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LETTERS FROM MANILA.

Band Boys Disobey Orders so Anxious are they to Fight.

Private Arthur J. Stillwell, Co. H, 2nd Oregon Volunteers, writes from Manila to his sister:

Manila, Philippine Islands,
March 19th, 1899.

I received your letter some time ago, but have been waiting for something very exciting to happen, but as there is no chance of my company, apparently, to get into very close contact with the natives, I guess there is no use waiting any longer.

I at last got out of the band and back to my company. You remember my company is at the custom house acting as custom house officials. It is one of the easiest jobs on the islands, but yet we are dissatisfied, as we are anxious to go to the front and do our share of the fighting. It looks as though we are to stay here, as our company is so well qualified for this kind of work. Most of the boys are well educated, company H is called the high school company.

Our whole regiment has been kept in the city until lately. Now they are all at the front but three companies, A, H and F. George Madaux is in company A. He came to see me this morning and left some things with me, as his company has orders to pack up this morning.

I see by the papers from home that you can tell more about the war than we can in some respects. You see we are not allowed away from our quarters, and, of course, we can't see anything and as there is so many going the rounds of the city all the time it is impossible for one to tell much about the true state of affairs.

I got hit with a ball on the leg the first day, but as it was a spent ball it did not even hurt, any more than a small rock thrown by someone. I was setting in front of the band quarters when it struck me. It must have been shot as least 1 1/2 miles away, and, perhaps, further. There were plenty of balls dropping into the city all day. I climbed on top of the roof and watched the Monardock shell the insurgent line, which was a very pretty sight. While I was with the band part of the regiment would be called out some times half-a-dozen times a day and I would grab any gun and away I would go with them. I went out four times one night, but only to be disappointed again and again, as we never got any gunning.

You see the band men were not allowed out, but I generally managed some way to get there just the same. The last night I was with them the adjutant gave strict orders to us and the battalion not to take any men that did not belong to them, but the next morning there was seven band men among them.

Now we have no band at present, all are sent to some company. I have been bugling since I came back to my company, with the exception of about one or two weeks I was in the custom house, they were short of men, so I had to work there until the business slackened a little. We had some pretty hot times inside the city on the start, but the insurgents are pretty well driven out of the city now. They have been trying to burn the city, and as most of the inhabitants of this large city are natives, and as you can't tell which are friends or which are not, it is pretty hard to keep them from setting fires. But for the last two weeks no one is allowed out after 7 o'clock p.m., and as there is so many soldiers patrolling the streets with loaded guns, with orders to shoot it has had the desired effect.

Nearly all of the native huts have been burned either by themselves or us, until there is not many more to burn.

The first big fire we had our company was called out and most of the boys got some gunning, but as it happened I was not one of them. But as you can imagine this thing of fighting in a city is not the most desirable. You can't tell where the bullets are coming from, as they are concealed in the buildings, shooting out of windows and from behind stone walls, and when a native village is on fire it sounds just like guns. They are made of bamboo, and as they get hot they explode, sounding for the world like rifle shots. But the whistle of bullets you can't mistake, especially when it hits at your feet or hits the wall close to your ears. None of our boys were hurt,

but they winged several natives shooting from their windows at us. Everything is very quiet in the city now, as the insurgents are driven several miles beyond the city.

When I last wrote home I thought we would soon be home, but it don't look very much that way now.

FALL OF QUINGUA.

Filipinos Driven From a Horse-shoe Trench.

MANILA, April 23.—Four men of the Nebraska regiment, including Colonel Stotsenburg, Lieutenant Sisson, and three men of the Fourth cavalry, were killed, and 44 wounded in an engagement at Quingua. The Filipinos retreated with small loss.

The engagement developed into a disastrous, though successful, fight. The insurgents had a horse-shoe trench, about a mile long, encircling a rice field on the edge of a wood.

Major Bell, with 40 cavalrymen, encountered a strong outpost. One of his men was killed and five were wounded by a volley. The Americans retired carrying their wounded under fire and with great difficulty, being closely pursued, fog enabling the enemy to creep up to them. Two men who were carrying a comrade were shot in the arms, but they continued with their burden.

Major Bell sent for reinforcements to rescue the body of the killed cavalrymen, and a battalion of the Nebraska regiment, under Major Mufford, arrived and advanced until checked by volleys from the enemy's trenches. The Americans lay about 800 yards from the trenches behind rice furrows under fire, for two hours. Several men were sunstruck, one dying from the effects of the heat as they lay there waiting for the artillery to come up.

Colonel Stotsenburg Killed.

Finally the second battalion arrived, and then Colonel Stotsenburg, who had spent the night with his father at Manila, came upon the field. The men immediately recognized him and raised a cheer. Colonel Stotsenburg, decided to charge as the cheapest way out of the difficulty, led the attack at the head of his regiment. He fell with a bullet in his breast, dying instantly, about 200 yards from the breast-work.

Lieutenant Sisson fell with a bullet in his heart, the bullet striking him near the picture of a girl, suspended by a ribbon from his neck.

