

PASSING REMARKS.

Briefly and Entertainingly Told in the Cosy Corner.

THE tragedy of war has never been more clearly depicted than in the picture on the first page of Collier's Weekly for November 11, entitled "Sad News from the Far Off Philippines," which brings, in the list of killed and wounded, desolation to a soldier's household. The bowed-down wife with her child at her feet, unconscious of a father's loss. The gray-haired parent in speechless grief and with hand laid upon the widow's head. Oh, the pathos of the scene! War is glorious? Oh, yes, to some. But to others—who view it from the shadowed side, it is the darkness of desolation. In war there is another army other than the two that face each other on the field of strife. It is the army left behind; left to pray, to weep, to hope, to fear; the wife, the mother, the sister, the daughter, the sweetheart, each one of whom is in peril of losing the sweetly suggestive and loving life through the fortune of war. Oh, Lord of Hosts, be with our boys when rifle shot outslips; Make clear the eye that sights the guns upon our battleships; And heed the prayer, if one should fall, from dying soldier's lips.

Was there an ante-marital agreement between Mrs. Hazen (widow) and George Dewey (bachelor), that, for and in consideration of the bestowal of her hand, he should bestow upon her the house the generous American public had given him? Or was it only a literal carrying out of the words of the wedding ceremony? "I on thee all my goods bestow." In any event, it seems a very graceful act. And, besides, he gets rid of paying taxes.

It is said of Perry S. Heath, first assistant postmaster general, that he is one of the ablest officials in Washington, and the originator of more successful ideas and plans, not alone for his party, but for the public, than any man in the public eye. Why not? It is the perfectly natural sequence of his earlier career and experience as a printer's devil, a compositor, a reporter and, finally, an editor whose services could command \$500 per month. The path he treads today is abloom with the roses of success.

It is said that Aguinaldo is hemmed in by the Pacific ocean on the one side and by the China sea on the other and that he can't get away. Just as though an islander couldn't swim. He who fights and swims away may swim back like a fish some day, and there will be the devil to pay, with Dewey ten thousand miles away.

MARCONI'S wireless telegraphy will not do away with the present method by wire, which will be made greatly cheaper if the invention credited to two Austrians named Pollok and Virag be true. They are now in Chicago, experimenting to transfer the new system, by which 100,000 words can be transmitted in an hour to \$1,500,000 syndicate. These same electrical experts are also perfecting an apparatus for reproducing an exact handwriting at a distance. It is called the telantograph.

The author of "How to Be Happy. Though Married," says, in a recent article on the comedy and tragedy of marriage, that it might be a good thing to follow a custom that prevails somewhere in Africa to test the endurance of the man contemplating marriage. A bag is filled with ants and into this nest of stings his hand is tied. If for two hours he can endure the pain without howling he is considered fit to cope with the fret and jar of wedded bliss. But how about the woman? Has she no foe to fight? Must she not face the storm?

WHAT is the world coming to, when one man, and he 91 years old, elopes with five women of varying ages and starts afoot from Tennessee to Utah, "to be happy though not married," legally? Such an instance comes from Knoxville, where an inmate of the poorhouse—and a minister at that—induces five of his fellows, of the female persuasion, to believe in and accept the doctrines propounded is a Mormon circular that chanced to fall in his hands. They left in the night, and a note, signed by the six, was found besides the minister's bed, in which the decision they had come to was announced.

SHOULD an institution or corporation or business firm dismiss an employee who for over twenty years has done faithful service in his particular line, because a new management wants never blood in it? And no provision made for pensioning the faithful one who has given the best years of his life to advance the material interests of another? Will it be said in answer that it is purely a question of business? But there is another side to it that should receive consideration.

EVEN a jury sometimes has a tender spot in its heart—and refuses to convict a woman, although evidence of guilt is indubitable. The eye glances the defendant though silent, and the result is the acquittal of the guilty. Pearl Hart, on...

own confession, as published about the time of her capture, proved all that the prosecution could require. But—Pearl Hart evidently touched other hearts and in a winning way.

THE United States senate committee on manufactures is now in session in New York, studying the porter and beef adulteration business. Senator Mason holds down the chairman's seat. If the members are expecting to sample all the brands manufactured in the United States, what condition will they be in at the end of the committee's session? They won't know salicylic acid from any other sort of bug juice.

They say that society women have no hearts and but little sympathy for those in lower walks of life; but once in a while the stern logic of facts shows that as tender hearts beat under silken robes as under calico frocks. In Detroit, the other day, the loving charity of two society women saved a poor creature from being laid upon a dissecting table or in a pauper's grave. An inmate of the poorhouse, she died without making a sign; but somehow these two ladies heard of it and, remembering her as once having been employed by them as a nurse, they gave her a Christian burial, stood at the grave and dropped flowers upon the coffin as it was lowered to its last resting place. "Then a rustle of silken skirts, a quick crack of the whip and the kindly mourners had gone." Surely, "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

TALE of woe from the country press: "Our standing ads in this paper this week amounts to less than \$1, and local, all told, less than \$1.75 for the week's work. Now can any one tell us how much we will have for our week's work after paying for our paper, plate, rent, ink, oil and other expenses? And yet there are some wretched mortals who will take a paper year after year and never think of paying a cent for it, and even lie to get out of paying their honest debts to the printer. May God have mercy on such miserable beings and deliver them from hailes."

