

**FAIRLY WARNED**

By Jeannette Nichols Phillips.

(From the Washington Home Magazine, by Special Permission.)

TRACEY CHANNON and Annis Wyde-man, residents of the same city, met for the first time one bright summer day at a certain ocean-side resort. A few evenings later they were chatting rather confidentially as they strolled along the beach in the twilight. He was saying:

"I have never yet found the one irresistible woman, and I do not intend ever to marry. But I'm fond of the ladies—nice ones—and I mean to enjoy their society so long as they are willing to take me in a frank, friendly way without expecting me to turn lover, sighing like a furnace after a few days acquaintance."

"Here's my hand on that, Mr. Channon. I have long waited to know the man who isn't studying one's availability as a wife, or looking aghast if she casts a friendly glance in his direction."

"You and I need not be afraid of each other with such an understanding, need we?" asked Tracey.

"Not in the least. I shall enjoy you immensely. I know, for though I expect to marry when the right man presents himself, I do like to be myself without constantly standing guard against lovers and proposals."

"You can be yourself with me. I'll take my own heart risks, Miss Wyde-man."

Annis had left her debutante season behind by less than a half dozen years. Tracey was older by a decade. She was an orphan of tempting fortune and ranged at will between comfortable city quarters in winter and select seaside resorts in summer. As a bachelor he was independent as to fortune, and inclined to take life easily.

When Annis reached her room after the twilight stroll, she laughed and said to herself:

"Now, Miss Wyde-man, you have been fairly warned, and if your rather un-susceptible heart should happen to prove a target for Cupid's marksmanship you will have to make your own repairs. No gallant Sir Knight of Channon will take pity on you. I wonder if he warns off all the girls in the same way, and I'm glad I answered him just as I did. Perhaps that is his way of storming hearts. But I'll stand by the compact we've made and prove that one woman at least can enjoy a man's society and still withstand his charms. Never, never will I show the faintest sign of heart interest. I simply will not fall in love with Tracey Channon if I see him every day for 40 years."

Accordingly, during the remainder of the season and after their return to the city, whether Tracey came often or seldom Annis made him equally welcome. When he danced attendance on some belle of the hour she smiled as sweetly and remained as cordial as when he was paying devotion at her shrine. She had other admirers, but as they came tentatively, one by one, found her preoccupied, and saw Channon's semipossessive position, they went their way.

Months rolled by and Tracey grew apparently absorbed in Annis's society, more pointedly devoted, more appreciative. He even showed signs of contemplating matrimony seriously and favorably.

Annis was one day denouncing a husband of her acquaintance who, as she saw it, had manifested indifference to his wife's happiness.

"Your ideas are altogether too high," Tracey protested. "No ordinary human being would suit you. You are looking for an angel."

"Pardon the contradiction, but I am not looking for anything with a view to matrimony. And I may hold as high ideals as I please, for I can wait till I find the man to fit them. I am perfectly comfortable as I am, you know."

"I am happy to hear that. But no man, however earnest, will ever dare to offer himself to you, unless you cultivate less independence of manner, allow me to suggest."

"This is among the least of my troubles, but if ever I am seized with a fever for marrying I shall like me to some enchanted land where all women are above par, even independent ones."

"When you are ready to go on that quest will you kindly let me know?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Channon. I'll have it published in all the society papers and the reason therefor."

When their acquaintance was somewhat more than a year old, Tracey went away for an indefinite sojourn. Annis found his absence intolerable. The future without him loomed up a dreary blank. She was consumed with a jealous fear lest another might fill her place in his esteem, lest he might drop hers into the list of bygone friendships. Her misery and loneliness would not be subdued. She awoke one morning to the discovery that she was in love. She blushed before her mirror, shook her fist at it in rage. She covered her face in shame that she had let her heart go where it was not wanted. She could not blame Tracey Channon. She would control herself whatever it cost. In spite of her efforts to forget, the painful yearning seized her at times so strongly that she longed to hate the man that she might be at peace with herself. She reviewed his character and conduct to find something incompatible, something to arouse her dislike. A few imperfections presented themselves, but no other man that she had ever known was so nearly blameless.

On Tracey's return to the city Annis tried to abate nothing of her old-time cordiality, but too often self-consciousness congealed it into awkward stiffness. Tracey apparently saw no change and took their friendship as a matter of course, as he had done all along.

