

SOUTHERN TILLAMOOK.

Its Advantages Over Many Other Sections.

(From the Ocean Wave) To those who are not familiar with the valleys of Southern Tillamook county we dedicate the following few lines:

What is termed Southern Tillamook is all that land lying south of Cape Look-out as far east as the county line and south to the northern border of Lincoln county, a distance of about 20 miles north and south by about 17 to 20 miles from east to west, containing an aggregate area of over 380 square miles.

This is divided into five districts or localities, viz.: Sand Lake, Big Nestucca, Beaver, Little Nestucca and Slab Creek, all deriving their name from a stream flowing through each valley excepting Sand Lake, it being named after a lake which, in reality, is an arm of the sea.

The larger valleys are subdivided into districts where postoffices are established for the convenience of the people. Along the streams which run lengthwise through the valleys the soil is very rich, the winter overflows washing the rotten vegetation accumulated in the smaller streams before upon the bottom lands, thereby enriching and renewing the soil each year.

The meadows in these valleys produce an immense amount of hay, while the mountains and hillsides furnish fair grazing land all the year. Dairy cattle are fed a few months in the year, while many stock cattle run at large. The best beef in the state are raised in these valleys and command the highest prices.

Our main industries are dairying, cheese making, stock raising, cranberry culture, fisheries and bee culture.

Dairying is carried on by nearly every farmer in the valleys, the number of cows ranging from 5 to 50 head. Those who live remote from these factories make their cream into butter and place it on the markets.

Cheese making is a profitable investment both to the maker and also to the patrons of the factory, averaging as much or more for butter fat than can be gotten after the article is made. Each morning many teams may be seen wending their way toward some factory heavy laden with the product of many cows. Those who own and operate factories in this portion of the county are R. Richards, P. McIntosh and Joseph Bixby, of Beaver; Wm. Rhoades, Jasper Smith, L. Fleck and Charles Ray, of Hebo; P. McIntosh, of Oregon.

Stock raising is carried on by some besides dairying. It yields quite an additional profit to turn off a number of beef cattle each year without much additional expense or trouble.

Cranberry culture is becoming one of the foremost industries of the county. It requires a very peculiar kind of soil (peat) for producing the viands and berries. W. C. King is the principal grower, having several acres planted. M. Sommers and James Atkinson have also raised several hundred bushels of choice berries this year. About 30 pickers were employed in gathering the various crops this year.

Thousands of dollars are brought into this locality every year by the sale of salmon. This year Kernan & Co. purchased the cannery at the bay and are operating it. They expect to can 4,000 to 5,000 cases this season. What is badly needed here is a hatchery to keep the supply of salmon replenished as fast as they are caught. A better sight cannot be found anywhere than at the head of tide water.

No Doubt of It.

Policeman—Who bunged your eye that way?

Irishman—Moike O'Lafferty.

Policeman—Was there an eyewitness?

Irishman—Indade there was.

Policeman—Who was it?

Irishman—Moike O'Lafferty.

Policeman—I mean, was there anybody else present?

Irishman—Indade there was.

Policeman—Who?

Irishman—Myself, bedad.

Smokes Good Tobacco Free.

A man stepped into a drug store to buy a cigar. While he stood at the case waiting a shabby-looking man walked in briskly, lifted up the metal cigar end clipper, which stood on the counter, and emptied therefrom a small handful, more or less, of cigar clippings.

These he calmly stuffed into his pipe, stepped to the lighter, puffed away until the tobacco was alight and walked jauntily away with the flavor of good cigars trailing after him. The drug man said nothing to him and he said nothing to the drug man.

"Oh, yes," said the drug clerk after he had gone out. "It's a common thing for people of his class to do. They want a smoke and can't afford to pay for it, so we let them take the cigars. That man is one of our 'regu'ar customers."

Citizen Green—So you are one of the city fathers. Tell me, what are some of the duties of the situation?

Alderman Kreene—The principal duty is to keep track of the street pavements. When a pavement is in first-rate condition then is the time when that pavement is ripe for digging up.