If there are any of our readers in Oregon—or elsewhere—who are hungry for land and are unmarried, now is their time, though it is short, to get a Choctaw wife who will bring him 550 acres of land in the Indian territory as a dowry and be entitled to a like amount additional, on marriage. Besides, these girls are said to be pretty, of a kind and loving disposition, while some are highly educated. Five thousand men have already taken advantage of the law governing such alliances and a thousand or more are about to do so.

We fail to see any sound reason for the outburst of indignation in missionary circles because an American woman doctor residing at Canton, China, has wedded a coolie who was once her cook. If it be true that a man's heart is reached through his stomach, may not a woman's also be so touched and tangled up? Besides, the Hong Kong dispatch says the happy coolie was "once" her cook. Evidently he had departed and this was the only way she could win him back.

EQUAL suffrage in the Platte valley, as observed by the Fort Lupton Advertiser: A lady voter across the river left her ballot in the booth and on coming out said: "I hereby vote it straight," and then started to pass out, but was informed she must not leave it in the booth, she returned to the booth, rolled the ballot up and stuck it into her pocket, and with a disdainful air attempted the second time to escape.

SHOULD mother love smother wifely affection as the children come and demand more and more of her care? Is it right that it should be so? Are the children dearer to her than to the father? Is the marital yow broken in spirit when the wife's love is weaned away from the husband and bestowed in changed form to the children who have lain under her breast and who are to her flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone indeed?

A JACK rabbit sausage factory is to be started in Kansas, in order to utilize the heavy and yearly increasing crop of this festive creature. This is all right and proper, for the young and tender rabbit makes succulent food; and its meat, in sausage, ought to be superior to that made from the porcine tribe. But—suppose the manufacturers should slyly mix up the jack that is not a rabbit in the sausage—what then?

"SHE like Sammie because he told her stories." She was a child and he was some years older and had a knack of telling fairy tales in a way that charmed the little maiden. This was in years long gone by; but the memory of them lingered in her mind in a gentle, tender way, as she grew up to fascinating and her lovely girlhood and grew older, to her great regret. Later on, she took her place in society as the lovely daughter of General Miles, and here she met her Lucy, tale teller of her childhood in Captain Miles of the United States army. There could be but one result. For once she gave up her own happy, happy days...

two hearts, all the closer attached because of that romance of childhood, were made one at the altar— For her, there was no love like the old love, born in her childhood's days; For him, there was no rosebud sweeter, abloom in the world's highways.

CHEAPER FREIGHT RATES.

Railroad Improvements that Indicate the Passing of the Canals.

Engineering News, taking for its text the giant locomotive just finished for the Illinois Central railroad, printed last week some data tending to show that the heavy freight carriers of the future and even of the day, in this country at least, are the railroads and not the internal waterways.

The locomotive which furnishes the text for argument was built to haul solid trains carrying a paying load of 2,000 tons each, and it is the biggest locomotive ever built. It weighs alone 232,200 pounds, and with its tender 364,900 pounds. It is an indication both in its weight and power of the steady growth of the railroad and the cheapening of its service which has already left all other means of traffic far behind except the vessels on the great lakes and the monsters of the oceans.

"There are railway managers in the early days of the railway era," Engineering News says, "who contended that only high class freight could be economically hauled by rail. To this day in England and on the continent of Europe the inland waterways are able to carry freight as cheaply or more cheaply than competing railway lines. The fact is that rail-roading back in the '70s, and European railroad practice even at the present day, is toy railroading in comparison with work now being done on American railways of heavy traffic."

Attention is then called to the average of only 2.21 mills per ton per mile for carrying coal received during the year ending June 30, 1899, by the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad for all coal hauled by it to the seaboard, and some very interesting figures are given to prove that a substantial profit may be made at even less than these rates by railroads using the best of heavy equipment.

In the annual report of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad company twenty-eight new mogul engines were spoken of, each of which is capable of hauling eighty loaded thirty-ton grain cars, making a total of 3,600 tons in the train, or 2,400 tons of paying load. Tables show that the cost of operating a locomotive hauling 2,000 tons of paying load is only 40 cents a train mile, and further figures show that, exclusive of terminal expenses, the whole cost of moving a 2,000 ton trainload a mile is only \$2, or 1 mill per ton per mile. Both waterways and railroads would have to provide terminal facilities, and it is argued that these cost rather less for railroads than water lines.

