

**QUAINT FEATURES OF LIFE.**

In the great New York March blizzard of 1887 Henry O'Donnell had his feet frozen so badly that both were amputated. Until a few weeks ago he walked on crutches. Then he had a pair of artificial feet made, but his clumsiness with them caused his friends to laugh. Mr. O'Donnell at once offered to bet that he could walk 1,000 miles with them. A heavy wager was laid and O'Donnell is now on his way, having reached Baltimore. He bets he can walk in New Orleans, 1,200 miles, in five months.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad in pursuing a wise course in rewarding employes when by quickness of thought or otherwise, avert loss of life or destruction of property. The engineer of a passenger train which had just stopped at Connellsville Station the other day heard another train coming and immediately sprang into his cab and started his train at full speed. The engine of the other train struck the rear car, but without serious results. A gold watch and chain, suitably inscribed, was the engineer's reward.

Christian Scientists are watching with interest the course of the trial of a suit for damages brought against the Edison Electric Illuminating company of Paterson, N. J., by Berthold Frankel, who alleges that he was struck by a falling arc light wire of the company and seriously injured. As a result he was in the hospital for three months. The defense of the company is that he only thought he was hurt, constituting himself at once the subject and the operation in a feat of hypnotism. The hospital physicians, who have been called by the defense, say that while Frankel showed all the symptoms of an electric shock, his body was unmarked, and other doctors testify that in their opinion as experts the illness was the result of hypnotic suggestion.

Georgia is furnishing many ideal object lessons. A correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution has found a county in that state, Union, way in the Blue Ridge, whose people are all native born Americans. Seventy-five out of every 100 farmers own their own farms and raise everything they consume except coffee, sugar, salt and tea. In the county seat, Blairsville, there is only one family living in a rented house. There is not a bar-room in the county and hasn't been for thirty years. The county has no cotton, but there is no such corn as it grows anywhere else in Georgia. Its mountains are densely covered with oak and hickory, and it has gold, iron and marble. Its people now are excited because a railroad running from Chattanooga to Wauhatchie, S. C., will soon pass through their section. Union county may not be so ideal when it becomes part and parcel of the outside world.

In Saybrook, six miles west of Ashtabula, O., a wild eagle swooped down upon Mrs. Arthur Stewart in her doorway and when her husband arrived she lay upon the ground in a faint. Mrs. Stewart heard a loud noise in the chicken yard and went immediately to the scene. The eagle left the henry and attacked Mrs. Stewart. A faithful dog belonging to the family tried to protect his mistress, but was also attacked and soon worsted. Mrs. Stewart's injuries are not serious. By the time Mr. Stewart arrived the eagle had escaped in the wood. This is the second incident of the kind in that region within a few weeks. At Painesville, twenty miles west of there, a woman was attacked, but with assistance finally killed the bird, which proved to be an immense specimen. It is said that there is a nest of eagles near Willoughby, O.

**Not The Only Widow He Knew.**

The major came up the front steps of the club slowly and thoughtfully, in his hand a half-burned cigar that had gone out—a sure sign that something was wrong. He dropped into a chair by my side and ordered orange bitters and the other part of it.

"Women," said the major, "are devils."

I sighed sympathetically, and with the certain knowledge that the end had come I began to array in my mind a host of cheering sentiments that I might deliver each at the proper moment.

"Some of them are," I suggested.

There was a pause. The major was absorbed in his downfall.

"You know her?" he said at last.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "Her husband was—"

"So he was," interrupted the major. "Well, my boy, it's over with."

"What do you mean?" I inquired, much as if I did not know.

"The more I think of it," went on the major, ignoring the question, "the more I am convinced that I shall not recover from this blow. I can't understand it. If it had been a young inexperienced girl—but a widow! And to think she had been playing with me! Yes sir, that's the word—playing."

"Nonsense," I retorted.

"See here," said the major, "let us face this thing together like men."

He rang the bell for more orange bitters—and the other thing. It came. The major sipped.

"It is true," he said, "that she has rejected me—flat-footed—and at my time of life this is not pleasant. I ought to settle down. I had set my heart on her,

and now it's over with. Still the situation is not without hope."

"What shall we do about it?" I said, at last, bowing to the link he had made between us.

"Well, said the major, contemplatively, "there is another widow."

**Prattle of the Youngsters.**

"And do you always try to behave like a gentleman?" asked the visitor.

"No, sir," replied little Tommy, "I'm not old enough for that, but I always behave like a gentleman."

