

**PASSING REMARKS.**

In an article on "Our Duty to the Philippines" President Schurman makes some excellent suggestions, based upon his personal observations, as chairman of the Philippine commission. In order to dissipate the prejudice against the white man, which is the inheritance of 300 years of misrule and spoliation by the Spaniards, President Schurman advocates the establishment of a simple form of civil government in each province as fast as the conditions will warrant it. This should be done as an evidence of our good faith and kindly intentions, as well as for purposes of justice. When the natives realize that America comes as a savior and not as an oppressor they will gladly accept the new order of things and distrust will quickly disappear. Actual works and not mere words are required to demonstrate to the suspicious Filipinos that American rule is not Spanish tyranny under a new name. President Schurman gives the churches a hint that they may accept the advantage. While believing in the necessity of missionary work on the islands, he urges that the Protestants avoid sending denominational missionaries, but agree beforehand upon some one type of Protestant Christianity to present to the natives, who otherwise will be confused by a variety of denominational forms, which will appear to them as so many different religions. If the Filipinos are to be converted to Protestantism it should be to that broad church that knows no dividing lines. They should be turned to the Protestant church and not to the Methodist, the Baptist, the Episcopal or any other particular sect.

Of course this is not a matter for the administration to deal with. It has nothing to do with sending missionaries of any church or denomination. As American citizens desirous of establishing peace and good government in the Philippines, should we not consider the question as one of how best to secure the confidence of the inhabitants of the islands, leaving sectarian or religious matters for the future? In our judgment it is inopportune to disturb the islanders in their religious belief, thereby arousing their antagonism to the American institutions we are so anxious to set up in our new possessions. When the Filipinos have adjusted themselves to American ways and have become satisfied with our administrative policies and methods, the work of proselyting may be undertaken without endangering the delicate and more important work of Americanizing them, which is our first mission in the Philippines.

Commissioner Powderly says that it is well nigh impossible to obtain proof of violation of the contract labor law because knowledge of the circumstances is usually confined to the contractor and the immigrant. He suggests the employment of detectives to investigate at the ultimate destination of the immigrants, as it is easy to deceive the authorities at the port of entry. He believes that there is a growing practice of importing Japanese "coolies" under contract on the Pacific coast. He recommends that immigrant should be catechised upon their arrival as to their intention of becoming naturalized and such records should be preserved and referred to in order to prevent fraudulent naturalization.

The lesson that comes to us with the going out of the old year is that of change—nature's perpetual thesis. There is no rest. The panorama is always shifting, and man, as well (indeed, is he not nature's child?) changes with the seasons. His spells of gladness, sadness, madness, are as the sunshine, the rain and the convulsions that come to each recurring year.

This is a woman's way of bestowing forgiveness upon a husband who deserted her. The story comes from Cuba, Mo.: She

forgave him, leaving him money in the will she made before she died. She also recommended him to the mercy of the Almighty. The amount of money left the husband was munificent, enough to make him feel the need of mercy, or something else. It was \$1, and "I forgive him as I hope Almighty God will forgive me." For what, one wonders. For her generosity or revengeful punishment? On the other side of the river we all must cross, if it is given one to think of the deeds committed on earth, will this woman take pleasure in the blow the dead hand dealt? Will it fill her waking hours with blissful thoughts and her sleeping moments with happy dreams? But stay—are there any sleeping hours for the spirit released from the body that daily needed rest for wearied bones? It is for theologians to say.

A sugar with a sweetening power 550 times greater than that of cane or beet sugar is announced. What it is made of is secret; but it is being put upon the market in New York as sycose. It comes from Germany and claim is made that it is odorless and has the taste of the best refined sugar. Its makers say of it: "In the manufacture of substitutes for sugar, such as saccharin, etc., a mixture results consisting of the ortho (the sweet product) and the para-variety (an inert body), and to obtain a pure product this inert substance must be eliminated. Owing to the process employed in the manufacture of sycose, only the ortho-variety is retained in a condition of absolute purity. The range of applicability of sycose is a very extended one. On account of its great purity and agreeable taste it is eminently suitable for medicinal purposes in diseases in which the use of sugar must be avoided, such as diabetes. In view of its low price it is also a most eligible sweetening agent for manufacturing purposes, and is highly recommended for use by confectioners, brewers, distillers, packers of fruits and canned goods, chocolate manufacturers, etc."

John L. Sullivan may be a pugilist, a gambler, an imbibor of strong drink; but, against these dark blotches on the pages of his life's history, there are others which shine with a golden luster and possess a redeeming power. He is everybody's friend, in a certain sense; a good fellow, prodigal of his money when he had any and ever ready to help others when, in their distress, they came to him.

A week or so ago he was defendant in a suit brought to recover money for goods furnished. That they were "wet goods" cuts no figure in the case. He acknowledged the debt, but confessed his inability to pay; and this was his only reason. He was without money and without property.

