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## CHINA & TINWARE.

# McINTOSH & McNAIR. Tillamook.

### Same Old Story.

Cupid with his bow and arrows  
Wandered through the world one day,  
Looking for unconscious victims,  
Their repose to take away.  
All at once he spied a maiden,  
Who was famed for beauty rare,  
But who always coldly listened  
To each lover's ardent prayer.  
Swiftly Cupid shot the arrows,  
Vainly shot them, one by one,  
For his darts all missed the maiden,  
As his darts had always done.  
Then he winked—sly little fellow—  
And his next shot surely told,  
For the last dart in his quiver  
Was an arrow tipped with gold!

### "A BOY CASTAWAY."

Who Found the Treasure of a  
Spanish Galleon Buried  
in the Sand.

In 1703 the ship Goodly Hope was  
thrown upon one of the many shifting  
bars of Sable island. The seas broke over  
her. The hungry, restless sand slowly  
but surely gulped her down. It was not  
particularly novel. This island monster  
of the North Atlantic Ocean had merely  
swallowed another tid-bit. Of all that  
gallant crew only a singlesoul escaped to  
shore.

A young lad of good family, Ronald  
Fletcher by name, had been lashed to a  
wooden grating by some rough seamen.  
The vagrant eddies swept the grating  
well into a shallow cove. As soon as he  
was able the boy cleared himself from the  
savage fetters and waded thankfully to  
the dry land.

But a brief survey of the treeless waste  
dashed his new hopes. As far as the eye  
could see was nothing but an expanse of  
rolling sand dunes, with but an occasional  
patch of rank grass to vary the mono-  
tonous landscape.

Scablar, with their eggs, and an occa-  
sional drowned fish tossed upon the  
strand, furnished Ronald's only food for  
many days. Portions of wrecked vessels  
were abundant, and he secured a crude  
shelter by creeping underneath them;  
but nevertheless, he suffered terribly from  
exposure to the never-ending procession  
of storms. His clothes were soon torn to  
tatters. His hair grew long and matted.  
His skin became frightfully tanned and  
also disfigured by eruptions resulting  
from the unnatural food he was com-  
pelled to eat.

In one of his excursions about the is-  
land he found the hull of an old-fashioned  
ship standing upon an even keel, between  
two sand hillocks. Ronald eagerly  
climbed all over her, hoping to find  
something that might prove useful to  
him. But she was apparently an old  
wreck, clean stripped by the remorseless  
years. In further searching the lad  
scraped away the sand and opened a  
small hatch which showed itself in the  
floor of the after cabin. Little daylight  
could find its way below deck, but he dis-  
covered several great metal bound chests.  
With a piece of loose timber he managed  
to smash in the end of one of them. Out  
tumbled a stream of discolored metal  
pieces. They were coins of silver and gold,  
and ornaments and trinkets in the same  
precious metals. The craft undoubtedly  
had been a treasure ship, mayhap a  
Spanish galleon bringing her treasure  
from the Indies. Before he left the hulk  
the lad took a heavy gold chain and fast-  
ened it around his waist. The thing  
served to keep his tattered clothes to-  
gether.

During the frequent storms Ronald was  
compelled to remain beneath pieces of  
wreckage. The clouds of flying sand at  
such times were overpowering. His lar-  
der was so ill-supplied that he frequently  
endured the pangs of hunger along with  
the confinement. Upon one such occasion  
in particular his fasting had been exceed-  
ingly prolonged. With the first signs of  
the storm's abatement he hastened to a  
great stretch of salt swamp, muhalected  
by the gulls, where he gathered an  
armful of eggs. Crouching down upon  
the soggy grass, unmindful of the noisy  
birds circling overhead or anything else,  
he commenced to crack the shells and  
swallow their contents. In the midst of  
this poor feast he heard an exclamation  
of surprise. He looked up, scarcely be-  
lieving that he had heard aright. A big  
red-bearded man, attired in rough sea

his head, stood some few rods distant,  
gazing wonderingly at him.