"Why can't the chickens swim, mamma?" asked 4-year-old Ethel.

"Because they don't know how, I supposed," was the reply.

"Well, then," continued the little miss, "why don't they get the ducks to teach them?"

"Yes," said Aunt Matilda, "when I was a little girl old General Scott kissed me."

"Dear me, auntie," cried wicked Tommie, "was it only General Scott? Why, I told the minister it was George Washington!"

"My boy," said a gentleman to a youngster who was eating some green fruit, "you should not eat those green apples; they are not good for you."

"Guess you don't know much about it, mister," replied the archer. "Why, three of these apples will keep me out of school for a whole week."

A little fellow of 6 was reproached by his teacher for his slowness. "When I was your age," said the teacher, "I was at least a year further advanced than you are."

"Perhaps you had a better teacher than I have," replied the incorrigible youth.

"It's a shame, that's what it is!" exclaimed the boy wrathfully. "I can't have any fun at all."

"What's the matter?" asked the sympathetic neighbor.

"Dad says he'll lick me if he ever hears of me fighting with a boy smaller than I am, and I darsen't fight with a bigger one."

**When Grandma Comes.**

When grandma comes to our house I'm always awful glad, because she always takes my part.

When I've done something bad—She asks my papa please to not begin and punish me.

And then she shames him when she says How bad he used to be.

When I was slidin' yesterday And tore my trousers so She said: "Now, James, don't whip him, for You did those things, you know."

And then he sneaked away, upstairs, And grandma looked at me And said I'm just the kind of boy My papa used to be.

And, one day, when I runned away And stayed till nearly night, And then came home without my hat And was an awful sight, My papa stormed, and I'm afraid That he'd 'a' punished me If grandma hadn't told him then How bad he used to be.

I'm awful glad when grandma comes, I wish she'd always stay, 'Cause that's the time that I don't get A lickin' every day, And there's a look in papa's face That's very nice to see When grandma says I'm just the kind Of boy he used to be.

**Brief Poetry.**

There was an Old Lady of Crew,  
Who wanted to catch the 2:02;  
But seeing her hurry  
The guard said, "Don't hurry,  
There's a minute or two to two-to!"

If you would a musician be,  
Don't seek the drummer's place;  
For a little drum is a snare,  
And a big one's always base.

'Tis folly to be wise, because—  
Such boomerangs are nature's laws—  
The sage may win encomium,  
But people dodge who see him come.

"I'm unworthy of your love," he softly said,  
As the question to the maid he popped.  
"Well, I don't doubt it," she softly replied,  
And right there the softness stopped.

There must be gloomy days; the man  
Who'd always have it pleasant can  
Have only selfish thoughts to give—  
Umbrella-makers have to live.

"This earth spins like a top," quote he;  
"It is a wondrous thing.  
And I, you see, propose to be  
The man who pulls the string."

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its days were quickly sped;  
It followed Mary round at golf  
And got it in the head.

For summer reading? Well, we'll take  
A lot of books; that is, we'll make  
Huge piles of works, wise and devout—  
Then pack our trunks and leave them out.

**NOTICE.**

To Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any debts or contracts entered into or incurred on account of any of my interests in Tillamook county, by any person whatsoever, unless the same be authorized in writing by me.

SAMUEL ELMORE

**DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.**

LA CAMAS, Wash., Oct. 28.—The town was thrown into a state of excitement to-night, about 9 o'clock, by the fatal shooting of a footpad, who had waylaid F. C. Yeoman, the recently appointed postmaster. Mr. Yeoman was returning to his home in the outskirts of town, by a path leading across a vacant lot, when he came upon a rope that had been stretched across, with the evident purpose of tripping him up. As he carried a lantern he discovered the line in time to avoid it, when he saw a man approaching. He ordered the fellow to stand back, but was answered by a rock, which just grazed his head, and then Mr. Yeoman fired, shooting the man through the heart.

On aid being summoned from the neighborhood, the dead man proved to be Ed Barthlemy, a hand employed at the paper mill. He had armed himself with a revolver and slungshot, the latter made of a handkerchief containing the rock which had missed Mr. Yeoman.

Barthlemy, who was about 30 years old, had lived in Clark county for several years. Although he was always "hard up," nothing wrong was known of him. He had a wife and one child, and his parents reside on a farm near La Camas lake, about two miles from town.

The body was not disturbed, but was guarded where it fell, in order that his relatives and the officials should understand from the surroundings that Mr. Yeoman was justified in the killing.

