

FIRE AT JUGGERS.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

Every night, just before retiring, old Juggers leaned the ladder up against the house and placed a gallon pail of salt on a chair in his bedroom.

Every now and then, for months, the chimney had a habit of burning out, and as the roof often caught fire these events were the occasion of much excitement.

Juggers had grown tired of reducing himself to the verge of emotional insanity in searching for salt to pour down the chimney, trying to quiet his wife, who insisted upon undressing in hysterics, and in seeking the ladder that seemed to have concealed itself just when it was most needed.

Usually, by the time he had charged all over the house and lot, colliding with all the furniture in the former and all the trees, shrubs, posts and clotheslines in the latter, the fire had burned out or been extinguished by the neighbors, and his wife had cried herself into the first cousin of a fit.

The ladder would be found in any untroubled, in the place where it always reposed, and the salt would grin at him from the barrel in the pantry.

But now Juggers could retire to his couch, happy in the thought that, with the salt at hand and the ladder leaning against the eaves, he was ready for any emergency.

For nearly a week peace brooded over the Juggers household. Then the chimney went on the rampage again.

It was near midnight when Mrs. Juggers awoke her spouse by her energetic jab in the ribs and the thrilling announcement that she smelt smoke.

The fire could be heard roaring in the chimney, and Juggers was sure that a conflagration would speedily ensue if he did not hasten to the scene of the danger accompanied by the salt, so he sprung out of bed, took one quick step and fell forward on his face, almost exclaiming a dodo on the floor with his nose.

Till of late, Juggers had never worn a robe-nuit, but had passed down the years, so to speak, night-shirtless and neglected. Mrs. Juggers remedied this awful state of affairs by presenting her husband, upon his last birthday, not long ago, with a brand new night-shirt, five feet and three inches long, forgetting that by all laws of precedent, Juggers' head ought to stick out of the top of the garment.

Upon rising in the abrupt fashion before mentioned, Juggers, forgetting the superfluous length of the robe, stepped on the front of it and came down on his face, as stated, with a force that nearly drove his nasal protuberance back out of sight in his countenance.

Springing to his feet and pulling his nose out to where it belonged, he grabbed the pail of salt and started toward the door. This time, when the long robe tripped Juggers it sent him heading against the wall, with a force that almost shortened up his neck. When he finally escaped from the house it was by holding up the extraneous length of the garment.

Out of doors and around the house he rushed; cracking his shins with the sharp corners of the salt pail at every other jump. He came in sight of the flames, streaming like a flame of fire out of the chimney top, his excitement caused him to drop the robe for an instant. He recognized his mistake when he found himself crawling out of the embraces of Mrs. Juggers' rare and exceedingly thorny Mexican cacti, which were highly successful as ornaments, but made a very poor couch.

Juggers really ought to have possessed a third hand to assist him while he held onto the ladder and his life and the salt and his night-shirt. He was not like the dainty gentleman of chestnut lore, who, in addition to his right and left hands, was provided with a little behind hand. He would have surmounted the steep roof with much more ease and less loss of cuticle if each of his hands and all of the feet he possessed, and the half-dozen more that he needed, had been armed with long, sharp claws, capable of being socked deep into the shingles.

After Mr. Juggers had succeeded in climbing up the steep roof at about the same rate of speed as that of the arithmetical frog, in climbing out of the well, ascended two feet every day and fell back three feet every night, the neighbors were astounded at the vision that appeared on the ridge-pole. They saw, by the light of the chimney's torch, a figure that looked like a large cat in a long gown crawling along the apex of the roof.

Just as Juggers raised the pail in order to pour the salt down the chimney, his toe-holds slipped at one side. Instead of going down the chimney the salt was poured down the roof, a white and gritty cascade. A moment later Juggers followed it. There was a frantic clutching and clawing, and a wild yell that nearly put out the fire, and the human toboggan went sliding down over the salty and splintery surface of the shingles.

The frantic manner in which a drowning man is supposed to clutch at straws would not have been a circumstance to the enthusiastic and unreserved manner in which Juggers endeavored to plant his claws upon or into something that would stay his progress.

His efforts were useless! Down he went at a rate that made the salt sandpaper of the splinters that would otherwise have protruded from his person and given him the appearance of a human pincushion. Had it not been for the presence and kind offices of the salt, Juggers' condition would have been a much more deplorable one, for while a man with splinters sticking out all over him like pin-feathers may be very useful as a human scratcher, he certainly cannot be considered as ornamental. An Adonis is stuck full of splinters must pull down his sign, and no man likes to think that his chances of winning in a beauty competition have gone where prohibitions prohibit, and henceforth he can aspire to nothing better than being an animated toothpick-holder.

