

TRICKS OF KNAVES.

Ingenious Methods by Which They Evade Pursuing Officers.

Some Schemes of Sharpers and Tricksters Which Have Saved Them from Terms of Penal Servitude.

To the habitual criminal it is often of vital importance that he should be able to communicate swiftly and secretly with an accomplice...

A typical case was that of a man who was "wanted" in connection with certain notorious turf frauds. When the warrant was issued he sought shelter in a shabby lodging in a back street...

One of the watching gang learned of the coming danger to the fugitive by methods he saw fit not to talk about, and carelessly sent the servant of his lodgings to dispatch a wire to another of the allies in Edinburgh...

Nothing is too elaborate or ingeniously audacious to men playing a game the loss of which means penal servitude to them. In a midland town lived in lordly style and the odor of outer respectability a person who was strongly suspected of being in league with a gang of "smashers"...

An Acrobatic Pianist. A Milan correspondent tells of a pianist named Banca, who at Venice recently set himself to break the record of piano playing, so far as time is concerned...

Placing the Blame. Miss Oldtimer—It is not for lack of opportunities that I remained unmarried. Her Niece—I presume not; but the men do not always take advantage of the opportunities that are offered them...

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

How a Clever Salesman Sold an Organ to a Lady Who Had Little Use for It.

In one of the local music stores the other day several salesmen were relating experiences connected with the craft, when one of the party, who had been a dealer in organs in a small way in a western state, where he had acted as agent for a big concern in supplying the local trade, grew reminiscent, relating the Washington Star.

"I remember an incident connected with the sale of those cottage organs that has somewhat the flavor of the David Harum boss trade," said he. "My rival in the organ business in the western town was one of the slickest salesmen that ever enjoyed the elusive currency from a folded fist. The fellow—his name was Bishop—sold organs to nearly every family in three counties. We got our instruments for about \$25 net, and the regular selling price was \$60."

"Bishop had a light wagon constructed especially for carrying a cottage organ, and he would load in one of the instruments and, together with his assistant, who was a fine musician, would start for the country."

"One day he drove to a farm owned and managed by a wealthy old Irish lady who couldn't tell a music score from a baseball tally sheet. As Bishop and his assistant drove up to the house with organ in the wagon the old lady came out before the door, and with her arms akimbo struck a Delsartean pose suggestive of the haughty decision, and said:

"Take that thing out of my yard! Move on wid yez. I won't have no music boxes around me. Don't ye dare to take it out aw the wagon, or I'll break it open wid an ax."

"Oh, I didn't intend to take the organ out, Mrs. Murphy," said Bishop. "I only wanted to water my horses."

"It was a warm day and, after watering the animals, the two began conversing pleasantly with Mrs. Murphy until her aggressiveness relaxed. Bishop declared it was too warm to take to the road for a while and that they would have to rest. He presently induced the old lady to let them put the organ under a shade tree out of the sun. The two conspirators against the peace of the household strolled aimlessly about the yard, and after awhile the young fellow opened up the organ and began playing lively airs with the Irish sticking out all over them. He was an excellent performer and he coaxed all the Irish out of that instrument there was in it, and presently Mrs. Murphy peeked out at the door. The assistant played through his list of airs and started on some of the old songs dear to every native of old Erin, using the stops and pedals with great effect."

"And phwat do yez ask fer a thing like that?" the old lady presently asked Bishop.

"We usually get \$75 for that organ," he replied indifferently, and went on sauntering about the yard.

"The music continued, and after a few minutes Mrs. Murphy asked: "Would ye sell it any cheaper fer cash?"

"No," says Bishop, "that's the lowest cash price."

"Mrs. Murphy walked back to the house. Finally the young man closed the organ with a snap and backed up the wagon preparatory to reloading. Mrs. Murphy came out with unmistakable interest visible in her countenance. She looked the organ over a moment and then said:

"Now, Mr. Bishop, couldn't ye throw off five dollars if I'd give ye cash money?"

"No," said he, "this organ is the one I am using for a sample, and it's one of the best. I don't care to sell it anyway, but I have some down at the store," and he went on reloading.

"The old lady's Irish blood was up. She couldn't let an instrument that could express the sentiments of those old melodies so sweetly escape her, so she said: 'I don't want any other one. Just be aisy now and wait a minute,' and she dodged into the house, where the family bank, consisting of an old stocking, was opened, and she counted out \$75 for the lucky salesman."

"The organ was placed in the parlor, the assistant taught the old lady a chord, and as they drove away they could hear her hammering on the organ with exulting results. Down the road for half a mile they could hear 'tum, tum-tum, tum, tum-tum,' as she endeavored to get her money's worth. The only time it afforded her satisfaction, however, was when some visitor who could play dropped in, and then the music of old Erin could be heard from the roadway for hours."

Phenomena of Pelle Eruption.

