

THE CHRISTENING OF SARAH'S ELDEST

By Kenneth Herford.

THE balmy breezes of a "down east" August morning wafted across the fields the sweet and soothing odor of the green and yellow growing things.

On the back porch of the old, old farm house—an echo, seeming, of another day,—behind a screen of Dutchman's pipe and woodbine, Aunt Jane sat in a "cane seat" brought from the front room, husking the sweet corn for dinner.

Now and then an ear of the pearly kernels would fall from her hands into the pan and she would, for an instant, look off down the road or across the field toward the dark green wood beyond—absently, her mind racing back the pathway of the years to the days when she and Silas were children together in the old red schoolhouse; and, afterward, in the singing school, lovers at the husking bees, and then—their wedding.

Once or twice Aunt Jane took off her steel bowed spectacles and pulling up her apron cleared the glasses with a corner of it. Then she would arrange them again comfortably astride her nose, slipping back the bows into the ruts that time had made above her ears, and pulling down, ever so slightly, the gray hair over them. Then, of a sudden returning to her task, she would tear off the green husks impatiently, as though by sheer force pulling herself back to the evening of the present, from her moment's ramble in the morning of the past.

With my book, over on the other side of the porch, I did not intrude into the domain of Aunt Jane's reverie. Frequently on looking up I would see her lips moving, as though she hummed to herself some old-time song or repeated in her heart some words that long since had been told her. I would smile, simply, and resume my reading. When the last ear had been stripped of its gown of green and the brown "silks" had been picked from between the rows of kernels, Aunt Jane set the pan down on the floor of the porch and gazed out across the fields.

"Do you see," she said, after a moment, and from the tone the words seemed as much addressed to herself as to me, though I responded. "Do you see," she said, "that big tree 'cross there, next at th' edge o' th' woods. Th' one nex' t' th' old blasted oak?"

I leaned forward in my rocker and, shading my eyes with the open book, gazed in the direction she designated. "Yes," I replied; "has that tree a story, Aunt Jane?"

I heard a sigh, but so gently breathed that it seemed but the echo of a sigh. "No, 'tain't got a story. That's th' tree where Silas asked me t' marry him. Nearly every man in th' Hemingway family, 'pears, asked their wives t' marry 'em under that tree. Silas' brother, Seth, asked Sary t' marry him while they was a-strollin' through them woods one day, a long, long time ago. Seems ages almost. It was right under that tree that he asked her. Sary told me of it durin' her las' sickness when we tryin' t' take care of her here at th' house. Her room was the back one upstairs, an' she asked us t' pull th' bed down so't she could see th' tree out o' th' window. If I ain't mistaken she died a-lookin' at that tree. She told Seth 'fore their fust child was born that she wisht, if she should die, he'd take th' child out under that tree every birthday o' hern' an' tell it that it was there that its mother's happiness begun. But Sary didn't die—not then. She had three boys an' one girl grown up before she passed away. I wonder if me or Silas ever told you 'bout th' christenin' o' Sary's eldest?"

And through the moisture that memory had caused to gather in Aunt Jane's eyes there broke the light of a smile that broadened and deepened until she laughed.

"Your mother likely knows it," she said, "but if she ain't told it t' you I s'pose I might as well."

And I knew that there was to be for me another delightful human chapter out of Aunt Jane's delicious volume of reminiscences. I leaned back in my chair and closed my eyes to be carried away by her to another day, another world—to me.

