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Drug Department contains full stock of the purest and freshest drugs and all the leading patent medicines. Prescription Department is in charge of registered pharmacist of over twenty years' experience is a guarantee that your doctor's prescriptions and family receipts will be filled exactly as written, and thanking you for your past patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same.

S. J. STURGEON, TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

WILSON RIVER.

Rainwater and mud keeps our item corner small. The Schalem butcher is around our neighborhood buying up cattle for his use and export. A little trapper arrived at the house of John Wilson last Friday. Louis Anderson is working at the Truckee mill at Hobsonville. Vaughn's son-in-law, Mr. Carry, started his cattle out over the mountains last Thursday. His father took them on out. Mr. Carry turned back at the summit.

Told Out of Court.

Now, sir, I think you said in your direct examination that you were born and bred in this vicinity. "I said nothing of the kind, sir. I said I was bred and born in this neighborhood." "Lawyer (in breach-of-promise case)—The plaintiff says you kissed her continually when you called on her." Defendant—Well, I don't deny it; but I did it in self-defense. Lawyer—How's that? Defendant—"It was the only way I could keep her from singing."

"I don't often see a thief or a bad man with big ears," said Judge Wofford, of Kansas City, from the bench in commenting on the physiognomy of Gilbert Closser, a 15-year-old boy, charged with assaulting Frederick E. Moses. "I like to see a boy with big ears." The boy scarcely knew whether the judge was sarcastic or sincere and he fumbled his cap bashfully while his ears turned red. The spectators tittered, but Judge Wofford continued sternly: "I am inclined to give you a chance, my boy, on the strength of your big mouth and generous ears. You've got a good face. A man with little ears like a fox's or a squirrel's won't always do. They need watching." After warning Closser never to carry knives or revolvers, Judge Wofford sentenced the boy to the reform school and then paroled him with instructions to report to the court January 1.

A Mobile (Ala.) lawyer, who was lame and had something of a reputation as a fighter, was at one time attorney in a suit that caused much ill feeling. He won the suit for his client, and the loser vowed vengeance. "In pursuance of the same," in the language of Truthful James, he one day went into the lawyer's office and subjected him to a tirade of abuse that would have caused a salt water captain to die from pure envy, such was his talent in vituperation. The lawyer answered him nothing, to the surprise of two or three men who were present, but getting out of his chair, began to hobble backward. His enemy, thinking he was retreating, followed him up, with more abuse and threatening gestures. The lawyer's foot finally struck against the wall, when he suddenly straightened up and saying, "Gentlemen, I call on you to witness that, on account of this wall I have retreated as far as possible" (the general law of homicide), drew out a derringer and shot his opponent. At the trial he was acquitted, his witnesses being the men present at the time of the killing, who testified to the lawyer's having retreated as far as possible.

Old Widower (in an effort to propose)—Do you think, Miss Blank that you could learn to care for me more than you do?

His Housekeeper—I am sorry you ain't satisfied, sir, but I'm doin' th' best I can on \$12 a month.

Her Mother—Don't you find Jack Wheeler rather rough, Priscilla? Priscilla—Yes, mamma. And yet he says he shaves every day.

Robert is being told by his mamma how to conduct himself in company.

"If you are asked to have a second time," says mamma, "answer, 'No, thank you, I've had plenty,' and don't you forget it!"

What mother could do more for her child? But when the time came, and Robert is asked to have a second time, he answered merely,

SERIOUS REVERSES.

Gatacre Was Defeated at Stormberg Junction. MOLTENO, Cape Colony, Dec. 10.—General Gatacre left Sputter's kraal by train for Molteno and then proceeded by forced march 12 miles toward Stormberg. He had 2000 men, including the Northumberland fusiliers, the Royal Irish rifles and two batteries of field artillery. The British were unmolested by the Boers until the Boer position was reached, when a hot fire was unexpectedly opened upon the advancing column. The engagement began at 4:15 A. M. At 7 A. M., after a sharp artillery duel, the British retired. They are now marching toward Molteno. General Gatacre found the enemy's position impregnable. It was impossible for the British infantry to get at the Boers.

Story of the Fight.

MOLTENO, Cape Colony, Dec. 10, Sunday, 5:30 P. M.—The column arrived safely within a couple of miles of its destination the only incidents of the march being an occasional sudden call of "halt" under the belief that the Boers were near.

Suddenly a terrific fire opened simultaneously on the British front and right flank. The Royal Irish rifles, which formed the advance, sought shelter behind a neighboring kopje, and were speedily joined by the remainder of the column. It was soon found, however, that this position also was covered by Boer guns, which were more powerful than had been supposed. The troops, therefore sought a safer position about half a mile away, two batteries in the meanwhile engaging the Boers and covering the troops in their withdrawal.

The action now became general at long range, and a detachment of mounted infantry moved northward with a view of getting on the enemy's right flank. Suddenly a strong commando was seen moving from the north, and the Royal Irish rifles and the Northumberland regiment were sent out to meet it.

It was soon discovered, however, that the Boers had machine guns well placed, and the British were compelled to face a terrible fire. Finding it impossible to hold the position in the face of the enemy apparently superior in position, numbers and artillery, the British retired on Molteno, the Boers following up the retirement closely and bringing two big guns to bear on the retiring column.

General Gatacre's movement may be termed a reconnaissance in force. Its object was to ascertain the strength of the position of the Boers, who were strongly entrenched along the Stormberg range. He left Sputter's kraal shortly after noon yesterday with a fighting force of slightly over 4000 men.

