought: "Well, they're gone this time, sure."

She talked with this couple a long time. She came down a dollar a month when they faltered, and finally when they went out the front door and she had snimmed it after them, she came into the parlor and sank into a chair near the table.

"What was the matter with them?" I asked.

"They didn't like the ceiling chandeliers. They wanted wall brackets. They said if it were not for those chandeliers they would take the rooms at our own price."

I saw the careworn look in Susan's eyes and began to feel real pity for her. Poor little girl, I thought, it's a shame for her to run up and down those stairs so much.

And it was in the midst of my pity unexpressed that the bell rang again.

This time it was a man and his wife desiring unfurnished apartments. Susan trudged down the hall again. She opened the doors, turned on the gas in the grate, raised the shades and lighted the jets. The couple were delighted from the outset. They talked of everything. They wanted to know if Susan would put down matting in the little bed chamber. Of course Susan would. Anything to choke off the results of that advertisement of three lines.

Well, they would go out and figure it all up and would they be given the refusal of the rooms until the next noon.

And this time when Susan came into the parlor her face beamed.

"They're coming to-morrow noon," she said, "and then there only remains the two upstairs. Oh, Reuben, I do hope--"

She did not finish. The bell had tinkled again.

"An upstairs room," I heard her say. "Yes."

They came back down after about ten minutes. Again I heard words, this time spoken by a masculine voice of singular gentleness. "Very well. I shall move in to-morrow afternoon. I expect my wife here in a week and if I see second room upstairs is not rented I shall probably take that also."

Susan could hardly wait to close the door after the second real renter. She came bounding into the parlor, her eyes as bright as two stars. "Oh, Reuben!" she exclaimed, "I've rented them. He says he will move in to-morrow afternoon, and with those in the downstairs rooms at noon, that leaves only the one hall bedroom on the second floor. And I can rent that, too, I know."

"Did they leave any money to hold the rooms?" I asked.

Her face fell for a moment. "No," she replied. "I never thought to ask them." And then with more eagerness: "But I know they'll come, for the people who looked at the rooms downstairs measured for the carpets and talked about where they would stand their table and all that, and the man for upstairs wanted to know all about the bathroom and the closets and if I wouldn't even take him to meals. Oh, I know they will come to-morrow night."

"To-morrow" came.

At noon Susan was in a high pitch of excitement.

No one rang the bell. Half-past twelve.

Still no one for those unfurnished rooms.

One, two and three, yea, even four, five and six struck on the brass clock. And at that last hour Susan would eat nothing.

All I heard her say was: "Oh, what liars people are."

Discouragement was written on her face and little tears were beginning to crowd their way into her eyes.

The reaction had come and with it a letter, crushing disappointment.

And at irregular intervals people are looking at our rooms and going away again still. That three line advertisement must have been seen by everyone who is considering renting a room with in the next ten years. Its mighty strength has crushed Susan. She is not the Susan of a week ago. She has aged 15 years answering bells and "showing people up." And now I am only waiting for a month to expire to move her and all the effects of the Threeline family into a six-room cottage, the rental of which is small enough to warrant me in assuming it all myself.--Detroit Free Press.

THE DRUNKEN MAN. And the Mystery of How He Keeps His Feet and Steers Clear of Danger.

"Drunken men, of course, do fall down cellarways and that sort of thing," said Mr. Nozzley, according to the New York Sun. "We read about it occasionally in the papers, but still such mishaps are comparatively rare. Men seem to stagger up to the very verge of such places, and then sheer off in safety. Probably everybody that has lived in a city has at one time or another followed some drunken man with his eye and seen him as he pursued his zigzag course along the sidewalk, lurch up to and fairly lean over the top step of some basement stairs, seen him still leaning, as though he must inevitably topple over and go smashing down to the bottom, only to observe him finally sway back, away from the steps, to start again on his devious course and bring up a moment later on the carbstone hazing in the same manner and in the same danger of falling, now into the gutter."

"But he doesn't fall, and one wonders what preserves him. He staggers on his way, and stumbles sometimes, but recovers himself and never quite goes down. Again he skims smooth and straight along the very edge of some dingy spot, but keeps right on into safety. And he pursues his crooked and dangerous way with a dip or a dive now and then that brings the heart into the mouth of some passer-by who chances upon him suddenly; and at times it seems as though he must go down, but something keeps him up, and some instinct, apparently independent of himself, turns him back from the brink. With such glimmering of sense as he has left, if he has any, he struggles hard to keep up. He may not realize it himself, but instinct makes known to him that if once he goes down he can't get up."

"Pursuing a straight course you soon come up with and pass the staggerer going cross-cross, steering off, perhaps, as you pass, to avoid collision with him."

LOATHED CIDER. Two Knights of the Road Who Had No Use for Anything That Worked.