"Seth's wife's name was an Empson 'fore she married Seth. Th' Hemingway an' th' Empson farms joined down below that stone wall by th' creek. Th' Hemingways was always on good terms with th' Empsons an' th' Empsons was always th' same with th' Hemingways, so, with th' two farms joinin', 'twant no more'n nachelor that in course o' time Seth an' Sary should get married. t' sorter join th' property a mite closer, an' old Hiram Hemingway used t' say. An' 'twant. Th' weddin' o' th' two was jest th' ordinary conclusion o' two children born raised within a stone's throw o' each other an' no blood relation between 'em. It was th' nachelor result of a protracted period o' singin' school an' huskin' bees. Anyway they was married. Their eldest was born 'bout th' end of th' second year as I recollect now. I remember that child almost as well as I remember Ezra, my first. It was as pretty a baby as you ever set your eyes on, and as bright and as smart, from th' beginnin', as a crick-et. It was about two months old before they named it. And then o' course came t' Seth an' Sary th' thought of christenin' it accordin' t' th' orthodox doctrine. Th' country 'waint so thick settled as it is now. Th' Grants wa'n't here an' your grand father owned nearly all th' land on both sides if th' road from th' river t' th' plank a mile down.

Peckham's Corners was th' nearest village, three miles down th' plank road—named after Ephriam Peckham that kept th' general store there—an' o' course if there was any christenin' t' be done 'twould have t' be done down there where th' church was. Seth wanted it more'n Sary did for she never went much on churches. She uster say she didn't take much stock in any institution that paraded as a shinin' light any such a skilawag as Paul wuz. It kind o' set hard with Seth, for he had been brought up a God fearin', Scripture abidin' man an' it w'an't much t' his likin' that Sary should oppose his idee o' havin' th' little one christened regular. They argued 'bout it for two or three weeks an' finally Sary gave in. 'jes' as we all knew she would. Her whole life was all one long givin' in t' Seth, anyway. She said at th' las' that likely as not it wouldn't make any difference t' th' child's future nor be any injury to its health, so Seth could have his way, and th' child could be christened if he wanted it should, without any opposition by her."

Aunt Jane smiled as she had before, and then, wiping again her glasses on her checked gingham apron, went on.

"I remember that Sunday mornin' jest as tho' it was yesterday. It was about this time o' th' year and Silas and the child all rode down t' th' corners in Silas' democrat wagon—though it wan't called a 'democrat' wagon in those days. Sary and Seth sat on th' back seat, she holdin' th' baby. Th' men put up th' team in th' shed at th' side o' th' church an' we all went in t'gether. Seth's pew was well down toward th' front an' we sat there. Parson Davis was th' minister, a young feller, too, with sandy hair an' a full blue eye that seemed t' have th' truth shinin' right out of it. Sary always said he looked like a bowl o' skimmed milk t' her, but he didn't, 'jes' th' same. He was a able leader an' his sermons was always wuth thinkin' over. Well, th' service proceeded. Th' church was filled with th' folks from everywhere within five miles o' th' corners, for it was a nice morning and I've generally noticed folks are more religious when th' weather's good. At th' conclusion of meetin' th' pastor stepped down from th' pulpit and asked if there was any one in th' congregation that felt moved t' join in, and accept th' true salvation that th' church offered. Two 'joined in' that mornin' an' when th' parson had shook hands with them he asked if there was any little ones that the parents wisht to be baptized in th' light. Seth nudged Sary an' she rizt up in th' pew. That was th' first information that th' parson had of a baby in Seth Hemingway's family. He looked kinder surprised, but he was equal to th' occasion. He beckoned t' Sary an' she passed by Seth an' went down th' aisle t' th' front, steady like an' firm, holdin' th' baby close to her."

"When she reached th' pulpit th' parson took th' little one out of her arms an' held it in his own. Th' baptismal fount was on his left han' within reach. He seemed imbued with th' idee that he oughter do a good job o' th' christenin', for he knew th' standin' in th' community o' the Hemingway family. He swelled out his chest an' said—I can hear him now: 'Dear brothers and sisters, I am called upon to moisten in th' holy baptism of our Lord this child, this child that I hold in my arms. But before let us try to draw aside th' curtain of th' future and peer beyond, to see, if possible, what may be th' material destiny of this, I might almost say, unorganized human being, that I hold here before you. It may be that after the years have been wafted away this little one, in the vigor of a stanch maturity, may feel it his fate to buckle on th' sword and th' armor and go forth to battle for light and right, and we may have another St. George. Or, again, he may take up th' pen, and who knows but that I may hold in my arms, who knows, I say, but that this almost unorganized human being may develop into another Sir Walter. Or, again—I say it is possible—the affairs of state may engross his mind, and the world may have a second Jefferson."

