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PASSING REMARKS.

WHEN lovely woman makes up her mind to do a thing, it is generally done, even if it is to shingle a barn. Such a case recently occurred down in Maine, where the farmer was too feeble to do the work, the boys were in the Philippines and the cash box was shy as far as the carpenter was concerned. But when the girl of the family got home from school she bravely tackled the job. The barn is now shingled. Does education educate? Never to better purpose than when reaching out to practical results.

AN Albany clergyman in his sermon declared that nearly every home has its prodigal son, who drifts away from its protection, but comes back to it, in times. Not always, neither, is it true, this sweeping assertion as to the number of these who go astray. Many there are, no doubt, especially in the great cities of the land, where evil communications abound to corrupt the young and where all the bad spirits of Pandora's box leap out to fascinate and to slay.

Sometimes a son or a daughter willfully shut themselves out of the home that waits to welcome them back and inflict fresh pain on the hearts that have already bled with anguish over rejected affection. Can a mother forget the son she bore? Seldom, if ever. Can the son forget the mother who, through much suffering, brought him into the world? Yes, often, and it is, no doubt, one of the sad thoughts of the closing century with many to whom the lament of the Savior over Jerusalem has a close home affection: "How often . . . and ye would not." What a text for a sermon.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of the fruit growers to a new remedy for ridding their orchards of the codling moth, that pestiferous little insect whose ravages threaten to wipe out the apple industry. Curiously enough, we find it in the columns of the American Bee Journal. Which says that the codling moth may be caught by means of cans of cider hung in the apple trees. Fill the cans with cider—sorghum cider preferred—cover during the day and open at nightfall. In the morning the cans will contain thousands of the creatures. The cider can then be strained off and used again for the night.

In case the fruit grower gets a thirst on him—but we will not pursue the subject further.

Down in Maine, "logs is riz," in the language of the woodman, and a newspaper correspondent tells, in a pathetic sort of way, how a woodland lot that once belonged to a Mayflower family, is about to be despoiled of its second growth of white birch trees. To make the matter more touching in its suggestiveness, the land was once used as a burying ground for the family, but the white birches and the roses that grow in peaceful grandeur over the graves of the dead must go with the rest. It is vandalism, but then—"logs is riz."

The Oregon Agriculturist tells the story of a farmer in this state who raised 600 bushels of potatoes on one acre of ground. The

Indiana Farmer, in commenting upon it says: "It beats the Dutch and the Irish, too; must we, who often fail to reach sixty bushels to the acre, believe such a story?" Which goes to show that it also beats the Hoosier. Well, he don't have to believe it if he don't want to, for Eastern people have a peculiar knack of disbelieving everything they hear about the west.

Still they do some things in Indiana that will call attention to its capabilities. For instance, a man by the name of Beers, in Elkhart, has an apple tree that produces an apple having on one side a greenish flavor and on the other that of a sweeting, making one-half tart and one-half sweet. The tree has been bearing this kind of fruit for several years. Now, what do Webfoot pomologists think of that? Why, in Tillamook it is possible to find cows with the special points of so many different herds, that "it beats the Dutch, and the Irish, and the Rocky mountain retoo," to determine what class they really belong to, having been crossed so often.

Within the last sixty days salt has gone up in price 50 per cent, and it is predicted that it will reach the century mark. Michigan seems to have the bulge on the product, though Ohio, Louisiana and other salt producing states are competing with the Wolverine market. What effect this will have upon catching birds in the springtime, gentle Annie, cannot be predicted at this time. If, now, codfish should also take a rise, the wail of the boys in the country would be loud and long.

It could only happen—in Chicago. Jimmy was arrested for prowling around where he had no business to be and brought into court. He was not asked for his defense, nor held in custody while his case was acted upon. So Jimmy wandered about the court, finally sitting behind the chair of the judge without being observed, until—until a hasty exclamation from a startled judge, the sound of tearing garments, and lo, Jimmy was in the custody of the constable and in his mouth was a piece of the coat tail of the dignified representative of justice. Jimmy was a goat. But he was ordered locked up. If a fine is imposed it can only be collected out of his hide, so he will probably be sold and the proceeds be used for repairs. The coat, the goat—but there, we forbear.

The point of view makes all the difference; and here is a case in point. Taking them (Boer women) as a class, they are slow witted and lethargic, with lackluster eyes and expressionless features; they are terrible afraid of any physical pain and fall into a panic-stricken, semi-hysterical condition under the stress of any grave emergency. The majority are very illiterate, being barely able to read or write, and they seem to have no ambition to better their condition. And yet the sons of these women are the ones who have achieved so many glorious victories in one of the fairest fought wars in the world's history. To charge the British with being whipped by the offspring of women described above is a libel on all Englishmen.

They no longer spell them Jessie, Essie, Bessie, in the South. Fashion and fancy decree that they shall be Jessye, Essye, Bessye. It is a knock-out for the "i's." Shortly we will find other changes. By and by will be bi and bie and pie will become pye and why will be whi, and, oh! mie. Whither are we tending? And how is thys for hygh?

They keep a goat, a real goat, with other property of a secret society in Ohio. The society's rooms adjoin the stage of the opera house and one night Billy got tired of the entrancing notes of brass instruments and booming of the drum; he broke loose. The story goes that the bass drum got busted, the drummer bowled over, and the other members of the band dispersed in short order. Then Billy faced the audience and was preparing for active work when he was lassoed and the curtain went down—"amid tremendous applause" over the stopping of the music.