While the fiery tornado, passing toward the south and west, widened the sweep of its destructive power in order to extend its devastations further, another remarkable phenomenon came to stop it in its course. Two strong atmospheric currents, laden with rain, moving, one from the southeast, the other from the north, fell of a sudden upon the sides of the fiery spout, and, encircling it along a distinctly marked line, cooled it to such a point that I have seen persons who, finding themselves precisely upon this line of demarcation, were struck on one side by fiery missiles, while on the other, and only a few feet away, nothing was falling but the rain of mud, cinders, and stones which descended on the countryside everywhere.—Century.

What It Was.

Madge—Dolly seems to be worrying over something. Marjorie—Yes, she sat on the beach all day yesterday, and doesn't know yet whether she will tan or blister.—X. Y. Sun.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Pugilistic.—Neil—"Did Miss Billy-ums act as if it was a severe blow when she didn't get the price?" Belle—"Yes; she took the count."—Philadelphia Record.

"What's the matter with Jimson?" "Doctor says it's a complication. Played ping-pong, golf, bicycled and got a motor car, and the four kinds of faces were too much for him."—London Answers.

Ezymark—"A lady told my fortune yesterday, and she said I would meet with a financial reverse." "Sceptick—"And did you?" Ezymark—"Sure! She charged me \$2."—Ohio State Journal.

"Troubled with dyspepsia, are you? Did you ever try any of my medicine?" asked the druggist. "Oh, yes; but it wasn't that that gave it to me. I had it long before I took any of your stuff."—Yonkers Statesman.

"By the way," reminded the curious inquirer, "what's a synonymous expression for 'talking shop'?" "Well," replied Joakley, "there's 'tonorial emporium,' and 'haircutting parlor.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Hangin' On.—Lariat Luke—"What became of that hang-on from 'rum th' east'?" Horrible Hank—"He's still hangin' on." Lariat Luke—"Down at the Red Eye saloon?" Horrible Hank—"Naw; hangin' on tew a cottonwood tree at th' edge of town."—Ohio State Journal.

The Point of Difference.—"You don't mean to cite your government as an example of a republic." "Well," answered the South American dictator, "there's only one little difference between our republic and yours. Instead of elections we have revolutions."—Washington Star.

Two Sinners.—"It is very wrong to tell a falsehood," said his mother to little Jimmie, who had caught him in one. "Then we're both old sinners, ain't we, maw?" queried Jimmie. "Both! What do you mean?" "Why, you told Missus Smith yesterday that you hoped she'd call again, an' after she wuz gone you said you wished she'd never come again."—Ohio State Journal.

THOUGHT GUN BEWITCHED.

Why the Old Negro Threw It Away and Would Not Touch It Again.

A story is told of Uncle Washington Harris, one of "Marse Clay's niggers afore de war," who remained on the plantation after he was set free. He was considered a power among the negroes, being somewhat of a local preacher, says the New York Tribune, but he said: "I'ez jist a exhortioner 'mong de congregation."

One when Uncle "Wash" was "exhortioning 'mong de congregation," the Ku Klux came after him, and, as the old man hurriedly beat an exit through a window, one of the Ku Klux got the tail of his Prince Albert coat, that "Marse Clay" had given him, and which the old darkey was very proud of. From that time Uncle "Wash" always carried an old long-barreled shotgun.

The neighbors were in the habit of meeting at night at "Bob" Clay's country store to tell yarns and talk about the crops. Uncle "Wash" and several other old colored men, were always present, sitting on nail kegs a respectable distance behind "de white folks to hear de yarns." On these occasions Uncle "Wash" always left his gun in the rear of the store.

One night "Buck" Allen, who never was tired of playing jokes on the old man, got his gun, and, after drawing the shot from it, loaded it with powder and phosphorous wood as wadding, then another load of powder and more phosphorous wood, repeating this till there were several loads of powder and wood in the gun, ramming down the last charge of powder with an extra long piece of wood. "Buck" dropped a coal on it and went back to his seat.

If phosphorous wood is lighted, the fire will eat very slowly through it, and act as a fuse. Uncle "Wash" took up his gun and started home, and was several hundred yards from the store when the spark reached the first charge of powder and exploded it, which greatly perplexed the old man, but he attributed it to an accident. When the second explosion occurred he fell on his knees and prayed, but when the third came he threw the gun from him into the bushes and ran for dear life. As Uncle "Wash" bugged in the front door to the consternation of his wife, and fell sprawling on the floor, hysterically praying, he heard the last charge explode.

Uncle "Wash" never went back for his gun, and could never be convinced "speerits" were not in that "ole turkie gun," and that it was not bewitched.

Chloroform and Gaslight.

In general the profession in this country is united in the belief that ether is a much more satisfactory anaesthetic than chloroform. A not inconsiderable number, however, prefer chloroform, particularly under especial circumstances, and some operators who have no well-equipped clinics at their command tend to use chloroform when working by artificial light, and particularly in ill-equipped houses. It is, however, known by most pharmacologists and by many others that chloroform has dangers when used by artificial light, but this fact is by no means generally recognized. Persons have been killed by the decomposition of chloroform by gaslight. It has been attempted to overcome the danger of the production of this form of poisoning by placing soda or borax solution or milk of lime in the operating-room, but these methods have been shown to be wholly insufficient.—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

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