A farmer named L. C. Hamer, who makes frequent trips to this city with produce, and whose place is near Mount Repose, O., a little settlement just north of Madisonville, is responsible for the following story: He was driving toward the city the other morning with a load of cider in barrels, when he met two specimens of the hobo variety trudging along the pike. They stopped before his wagon, one politely lifted his hat and asked:

"What's the nearest town?"

"Mount Repose," answered the farmer.

"Ah! sweet name!" answered the tramp. "I think we'll just stop for the rest of our lives when we reach there. Couldn't proffer us a drink from one of the barrels?"

The farmer immediately drew a quart cup full of cider and offered it to the pair. They drank it, each made a wry face, and the one of grandiloquent speech, who must have at some time been a member of a variety troupe, drew himself up and said:

"Dost know that thou hast insulted us in offering cider? We have a holy horror that amounts to a loathing for cider."

"Why?" asked the farmer.

"Because," answered the tramp, with a farewell wave of the hand. "Because it works."

TREASURE OF TEXAS MATRON. Her Husband's Thirty-Two-Year-Old Wedding Shirt Still Preserved.

On the 27th of November Mr. and Mrs. W. A. King, of Nacogdoches, Tex., celebrated their wedding anniversary. On that occasion Mr. King wore the identical shirt in which he was married in 1866. The ancient garment was in good condition, having been treasured carefully by Mrs. King all these years and only brought out on wedding anniversaries. She launders it herself, no one else being allowed to lay a finger on it. Mr. King, who is a native Texan, served in the Confederate army, and at the close of the civil war settled near Nacogdoches, where he has lived ever since. In 1866 he was married to Miss Mary Jane Maroney, a niece of Gen. Thomas J. Rusk. In those days dress shirts were rare in that part of the country. The garment which Mr. King wore at his wedding is home-made and hand-made of white cotton goods. It has a bosom after the mode of negligee shirts, with transverse plaits. Mrs. King says it will last for many a year yet, and her husband declares he will last as long as the shirt.

Lake Water Raised by Storms. The tidalike effects of gales on lakes having no ordinary tides is very considerable. In the Caspian a gale will raise the water on either side six feet, causing a total difference of level of 12 feet, and in Lake Erie heavy gales occasionally cause a difference of level of more than 15 feet.

Has a Wasp for a Pet. Perhaps the strangest pet ever kept by a man was a wasp, which Sir John Lubbock caught in the Pyrenees and resolved to tame. He began by teaching it to take its meals on his hand, and in a very short space of time it grew to expect to be fed in that way.

Siberian Sunshine. The Russian meteorologist, Prof. Woerkof, calls attention to the almost uninterrupted sunshine that prevails in winter in the Irutsk region of Siberia. He thinks it would be an ideal place for consumptives and for raising plants under glass.



Headquarters for Forest Grove Stage Line.

Allen House.

J. P. ALLEN, Proprietor.

First class accommodation at second class rate.

BEST MEALS IN THE CITY, Tillamook, Ore

"My Kingdom For a Horse," WELL, WE'VE GOT IT AND MORE TOO If you Want to Drive A Nice Gentle Horse To a Nice Easy Buggy, Come to Our Stable and Get it.

The Tillamook Livery and Sale Stable, TILLAMOOK, OREGON.



Reduced Fares!

6.00 ROUND TRIP. 3.50 ONE WAY.

ASTORIA AND TILLAMOOK.

PACIFIC NAVIGATION COMPANY

WILL RUN THE Steamer W. H. HARRISON or R. P. ELMORE.

Will make trips every five days, the weather permitting, between Astoria and Tillamook City, carrying freight and passengers.

ELMORE, SANBORN & CO., ASTORIA; or COHN & CO., TILLAMOOK, AGENTS.

WHEN YOU WANT LUMBER,

Remember that we keep the best of everything in Stock and at prices as low as the lowest.

FOLLOWING IS OUR LIST OF PRICES: COMMON ROUGH LUMBER at \$3.00 per thousand feet. SHIP LAP at \$9.00 per thousand feet. SIZED LUMBER at 9.00 per thousand feet. FLOORING, No. 2, at \$12.00 per thousand feet. FLOORING, No. 1, at \$16.00 per thousand feet. RUSTIC, No. 2, at \$12.00 per thousand feet. RUSTIC, No. 1, at \$16.00 per thousand feet. No. 1, FINISH, at \$15.00 per thousand feet. MOULDINGS, 1/2c per foot, per inch in width. ALL BIN. PLANKING at \$7 per 1000 feet.

Tillamook Lumbering Co.



STEAMER RUTH Direct From S. F. to Tillamook.

Freight handled with dispatch and at lowest rates. Fruit delivered in good order. Best Accommodations and Cheapest Route to or from Tillamook. Every attention paid to wants and conveniences of passenger. First-class table set. WILL SAIL FROM SAN FRANCISCO ABOUT OCTOBER 30th AND EVERY 10 DAYS AFTER.