Leaving Molteno at 9 last evening, he made a memorable night march over the rocks and veldt. There was no sound except a steady tramp, and there were no distinguishing lights, the bright moon having gone down about 11:30.

The Repulse at Stormberg Was Serious.

LONDON, Dec. 11, 4:50 A. M.—It is hardly too much to regard General Gatacre's repulse, near Stormberg, as the most serious defeat British arms have yet sustained in the whole campaign. Already the official advices show that two men were killed, nine officers and 17 men were wounded, and nine officers and 596 men are missing. But it is evident that the worst is not yet known. The proportion of killed and wounded is so small when compared with the missing—who are undoubtedly prisoners in the hands of the Boers—that the supplementary list of casualties is awaited with serious misgivings.

It is also feared that there were serious losses of guns and equipment.

The most serious aspect of the affair is the effect it is likely to have on the Dutch in Cape Colony, who have been wavering as to whether to throw their lot with the Boers. Hosts of the northern farmers are now likely to join the rebellion. Defeat is also serious because it will delay the junction of General Gatacre with General French at Naauwpoort. The plan was for their combined forces to relieve the pressure on Lord Methuen's column.

The disclosure of such a strong force at Stormberg was quite unexpected. Doubtless General Gatacre was the victim of treacherous guides. But the result points also to the absence of proper cavalry scouting.

PRETORIA, Dec. 11.—Six hundred and seventy-two British prisoners were taken at Stormberg. In the fighting at Mosler River yesterday evening, General Cronje maintained his position and captured 30 British soldiers.

"Be my wife?" he pleads. "No," she replies. "You are very short," he hisses. Now a sudden terror seizes her. "And you are now," she falters, paling. For answers he rattles coins in his pocket and laughs mockingly.

A GAS EXPLOSION.

Killed Many Coal Miners at Carbonado—Thirty-two Men Dead. TACOMA, Dec. 9.—A mine explosion at Carbonado, 40 miles easterly from Tacoma, at 11 o'clock this morning, killed 32 men. Identification of the dead men is almost impossible. The scraps of clothing that still cling to the bodies of the men are carefully preserved, laid aside and labelled to aid in the identification. Frenzied relatives of the missing men gather at the mouth of the mine, watching eagerly to catch a glimpse of the forms as they are hurried by to the coroner's office.

The work of rescue is being rushed forward, but it may be days before the last blackened form is taken from the mine, for many men are believed to lie buried under masses of earth and rock. To extricate them will take time, and thus far the work of rescue has been pushed forward at the extreme endurance of the workers, for the black damp and noxious gases have driven the rescuers back repeatedly.

Morning Shift in Tunnel Caught in an Explosion of Firedamp.

CARBONADO, Wash., Dec. 9.—Shortly before 11:45 o'clock this forenoon came the first report of a terrific subterranean explosion, in the mine of the Carbon Hill Coal Company, the tunnels of which run for miles under the town. There was an ominous rumbling, smothered sound for a few moments, and then it ceased abruptly. People who had been accustomed to a livelihood by mining knew at once what this meant, and stood around with blanched faces.

Apprehensions of some fearful disaster were confirmed in a little while with information that the morning shift in tunnel No. 7 had been caught in an explosion of firedamp. Between 70 and 80 men were at work in the mine at that time, and the meager report conveyed the information that all must have been killed, as there was no chance to escape. Those who were not killed outright would be hemmed in by the falling walls and timbers and suffocated by the fumes and smoke before any relief could come.

Great Rush for the Tunnel.

A rush of the inhabitants was made in the direction of the mouth of the tunnel. Women, the wives of the men supposed to be in the shift, ran to and fro, screaming and wringing their hands with anguish, crying children clinging to their skirts.

It was all that D. T. Davies, the superintendent of the mine, could do to stop the wives and friends of the doomed miners from plunging madly into the tunnel's mouth.

The coal mines here are those of the Carbon Hill Coal Company, but they really belong to the Southern Pacific Company. The rock is a soft, bituminous variety, productive of a large proportion of gas, and has been much used in gas manufacture. The foreman in charge of the shift was J. H. Davis. It is said that 78 men were working under him. Details of the disaster are meager, as Superintendent Davies and Foreman Jonah Davis, of the day shift, went down in the mine and engaged in the rescue. The number of men employed in the first day shift was 72. Their hours are from 7 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Jonah Davis, the foreman, escaped unhurt, and besides him about 20 Finns. Most of the men are Welsh, and several of the Welsh miners also escaped, but they immediately turned to and went back into the mine in the hope of being able to rescue those still supposed to be alive.

State Mine Inspector Owens said Tuesday night: "The indications are that the open lamp of Ben Zedler, sr., caused the explosion."

"Your wife says you have insomnia?" Mr. Hobbs. "Yes, indeed; I can't even feel sleep when we have callers in the evening."

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LEACH & JONES, Central Meat Market.

Teacher—Do you know what franchise is?
Pupil—Not exactly; but I know it's something you grab.

Blasts From Ram's Horn.

Tact is not another name for trickery. What you are within that will you be without. True love is a secret of full consecration. Death is darkness because it leads to dawn. Practice what you pray—particularly at the ballot box. We are wielded by our wishes rather than by our wisdom. Songs of triumph are possible only to the sons of tribulation. To permit the evil you can prevent is as criminal as committing it. When the devil can get you to argue with him his battle is half won. Your life will strike no higher note in public than it has in private. Ecclesiastical log rolling is only different from political in that it is worse.

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