Creditor—I wouldn't ask you for the money if I wasn't awfully hard up.

Debtor—And if I wasn't awfully hard up you should have it. Curious coincidence isn't it?

COMMONPLACE HEROES.

How a Newspaper Reporter Lost His Life.

A puff, a z-zim, a gasp and a fall—a hero is dead on the field. Comrades gather about, the body is cared for with a tenderness now of no avail except as an expression of sentiment, the regiment hurries by and the line of battle moves on. A brave man's career is at an end, but a nation bows its head in silent tribute to his memory, and his name lives on the roll of honor. His deeds of valor are recounted by the press and from the pulpits all over the land come the words, "Peace to his ashes." Such is the glory of death amidst the clash of arms and under the country's flag—a sacrifice to patriotism.

A lurch, a splash, a faint cry and the cruel, black waters of the night eagerly seize their victim and draw him down to the depths—a hero has passed to eternity. Comrades search over the seas, vainly seeking the dead, since they realize that there is no living to be found. They return with hands empty and hearts full. There is a hush in the great office from which the hero went forth a few hours before with high spirits and the buoyant hopefulness of youth. One desk in the big room is vacant and as busy men hurry past it they brush their eyes. A young man carries a bunch of manuscript to the city editor, saying huskily, "Here's a—!" He chokes and turns away. The sheets are stained with little splashes.

Friends are grief-stricken and a family is prostrated. Those within a limited circle inscribed by the short life of the last hero mourn deeply. They recall the bravery, the honor, the loyalty, the truth, and devotion of their friend, and they think of all that he was and the more that he would have been to them and to himself.

But the wide world on whom his personality has not been impressed passes over a brief dispatch in the papers. He had gone to his death in the discharge of his duty and had he lived to carry out his mission they would have been interested in its results, without knowing, or caring for the name of the author.

On the night of the arrival of the Kansas volunteers at San Francisco a member of the Chronicle staff who had gone out on a tug to meet the transport, was hurled from the prow of the boat, where he was endeavoring to talk with the men on the big ship, which no one was permitted to board. A high sea was on and the little tug was pitching and rolling. Between the two vessels he went down into the waters that quickly swallowed him, carrying him beyond help. Death came suddenly upon him at his post of duty. Only a few months ago he had risked his life to rescue a brother rival and newspaper man, who was similarly thrown from a tugboat while on a mission of the same kind.

Although William Appleton Snow went down with his country's flag above him and in sight of hundreds whom the whole nation greets with applause and honors as heroes, he did not give up his life in defense of the flag. Hence the world weeps not, knows not.

He was only a reporter. Yet he risked his life and lost it in honorable service—in ambition desirous to do his duty and to do it well. Every day hundreds of such men are performing great deeds of which the public knows nothing. If victorious, no public acclaim rewards them. If they fall, the country erects no monument to their memory, chants no requiem. They are only heroes of the commonplace. There is no beating of drums, no waving of flags, no cheering to attend them in their every-day exposure to hardships and dangers. Their services and rendered fearlessly, honestly, faithfully, but without glamor and applause.

Yet what would the world do without these plain, matter-of-fact, unknown heroes?

INSURGENTS PARLEY.

They Ask Otis for Still Another Conference.

MANILA, Oct. 23, 8:50 a.m.—An American officer was killed and two men wounded by the Filipinos in an attack on a launch with General Lawton's expedition in the Rio Chiquita, near San Isidro. The rebels fired volleys from the shore.

General Otis has replied to the three insurgent officers who entered Angeles last Friday with a request, made through General MacArthur, for permission for a Filipino commission, headed by a Filipino major-general, to visit General Otis in order to discuss peace terms and to arrange for the delivery of American prisoners, that the desired interview cannot be granted because the suggested propositions of the Filipinos are vague, indefinite and unimply, and because the Americans must continue to decline to receive any representative of the so-called Filipino government.