For further particulars apply to A. W. BEADLE & Co., No. 14 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO; or to TRUCKEE LUMBER CO.

THE TILLAMOOK

EDW. G. E. WIST Proprietor. This Hotel has just been newly furnished and put in first class repair and is now by far the best in the city EVERYTHING COMFORTABLE AND HOMELIKE. Terms Reasonable, Tillamook Ore.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878--NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, October 11th, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3d, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1894.

GEORGE H. BAXTER, of Dayton, county of Yamhill, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 305, for the purchase of 1/2 of 1/2 of Section No. 20 in Township No. 2 S., Range No. 7 W. and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Saturday, the 25th day of January, 1899. He names as witnesses:

Riley G. Smith, of Dayton, Yamhill county, Oregon; John Starr, of Dayton, Yamhill county, Oregon; William H. Fletcher, of McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon; Albert E. Cook, of McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 25th day of December, 1898. CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878--NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, October 11th, 1898.

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CRIS T. STARR, of Dayton, county of Yamhill, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 308, for the purchase of the 1/2 of 1/2 of Section No. 27 in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 6 W. and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Ore., on Saturday, the 25th day of January, 1899. He names as witnesses:

Northland Stretch, of Dayton, Ore.; Riley G. Smith, of Dayton, Ore.; John Glen, of Dayton, Ore.; Albert E. Cook, of McMinnville, Ore.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 25th day of December, 1898. CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878--NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, October 11th, 1898.

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LUTHER J. FLETCHER, of Dayton, county of Yamhill, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 309, for the purchase of the 1/2 of 1/2 of Section No. 24 in Township No. 2 S., Range No. 7 W. and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Saturday, the 25th day of January, 1899. He names as witnesses:

Albert E. Cook, of McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon; Riley G. Smith, of Yamhill county, Oregon; James B. Moller, of Dayton, Yamhill county, Oregon; John W. Fishburn, of Dayton, Yamhill county, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 25th day of December, 1898. CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878--NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, November 8th, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3d, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1894.

JOHN GLEN, of Dayton, county of Yamhill, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 307, for the purchase of the 1/2 of 1/2 of Section No. 8 in Township No. 2 S., Range No. 7 W. and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Saturday, the 25th day of January, 1899. He names as witnesses:

Albert E. Cook, of McMinnville, Oregon; William Cain, of Dayton, Oregon; Riley G. Smith, of Dayton, Ore.; J. W. Coffin, of Dayton, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 25th day of January, 1899. CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., December 6th, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook Co., at Tillamook, Oregon, on February 1st, 1899, viz:

J. H. WILLIAM STEINMETZ; H. E. 21 7/8, for the Lot 3, Sec 1, of Sw 1/4 and E 1/2 of Sw 1/4 of sec. 4, Tp. 2 N., R. 9 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Conklin, James Wiley, Gustav Kunze, Edward G. E. West, of Tillamook, Oregon.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., December 2nd, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before F. D. Newell, U. S. Commissioner, at Nehalem, Ore., on February 15th, 1899, viz:

JASPER N. LESLEY; H. E. No. 1107, for the S 1/2 of Ne 1/4 and N 1/2 of Sec. 26, Tp. 3 N., R. 9 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Louis Nystron, John Bolin, William Batterson, C. W. Schilling, of Nehalem, Ore.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN--That by virtue of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Tillamook, sitting in probate, made and entered in the records of said Court on the 25th day of May, 1898, the administrator of the estate of J. C. HALL, deceased, will, from and after the 15th day of January, 1899, proceed to sell at private sale for cash, the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit: The W 1/2 of the Sw 1/4 of sec. 27 and the Ne 1/4 of the Sw 1/4 and the Sw 1/4 of the Ne 1/4 of sec. 28, containing 100 acres in Tp. 3 S., R. 9 W. of the Willamette Meridian in Oregon, save and except all of that portion of the Sw 1/4 of the Ne 1/4 of sec. 28 lying North of the Big Sottuca River and containing 43 acres more or less, deeded by W. A. Hanor and wife to R. O. Richardson, November 14th, 1882, also saving and excepting all of that portion of the Ne 1/4 of the Sw 1/4 of sec. 27, said Tp. and Range heretofore deeded by W. A. Hanor and wife to James Hagley and wife, leaving a balance conveyed hereof 140 acres more or less. Dated at Tillamook, in Tillamook county, Oregon, this 12th day of December A. D., 1898. CHARLES E. HALL, Administrator of the Estate of J. C. Hall, deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. The undersigned having been on the 3rd day of January, 1899, duly appointed by the Hon. County Court of Tillamook county, Oregon, Administrator of the Estate of NEHALEM SCOTT, deceased, all persons having CLAIMS against the said Estate, are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified to me within six months from the date hereof, at the office of Handley & Handley, at Tillamook, Oregon. Dated this 6th day of January, 1899. HARRY MITCHELL, Administrator.