"We do not question," says the Engineering News, "the sincerity and good faith of those who plead for more government expenditure on the interior waterways, but they are certainly mistaken as to the real interests of the public. The last argument of the defender of the waterways, however, is that these must be kept in order that their competition may keep railway charges down to a reasonable figure. It is, as a matter of fact, against the public interest that traffic should be diverted from the railroads. The right of the government to fix and regulate railway rates has been fully established, and the principle that such rates should not be in excess of what is necessary to pay the operating expenses and a fair return on the capital has also been plainly laid down in court decisions.

Fate of Andree

Rear Admiral H. Campion writing to the London Times says: I enclose extract from a letter just received from my nephew, Mr. Alston, son of the late Commander Alston, R. N., who is in charge of Fort Churchill, the most northern post of the Hudson Bay Company. He has been there five years, I think, and talks Eskimo, and from what he relates all hope of the ballooners must be given up. I fear, although the other two may be alive.

"August 1, 1899. "You will, however, no doubt, be greatly surprised to learn the loss of the Andree expedition up north. In the early part of this spring an Eskimo named old Donald's son, with some more Eskimos, were trading in a shop. After they had finished they all went out to Old Donald's son, who wanted to...

summer and it was supposed they had come from the balloon.

"I did not take much heed to the story but, as a matter of duty, reported it to Dr. Milne at Fort York. Later on, however, two more Eskimos, Stockby and his brother, came in, and they brought news which leaves very little doubt that the expedition has come to grief up north.

"Stockby's brother, whilst hunting musk oxen last summer, came across a party of four white men shooting deer. A party of Eskimos who were approaching at the time did not see the deer, and thought that the white men were shooting at them. They thereupon drew their bows and arrows and shot two of the whites, killing them on the spot. The other two ran away, pursued by Eskimos, and it is not known if they escaped or not. Stockby's brother saw the poor fellows lying dead with arrows through them. One was a middle-aged man, short, broad, and stout; the other was a young man. The elder had on a knickerbocker suit, with striped stockings; the younger had on a cloth suit, and they both had on cheese cutter or badge caps. The Eskimos wanted Stockby's brother to go back with them as there was a big round thing up north full of tobacco, clothes, ammunition &c., but he did not go. He, however, brought in two wolf-skin carpets and a part of a dress worn by the Eskimo in the Far North, just to prove that he had been as far as he said. I have reported this to the commissioner.

AMERICAN BLUFF WON THE DAY.

Yankee Tourist Didn't Propose to Be Left Out in the Cold.

"Here at home bluff doesn't count for much," said a globe trotter to a Seattle reporter, "but I'm telling you that a good, stiff bluff, with a cheery American behind it, is worth a lot of money in Europe. When I got around to Nice last year the best hotels were crowded and I had to take up with a small room. On the same floor was a German who was occupying a suite, though not spending much money or putting on any great style. One day there was a great row. The landlord had asked him as a particular favor to vacate for a newcomer and, of course, the man didn't propose to be turned out. The landlord coaxed and argued and the German growled and muttered and I followed them down to the office to see how it would come out. At the desk was an American I had run across in Venice—a buyer for a Chicago dry goods house. When the landlord and the German began to gabble in chorus the buyer pulled a blank check from his pocket and reached for a pen and said: "All this talk is of no use. I want rooms here. I will buy the hotel and select my suite. Sir, what is your cash price for this hotel?" "You would buy the hotel!" exclaimed the landlord, as he threw up his hands in surprise.

"Grounds and all, and I want it today. How much—a million—three or four? And what name shall I fill in on the check?" "Say, now," laughed the tourist, "but you ought to have seen that thing work. The German had determined to be ugly about it, but when he bumped up against a man who had as soon pay four millions as one for what he fancied he felt awed and humbled and ready to quit. The landlord figured that to turn away such a Croesus would ruin his house, and it wasn't half an hour before the bluffer was installed in the suite and the German was chucked into a dog hole on the top floor. And that wasn't all, mind you. When they sent the buyer a bill based on his supposed millions he got up and threatened to buy up the town and start six soap factories to running, and they cut every item in two and begged his pardon to boot. I don't believe that chap had \$1,000 to his name, but he just walked over everything and everybody for two weeks and it was current gossip that he owned the whole of Chicago and a good share of St. Louis and Cincinnati. Nothing but cold bluff which wouldn't have taken him into an American dance hall as a deadhead, but it was equal to a letter of credit for \$1,000,000 over there."

Hazel is just 6 years old. She goes to a kindergarten and is just learning her letters. The other day the teacher was endeavoring to teach her the latter part of the alphabet and held up a block with a big "T" painted on it.

"Hazel, what letter is this?" "Hazel thought a long time and called it 'I'."

"No, no, Hazel. You ought to know what this is. What does your father drink every night for supper?" "Beer!" shouted Hazel, and she wondered why the teacher smiled.

"What is the meaning of the word lukewarm, Willie?" asked the teacher of a small pupil.

"Lukewarm," replied the little fellow, "is when it looks warm but isn't."

Teacher—Now, little girl, I have told the class about the wicked place being paved with good intentions. Now, what do you suppose heaven is paved with? Little Girl—(with a fatal expression)...

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