

**AN HONEST PORTER.**

He Helped Himself to a Tip of Ten Dollars for Being Accommodating and Honest.

"The tip-exacting Pullman car porters are the recipients of a good many knocks from press and public, but they are not the worst in the world," remarked a commercial traveler to a Washington Star man. "They may have a pretty fierce way of drilling for tips, but when it comes to the matter of honesty I know one of them that's there with the goods, as the saying goes.

"I left San Francisco, or, rather, Oakland, on the Santa Fe line for Chicago at 8 o'clock in the evening a couple of weeks ago last Sunday. The gang that I met in Frisco had been rather too enthusiastic in giving me a good time of it out there on the day of my departure, so that when I woke up on the train along toward 7 o'clock the next morning the sleeper bunk felt pretty warm and my coppers a whole lot warmer. The nearest, in fact, the first stop at which I would have a chance to fix those hot coppers out was Mojave, and so I hustled into my clothes to be ready to hop off the train during the stop at Mojave for one of those katzenjammer alleviators.

"I asked the Pullman conductor how long the train would stop at Mojave, and he replied that the stop would last ten minutes. I raced into the station cafe when the train pulled into Mojave, and instructed the man in charge of the bar to rig me up one of those long, long damp things. He went at the job in a pretty scientific manner, and the piece of wet work that he set before me was a rare thing to find right alongside of the California desert. It was such a fine and effective creation, in fact, that I asked him to frame up another one, and I got away with this with equal joy. Then I leisurely strolled to the door to take a look at my train—and saw the end of it curling away in the rarefied distance on its way toward the land of the rising sun. It had pulled out without notifying me. I hustled into the ticket office to ask the man in the window when I'd be able to corral another eastbound train, and he said that it'd be along at 8 o'clock the next morning—the mate to the train that had departed without me; there was only one of the overland expresses per diem. So there I saw myself stuck in Mojave, Cal., the most miserable little sand dune on the globe, for a full twenty-four hours.

"But that wasn't the worst of it. I had left my Gladstone bag wide open on my bunk, with my wearing apparel thrown around the section every which way, and in the bag I had placed, on the night before, \$200 in gold coin, the stuff being too heavy to carry around in my pockets with any comfort.

"I've got a chance of getting the bag back," said I to myself, "but what the black porter'll do to those \$200 in gilt money will be something swoopingly scandalous."

"I had no idea on earth that I'd ever see a dollar of that money. I figured it all out that the porter would corral the money and then stuff my wearing apparel into the bag and hand it over to the conductor. I knew then I wouldn't be able to prove any such fact that I had \$200 in gold money in the bag, and I gave it up for gone. I told the station agent at Mojave about the bag, and he immediately telegraphed to the next station to be made by my lost train along the line, a place called Barstow, N. Mex., directing that the bag be shipped back to Mojave on the west-bound overland.

"The bag was returned to Mojave on the west-bound late that night, and I eagerly opened it up to see what I had left in the bag. Everything was there, including the stack of gold money. I counted the gold roll, and it amounted to an even \$190. The porter, I felt certain, had appropriated just one of the \$10 gold pieces to compensate him for his trouble in packing the bag, and I afterward found out that I was right in this supposition.

"I caught the train east on the following morning, and when I got to Kansas City I got off to take a bit of a rest at a hotel. As I was getting off I met the porter of the train that had left Mojave without me. He was walking about the station, waiting to go aboard his car for another western trip. He saw and recognized me as soon as I recognized him, and he grinned broadly when he saw me.

"Boss," said he, coming over to me, "Ah suah did look ev'ywheah fo' dat othuh ten dolluh gol' piece, but Ah suah couldn't fin' it nowheah," and then he burst into a happy darty laugh and slapped his thigh joyously. I told him how welcome he was to the \$10 piece that he had pinched out for himself, and I'm not certain that I didn't give him another couple of dollars to show my appreciation of his honesty. It might not sound like honesty to speak of his swiping \$10 from my Gladstone bag, but under the circumstances, considering the chance he had to grab it all, and considering, too, the nature of Pullman porters as they're supposed to be, I think he was a paragon of honesty."

**Chocolate Wafers.**

One-half of a cupful of light brown sugar, as much granulated sugar creamed with one-half cupful of butter, one well beaten egg, one-half cupful of grated chocolate, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix all together to a soft dough, roll out a little at a time very thin and cut into circles. Bake in a moderate oven.—Detroit Free Press.

**MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.**

The municipal expenses of New York are approximately \$100,000,000 a year.

Of 23,000 children placed in families by the Children's Aid society, only 60 have been arrested and sent to reform schools.

While London has 47 telephones per 10,000 inhabitants, Paris, 71; New York, 150, and San Francisco, 706, Stockholm reaches the figure of 980.

Berlin has its first female barbers—the wife and daughter of a hair-dresser. In Bohemia, Hungary and Scandinavia there are many women barbers.