Ronald at once fell into a perfect delir-  
ium of excitement and joy. Quickly  
tossing aside the remnants of his meal he  
rushed toward the newcomer, with the  
evident intention of embracing him. But  
the latter was not over-cordial. At the  
first sign of this advance he drew a short  
sword or hanger, which he bore in his  
belt, and presented its point toward the  
breast of the enthusiastic youth.

"Not so fast, monkey, ape or wild man  
of the island, whichever you may be,"  
cried the stranger, with an accompani-  
ment of oaths. "Keep your distance and  
I'll keep mine."

"Oh, sir! have mercy upon me," poor  
Ronald screamed, falling upon his knees  
and extending his hands pitifully toward  
the impassive stranger. "I am an unfor-  
tunate, cast away alone upon this horri-  
ble place. You surely will sympathize  
with me. No human heart could steel  
itself to my condition."

And rapidly, at times incoherently, the  
wretched boy told the story of his ship-  
wreck and wept in mental anguish.

The red-bearded stranger listened im-  
patiently and without making any effort  
to conceal his lack of attention.

"So, so," he interrupted, before the lad  
had well finished. "You need enter into  
no more precise details. I have just  
been through something of the same sort.  
This cursed island has proved the death  
of my own good ship and left me with  
but half a dozen companions and our  
pinnae to—hey, knave! What is this  
bravery?"

His eyes had just caught sight of the  
golden chain around the lad's waist. The  
rubbing of the rags had cleaned away the  
discoloration in places and brought out  
the yellow luster of the rich metal.

With trembling, nervous fingers Ronald  
unfastened the trinket and laid it at the  
stranger's feet, meanwhile sobbing out  
his discovery of the stranded galleon,  
with its chests of treasure in the after-  
hold.

"Now, this is something like," chuck-  
led the red-bearded one, snatching up the  
bauble and examining it greedily. "'Tis  
a brave lad. All will be well with you.  
Fear nothing. Bear me company to the  
shore. Why could you not have men-  
tioned this matter first and left the other  
tale for idle hours? My merry comrades  
will brisk up their ears mightily when  
they find that their captain brings them  
reward, even though misfortunes. Lively,  
boy; play me no tricks. Try but to  
dodge away, and—tremble not. You  
will find me as gentle as a fond father if  
your own duty is performed with a good  
grace."

So saying, in curiously alternating  
accents of harshness and forced geniality,  
the newcomer started away at a lively  
speed, half pushing, half dragging the  
boy along with him. They soon reached  
the same cove which had received Ronald  
so hospitably. Some thirty or forty  
yards from the shore was a ship's bow,  
manned by six repulsive looking fellows.  
They were engaged in hoisting sails and  
did not at first note the approach of the  
pair.

"Hi! Lads, I say!" shouted the red-  
bearded man excitedly, but, nevertheless,  
keeping fast hold of the willing Ronald.  
"Is this the fashion in which you obey  
the orders of your commandant? Did I  
not bid you await my return? Would  
desert an old shipmate? Shame upon  
you for fair weather sailors!"

"Easy all, Cap'n Rogers," replied one  
of the men in the boat. "Your watch is  
done with us. Me and my mates have  
figured that this boat is too small for  
seven."

"You don't mean it, Bully Ned," cried  
the captain, with a hoarse laugh.

"See if we don't!" several of the crew  
retorted angrily.

"Where might you have come across  
the young shaver?" inquired the one  
whom the captain had addressed as  
Bully Ned. "He'll be a nice messmate  
for you, if there is anything to mess  
with on such a sandbar."

"What do you make of this, lads?"  
called the captain, holding up the pre-  
cious chain which Ronald had so freely  
turned over to him.

There was a dead silence in the boat,  
but the men all stared eagerly.

"I'll tell you what I make of it," went  
on the captain, impressively. "It is all  
gold, and, better still, there's a whole  
shipload of the same and finer back

"Who says so?" bellowed one of the  
sailors.