Then Edna Stafford, a fresh young girl, came to join the little circle in which Annis found daily intercourse, and at first clung to the older girl for companionship and guidance. Tracey met Edna and apparently had at last found his soul's affinity. He was all devotion, tender and sweet. A love-lorn youth of 16 could not have shown more infatuation. When Annis and Edna were both with Tracey he often appeared to forget the former, or if the conversation became three-cornered he would throw into it just the element that aroused Annis' irritability and grated on her sense of fairness. Then her sharpest sarcasms always fell upon the younger girl's head. At such times Tracey was so softly sympathetic with Edna, so contrived to set her defenseless innocence over against Annis' harshness as to prompt Edna to little impertinences and assumptions of his championship.

Annis could school herself to the thought that Tracey would never care for her as she did for him; she could take him at his word that he had no intention of marrying, but she suffered keenly with disappointment and a touch of disgust in seeing the one whose manly, somewhat serious bearing she had learned to admire, conducting himself in a manner so nearly silly. Moreover, he evidently took it for granted that her honest friendship and comradeship had turned to jealousy and hostility, and that there was open rivalry between her and Edna.

This was too much. Saying nothing of her plans, Annis made speedy preparations for spending the winter in the south. She chose a resort not widely known and confided its address only to a brother in a distant city.

The new surroundings, the agreeable coterie of fellow guests diverted Annis' mind and allayed her agitation, so that she began to feel sure that the time of her going home would find her healthily indifferent to Tracey Channon's doings. One afternoon she with others was at the little railway station idly watching the newcomers on the down train. She saw Tracey Channon among them. Before he could see her she stepped behind a pillar and slipped away into the park. At the end of the winding myrtle path she found a seat. The old love surged up, pierced through and through by the sting of those last experiences at home. Had he come knowing she was there? She was tempted to fly away on the up train she heard rumbling through the forest. But no, this hour must settle the matter forever. She would not let her love for a man who had so plainly told her not to count on him assert itself while he was so near. She raged against her persistency in making herself so a part of her life. She tore at the roots of her affection in wrath and shame. Again a wave of ecstatic love rolled in upon her heart at the thought that he was so near; then she clinched her hands till the tendons strained, for she must go back to the hotel and meet Tracey Channon a conqueror of herself or able to meet him in the old friendly way.

When the paroxysm had spent itself Annis felt that she had aged in the hour. The songs of the birds seemed to be in a minor key. The strong contrast between the patches of sunshine and the shadows were to her typical of life with Tracey and existence without him. The sounds of voices and laughter wafted up from gray boating parties on the river brought back memories of happier days. She looked beyond them to the dim, gray further bank and felt that so must she look past happiness to a life as dull and monotonous as that uninviting shore. The long swaying moss banners, usually so soothing and suggestive of the poetry of motion, seemed to her that day more like mourning draperies, fitting accompaniment to this shutting-down the coffin lid on happiness and hope. She saw herself a lonely, heart-weary woman—

A step on the sand and Tracey Channon stood at her side, his hand clasping hers, his face wearing its happiest expression, the most cordial words on his lips. Yet she could not comprehend a word that he was saying. Giving Annis no time to reply, he talked on rather excitedly, chiding her for running away from him, exclaiming over the beauties of the park and river. He suddenly stooped and scanned Annis' face, which she knew must betray the turmoil within. His own voice quavered and his face showed anxiety as he began, tenderly and slowly:

"My dear, I have come all the way down here to ask that we may be more than friends. I have loved you truly, fondly, for a long time."

"I do not understand you. You have said so often that you did not intend to marry; then—I—poor Edna will be heartbroken."

"Edna is engaged to a handsome young millionaire. I wanted to find out whether you cared for me even a little, dearest, I was suffering so. I do want to marry, and I want you, just you."

"Why couldn't you ask the question frankly, as a man?" Annis began, with a half sob, then sprang away and walked rapidly toward the hotel. Tracey sat in utter perplexity and a few hours later, as he was standing apart from the other veranda in the loungers, apparently absorbed in the play of the twilight's glimmering on the river's responsive surface, a hand was slipped lightly under his arm and a smiling face looked up into his. Without a word he led Annis out into the lofty aisles of the park. Little fairy flecks chipped from moonbeams chased each other over the two slowly-moving forms, sometimes entwining them with wreaths of silvery light, propitiably bright, but not half so bright as the cord that bound two hearts together.