In the meantime the artillery had arrived and shelled the trenches. The Filipinos stood until the Nebraska troops were right on the trenches, and then they bolted to the second line of the trenches, a mile back.

The Nebraska regiment lost two privates and had many wounded, including two lieutenants. The Iowa regiment had one officer and three men wounded. Thirteen dead Filipinos were found in the trenches. Their loss was comparatively small on account of their safe shelter.

The Americans carried the second trenches with small loss, and are holding the town tonight.

Colonel Stotsenburg had won a reputation as one of the bravest fighters in the army. He always led his regiment, and had achieved remarkable popularity with his men since the war began, although, during his first colonelcy, the volunteers who were not used to the rigid discipline of the regular troops thought him a hard officer. The loss of the Nebraska regiment in the campaign is the greatest sustained by any regiment and today's disaster has greatly saddened officers and men, who promise to take fierce vengeance in the next fight.

Lee Campbell, son of an Indiana farmer of small means, is to marry one of the gypsies who have been camping south of Butler, Ind., and it is said she is worth \$40,000. The boys parents objected to the marriage, but finally consented to allow him to bring her to their home to talk it over. She came and offered to buy a farm for the father, furnish the house, and pay all the expenses of the wedding if he would consent to the marriage. She showed deposit checks amounting to more than \$5,000 in proof of her ability to do as she promised. Mr. Campbell consented to the marriage. She has bought the boy a \$40 suit, advanced \$100 for the wedding dinner, and told Mr. Campbell to invite his friends to witness the ceremony.

SAMUEL H. DOTY'S BODY.

Dead Timber Cruiser Identified at Astoria.

ASTORIA, April 23.—All doubt as to the identity of the man who lost his life on the Nehalem trail a few days ago was removed this morning when the body was brought to this city and positively identified as that of Samuel H. Doty. Mr. Doty was about 40 years old, and a civil engineer by profession. His family lives in Warren, Pa. He came here from Iowa, and was engaged in timber cruising for an association of Eastern capitalists.

On the morning of April 7 a party of four, consisting of P. E. Heikmann, a surveyor of this city; A. J. Clonries, an experienced woodsman of Seaside; Mr. Doty and a business associate of his, started from Seaside. They passed the first night at the residence of J. Vollmer and left the following morning over the trail. On April 15 they were heard from on the Lower Nehalem. So far as known all the party were well at that time, but nothing was heard of any of them until the remains of Mr. Doty were found, and the others are still missing.

While considerable alarm is felt for the safety of the missing men, there is no reason to believe that any calamity has befallen them. The trail on which Mr. Doty's body was discovered leads from the north fork of the Nehalem river, and it is supposed that he left the others at work, and started out to communicate with his associates. That region is fairly well settled, so that there would be little trouble for them to find a habitation in case of necessity. A searching party started from Seaside this morning and definite news should be received within the next few days.

The body of Mr. Doty was found lying face downward in the muddy trail, and a thorough examination by physicians today failed to disclose any signs of violence. Neither was it emaciated, as would be long exposure or from starvation. The only theory advanced is that the man became overheated from traveling and drank too much cold water, which brought on a congestive chill. A significant circumstance of the case is that while his revolver was in his belt, there was not a cartridge or an empty shell either in the gun or on his person. The revolver was, however, dirty inside, as if it had been used recently. The remains will be shipped East tomorrow morning for burial.

NATIONAL DISEASE—WORRY.

The breakdown in American life comes from worry, and worry has almost come to be a national disease. If an American has no money he worries himself into a state of mind, and when he gets any money he worries himself to death for fear he will lose it. He worries at his work because he is afraid he will not accomplish what he is given to do. He worries about his meals; they are not on time, or they may disagree with him, or they may be costing him too much. If he pays for a thing in advance he is afraid it will not come up to the specifications, and if he gets it on credit he is afraid that he will not be able to pay for it when the bill comes in.

He is afraid to leave his money in the house lest it be stolen. He is afraid to carry it with him lest somebody should borrow it from him. He is afraid to put it in the bank lest the bank should fail. And so he worries about it. He worries about his business, whether it is going smoothly or not. He worries about his family and the education of his children and the progress they are making. He worries about the nation, about Congress, about the two great political parties, about the national conventions, about the gubernatorial elections, about the tariff and financial questions, about the initiative and referendum, about the abstract right of secession, about the resolution of '98, about the decadence of politics, about civil-service reform, about the future of Democracy, about sanitation, the water and gas questions, the paving of streets, the street-car system, the class of plays at the theatres, the nomination for Mayor and the election of school visitor in the 'Steenth Civil district.

He either sleeps too much or he sleeps too little. He has an idea that life is a conspiracy, and that he must preserve eternal vigilance or the conspirators will get him. He lives so much on his nerves that he gets angry on a slight provocation, and thus wastes mere tissue. The true secret of health and life and success is cheerfulness. The man who does his appointed task without being fussy will live a good deal longer. "Don't worry" and "don't be afraid" are two very good rules to observe. The American people must learn these rules by heart and put them into practice if they wish to live long and prosper.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

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TOLD OUT OF COURT.