Priest as a Diplomat.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—It is understood that the president has given to Arch-bishop Chapelle definite instructions which will govern his actions relative to establishing peace with the Filipinos, but these instructions are to be withheld from publication. The archbishop is to have no communication with the government, but will be fully advised of the intention and wishes of the administration toward the people of the islands, and has been empowered to outline to them in a gen-

eral way what the future of the islands may be under United States control. He will, of course, point out that when peace has been insured this government will deal with the Philippines in much the same manner as Cuba and Puerto Rico have been dealt with, although such a plan, can hardly be instrumental in accomplishing much good.

But while the archbishop is to look after American interest generally, his first object will be care for church matters and church property, acting under instructions from Rome, and in case of conflict he will naturally favor the church. As American and church interests are bound to conflict to a greater or less extent, it is generally thought that this dual mission of a church representative will lead to trouble of a more or less serious nature, and on account of this administration is being severely criticised for allowing a mixture of church and state.

PRIEST WEDS THE NURSE.

Who Saved His Life and it Belongs to Her.

Like Brother Aloysius, who renounced the church and married in New York, a few weeks ago, St. Louis has a priest who has given up the church for matrimony. The marriage took place three weeks ago, but was not made public until last week. To his wife the former priest says he owes his life, and to her he has given it.

"She saved it, and it belongs to her," is the way he expresses himself.

Back of the expression lies one of the prettiest romances of the church. It was fate that threw the priest and his wife together, and neither cared to resist it. If they had any inclination to do so at the time they got over it, and both now are happy.

Until a year ago the Rev. Father Charles E. Brady was assistant priest at St. Peter's Roman Catholic church in Quincy, Ill., one of the largest churches in the city. He was handsome and young, and was popular with the young folks.

In some manner he incurred the displeasure of his superiors, and was sent to Jerseyville, Ill. Later he was transferred to Liberty, a small village, and before going there visited Quincy. He was ill at Quincy and the first night at the hotel where he stayed the services of a physician were needed. The physician suggested a trained nurse. He suggested one from the Blessing hospital, a Protestant institution, and then said that perhaps the priest would prefer one of the sisters from the Catholic hospital. He said no, he would be satisfied with the physician's selection, and a nurse from the Blessing hospital was summoned.

It was a hurry call for a nurse and the first one who could be spared was sent to the hotel. Had it been any other than the one it was, Father Brady would be in the church of Rome.

The nurse sent was Miss Addie Gwynn, a young woman who had raised in Quincy. For five years she had been a nurse at the hospital. It was the first time she ever had seen the priest, who had been stationed in the city for some years. She remained by his side and when he was able to travel the doctors thought a change of air would do him good. In the hotel those who visited the father noticed that the little woman who attended to his wants was solicitous about his welfare. She prepared his food and seemed to take more than a passing interest in him.

When the time came for the departure of the priest, the nurse, it was supposed, had gone back to the hospital. At the hospital it was known that she had had a "hard case" with the priest, as he had been desperately sick. When she did not return at once it was thought she was taking a few days' rest. A week passed, and then rumors that the pair had been seen going away on the same train reached the ears of some of her friends. Then came the news that the nurse was married. To none at that time did it occur that she had married her patient. Nearly two weeks later it was announced that Father Brady had resigned from the church, and the couple had quietly been married at Clayton, Mo.

The bride is a lifelong member of the Episcopal church, and in Quincy none is better known because of her charitable acts. She comes from a good family and has hosts of friends. When the fact of the marriage became known the former priest announced that his act had caused him to be excommunicated, and he said that he had not resigned from the priesthood until after the marriage.

Here is still another reason for the cause of the war in South Africa: The issue, however, has been lost sight of and the war is narrowed down to a contest for possession of a pile of gold, buried in the Transvaal country, and estimated in value at \$5,000,000,000. As the London Posts puts it, the situation is now that the Boers are saving to the British "You shall not touch this gold; we will not allow you to mine it, bring it to the surface of the ground and take it away unless you pay us a tithe by the way of royalty," and the British respond: "We are strong enough to throw these 20,000 Boers off the pile of gold, strong enough to take it without paying any royalty, and we mean to take it. 'Tis folly to pay for that which you have the might to take."

