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## CHINA & TINWARE.

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### SOME PASSING REMARKS.

#### Dished Up and Logically Told in a Brief, Entertain Style.

Illinois is threatened with dire calamity. Several of the most gigantic trusts that now have their headquarters in Chicago propose to remove to the more hospitable shores of New Jersey and New York in order to thwart hostile legislation and escape from unfriendly courts. Among the trusts that are said to be heading for the Atlantic seaboard are the Steel and Wire trust, the Glucose Sugar Refining company and the Whisky trust. In announcing this threatening exodus of the trusts from Illinois the impression is conveyed that this new departure will work incalculable harm to the state of Illinois, and especially to the city of Chicago. As a matter of fact, the only thing to be removed are the offices. There is no intimation that the Illinois Steel works will be abandoned and the plant relocated where it cannot be operated profitably, nor is it likely that the whisky distilleries of Peoria will be dismantled and the plant now located in the Illinois corn belt be replanted among the cranberry swamps of New Jersey.

The official labor bulletin of the commonwealth of Massachusetts for the month of October reports all breweries running full time and to about 75 per cent of their capacity, with selling price unchanged. On the other hand, the bulletin reports that in the manufacture of temperance drinks the demand last summer had not been as good generally as usual. Establishments have been running full time, but only to less than one-half of their full capacity. In the face of such showing, officially vouched for, we are tempted to ask, What's the matter with Massachusetts? Is water diluted with malt more profitable than wind diluted with water?

We may well ask, what it is that is coming, not alone over the American people, but the people all over the world, that the passing from time into eternity is held so cheaply? It permeates all classes from princely state to hovel surroundings. The rich as well as the poor; the respected as well as the neglected; the young as well as the old, alike catch the fever of fatality and go out to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

The effect? As far as the world is concerned, like the dropping of a stone into the water, which closes over it, hides forever more the stone, while its surface in an instant resumes its smooth surface. How soon one is forgotten!

The remedy? Here it was one preacher has said: "It is not decreed that poor human nature should dictate its own terms to fate or destiny. Human experience confirms the universal prevalence of disappointment—of the vanity of human life—without anything stable and perpetual on this side of the grave."

And beyond it? Only Eternal Silence. And yet, as England's sweet singer, Mrs. Felicia Hermans, once wrote:  
 "Alas for love, if thou wert all,  
 And naught beyond, oh, earth!"

Not long ago Dr. Summers of Missouri sent a bullet through his brain instead of his heart that his wife might know his last throbs beat for her and the dear ones he left with such ineffable sorrow. At least, so he wrote in his good-by letters. But why send a bullet at all, thus entailing life-long sorrow on a woman and a stain on the heritage bequeathed to his children? Is suicide justifiable under any circumstances that may arise in the course of a man's or a woman's life?

The question has been argued by press and pulpit, by poets in song and philosophers in prose; so we need not discuss it here, save to say that a life we did not create is a life we ought not to destroy, either indirectly by becoming "a victim to the combined effects of alleviating, exalting, depressing and demoralizing drug, drink or disease," or deliberately because of mental despondency and disappointment.

Mrs. Havemyer, widow of the once sugar king, has remarked. The telegram announcing the wedding reads: "Her widow-hood has lasted a whole year and she is very beautiful." The groom, a Mr. Frederick O. Beech, it adds: "Is a remarkably handsome man." It is therefore a case of beauty to the beautiful. Happy man. Since the bride is possessed of great wealth and he (or was not) wealthy.

If life is a school, time the infant department and man the A B C class, as a recent writer has remarked, whereabouts does the woman come in? Perhaps she is the teacher. There are lots of lore not laid down in the books for her to teach.

In the ideal rural home, says the Wisconsin Agriculturist, the part played by horticulture is always conspicuous. Fine fields of grain, choice herds of cattle and improved farm machinery contribute to the ideal farm, but they do not constitute the whole of the home picture. The vegetable garden, the strawberry plot, the apple trees and the flower beds including the modest dwelling, are what make the country home-like.

Down in Wall street they have resurrected this mental nu...

combined sales amounted to 25 cents. On the following day mother went out with sixty apples and sold them at the rate of five for 2 cents, receiving 24 cents for the lot. Where is the missing 1 cent?

