

Special School Levies.

School Districts making Special Tax Levies, reported to the County Clerk: District No. 1.....2 Mills.

All special Tax Levies must be reported to the County Clerk on or before January 1st, 1905.

Real Estate Transfers.

Furnished by Eddy and Botts. Alex. Campbell to Anna Jane Campbell, lots 3 and 4, block 8, James Fuller's addition to Bay City. \$1.00.

General News.

The Russian Consul at Chefoo has received from Port Arthur a letter describing the use by the Japanese of a peculiar missile. This looks like a long sausage.

The youths killed in the wreck at Hunt's Sunday night were August Weitz, born in Russia, aged 19, and Lemma Cantrill, aged 17. The bodies were identified by Sheriff Painter at Walla Walla.

Mattie Kukas, a boy 19 years of age, whose home was at Brownsport Slough, a short distance above Knappa, accidentally killed himself. He and his younger brother, Alex, were duck hunting on the tide lands near their home and became separated.

Dissatisfied with his wife's housekeeping, and finally throwing himself into a towering rage because dinner was not ready the moment he arrived home, John P. Siegler, a farrier, has hanged himself at his home in the Bronx, N. Y.

Judge Benson, in Circuit Court at Klamath Falls, has sentenced J. S. Stevens and Walter Lerwell, convicted of stealing a band of cattle from Melhase Bros., at Port Klamath last August, to ten and eight years in the penitentiary.

News reached Ashland of the shocking death of Allen Holt, a well known young rancher, who lives near the state line, south of Ashland. He was hauling wood to Hornbrook, and while returning home, driving a four-horse team and empty wagon, was thrown out and fell under the wheels.

A Runaway Bicycle.

Terminated with an ugly cut on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer unyielding to doctors and remedies for four years.

When you want pure lard go to Leach's Meat Market. The genuine article 5 lbs., 75c. 10 lbs., \$1.35. Prime meat can always be obtained at Leach's.

"We offer the following standing reward: \$100 for a saloon-keeper who is a good 'moral man,' never violates the liquor laws and never has, and is a good citizen, and who makes the world better for living in it, and is an elevating influence in his town and community."—Oklahoma Pilot.

TIMBER LAND, ACT, JUNE 1, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of congress of June 1, 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 4, 1892.

ERWIN HARRISON, of Tillamook City, county of Tillamook, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 5699, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 and W 1/4 of SW 1/4 of section 27, and SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of section No. 34, in Township No. 5 S, Range No. 10 West, 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 County Clerk of Tillamook county, Tillamook, Oregon, on Friday, the 4th day of December, 1904.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

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 City, Oregon, on January 23d, 1905, viz: WILLIAM GRASSHOFF.

high and Debs too low. Watson's litte total of 784 falls over 9000 short of what A. P. Nelson, the sanguine state chairman of the People's Party, had so confidently predicted.

Starved to Death to Avoid Hanging.

GRANT'S PASS, Or., Nov. 21.—W. D. Shoemake, the old man who shot and killed his son-in-law here two weeks ago, was found dead in his cell at the County Jail yesterday morning, when R. W. Chesire, who has charge of the Courthouse and jail, came to build a fire in the corridor.

When first placed in jail after the crime, Shoemake asked Sheriff Lewis, who brought him food, how long it would require for one to starve. He said he would prefer death by starvation to hanging, as he was confident the nature of his crime was such as to make it impossible for him to escape the gallows.

Shoemake was 76 years of age. Just two weeks ago yesterday morning he shot his son-in-law, Oliver Sargent, when the latter visited him. He attempted also to shoot Mrs. Sargent and a grand daughter, but the weapon, a 38-caliber revolver, refused to work.

At Gale's Mercy.

ASTORIA, Or., Nov. 23.—Five days at sea without food, excepting a single box of apples, without water and without sleep, excepting the few wisks that could be caught at odd moments, is the tale of suffering brought by Captain Ben Lewis and four men of his crew who arrived here on the derelict schooner Webfoot, that was towed into port this evening by the tugs Wallula and Tatoosh.

The derelict, waterlogged and with all her masts gone excepting the stump of mizzen mast, was spoken shortly after noon today off Tillamook light by the steamer Geo. W. Elder, which had just sailed from the Columbia River. Capt. Randall placed water and provisions on board the schooner and then turned back and notified the bar tugs. Both the tugs Tatoosh and Wallula and the cutter Perry went to the rescue. Hawsers were placed on board and the derelict was towed into port by the two tugs after a hard pull against the strong ebb tide and anchored on the sands opposite the city, where she lies practically a total wreck.