Just as Juggers went over the edge of the roof the tail of his robe caught on a sturdy gutter-clamp. For a moment he hung like a large, white bat. There was the sound like that which ensues when the friendship of years is rent in twain from top to bottom. The sturdy clamp, having got its full share of the garment, Juggers dropped, with a wall of anguish, into the very heart of Mrs. Juggers' other cactus bed. Then the fire went out, leaving a screeched and splintery wreck of humanity wrapped in the clinging embrace of the cacti from Mexico.

There is a large void waiting to be filled by an invention that will lift a sufferer out of a cactus bed without raking all the thorns along the extent of his person until he is scratched clear from here to yonder.

No Juggers questions all visitors to learn if anybody has ever established a precedent by standing on his head to sleep, so that none of the scratches or aivers will be disturbed.

Juggers will not wear his birthday present any more. He does not consider that a night-shirt with all of the southwest corner torn out is exactly fitted to his style of beauty—Good Literature.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

BY MAX ADLER.

"If you only had a little capital to invest," said the young man, as he took a chair and sat down close to my desk, "I might put you in the way of a good thing."

"Mine?" "Oa, no. It's a petrification company; the Columbia Petrification company, of Clatsop county. I could spare you 100 shares."

"What does the company do?" "Why, you know, it owns a limestone spring up here in Clatsop county. That spring used to belong to a man named Herkimer Jones. One day, when his well ran dry, Jones went off and brought a bucket of water from that spring and the family drank it. What was the consequence? Next morning when the neighbors called, Herkimer Jones was sitting at the supper table turned to solid stone. He had half of a sausage in his mouth; that was turned to stone, too. So was Mrs. Jones, and Ellen P. Jones, and Herkimer Jones, Jr., and the baby. The limestone water did it. The heirs could find the whole lot out to a sculptor named Ferguson, who arranged them in a group and sold them to the British museum as models from the antique. That is, excepting the baby. He put plaster paris wings on the baby and passed him off as an original design of a Cupid."

"What about the company?" "Well, you see, the company at once bought up the spring property and they intend to go into the petrifying business upon a large scale. For example, s'pose you get a contract from congress to execute an equestrian statue of Gen. Washington. First you find a horse; you make that horse drink at the spring, and there he is! Perfectly splendid! Then you find a man who bears a sort of general resemblance to Washington. You arrange a picnic; get that man up there in the woods; offer him a drink; and in 11 minutes you can chip spalls off of him with a stone-chisel. Then you mount your man on your horse, and there you have a group of statuary such as Greece in her palmist days would have given her bottom dollar to get."

"I see." "The company, you know, proposes to have the country poorhouse located near to the spring; and as the president of the board of trustees owns 60 shares, we calculate to solidify paupers right along, without intermission, say 20 or 30 a day. Don't you see what a magnificent prospect it opens up for high art in America? We can fill any order. Say you want a statue of Gen. Jackson, and the only available pauper is too fat. What do we do? We petrify him, and then we chip him down and touch up his countenance, maybe, with a chisel. Suppose you want a pair of saints to work into the front-door to a church. We select a couple of venerable vagrants, harden them, turn their noses down, to give them dignity of expression, and the bricklayers then can build them right into the door jambs."

"Suppose the demand for that kind of statuary be small?" "Then we come down to a basis of utility at once. S'pose there's a pauper with inflammatory rheumatism in his leg? We petrify him. We sell him to a doctor. That doctor cuts off the leg with a marble saw, and there he has that inflammatory rheumatism right before him turned into granite. S'pose one of them has a torpid liver? In two hours the doctors can examine that liver just as if it was a breakfast, with the torpidity sticking out all over it. Mind you, if the supply of paupers holds out, I venture to say that the day is not far distant when you can take petrified livers, and hearts, and muscles, and brain parts and build a two-story house with them, with all the modern conveniences, a mighty sight cheaper than you can build it out of common stone. Imagine living in a house made of ossified livers! Be unique, wouldn't it? It would attract attention."

"I don't care for such things myself, but—"

"Gen. Bangs, he tried some curious experiments with the water out of that spring. He threw a bucketful on a cat that was jumping about on his back fence one night; and there she is now, fur up, tail elevated, mouth open, picturesque and natural as life! Next night he poured another one; same effect of course; and now Gen. Bangs has 13 exquisite statuettes of cats in various attitudes of grace ranged around on his fence. Ferguson, the sculptor, told him he couldn't have had those cats done in Carrara marble in Europe under \$50,000. But, of course, you have to be careful when you have the Columbia water around. Gen. Bangs kept his in a barrel, and the other day his mother-in-law lifted a pitcher from it, accidentally, and took a drink. One hour later it took her to carry her to the window so they could lower her to the pavement with a derrick. She weighed nearly a ton, and was so hard you couldn't crack her with a sledge-hammer. The general was sorry, of course; and after he had her mounted on a revolving pedestal he kept her in his front parlor for a while, palming her off on his friends as an imported statue of Minerva. But, finally, as she excited unpleasant comment, he had her cut into shavings and put into his cemetery as a tombstone. He had the gratifying reflection that she is near those who were dear to her. Let me tell you that if our company once gets to work, and paupers are plenty, a man who wants a variegated tombstone can get something that will please his taste at rates that will make the marble-yard people sick."