Now Laugh.

The Promoter—So your wife has gone into vaudeville?

The Comedian—Yes.

The Promoter—What line of work?

The Comedian—Oh, curtain lectures, I suppose.

"Are you a brakeman on this road?" asked the passenger.

"No, sir," replied the person addressed, "I am a brakeman. The conductor just cleared me out at craps."

Crimsonbeak—You never hear any one speak of the white horse and the red-headed girl now.

Yeast—No; I guess the white horses have all died.

"Perhaps it's the girls who have died."

"I hear Mabel is going to marry a rich old man 50 years of age."

"How foolish—he is twenty-five years too old and twenty-five years too young."

"The judge brought his hammer down severely on that fellow's testimony."

"Yes, and nailed a lie."

"Is your daughter enjoying her musical studies abroad, Mrs. Flimflammer?"

"Oh, so much; she writes that she goes to five dances every single week."

It was a haughty Hoosier man,

Who said with arrogance of manner,

"I know that Dewey's from Vermont, But Kid McCoy's from Indianner."

"This article about grain isn't all here."

"Of course not. It's a cereal story."

"Has your new comedy any novel features?"

"Yes; it's a funny comedy."

"There goes beauty and the beast."

"Where?"

"There. She's a Fifth avenue belle and he's a Wall street bear."

"Did you have commodious apartments in New York."

"Commodious? I had a hat rack all to myself."

"Would you marry a red-headed woman?"

"I wouldn't if I could get away."

Visitor—Whaffor yo' buhmin' candles, 'stid o' coal oil? Kase yo' doan' believe in de trust?

The Host—I does, but the grocer don't.

First Lady Clerk—There goes the meanest woman in town.

Second Lady Clerk—Who is she?

First Lady Clerk—I don't know, but she is always coming in here and wanting someth'ing we haven't got.

As we understand it, an x ray will go straight through a man's head. There is nothing else quite so penetrating as there?

"Oh, I don't know. Did you ever hear my daughter sing?"

"How is the earth divided?" asked the confident teacher of his class before the examiners.

"By earthquakes, sir," was the prompt answer from one of the eager pupils.

Smith—See Jones over there, laughing so heartily? Somebody must have told him a funny story.

Brown—More likely Jones told it himself.

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C. E. HAWKE, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

TILLAMOOK, OREGON

Office: Over Todd's Store.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Or. October 5th, 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, at Tillamook, Or., on November 27th, 1899, viz:

H. E. 9756, for the Lots 1 and 2, and No 1/4 of No 13, Sec. 11 and No 1/4 of No 1/2 of Sec. 2, Tp. 25, R. 9 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Henry Loderer James Teel Albert Phelps and William H. Owen, of Tillamook, Or.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

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ALTON L. WHITTEN, H. E. 1077 for the E 1/4 of No 1/4 and E 1/4 of No 1/4 of Sec. 30, Tp. 18, R. 7 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Louis O'Connell and Fred C. Skoop, of Trask, Or.; Daniel Murphy and Jerry Murphy, of Tillamook, Or.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

Truckee Lumber Co.,

OF SAN FRANCISCO, DEALERS IN

FIR & SPRUCE Lumber, BOX SHOOKS.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

And LOGGERS' SUPPLIES.

AGENTS STEAMER LUELLA.

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Tillamook City, Oregon.

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PROPRIETORS OF

Tillamook Meat Market,

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Shop next door to Larsen's Hotel, Tillamook.

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FRED SAPPINGTON,

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

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T. H. GOYNE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Office: Opposite Court House,

TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

CLAUDE THAYER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

J. J. DALY,

JOSCAR HAYTER.

DALY & HAYTER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

DALLAS, OREGON.

ROBERT A. MILLER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

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C. A. BAILEY,

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