"This poor, shipwrecked lad, who we  
are going to take away with us. The  
gold pays his passage," went on the red-  
bearded skipper, with a curious intona-  
tion that hardly pleased Ronald. "You'll  
come ashore lively," the captain contin-  
ued, addressing the men, "and maybe  
we'll sail off together with doubloons  
instead of sandbags for ballast."

The sailors in the boat consulted to-  
gether, but the sight of the chain, with  
its attendant promises, was a strong  
argument. The unhappy Ronald heard  
the captain cursing at his men in an un-  
der-tone, while they were making up their  
reluctant minds. But when they had de-  
cided and pushed the boat back to the  
beach the crafty skipper received them  
with an assured smile.

"You'd have only gone to Davy Jones'  
locker without me, lads," he said to  
them. "Who would have laid a course?  
I'm the only one that can pilot in these  
waters. As for being marooned on this  
island, nothing would have pleased me  
better. Some ship would have taken me  
off in good time and I'd have had the  
best part of the treasure to myself. But  
I'm honest. Share and share alike  
among gentlemen-adventurers is my  
motto. Treat me right and—"

"Belay! We ain't no lubbers to be  
gammed by a sea-lawyer," growled  
Bully Ned.

Captain Rogers' eyes flashed fire at  
this ungracious interruption, but he  
knew better than to waste words.

"Push along to the galleon, boy," he  
ordered, giving Ronald a by no means  
gentle shove.

Up and down, across the billowy sand-  
dunes went the lad, closely followed by  
the little band of tyrants. From their  
conversation and appearance Ronald  
quickly realized that he had met with  
nothing more or less than buccaneers.  
Such gentry infested the seas in those  
days. The poor lad knew that he could  
expect but little kindness from them.  
However, he thought that the sight of  
the treasure might render them more  
generously disposed toward him than if  
he came empty-handed. And so he  
trudged on, with a heart heavy enough,  
to be sure, yet still not completely down-  
cast.

But a sad blow awaited him. The  
storm which had wrecked the buccaneers'  
craft had also changed the surface of the  
island considerably. He could not now  
find the galleon. From hillock to hillock  
he hurried, the rough crew ever growing  
more impatient, without catching a  
sight of the hulk which some days be-  
fore had reared itself aloft above the  
sand. At last he had to admit his search  
was useless. He tried to explain the in-  
cessant movement of the island and that  
the galleon must have been covered up.  
But the buccaneers were in no mood to  
listen to excuses. Captain Rogers, per-  
haps from motives of selfish policy, was  
particularly aggressive. He led the rest  
in cursing and threatening vengeance  
upon the unlucky guide. Finally the  
whole party came to a halt upon the  
summit of a sand hillock.

"I'm for going back and sailing away  
in the boat while we have fair weather,"  
announced one of the men.

"Aye, aye, that's the talk. It's breez-  
ing up now," growled another.

Sure enough, in the excitement of the  
search they had noticed it, but the clouds  
were scurrying overhead and the distant  
surf beginning to roar in a fashion that  
presaged another blow.

"How about this young shaver with  
his lying tale of chests of treasure to be  
taken away for the carrying?" cried  
Bully Ned, with a volley of profanity.

"Put him where he can keep looking  
for it until his eyes give out," cried the  
red-bearded captain, scowling savagely  
at Ronald.

Before he could well comprehend their  
intention, the boy's arms were bound  
fast to the sides with some pieces of lar-  
yard, a hole was scooped in the very  
summit of the hillock and the trembling  
lad roughly placed therein. The crew  
then filled up the excavation and heaped  
the sand about until only his head pro-  
truded. Ronald shrieked, screamed and  
pleaded with his captors, but it was un-  
availing. Not until the callous ruffi-  
ans had marched away unheedingly  
did he realize his true position. He tried  
to squirm. In vain, the cruel sand kept  
him absolutely immovable. In fact he

twitching of his muscles caused him to  
sink lower. The sand now came up to  
his chin. He gave up all hope. He  
prayed. He became more composed and  
resolved if he must die to meet death  
bravely. To this period of resignation  
succeeded a sort of stupor. Later on he  
became entirely unconscious. Several  
hours passed.