The capital in colleges is said to be \$250,000,000. This is devoted to the support of 25,000 persons as teachers and officers. Three specialties predominate, rowing, football and hazing. The public school system is not included in these figures, only colleges and universities. The results? It shows as clearly in criminal as in honorable walks of life. The higher the education, the more skillful the criminal; the more intricate his methods, the easier his escape from justice. The millennium is not dawning as the nineteenth century dies.

CUTTING HIS EYE TEETH.

Experience of Joseph Leiter Duplicated by the Son of the Standard Oil Magnate.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.
 Rockefeller, Junior, who let leather catch him bad.
 For seventeen cool millions, now calls upon his dad.

—The Wall Street Bard.
 With young George Gould and juvenile W. K. Vanderbilt for inspiring examples—forgetting all about Joseph Leiter and the deluge of wheat that buried him out of sight, perhaps for the remainder of his lifetime—John D. Rockefeller, the younger, a few weeks ago began his career as a financier by investing in some common leather stock at a low spot in the market.

Rockefeller senior smiled indulgently and told his son to go ahead and cut his speculative eye teeth. Then he proceeded serenely on his Standard Oil way, while his young hopeful opened a grateful ear to the blandishments of the veteran James R. Keene.

Just as young Mr. Rockefeller concluded that he owned all the Leather extant and was making up his mind to sell it all at a profit of several hundred per cent to the shorts, who had to have it, the whole universe suddenly seemed to contain nothing but Leather for sale.

Old leather men, who had held common Leather stocks for years, during which it had rarely budged above 8 or 10, decided to let young Mr. Rockefeller have it at from 25 to 41. Young Rockefeller paid the price and took the stock, but he was not grateful.

Again came his sage friend, James R. Keene, with words of cheer, telling of the big short interest that presently would have to buy Leather at any price. So young Rockefeller shut his teeth hard and kept on buying, while the prices kept on going up.

The rest is obvious. At the present writing there is a slump in Leather of about \$17,000,000 from the top price, at which young Mr. Rockefeller bought a lot of it. He has appealed to his father for access to the latter's bank account.

He is in the same position as that of the man who had the bull by the horns. He can't let go without assistance.

JOSEPH LEITER.
 Joseph Leiter, Junior, sank in wheat up to his neck.
 Got out when Leiter, Senior, sent five millions in a check.
 —Lyrics of the wheat pit.

"Joe" Leiter held on to his wheat a whole year. Then there was a new crop. Young Leiter felt no pressing need for more wheat. Neither did his father, who was pressed by his son to have some. The general public was satisfied with the new crop. This kept the price far below that which young Leiter had paid for the old crop, for which nobody now seemed to have any use. Father and son paused to think it over.

During the year just passed Leiter, Sr., had seen his bright young son a winner in wheat in the amount of over \$4,000,000. In his pride he neglected to advise the boy to take his profit and quit. As for the son, he remembered the great "corner" engineered by "Old Hutch," who sold at his own price, finally—\$1.50. This made him greedy.

Leiter, Sr., was further influenced to silence by the fact that his ancient enemy, P. D. Armour—he of embalmed beef—was being squeezed hard.

For fully six months young Leiter was hailed as the only man who has ever got P. D. Armour where he could do what he pleased with him. Accordingly, the youth was so pleased that he kept right on applying the torture—putting up the price while Armour was still short—without noting the ominous fact that Armour was uttering no groans of anguish.

The eldier Leiter, similarly pleased and equally heedless, kept his son's bank account away up in the millions.

They were not agricultural folks, these Leiters. They took only casual note of newspaper reports that the farmers in the northwest were plowing and sowing the shining grain as usual.

This brings the history down to the time when the younger Leiter requested his father to say whether he would buy all Mr. Armour's crop of new wheat or drop what he had with the consequence exceedingly doubtful in the first place, and extremely expensive in the second.

While the matter was in doubt there was a desperate war of titans in the wheat pit at Chicago. Panic was in the air, except in the office of P. D. Armour. Would Leiter, Sr., rescue his son at the expense of more millions, or let the bottom drop out of the universe—which, in Chicago, is wheat?

So Leiter chipped in \$5,000,000 more, which was enough to enable Leiter, Jr., to throw up his hands, but not enough to leave over the amount of wheat required to make a loaf of bread.

VICE-CONSUL MORRISON, of Dawson City, sends, under date of October 16, a report to the state department at Washington, on the results of agricultural experiments written by one conversant with the facts which reads as follows: "Grain has done exceptionally well, being well filled, and I see no reason why it should not be extensively and successfully grown here. As far as my observations go, the climate here is as suitable for raising winter wheat as in any place in the Northwestern or the Northern states of America. From my experience of the last two years, I see no reason why this country should not be able to produce its own vegetables and grains. As for flowers, the success I have had proves that all hardy annuals will do well. The coming year I intend planting several hundred hybrid roses; also summer flowering bulbs, a large variety of other hardy and half-hardy annuals, and some of the hardy perennials. Small fruits, such as strawberries, currants, blackberries, and raspberries, should do well. Currants, raspberries, cranberries, strawberries and blueberries grow wild here."

"Mabel," said a father to his little daughter, who had just returned from a juvenile party, "did you have any attention paid you?"

"I don't know," replied the small miss. "Why," asked the father, "didn't any one talk to you or amuse you in any way?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mabel, "one little boy made faces at me."

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