In the year ending April 1, 1900, Berlin imported from Italy 50 car loads of cherries, 357 of table grapes, 245 of summer fruits, etc. In the following 12 months the business doubled.

A Leipzig physician expresses the opinion that on account of their delicate sense of touch blind persons are specially qualified for practicing massage. In Japan this is done very largely.

In the clear atmosphere the other day Bostonians could see from Boston two mountains, Wachusett and Monadnock—that is, those Bostonians who took the trouble to climb Mount Bellevue, West Roxbury, could.

If all the reports that have reached the police within the past few days are true, diamond stealing by servants has reached the proportion of a mania in New York. Three young women employed in as many fashionable homes in the up-town section are now under arrest on this charge.

A Vermont town supports two papers which live in friendly discord. The Herald printed a meaningless item about one Slets S. Weneht, a Syrian, and the News copied it, without the formality of giving credit. Gleefully the Herald now points out that the fictitious Syrian's name spelled backward proclaims the truth, well known locally that "the News steals."

**WOMAN A PESSIMIST.**

After a Certain Age Their Faces Show Signs of Mental Worry and Distress.

The average woman is a dyed-in-the-wool pessimist. Almost every woman over 30 years of age looks distressed. Her brows are bent, her mouth drawn into a tight line, and there are deep furrows down her cheeks. She looks exactly as if she were considering how to provide a dinner for 25 cents that will satisfy twenty-five small children, when in reality she may have nothing more serious on her mind than buying a pair of socks for George. No wonder women grow old faster than men, for they hug their worries to their and let them show in their faces.

There was once an elderly servant who was superstitious to a degree and who always expected the worst to happen. Did she find a needle on the floor, did a picture fall in the house or a bird fly into one of the rooms, she was instantly plunged into woe. "We're going to have a heap of bad luck!" she would say, and then she'd be lachrymose until some one had the toothache or the cows got into the corn, when she would consider the demon luck exercised or satisfied for a time and grow as cheerful as it was her habit to be. Some one once asked her if she did not have any good-luck signs. "Why, certainly," she replied, "but they don't count—I don't believe in the good-luck ones," which, by the by, is thoroughly characteristic of the sex.

Here is a woman who suffers—suffers is the word—from insomnia. "I can't imagine why I don't sleep," she says to her friends. "I'm sleepy as anything when I go upstairs, but then I begin to wonder if my son Arthur, who travels for a drug firm, is on a train, and in a minute I see him just as plainly bleeding and mangled in a wreck. When I decide that he is really dead, I think of John, and worry because he hasn't a better position. Then Molly comes into my mind, and I feel sure that one of her children must be ill. I feel so blue about her. I fret over Lucy's throat a bit then, and by this time I'm wide awake. It's the strangest thing! I don't understand why I should be so wakeful!"

Her physician does, however, and now he's prescribing for her a course of cheerfulness and of "looking for the best." It's a medicine that most women need—their faces show it—but there are few who are sensible enough to take it.

**Death Caused by Mosquito.**

Mosquitoes are now charged with communicating erysipelas as well as malaria and yellow fever. A New York physician has issued a death certificate in the case of a 14 months' old babe, in which he says "Death was caused by erysipelas due to the bite of a mosquito." It is only fair to the board of health officers refused to accept the certificate until a coroner's physician had investigated and concluded that there was no other apparent cause for the death than the mosquito bite.—Youth's Companion.

**"Coffee Heart" is the Latest.**

Medical examiners for life insurance societies have added the term "coffee heart" to their regular classification of the functional derangements of that organ. Its effect is in shortening the long beat of the heart. Coffee toppers, they say, are plentiful, and are as much tied to their cups as the whisky toper. The effect of the coffee upon the heart is more lasting, and consequently worse, than that of liquor.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, London.

**ONE WEEK ONLY! ONE WEEK ONLY!**

**Our Pre-Inventory Sale begins Saturday, January, 3rd, and will run ONE WEEK ONLY.**

**All winter merchandise Must Move. First cost Will Not be considered. Too many articles on sale to give a detailed description of each, but take our word for it, such an opportunity was never before offered you to buy NEW MERCHANDISE at such a trifling cost. Merchandise on sale has been placed on Bargain Tables, this will make trading easy. Remember the date the sale begins, Saturday, January, 3rd, and will run one week only.**

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**Real Estate Transfers.**

Furnished by Cooper & Botts, Abstracters. Transfers for the week ending Dec. 29, 1902.

Claude Thayer and wife to Nickolas Job. Lots 3 & 4 block 49, Thayer's 5th addition to Tillamook. \$110.00.