Meanwhile the wind had steadily been  
gathering force. It soon blew a gale.  
Through some caprice it eddied about  
the hillock in which Ronald was very  
nearly entombed. At first a few min-  
ute grains shifted. Then whole layers  
were carried off. Slowly but surely the  
work went on until at last the boy lay  
all exposed. Not till then did he com-  
pletely recover consciousness. It was  
now night, pitch dark and stormy. He  
managed to relieve himself of his fetters,  
but knew not how to find a way of shel-  
ter. And so he staid where he was  
[not forgetting to return a fervent prayer  
to heaven for his well-nigh miraculous  
deliverance] and braved the elements as  
best he could. After long hours of suf-  
fering, the storm subsided and the sun  
came up on a cloudless blue sky. With  
in a few feet of him lay the galleon's  
hulk, once more almost entirely ex-  
posed!

Poor Ronald was well nigh out of his  
wits. He argued that the buccaneers  
were too experienced sailors to have ven-  
tured putting to sea in their frail craft  
in the teeth of a rising gale. If he  
could come to them with practical proof  
of his sincerity in regard to the treasure  
he imagined that they would relent. And  
so he clambered down into the after hold  
of the hulk, and, utilizing the greater  
part of his wretched clothing for the pur-  
pose, made up a bundle of the tarnished  
gold and silver coins. The package was  
not large, but it was very heavy and all  
he could well carry. In fact he made  
but slow progress with it shoreward,  
having to put it down repeatedly and  
rest his arms. During one of these  
pauses he saw something which looked  
familiar at a distance. It was the woolen  
cap that Captain Roger had worn.

Coming nearer, Roland noticed that it  
lay in the very center of a boggy spot.  
The lad was cautious. He extracted  
several coins from his bundle and threw  
them near the buccaneer's cap. The  
pieces of metal lodged innocently beside  
it. Then Ronald approached a little  
nearer and tossed the heavy package in  
the same direction. It landed close along-  
side of the cap and—sank out of sight  
in two seconds! The spot was a "cup  
hole," in other words, a quicksand or  
treacherous morass, another common  
attribute of this hungry ocean island.

The buccaneers had probably walked  
into it all unknowingly. At any rate  
they had disappeared, leaving their well  
equipped boat upon the shore of the  
cove.

In an agony of fear and sorrow, and yet  
with deep compassion for the men who  
had so cruelly used him, young Ronald  
waited for three days. Then he put to  
sea in the pinnace, willing to risk any  
fate rather than to remain longer upon  
the island. He was picked up by a  
Dutch war ship, and, after many vicissi-  
tudes, reached England safely.

New Jersey's secretary of state reports  
that 1,945 corporations were chartered  
this year and that they paid into the  
treasury of the commonwealth in incor-  
poration fees \$728,023.

Statistics show that the visitors to  
Lincoln's tomb number nearly 2,500 a  
week and come from all over the world.  
The statement speaks for the better side  
of human nature.

Admiral Dewey barely got through the  
naval academy at the foot of the class,  
and Captain Carter, in prison for em-  
bezzlement, passed West Point with the  
highest honors ever given to a cadet.

T. M. Judson, of Philadelphia, who re-  
cently made it a point to investigate the  
effect of female suffrage in Colorado,  
found many bright and intelligent  
women who thought it had done the sex  
more harm than good.

Maxence Roldes, the labor agitator,  
who is getting up an army of 15,000  
men and women to march from Le  
Creusot to Paris to ask the government  
to interfere in the matter of the strike at  
the Creusot Iron Works says he gets his  
idea from the "Coxey army" movement

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