"It looks like a good thing, but I believe I don't care to go into it."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm a little pressed for money now, and if you'll buy 30 shares, you may take them at half price, and I'll get rid of your relations you say for nothing. How's that?"

"I have no relations that I want in that condition."

"No aunt, or grandmother, or anything that would work up well into a table top, or a slab for a fixed washstand?"

"No."

"And you're going to throw away this chance of promoting aesthetic culture and of encouraging the love for the beautiful in your own country?"

"I'm afraid so."

"The young man shook his head and sighed, as if he could hardly bear to think of the day when he would be a quarter, anyhow?"

I lent it to him, and he went away with a solemn promise to repay it on the morrow. But he must have gone to Europe to sell his shares, for he never returned.—N. Y. Weekly.

MABIE'S TROUBLES.

Mrs. Mabie had noticed during their days of courtship that Mabie was always intensely interested in whatever she might happen to be doing and that he was fertile in the matter of suggestion. One day, for instance, he found her engaged on some embroidery and at once proceeded to question her concerning every detail of her method of stitching.

Then he proposed an improvement, and, failing to explain it to the lady to her entire satisfaction, gave her a practical demonstration, with the result of ruining her work of art. That was rather trying, but there was worse to come and it kept coming. They kept no servant when they were first married. They had the tiniest box of a flat and there would have been no place to put a girl even if they had needed one and had been able to afford her. Besides, Mrs. Mabie had been given one of those old-fashioned educations. You don't know of cooking and scientific scrubbing and mending, and they got along very well indeed. But Mabie, while his admiration of his wife's accomplishments knew no bounds, could not help feeling that there were many things in the domain of domestic economy that required the application of a masculine intelligence for their successful execution.

"I don't pretend to know about these things," he would say, "and I know that you do know all about them. If I thought that you considered me officious or meddling—"

"Ronald! As if I could think such a thing!"

"I know you don't. That's exactly what I say. You understand that we are all likely to fall into a rut. I am myself in my work and there is nothing more likely than that you might be able to give me valuable pointers. It's just the same about this kitchen work. From the very fact that I am ignorant of it I am more likely sometimes to perceive the obvious thing to do than you are with all your training and experience. The beauty of the thing is that when I point it out you at once understand my motive in doing so—to make it easier for you—and you don't fly off the handle as a narrow-minded woman might do. Now, as to this dishwashing, I observe that you take every separate dish, wash it in the soapy water, rinse it in the clear and then wipe it with your dishcloth. You do that because every woman you have ever seen wash dishes does it in exactly the same way. As the results are fairly satisfactory, you don't pause to consider that it might be done far easier and with great saving of time."

"I believe you are getting tired of helping me with the dishes," said Mrs. Mabie. "Well, tell me how you would do it."

"I'll show you," said Mabie. "You take a batch of them, this way, and—"

"You dump them into—"

"Well, you'd have thought they'd have smashed as easily as that?"

The batch had slipped from his soapy fingers and had fallen in a crash of fragments into the sink. His concern over the accident was so genuine that his wife had not the heart to scold him, though the cake dish was a wedding present and one of the most valued of their possessions. She gathered up the pieces carefully and poured balm on his wounded spirit by assuring him that the dish could be mended by an expert that she knew of so neatly that it would be almost as good as ever.

"Let me look at it," said Mabie. "I guess that's so. I think I could mend it myself."

"Oh, I wouldn't bother, dear. I'll take it around to the little china shop to-morrow."

He persisted in his intention and went out that evening and bought a bottle of china cement. After about an hour's hard work he succeeded in getting the dish pieced together and sticking the tablecloth to the table, though he was not aware that he had done this until his wife tried to remove the cloth the next morning and pulled out a leaf and upset some more china on the floor. The fabric stuck so firmly that he was convinced that the dish must have "set," although the directions said the mended articles should be allowed to remain in a cool, dry place for three or four days. It certainly looked as if it had "set," but when he abruptly knocked it against the mantelpiece to prove it the dish fell apart on the hearth and smashed into bits.