J. A. Monroe and wife and Louis Olson to Elizabeth Mapes. Lots 5 & 6 block 11 park addition to Tillamook. \$120.00.

U. S. Land Office to Mrs. Sophie Backus. Receipt no. 7732 for Se-Ne N 1/2 Se & Se-Se 10-2 N-10.

U. S. A. to Jessie Bradshaw. Patent. S. 1/2 Ne & lots 1-2 and 3 sec. 4 & lot 4 sec. 3 tp. 3 N-6.

U. S. A. to William Schlotter. Patent. E 1/2 Se sec. 19 & N. 1/2 Ne sec. 30-2S-8.

J. W. Cook & wife to Esther Cockerham. E. 1/2 Sw & Sw-Se sec. 12-6S-9. \$350.00.

State of Oregon to William Zimmermann. 8.72 acres of tide land in sec. 2 N-10. \$17.44.

One mortgage filed securing \$500.00. Released of two mortgages securing \$900.00.

**Robber in a Sleeper.**

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 30.—Conductor J. D. Keene, of the north-bound New Orleans and Cincinnati express on the Louisville & Nashville road, had a desperate encounter with a train robber early today as the train was nearing South Louisville. The conductor, who was shot by the robber over the left temple, is confident he killed or mortally wounded the intruder with a bullet from a Winchester rifle.

The train reached this city at 3:20 and at 4 o'clock a special train of one coach and an engine with police and a number of Louisville & Nashville employes left for the scene of the hold-up. Keene said that while he was passing through the Pullman car as the train was entering the limits of South Louisville, he was stopped by a man wearing a mask. The robber had jumped from a dark corner of the car, and with a drawn revolver commanded Keene to throw up his hands. Instead of doing so, the conductor grappled with the man. A pistol ball momentarily stunned Keene and the robber pulled the bell cord, but before the train stopped the highwayman proceeded to rob the passengers in the sleeper. He held up Jos. Redford, the Pullman car conductor, and J. E. Moore, the only passenger, taking \$25 from the latter.

As the train slowed down the robber jumped off, but was followed by Conductor Keene, who had secured a Winchester. The conductor hurried after the robber, firing as he went, and emptied his rifle at the fleeing man. At one of the shots the robber let out a yell of pain. The firing aroused the passengers and caused considerable excitement.

Conductor Keene was removed to a hospital. His wounds, however, are not serious. He is said to be the strongest man in Louisville, and was at one time national champion in several amateur athletic classes.

No trace of the robber had been found up to noon, although a night watchman in the yards of the Southern Railway reported that about daylight he found a man bleeding and lying along the tracks at Third and K streets. The man said he had fallen from a train, and according to the watchman's statement two men came along at this time and carried the injured man away.

**Lost.**

A note for \$50, drawn in my favor by Theo. Parks, between Garibaldi and my place. It is payable the fore part of October, 1903. GUSTAV TRIMTER.

**STATUES HAVE SMALLPOX.**

Epidemic of Disease Among Bronze Figures in Athens—How They Are Affected.

A most extraordinary disease, extremely infectious and resembling smallpox among human beings, has broken out among the statues in the Egyptian room of the National museum here, says an Athens (Greece) correspondent of the New York Times. A few days ago the distinguished politician and archaeologist, Mr. Stephanos Skouloudes, noticed some strange green marks on one of the bronze statues of the famous Egyptian collection presented to the museum in 1881 by Mr. Demetrios, of Alexandria. He at once communicated his discovery to the curator, who called in experts to examine the statue in question. They pronounced the marks to be due to an infectious complaint, to which bronze is liable, and which gradually spreads from the surface of the object affected to the inside, till the whole crumbles away into dust. The other bronze statues in the same room were then inspected, with the result that they were all found to be more or less tainted with the disease, while five of them had taken it in a most aggravated form. These five are the statues of Anta, the goddess of war; of Maout, wife of Jupiter Ammon; of Isis, and two statues of Osiris, one of them of the greatest value. Worse than that, the infection has spread to the Mycenaean room, which contains the results of the late Dr. Schliemann's excavations in 1876. There a dagger, which was found in the fourth and finest of the six tombs, has fallen a victim to the malady. Altogether about fifty statues are badly affected, and the loss will be enormous unless the plague can be stayed. A leading Athenian chemist pronounces the cause of the malady to be the presence of salt in the bronze of which the statues are made, and his remedy is to extract it by means of baths. Mr. Momphe-matos, the minister under whose department the museum comes, is taking steps to save the bronzes.

A strong rumor is current in Memphis announcing an effort to form a gigantic combination of the independent telephone interests of the United States, with the Memphis Long Distance Telephone Company, capital \$100,000,000, and the Memphis Telephone Company, capital \$400,000, as a basis. The rumored alliance is said to be backed by the interests mentioned, the Stromberg-Carlson Manufacturing Co., of Chicago, and Harvey Meyers, of Covington, Ky. The scheme is said to be an outgrowth of the annual meeting of the independent telephone companies at Chicago on December 8. The proposed plan involves about \$100,000,000. General Manager Warren, of the Memphis Long Distance Telephone Company, admitted that the rumor was true, but stated that nothing definite has been accomplished yet.

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