The rich old man woos the mercenary young girl. "I am," he protests, finally, "a consistent Christian—" Here the girl laughs derisively for religion cuts no ice with her. "Scientist," adds the old man, finishing his sentence. It is at this point that the mercenary young girl throws herself with a glad cry upon the rich old man's neck, deeming it likely that he will die about the first time he gets sick.

A Sioux Falls jury has decided that a broken heart is only worth \$500, while another jury in the same city has fixed the value of a broken leg at \$2000. Kicking must be more popular in South Dakota than sentiment.

The death of Dr. John W. Hicks, Anglican bishop of the Orange Free State, just at this time is deemed most unfortunate, as he has a great influence over the Dutch as well as theologian and had won a reputation in scientific circles even before he took orders.

A student having ask the president of Oberlin college if he could not take a shorter course than that prescribed received the reply: "That depends upon what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make an oak He takes 100 years, but when He wants to make a squash He takes six months."

A bride takes great pleasure in directing one of her wedding invitations, to the man who she fully expected at one time would propose to her, and who didn't.

This is what one of the speakers at the recent horticultural convention said on the subject of fruit culture and those engaged in it: "Horticulturists are the most blessed class of people on earth. Adam and Eve were driven from a paradise, the mentioned beauties of which were mostly in the horticultural line. We have been usually getting back there as our fruits are becoming better every year.

Are bees taxable? A queer question and one in which there seems to be a difference of opinion. It is made to turn on the point as to their value. In the spring they are worth something. In the winter, nothing. So, argues one apiarist, they have no property value and should not be taxed. It is a rule that could be applied along other lines than bees. The dairyman, for instance, because his cows go dry part of the year. There are others.

Dr. Tanner, who once fasted forty days and forty nights and got over it, will not be an enthusiastic turkey-eater this year, though he still lives, is in good health and 77 years old. He is a vegetarian of the strictest sort. He also believes that a man can live comfortably on 75 cents a week. There are those who have tried it, but not comfortably. Once—but The Moving Finger trembles, so we forbear. The recollection does not engender happy thoughts for Christmas time.

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### Stories About Women.

I was the only passenger in the Fifth avenue stage the other morning when, at Fifth street, the door opened and a man and a woman entered, reports the New York World.

There was no doubt of it, they were newly-married; the actions of the woman showed that plainly. The man was small, weakened and with a harassed look upon his face; furthermore he had the air of not being used to his clothes, which were of the most expensive kind. The woman, on the contrary, was stout, florid, perfectly groomed and at least ten years older than her companion.

After a cursory glance they decided that I was paying no attention and so they continued their talk—that is, she talked. Her tongue rattled incessantly, she called his attention to a spot of mud on her new boot and reached out one ankle coquettishly. She wanted to know if he liked her new hat, if he thought her gloves were not a little too large—she had such a small hand it was so hard for her to be fitted.

Suddenly there was an imperious ring: he had forgotten to pay the fare. He hurriedly produced his pocketbook and began to search for a coin, but found none. With a swift movement she placed a 10-cent piece in his hand.

"It is a pity if my wife has to pay my fare!" he exclaimed, pettishly, as he dropped it into the box.

She gave a coquettish giggle. "That's what you get by marrying a rich woman, my dear fellow," she said.

He flushed and glanced up at me sharply to see if I had heard, but I was looking out of the window. Not for worlds would I have increased his punishment. As for the woman she was again chatting volubly, and with her coarse nature she was probably not even aware of the stab she had inflicted.

In an informal little note an engaged girl wrote to her sweetheart: "Bring you trap for me at 5 o'clock, and pray be less stupid than usual."

This familiar little missive she slipped into an envelope directed to one of the most formal great dames of her acquaintance reports the New York Tribune. The note the young man received was an answer to a dinner invitation.

There have been instances, however, when the change of envelopes is intentional. A woman who always manages to get together the people she wishes at her dinners said once she secured two difficult and desirable people by sending to each the invitation intended for the other. She knew they were naturally congenial. Another strategist affirmed that she made the match between two of her friends by changing the unsealed envelopes which she found on her mother's writing table inviting both to the same function. She suspected an attachment, but the man was shy and the maiden was coy.