**WANTED TO HUG THE CASHIER**

The Relief of Two Young Women Who Were Embarrassed in a Lunchroom.

Two young women went into a downtown lunchroom one Sunday afternoon recently and ordered what for women was a very substantial repast. They had a pot of chocolate, some sweetbread croquettes, with peas and potatoes, a salad, cheese and, lastly, with a recklessness for consequences dreadful to behold, ice cream meringues.

As they slowly consumed these viands they chatted of the bargain-counter victories that had been theirs that morning, for they were on their way uptown from the busy marts of trade, says the Baltimore News.

All went well, as the novelists say, until the waiter presented their check and stood with his head respectfully bowed and his little silver tray within easy reach, waiting for the wretched wail to pay it.

"Two-ten," said the elder of the young women, consulting the figures on the check; "I wish you'd pay it, dear, and when we get home we can straighten up our accounts."

"Pay it," exclaimed the younger girl, in tones of consternation; "why, I haven't but 50 cents in my purse. I thought you had plenty of money with you."

"I spent it all," said the other, gloomily. "I spent everything in my purse but one English penny, a night key and a silver glove-buttoner for a fowling silk and such luxuries, but now we have lived riotously and have no money and we'll probably have to leave our hats as an earnest that we intend to come back and settle our account while we go and try to borrow funds from reluctant friends."

"I wish you'd be serious," said the younger girl, hysterically; "the cashier's looking."

"I'm more than serious; I'm positively frantic. The cashier probably thinks we're bunko people and will send for a policeman to carry us off. I wish we hadn't eaten everything; it would have looked better if we had left a little piece of cheese or one croquette," and both the young women laughed half-heartedly to deceive the cashier and the waiter into believing their plethoric purses contained money and not samples.

Then they discussed the situation nervously in whispers and finally, as a last resort, determined to take the cashier into their confidence.

He proved a very amiable person indeed, when approached. "Just give me your address," he said, reassuringly, "and stop in and pay the account some other time."

"I'm glad I didn't hug him," the younger girl remarked, as they emerged from the building. "I thought I would for one wild moment, but he mightn't have liked it. I think, however, I never met so fascinating a man in my life."

"He wouldn't have liked it," said her companion, tersely. "Let's go to the drug store and get something for our nerves with your 50 cents. I never was so upset in my life."

**RIGHTS OF TRADES UNIONISTS.**

Courts in England Decide They Must Not Picket Employers' Works.

It has long been the custom of the trades unions in this country and England, whenever a strike was declared upon a certain piece or place of work, to send out pickets to warn workmen against accepting employment there. A judicial decision affecting this right has just been made in England, and the same rule of law may be made to apply in this country, as the common law, which is essentially the same in both countries, may be held to apply, says the Chicago Chronicle.

Before the case in question—Lyons vs. Williams—was decided it was generally understood that what was called peaceful picketing was legal. That is to say, that when a dispute was in progress between employers and workmen it was permissible for the latter to beset in groups the entrances of the works of the employers and endeavor to induce by argument and persuasion any newcomers to refrain from entering. This course was pursued in the case under consideration. The plaintiffs applied for an interlocutory injunction, which was granted by Justice North and confirmed by the court of appeal. They then applied for a perpetual injunction, which was granted by Justice Byrne and confirmed by the court of appeal. The defendants then took the house of lords. That appeal has now been withdrawn. The English law, therefore, now is that strikers may not watch or beset the establishment of an employer with the object of dissuading other workmen from entering his works, but may do so only for the purpose of communicating or obtaining information. The ruling of the court of appeal was a very great disappointment to the leaders of the unions, and their final decision not to appeal against it is regarded as an acknowledgment of the hopelessness of their case and as a most significant victory for the employers.

**Pay for Their Coffins.**

It appears that when Tommy Atkins arrives in India he has one rupee per month stopped out of his pay until 15 rupees have been collected for a coffin. This 15 rupees is invested in the regimental soda-water machine, and should he die the machine provides him with a coffin and buries him decently; but, should he survive, when he leaves India he receives back his 15 rupees and his share of the profits of soda water.—N. Y. Sun.