Afterward he stated that he had earned during his professional career over a million dollars; in one winter alone receiving \$400,000. "I have been a good fellow and I am broke. If anyone I knew needed money and asked me for it, he got it." Herein he was no man's enemy, but he was his own. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. And perhaps wipes them out of the recording angel's book.

The Havana Herald reports that the bulk of the inquiries for land in Cuba is for soil suited for the growth of oranges. The severe blow that Florida has had in the freezes of late years is turning the attention of tropic culturists to Cuba and Porto Rico and the immense sums of money that the North sent annually into Florida previous to the year 1895 are now likely to be directed to our island possessions and dependencies, to the detriment of the land of flowers. It is admitted that the oranges produced in Cuba will never come up to what the Florida orange is in flavor, but they will be as good as those from California, Mexico or from across the ocean.

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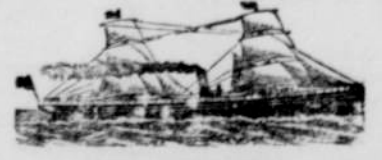
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**The Only Way**

IT was past midnight, and Edward Hurcombe, the famous actor-manager, sat brooding over the fire. The study lamp was turned low, for he found a dull light invariably assisted his meditations, and he was particularly anxious to arrive at some definite decision upon a perplexing question that faced him that evening. The sudden illness of both an indispensable member of his company and the understudy had left him in a serious dilemma, or who could replace the absent player? It was a part that required special and peculiar abilities, and he had already mentally ticked off the names of a dozen or so men as being quite unadapted for the vacant role, when he heard the sound of some one rushing up the stairs. He started and rose to his feet, for his family had long since retired to rest.

"Quick! Hide me; they're coming!" A man had swung open the door, closed it after him, and burst into the room panting and out of breath, his hair disheveled, and a bright gleam in his eyes.

"What's the matter?" queried Hurcombe, hurriedly. "How did you get here?"

The visitor hesitated, and looked at him queerly.

"The door was open, they were after me, and I ran in. They say I'm mad, but I'm not. By God! I'm not mad! Not mad yet—yet!" And he burst into a scream of laughter which would have been heard all over the house had not the room been sound proof. Hurcombe had had it made so purposely, as he now remembered to his consternation.

"Any fool could tell that," replied the actor, coolly, with the air of one receiving an expected visitor. "But there's no occasion to hide. You're as safe here as—anywhere."

Again the man looked at him queerly, detecting with the sharp wits of lunacy the double entendre in his words.

"Sir, I believe you; but you don't know what I've been through. Mad! They would wish me mad! They've yearned for it, prayed for it, but I'm not mad! Tell me, I'm not mad!"

He had drawn closer to Hurcombe, who took advantage of the change of position to edge nearer the electric bell, which, if he could but reach, would arouse the household.

"My dear sir, I've already told you you're laboring under a delusion in supposing anything's wrong with your mental balance. Sit down a moment and I'll get you some refreshment; you're tired, doubtless." And he went to open the door, but it was locked.

Hurcombe glanced back at the man. His only reply was a cunning smile which overspread his countenance.

"I see you've taken the trouble to fasten the door," said the manager. "That's as well—our conversation will be more private." And inwardly trembling, he lit a cigar and sat down.

"You've something to tell me, of course?" said Hurcombe presently. He knew all madmen had stories to relate, and that it humored them to listen. It was also a method of gaining time.

"Yes! Do you know what it is to love—to hate?"

The actor smiled. He did—on the stage.

"To love is to hate," continued the nocturnal intruder, who, following Hurcombe's example, had now drawn up a chair to the fire opposite him. "I have both loved and hated. A year ago I worshiped the most beautiful woman I or any man ever set eyes upon. I wooed her. We were married, and settled down in the country to a joyous existence, for I had enough to keep us both in comfort in a modest way. My wife adored me, and we were as happy as the days were long till he came upon the scene."

The madman glared at his host as if the object of his vengeance sat before him in the flesh.

"He was handsome, fascinating, with a look that killed women. He carried everything before him, and broke hearts as easily as you or I would knock down ninepins; and my wife fell with the rest. One day I had been to a village a few miles off, reaching home just after dusk. Muriel did not run to the gate as usual to meet me, and I had a dim, hazy perception that something was wrong.

"I ran upstairs into every room, but Muriel was not there. Our servant was out, so I could not question her; but when I entered the dining-room I noticed a scrap of paper lying on the table. It took it up eagerly; it simply bore the words: 'Good-by,' and was in his handwriting. How I cursed him!"

"Had Muriel written the note, it would have been different; but that he should pen those words—what mockery! Like one demented, I cursed everything; I called on Heaven to strike him dead, and the woman too—my wife!"

"Sir, if I have ever been mad, I was mad at that moment. The room confined, stifled me. I clinched my hands and could have torn down the very walls with my finger nails. I had superhuman strength; if needs have been, I would have lifted the world and buried it at my wife and her lover!"

"Rushing out of the house, I saddled my mare and rode off. It was London that they had gone to; the last train had left a couple of hours since, and there was not another till the morning. To wait was impossible. It was more than 40 miles, but I should not be long after them."