"This will necessitate a call and explanation," said Miss Machiavelli, as she changed the notes, "and will give them an opportunity."

The scheme evidently succeeded, for on the night of the dance the engagement was announced.

Many women have a careless habit of writing several different notes before putting them into their respective envelopes, and the fact that almost every one who writes in this way has made blunders does not seem to cure the fault. This is a purely feminine trick, for a man invariably directs and seals an epistle before beginning another.

"Please shut that door," called out a fair scribbler recently, as the fresh breeze caused a flutter among her papers.

"What are you doing, Emily?" queried the newcomer, seeing her surrounded by a dozen open sheets of closely written note-paper.

"Why, I am drying my notes before putting them into their envelopes," replied the latter. "I always do it."

"But why not use a blotter?" suggested the amused spectator.

"Oh, it is too much trouble," replied Emily. "They will be all dry by the time I am ready with the directions."

"Well you certainly have an original way of writing notes," commented her friend. "It is like hanging clothes on a line to dry. I should think you would get them awfully mixed."

If you would only remember that wo...

men grow beautiful and sweet of character when told that they are beautiful and sweet of character the world wouldn't know half the shrews and fretters and scolds who keep things stirred up as with a soup ladle.

To illustrate, just the other night a woman of 50 was sitting in a box at a theater, sharing an evening's enjoyment with several playgoers, when a young man appeared on the stage and claimed her attention.

"I saw that man's father play with Charlotte Cushman thirty years ago," she remarked to the man who sat behind her.

"You must have been brought in on a pillow," he answered.

Now, why in the world don't men cultivate cleverness like that? Not one in forty would have the tact and quickness to have made that reply.

### Stories About Preachers.

The Boston Watchman makes mention of a minister who, when asked the reason or his resigning a pastorate in which he was prosperous and beloved, replied sentimentously: "A bilious deacon!"

"I have noticed," said Rev. Dr. Goodman, pausing in his discourse, "that two or three of the brethren have looked at their watches several times in the last few minutes. For fear their timepieces may not agree I will say that the correct time is 11:45. I set my watch by the regulator at the jeweler's last night. The sermon will be over at 12.01. It would have closed promptly at 12 but for this digression. Let us proceed to consider now what the apostle means when he says, 'I press toward the mark.'"

In times gone, in Ireland, writes Seamus MacManus, the Protestant minister collected tithes in the harvest, while the Catholic priest got in his stipends at Christmas. Father Edward and Rev. Sandy Montgomery were one day riding together, in their usual friendly way, through Limer, and bantering each other about their callings. "Here's the Bacach Ruadh," said Father, "let us have his opinion." The Bacach Ruadh (or Red Beggarmen) was an arrant knave, too clever to work while he could live upon the fat of the land without. "Jamie," said Father Edward to him, "if you had a son, would you sooner make a priest or a minister of him?" "If I had a son, yer reverence, I should have him a minister in the harvest an' a priest at Christmas."

A grand wedding was being solemnized at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, London. On each side of the strip of carpet that extended from the church door to the curb was a crowd of well-dressed people watching the guests arrive. In the wake of a procession of equipages of the most aristocratic and well-appointed character came a four-wheeled cab, dingy and disreputable beyond belief.

"Here! here!" shouted the policeman in charge, "you can't stop here! We're waiting for the Bishop of—"

The cabman regarded the officer with a triumphant leer, as he climbed down from his seat and threw a ragged blanket over his skeleton steed.

"It's all right, gov'nor," he said. "I've got the old duffer inside!"

### Disappointed.

One of the officials of the Canadian police at Niagara Falls tells the following story.

A German from Pennsylvania blew in the other day and asked the officials if there was anything about the place worth seeing.

"You see," he said, "it's shust like dis: My frients and frau told me I should take id in, and I vant to take everything in der iss to see. Dey did zay der was someding great here, and I forgot id al-reanty, and I haf walked all oler and zee nodings."

The visitor was at once taken to the finest view of the falls, where he stood a few minutes looking around.

"Well?" said his conductor at last.

"Vell," returned the man, "I zee nodings."

"Don't you see the falls?"

"Vat! Dot vater falling? Iss dot vat I cum all dis vays to see, a liddle vater dripping? Ach, Gott! I go me home."