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**Call for County Warrants.**

The following Tillamook county warrants are now payable and will be paid when presented at my office:

Series E on General Fund:  
Nos. 2415, 2416, 2212, 2366, 2411, 2462, 2529, 2423, 2422, 2421, 2425, 2464, 2429, 2428, 2477, 2456, 2514, 2567, 2483, 2489, 2488, 2490, 2491, 2487, 2481, 2492, 2482, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2493, 2434, 2543, 2427, 2417, 2418, 2539, 2516, 2494, 2527, 2272, 2424, 2528, 2554, 2368, 2420, 2419, 2568, 2431, 2544, 2541, 2540, 2545, 2517, 2453, 2546, 2449, 1819, 2373, 2549, 2450, 2505, 2555, 2451, 2021, 2519, 2476, 2501, 2452, 2454, 2460, 2478, 2455, 2533, 2532, 2436, 2538, 2536, 2537, 2443, 2506, 2565, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2594, 2601, 2569, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2542.  
Interest ceasing July 16th, 1900.

W. H. CARY,  
County Treasurer.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned as sheriff of Tillamook county, Oregon, under and by virtue of a writ of execution dated the 10th day of July, 1900, issued out of the County Court of Oregon, for Tillamook county, to enforce the judgment made and entered in said court on the 16th day of July, 1900, in the action of Claude Thayer, as plaintiff, vs. H. Hudson and Oak Nolan, as defendants, will on Monday, September 18th, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, at the Court House, at Tillamook, in said Tillamook county, Oregon, sell at public auction, for cash in U. S. gold coin, to the highest and best bidder, the following described tract of land, to wit: South one-half of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, in Block No. 2, in Tillamook City, State of Oregon, and the building thereon, to satisfy the sum of two hundred and ninety dollars (\$290.00) and the costs of this sale.

H. H. ALDERMAN,  
Sheriff of Tillamook County Oregon.  
Dated at first publication, August 9th, 1900.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., July 14th, 1900.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook Co., at Tillamook, Oregon, on August 24th 1900, viz:

J. H. WILLIAMS,  
H. E. No. 11,483, for the E 1/4 of E 1/4, sec. 19, Tp. 6 S., R. 10 W.  
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
Elias Stone, Jerry Lewalton, Bert Sherwood and John Lawrence, of Hebo, Oregon.  
CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., July 14th, 1900.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook Co., at Tillamook, Oregon, on September 3rd, 1900, viz:

JOHN S. SLOAN,  
H. E. No. 12,139, for the S 1/4 of Sec. 4, T. 6 S., R. 10 W.  
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
Albert Plank, Mrs. Ella Plank, of Tillamook, Oregon; Niles Afolter, Wilhelm Grasshof, of Emma, Oregon.  
CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., July 14th, 1900.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook Co., at Tillamook, Oregon, on September 12, 1900, viz:

LUCIA J. HUNT,  
H. E. No. 11,956, for the E 1/4 of N 1/4 and E 1/4 of S 1/4, sec. 29, Tp. 2 S., R. 9 W.  
She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
Walter J. Smith, Robert J. Severance, of Wilson, Oregon; Morrison Mills, of Tillamook, Oregon; Kittle Mills, of Wilson, Oregon.  
CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., July 14th, 1900.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook County, at Tillamook, Ore., on Sept. 21st, 1900, viz:

ELIZABETH J. REDWIN,  
H. E. No. 11,527, for the S 1/4 of N 1/4, sec. 3 and S 1/4 of N 1/4, sec. 4, Tp. 8 S., R. 10 W.  
She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
John J. Hudson, Webster Hudson, Joseph L. Jones, of Woods, Ore.; Henry Dawson, of Cloverdale, Oregon.  
CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

**TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 8, 1898.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Ore., July 31st, 1900.  
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1898, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

FRANK FARMER, of North Yamhill county, Yamhill, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 523, for the purchase of the S 1/4 of Section No. 32, in Township No. 28-north, Range No. 7 W, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Ore., on Monday the 1st day of October, 1900. He names as witnesses: Christopher Zimmerman, William Merritt, Leurgus Jones, August Fanning, of North Yamhill, Oregon.  
Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 1st day of October, 1900.  
CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

**CHAS. PETERSON, Barber**

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