Edward Hurcombe, absorbed in the man's narrative, listened intently, almost forgetting the whole thing was the invention of a madman. How graphically he described the scene.

"Why couldn't lunatics be actors?" he thought.

"That ride I shall never forget," continued the other. "On I flew, urging

my horse furiously. A devil seemed behind me, and cried: 'On! on to the betrayer! On! on!' I laughed as though the notion was a splendid joke, it tickled my fancy so. On! on! The hedges swept past me, the dust rose behind me in clouds. The villages ran by my side like some moving panorama, and the stars peeped out in the heavens. It was Saturday night, and I passed through a busy town. The main street was crowded, but I flew by. A little child rushed across the road, and my horse trampled it under his hoofs. But I could not stop. 'On! on!' whispered the devil; 'what matters a child's life?' Presently, when I reached the open country again, my horse stumbled and fell. I was thrown to the ground. My horse was dying. I wept, for I loved that mare. Muriel used to love her, too. How often had her dainty hands caressed her sleek and glossy coat! My journey was ended, it seemed. But, no; a horseman came riding heedlessly upon us, for the night was dark, and stumbled over the form of my steed. He was thrown. I helped the beast to its feet again, mounted it and rode on.

"The wind was rising, and presently a spot or two of rain began to fall; the sky became overcast. A storm? Perhaps so, and all the better, for was not my heart stormy also? I crossed a stretch of moorland, and then the rain began to pour. I rode on. Not a star shone now, the way was dark; the wind howled, the thunder roared.

"A few more miles and I was not yet off the heath. Soaked to the skin, I mechanically saw the trees swaying in the fierce wind and heard the branches creaking and croaking to the tune of: 'On! on!' Now and again forked lightning flashed through the leaden sky, illuminating the sparkling rain—then all was black once more.

"Then all suddenly my horse slipped—I had collided against some vehicle which remained stationary in the road. The force of the collision unseated me, and I groped around the covered carriage like a blind man feeling in the dark, and then lighted upon the closed door. We were in the very center of the lonely heath, miles from any habitation. Could it mean highway robbery?"

"I tremblingly touched the handle of the carriage door. 'Who's that?' cried a man's voice above the thunder. I started and shivered. Merciful heaven! the man! My body on fire, my eyes burning as with fever, I made no reply, but peered in, and at that moment the sky burst into a brilliant radiance. I started back—that pale, wan face in the corner of the carriage which the lightning had illumined—it was my wife's!"

"Muriel, Muriel!" I shrieked.

"There was no answer.

"Muriel, Muriel!" I shrieked again, but still there was no response, and the eyes of my darling remained steadily fixed into vacancy.

"With a passion that nearly tore me asunder I cried out to the man, who, seeming half-dazed, had the while been gazing at her tenderly, clasping her cold, lifeless hand.

"You've killed her! You've killed her!"

"He turned into fury at that.

"I've not!" he cried. "I swear by God, I've not! The lightning struck her an hour ago!"

"It's a lie!" I screamed, and my voice seemed to pierce beyond the din of the elements; and, gripping him by the throat, I dragged him from the carriage and strangled him till he was dead!

"And that is all. I reverently covered Muriel up and fled, but since then the villain's relatives have been on my track. They say I killed him—that I'm mad. Dozens, scores of times they've nearly had me, and—hark, they're coming now!"

Hurcombe, who during the recital had remained spellbound, moved uneasily in his chair.

"I hear nothing," he said at last; and then, recovering himself, adroitly turned to ring the electric bell. But the visitor had prevented him.

"Don't do that," he said, in a voice so calm that the actor-manager, astonished, looked up quickly.

The man was smiling quite naturally and sanely.

"Mr. Hurcombe," he said, "as you've repeatedly assured me, 'I'm perfectly sane.'"

"What!" gasped the manager, astounded at hearing his own name pronounced.

"I'm sane," repeated the man. "I trust you'll excuse the trick I've played upon you, a trick brought about by necessity and the urgency of my case. An actor, I've been out of an engagement for months; and, hearing this morning of the illness of two members of your company, I determined I would either secure the engagement or end a life of poverty off Waterloo bridge. All day at the theater I've been trying to get your ear, but no one would take up my name. I looked too seedy, I suppose. The thing was hopeless, and I walked toward the river; but the water looked so cold. If you had only been able to give me a chance I felt I should have proved a success in the part, which is not unlike the one I've been assuming now. Desperation drives a man to strange things, and I resolved upon a bold course. An hour ago I saw you enter here, when by a lucky circumstance you omitted to fasten the door securely. The rest you know, sir. It's an engagement I want—not charity."

Edward Hurcombe grasped the situation at once, and his eyes were dim, for he was a man of warm sympathies.

"My boy," he said, rising and taking the other's hand, "you've solved the very problem I was considering when you so unceremoniously entered. The part's yours, and good luck go with it."

—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Roundabout.**  
"Papa, what is the Higher Criticism?"  
"My son, it is the method whereby people convince themselves of the falsity of something they know isn't true."  
—Puck.