To the list of fervent compliments paid to the court by defeated attorneys the following may be added:

"I think our supreme court in a good legislative body. What do you think?" "The court rejected the correct view in order to follow the d-d sentimentalism of a one-horse text-writer."

"It is one of the misfortunes of practicing before courts of final resort that an argument presented on the facts shown by the record becomes of no value by a statement of facts manufactured by the court."

Judge J. M. Hurt tells a story in the Dallas (Tex.) News on a couple of members of the Dallas legal profession, which goes in this wise:

They were on a hunting and fishing expedition to Wynne's lake. On the day of their arrival one of the heroes of the story, who was at that time a district judge, found a canoe that had been buried in the mud. He excavated it and found it to be in pretty good shape. He washed off all the mud and calked a few holes in the bottom, and it was a good boat. It was a long narrow affair, and was evidently never intended to be built for two.

However, when the judge started out to fish in his canoe, his lawyer friend insisted on going with him. The judge was sitting in the end toward the lake, where the water was about six inches deep and the mud about four feet.

"Now, keep out of this boat," exclaimed the judge. "You will turn it over, sure, if you try to get in it."

"That's all right," said the lawyer. "I am an old boatman, and have fished in a dugout many a time, and you know a man has to sit mighty level in a dugout."

With that he stepped into the canoe and it capsized instantly. The lawyer saved himself by a quick spring for the bank, but the judge, who was about fifteen feet off shore, was thrown in the shallow water and mud. He crawled out like an old hog coming out of its wallow, and when he reached the bank he delivered his opinion of the lawyer in anything but judicial language, and wound up in italics, punctuated with dashes and other exclamation points, saying that he hoped the lawyer was satisfied. The lawyer apologized profusely and assured the judge that there was nothing intentional about it; that it was purely an accident, and to show that he was sincere divided what clothing he had with the judge and helped wash his wet muddy suit. Peace was thereby patched up and all went well.

At the next term of court the lawyer had a case, in which he was very much interested, to come up to the judge's court. He worked on it very hard, and thought he had it perfected. All during the trial he sat up nights studying every point. He made a long and very exhaustive argument, and thought to himself that he had a sure thing, but the judge decided in favor of the other fellow. It was a great disappointment to the lawyer, and after court had adjourned he called the judge to one side and said:

"I told you out at Wynne's lake that I turned that boat accidentally, but I want to tell you here and now that it was intentional, premeditated and done with express malice aforethought."

CONNUBIALITIES.

A Los Angeles girl is credited with having been engaged seventeen times. She has been dubbed the "Queen of Finances." She says she is anxious to be loved for herself alone. Somehow it doesn't seem strange that she hasn't succeeded.

Charles A. Tower and Miss Caroline Sprigg were married last week at Rawlins Md. The bride and groom stood on the same spot before the open fireplace

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Dr. Meyers & Co. cure Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood and all Private Diseases, including contagious blood poison, quickly and permanently, and at reasonable prices.

The Expert Specialists and Dr. Meyers & Co. are not only competent and reliable, but are responsible, being backed by ample capital and ably managed.

Diseases which have baffled the skill of other physicians and stubbornly refused to yield to ordinary medicines, methods and appliances, are quickly subdued and mastered. They have the largest and best equipped medical institution in America.

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HOME CURES.—While it is preferable in many instances to see a patient, the German Expert Specialists have cured thousands whom they have never seen. If you cannot see the doctors write the home office for question list. Advice in regard to your ailment, book for men and women and treatise on any disease—ALL FREE. Correspondence and other dealings with patients or prospective patients sacredly confidential.

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where the bride's great-grandmother, her grandmother and mother were married. The house was built by her great-grandfather 150 years ago.

They have some queer taxes in Madagascar. Unmarried natives pay a tax of \$5. Childless women of 21 years of age are taxed \$3. Then there is a tax of \$1.40 for every legitimate child and of \$10 for every illegitimate child. If the system were as complicated as it sounds it would take all the taxes collected to pay the salaries of the men who figure them out.

Some of the French cures, or parish clergymen, are in the habit of giving very frank advice to those who come to be married. One of these clerics thus addressed the bride and bridegroom: "It is from the bottom of my heart, Joseph, that I congratulate you upon the great step you are taking. It was, indeed, sad to see you wasting your youth in a life of disgusting drunkenness. However,

all's well that ends well; and it pleases me to think that you have said goodby forever to the wine shop. As to you, my poor Catherine, thank heaven heartily that you have been able, ugly as you are, to find a husband. Never forget that you ought, by an unchangeable sweetness and a devotion without bonds, to try to obtain pardon for your physical imperfections, for, I repeat, you are a real blunder of nature. Now, my dear children, I join you in the holy bonds of matrimony."

Quotations on husbands have been sharply bid up by the action of Henry Croley, of Lussale, N. Y. He will pay \$50,000 in cash to any acceptable man who will marry his daughter and has made the matter public through the newspapers.

The Bystander—What are you taking off your hat off for?
The Man at the Phone—I'm talking to a lady, blame you.