"At the first prophetic possibility Parson Davis made, Seth, who had been listenin' with his eyes fixed on the floor, started. Silas nudged me, an' I smiled. I didn't dare to laugh, for jest then I cast my eyes in the direction of Sary. She was shakin' like a leaf, an' her face was as white as your collar. Seth wiggled in his seat, but Parson Davis didn't notice anything. He was too busy prophesying. Finally came th' last. 'Or sixthly,' he said, and his voice seemed t' rise, 'and let us hope it may be true—he may work in this world for the Lord, may take up th' torch of truth and follow in th' footsteps of the Shepherd, and we may have another Paul.'

"I looked at Sary. She wasn't pale. She was red. I knew what she was achin' for. I saw it in her eyes. She was dyin' for th' last chance at the minister that would have th' meanness to say a child of hern might some day become another Paul. When he had finished about th' postle Parson Davis looked down to Sary—th' little frail body at his side—and asked in his amazin' deep voice: 'What is th' little one's name, please?'"

"And at that Sary seemed t' grow at least three inches. She looked th' parson right square in the eye and answered in a voice so clear that the boys waitin' for Sunday school out in front heard her: 'Elizabeth Anne, sir!'"

And the memory of that christening caused another smile to melt the face of Aunt Jane, a smile that broke into a laugh—a laugh that floated on down the lane and across the fields until it mingled and was lost with the chirping of the birds.—Detroit Free Press.

Graspingly Mercenary.

First Spaniard—The American nation hasn't the pride or dignity of haughty old Spain.

Second Spaniard—That is true! Think of them trying to use the old Maria Teresa after our men had abandoned the ship as perfectly useless!—Puck.

GRAFT LEGISLATION.

ALMOST every session of the state legislature bills are introduced by request and by collusion to attack interests supposed to be vulnerable. In many instances the avowed object of such bills is blackmail and extortion. Sometimes the introducers of graft bills do not comprehend their import, being imposed upon by professional grafters who make legislative boodling a fine art. In other instances members of former legislatures have gone into partnership with the grafters, resulting in bills being railroaded through the legislature for personal gain. There is a wide difference between an honest attempt to regulate and restrain monopolies or abolish abuses in the interest of the public and the drastic bills purposely framed as radical as possible with no intention of enactment, but solely to bleed the interests aimed at. While the experienced lawmaker is not always able to detect a graft bill at sight, most of them can be uncovered in short order. As a general thing men behind graft bills do not want them pushed. They prefer to turn the screws on slowly until the victim comes to time and then they engineer to have the bill pegion-holed or made harmless in committee. It is the duty as well as the interest of all reputable members of the legislature irrespective of party to have all graft bills killed off as soon as their nature is disclosed. Such a course will thin out the lobby and save the legislature from scandal more effectively than anything that could be done.

The Bachelor Girl.

She's a satisfied bachelor-girl, She vows that she never will marry; She has been in society's whirl And known many a marriage miscarry. She is pretty, well furnished with brains, And it doesn't quite enter her plans, While around her all pleasant remains To link her glad life with a man's. She can guide herself well with her head, She can do lots of good with her hands; She's a model girl, so it is said, But a latchkey she always demands. She had joined a girl-bachelor's club. Into which not a man was allowed (As it happens, just there was the rub), And to celibacy all were vowed. At the very last meeting, though loathed, A general confession was planned, And 'twas found every girl was betrothed. All betrothed but our bachelor-girl; To her colors still faithful and true, That sole banner she still will unfurl; Who will order it down. I or you?

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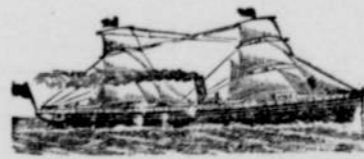
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SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR TILLAMOOK COUNTY. W. F. Book, plaintiff, vs. Jehiel Forest, defendant.