Barthlemy's parents have been sent for, but his wife has not yet been informed of the fate of her husband. Public opinion in La Camas commends Mr. Yeoman, and he has not even been arrested. The coroner of Clark county was notified, and he will probably take possession of the remains to-morrow.

Mr. Yeoman was paid \$100 this afternoon, but had deposited the money at McMaster's store, and at the time of the tragedy had but 80 cents on his person. The revolver he carried was a portion of the postoffice belongings, recently turned over to him, and this was the first time he had carried it.

**Bryan's Bid For a Job.**

The appeal of William Jennings Bryan to J. Sterling Morton to assist him in securing an appointment on the Nebraska railroad commission has caused more comment in the eastern press than anything that has emanated from Bryan's pen for the last two years. The impression created by the letter in what Mr. Bryan has designated as the enemy's country is not flattering to Mr. Bryan, but there is also sharp criticism of the publication of a confidential communication and the interpretation that has been placed upon it.

In that section of the country the frankness of Mr. Bryan in declaring that he did not seek the job for the honor, but for the money there was in it, is not considered as reflecting as seriously upon its author as is the fact that he applied for aid to a pronounced corporation politician. While Mr. Morton was not directly in the employ of any railroad he was the recognized leader of the railroad democrats of Nebraska and has been so classed by Bryan, Allen and all the lesser lights of the anti monopoly reform forces that train under Bryan.

In soliciting J. Sterling Morton's influence to secure his appointment on the railroad commission Bryan sought to reach through Morton the power behind the throne, the railroad managers, at whose instance the bogus commission was created. In soliciting the place through Morton, Bryan tacitly bound himself to do the bidding of the railroad managers whose aid Morton was expected to invoke in Bryan's behalf.

It was doubtless a streak of luck for Bryan that Morton failed to connect him with the railroad managers and the commission. Had he done so Bryan would probably have made no better record than Jim Dahlgren, Joe Edgers and other reform commissioners appointed at the dictation of the railroad corporations in Nebraska.

From this point of view Bryan's appeal for a \$2,000 job must appear inexcusable to every honest opponent of monopoly in the fusion ranks, who, above all things, looks to his chosen leader as absolutely beyond temptation under all circumstances.

Governor Murphy, of Arizona, in his annual report to the secretary of the interior, renews his plea for statehood, saying it has been denied Arizona because of sectional prejudice, ignorance, imaginary partisan policy and selfishness. Other recommendations are for cession of all the public lands within Arizona to the territory, possessing which the territory should be authorized to lease them as grazing lands; survey of all lands within the territory, especially the railroad grants, for taxing purposes; the establishment of the act of June 27, 1866, as to the right of way for the Atlantic & Pacific Railway Company, to permit the taxing of track and super-structures on the right of way; increase of salaries of federal judges; creating of the fifth judicial district; creation by congress of a commission for ethnological and archaeological research in Arizona, and a congressional appropriation to pay the governors and secretaries of territories the salaries allowed them by law.



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**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., October 25th, 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, Ore., on November 27th, 1899, viz:  
TIERRE J. HEYVAERT;  
H. E. 2726 for the Lots 1 and 2, and No 1/2 of Sec 14, T. 2 S. R. 2 W.  
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
Henry Ledner, James Teel, Albert Phelps and William H. Owen, of Tillamook, Or.  
CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

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ALTON I. WHITTEN;  
H. E. 1027 for the E 1/2 of Sec 14 and E 1/2 of Sec 14 of Sec. 2, T. 2 S. R. 2 W.  
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
Louis Olson and Fred C. Skomp, of Trask, Or.; Daniel Murphy and Jerry Murphy, of Tillamook, Or.  
CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

**TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1898.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
United States Land Office,  
Oregon City, Ore.,  
Oct. 26th, 1899.  
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1898, 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, 1899.

**JENNIE BAILEY.**  
Of Tillamook county of Tillamook State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 5109 for the purchase of the E 1/2, 1/4 W 1/4 of Section No. 25, 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 her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Ore. on Tuesday, the 9th day of January, 1900. She names as witnesses: Charles A. Bailey, John E. Tuttle, W. G. Bailey, Joseph Severance, of Tillamook, Or. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of January, 1900.  
CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.**  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Josiah Biggs, deceased, and that all persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same to me, duly verified, at the office of A. W. Severance in Tillamook City, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, the first publication being on the 26th day of Oct. 1899.  
JOHN A. BIGGS,  
Executor of the estate of Josiah Biggs, deceased.  
Dated Tillamook Oregon, Oct. 26, 1899.

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