So it went on for years, Mabie always full of new ideas for the lightening of household toil and prodigal in his expenditure for patent household devices of every description, daunted by no failure and exulting in the faintest measure of success, and Mrs. Mabie forbearing and sympathetic, but with premature lines of care on her pretty face and a nervous system as irritable as her husband's idiosyncrasy.

Then the Mabies grew prosperous—that is, they enjoyed a fair measure of prosperity—and Mrs. Mabie no longer wore a kitchen apron and cooked little dinners. There were servants to attend to all that. In the first days of the change Mabie hardly seemed to feel as if the joys of life had departed from him, but a realization of the fact came upon him by degrees. He strayed down into his kitchen now and then in an aimless way, but sometimes he felt that he was being welcomed and that his tentative efforts to make life brighter for the help were not appreciated. He began to lose flesh and have fits of depression that worried Mrs. Mabie, and she made him consult three or four doctors, who prescribed various remedies, none of which did any good. Not until nearly six months after that did Mrs. Mabie guess her husband's complaint. He came in one evening with an air of having something on his mind and she, as several times, thought better of it. At last he pulled from his pocket a small package from which after a curious hesitation he produced a mysterious arrangement of egg wheels and flanges.

"I saw this in the store to-day," he explained, as he began turning a little crank that made a strange buzzing sound. "A man was demonstrating with it, and the way it beats an egg is simply a marvel. I should think that our cook might like to have it. She probably uses a fork, as her great-grandmother did before her. Let me show you how it works, my dear. I know you would like it." He sighed and turned the crank again.

"Those were happy days when I used to help you around the kitchen, weren't they?" he asked, smiling brightly, as Mrs. Mabie exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight at the ingenuity of the egg beater. "I am afraid our cook is rather a conservative woman, but she ought to be glad to have this. Don't you think she might?"

"I should think so, indeed," replied Mrs. Mabie, enthusiastically. "I'm going to take it down to her this minute. It's wonderful—and nothing like the work of most egg beaters one sees."

She returned after a short absence and reported that the cook was overjoyed and grateful beyond measure, and Mabie was more like his old cheerful self that evening than he had been for months.

Now Mrs. Mabie has given him a chafing dish to amuse himself with and they cook together, and there is no more contented man anywhere than Mabie.—Chicago Daily News.

HEADQUARTERS FOR DAIRYMEN'S SUPPLIES AND STEEL STOVES & RANGES. We carry a Large Stock of Hardware, Tinware, Glass and China, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Doors, Window Sashes, Fine Line of Choice GROCERIES. Agents for the Great Western Saw. McINTOSH & McNAIR, The Most Reliable Merchants in Tillamook County.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY BANK. (INCORPORATED). TILLAMOOK CITY, ORE. PAID UP CAPITAL, \$10,000. A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. Directors—M. W. HARRISON, W. W. CURTISS, B. L. EDDY. Cashier—M. W. HARRISON. Liberal Prices Paid for gilt edge securities of all kinds.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, December 22nd, 1892. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, 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 4th, 1892.

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A FARMER OR IS SON Or a townsman will be hired by us at \$60 MONTHLY and expenses, or 30 per cent commission to take orders for our Farm produce, and put into his hands the grades of fruits, so any competition can be met. Our stock warranted. You do not deliver or collect. Can devote all or part time. We pay you each week. Good chance to earn money this winter. Write for free outfit at once. Perry Nursery Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Notice to Taxpayers. The Tax Roll for the year 1902 is now in my hands for collection. If the taxes are paid on or before the 15th day of March there will be 3 per cent discount, and if half is not paid by the first Monday in April there will be 10 per cent penalty added.

For Sale. A dairy farm of 72 acres, situated on the Nestucca river at Beaver, Oregon—Good location, near a cheese factory, school-house, church and store. Price, \$3000.—For particulars write or call on J. K. Finley, Beaver, Tillamook county, Oregon.

Wanted, a Farm. Wanted, to rent, a dairy ranch, by a sober, industrious, competent married man. Enquire at this office.

Dr. P. J. Sharp, the experienced dentist is located in Dr. Wise's dental parlors, and is prepared to do nothing but first class work and give the best of satisfaction. If your teeth need fixing call upon him.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, January 10th, 1903. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, 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 4th, 1892.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, February 6th, 1903. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, 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 4th, 1892.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, December 23rd, 1902. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, 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 4th, 1892.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, January 17th, 1903. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, 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 4th, 1892.

CREDITOR'S NOTICE. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of P. F. DULHAM, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, Oregon County, Oregon, and all persons having CLAIMS against said estate are hereby required to present them to me in the manner required by law within six months from the date of this notice.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., January 10th, 1903. 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 Register and Receiver, at Oregon City, Oregon, on March 9th, 1903.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., February 7th, 1903. 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 Register and Receiver, at Oregon City, Oregon, on March 9th, 1903.

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