To Jehiel Forest, the defendant above named: In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, which time is six weeks, and to run from the day of first publication hereof, to-wit, January 12th, 1899, and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof plaintiff will apply to said court for the relief demanded in the complaint herein. The relief demanded is the foreclosure of a certain mortgage executed and delivered by you to the Aberdeen Bank, of Aberdeen, Washington, on or about November 20th, 1894, bearing said date, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note of yourself for \$44.00, dated November 20th, 1894, and payable on or before two years after date, with interest after date at the rate of ten per cent, per annum, which said mortgage conveyed unto said Aberdeen Bank for that purpose the following described real property situated in the county of Tillamook, State of Oregon, to-wit: The North East quarter of Section twenty-six (26) and the South East quarter of Section twenty-three (23), in township one (1) North of Range eight (8) West of the William the Meridian; and which said note and mortgage were on or about November 21st, 1894, indorsed and assigned to this plaintiff, and on which there is now due plaintiff the sum of \$222.80, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent, per annum from December 20th, 1898, until paid; the further sum of \$58.50 paid for taxes on said premises, the costs and disbursements of this suit and the sum of \$100.00 attorney's fees herein. It is further demanded in said complaint that said mortgage real property be sold as upon execution and the proceeds of said sale be applied in payment of the said sums due plaintiff and that you be forever barred and foreclosed of and from any and all right, title and interest in or to said mortgaged premises and every part thereof, except statutory right of redemption, and that the purchaser at said sale be put unto immediate possession of said premises by the sheriff. This summons is published by order of the Hon. G. W. Sappington, County Judge of Tillamook county, Oregon, made and dated at Tillamook City, Oregon, on January 10th, 1899, the time prescribed in the order for publication being once a week for six successive weeks, and the date of first publication being Thursday, January 12th, 1899.

B. L. EDDY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., January 16th, 1899. 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 county, Oregon, on March 4th, 1899, viz: WILLIAM J. CARVER, H. E. 12335, for the S 1/4 of Ne 1/4 and E 1/4 of Sw 1/4 of Sec. 5, Tp. 28, R. 7, W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George A. Barton, Jeremiah Murphy, Daniel Murphy and John Murphy, of Trask, Oregon. CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., December 22nd 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 Seaside, Ore., on February 15th, 1899, viz: JASPER N. LESLEY, H. E. No. 11872, for the S 1/4 of Ne 1/4 and N 1/4 of Sec 14 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 Nystrom, John Hollin, William Batterson, C. W. Schilling, of Seaside, Ore. CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., January 26th, 1899. 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 county, Oregon, on March 10th, 1899, viz: ESTHER M. BRAMMER, formerly ESTHER M. ARCHER, H. E. No. 11872 for the W 1/4 of Ne 1/4, Se 1/4 of Ne 1/4 and Ne 1/4 of Sec 14, Sec. 27, Tp. 18, R. 10 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Edward O. Johnson, Dryden I. Baker, Axel Nelson, John Hagney, of Tillamook, Oregon. CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

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 sell within six months from the date hereof, at the office of Handley & Handley, at Tillamook, Oregon. Dated this day, January 12th, 1899. HARRY MITCHELL, Administrator.

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 20th day of May, 1898, the administrator of the estate of J. C. HALL, deceased, will, from and after the 20th 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 Se 1/4, and the Se 1/4 of the Ne 1/4 of sec. 25, containing 150 acres in Tp. 3, R. 9 W. of the Willamette Meridian in Oregon, save and except all of that portion of the Se 1/4 of the Ne 1/4 of sec. 25 lying North of the Big North River and containing 15 acres more or less, deeded by W. A. Hanor and wife to R. O. Richards, November 13th, 1891, also saving and excepting all of that portion of the Sw 1/4 of the Sw 1/4 of sec. 27, said Tp. and Range heretofore deeded by W. A. Hanor and wife to James Hagney and wife, leaving a balance conveyed heretofore of 150 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.

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