The Webfoot sailed from Coos Bay on the afternoon of Sunday, November 13, with a cargo of 400,000 feet of lumber for San Francisco. She was commanded by Captain Lewis and carried beside him a crew of seven, including two mates

and Debs too low. Watson's litte total of 784 falls over 9000 short of what A. P. Nelson, the sanguine state chairman of the People's Party, had so confidently predicted. Surprising gains in the Socialist vote are shown to have developed within the last four years. The exact gain during that time is 6157.

BULKY POST CARDS.

Ping-Pong Balls and Other Articles in the Mails.

Banknotes Employed as Writing Paper by Extravagant or Foolish Persons—The Message of a Dying Soldier.

The use of ping-pong balls as post cards is the latest freak of seekers for novelty.

It started in Liverpool quite recently, and despite its obvious disadvantages, is spreading in England. The principal result is much unhappiness to the postman and a recent new regulation in some places forbidding all such unhandy missives.

The balls were stamped, an address written under the stamp, and the message scrawled on the rest of the surface. These clumsy and bulky post cards were posted in Liverpool by the thousands and gave the post office authorities an immense amount of extra work, says Hearst's Chicago American.

Among those idle people who from time to time have wasted their superfluous energies in testing the forbearance of the postal officials, is a man in Southampton, England, whose favorite form of missive used to be a postage stamp. But as he wrote the address on the face of the stamps, the authorities decided that they were not bound to deliver them.

Another very peculiar letter found in a London pillar-box last autumn was a green apple on one side of which was cut an address, and on the other the simple, but expressive message: "Sour-like you."

Bank notes have been employed as a writing paper more than once by extravagant or foolish persons. Among the effects of an English miser who died about 15 years ago was found a £5 note on which the deceased had written directions as to the disposal of his property. At Hampstead there lived until recently a wealthy bachelor of whom it was said that he once wrote a proposal of marriage to a lady on the back of a \$50 note, and because it was sent back without a word of comment by the recipient, refused ever afterward to have anything to do with the fair sex.

Whiting paper, or, indeed, paper of any kind, is usually at a premium among soldiers on active service. Many very curious substitutes came from the British soldiers in South Africa. One of the commonest has been mealie leaves. "Mealie" is the South African name for maize. Round the maize cob grow a number of strong enveloping sheaths, which, when dry, turn to a pale yellow color and can then be written upon.

After Colenso there was found grasped in the stiffened hands of a dead soldier a piece of leather with a dying message scrawled upon it with a stump of pencil. It was a layer of the sole of the dead man's boot, which had probably been loosened with much marching, and which he had contrived to rip off. It safely reached the poor fellow's family in England.

From the Philippines, too, some curious letters have been received by the friends of American soldiers fighting in those islands. One of the most ingenious was a piece of native bamboo, about a foot long, on which an address had been carved with pen-knife. The letter was inside this hollow tube, and held there by wooden pins at each end. The writer explained that he had found it impossible to get an envelope or to find any gum to make one, so he had recourse to this expedient.

The ceiling of a room is, as a rule, so far out of ordinary reach that the idea of using it for writing on seems strange. But in a case tried last year in England it transpired that a landlady had been in the habit of using her ceiling in lieu of a rent-book. Upon it were inscribed the various amounts received from her lodgers. As it was, of course, impossible to bring this strange rent book into court, a certified copy had to be made for the use of the judge.

The Way of the Frontier. The way of civilization in a new land passes comprehension. Its motto seems to be: first first; there is time afterward to save. Civilization is a good deal like a wild, full-blooded boy; it must first show wild oats, waste its patrimony, disgrace its antecedents; then it is ready to begin the serious work of life. That has been the history of the range country: swift ruin for 30 or 40 years, with a resulting wreck that it will require a century of hard work, perseverance and self-control to save.

His Identity. Pardon me, but aren't you my old friend Farmer Mossbacher, of Goskonong? Farmer Broadhead (mysteriously)—No; I am old Nick Sleuth, the famous detective, disguised as a "good thing"; but don't gimme away, young man.—Puck.

Inconsistency. Barkley—Poynter's greyhound was awarded a prize of \$10 for perfect form at the dog show. Barker—Yes; and then the ladies' humane society had Poynter arrested, and he was fined \$20 for snapping his dog with carsets.—Judge.

Secrecy of Game. City Sportsman—Have you seen anything worth shooting at around here? Farmer—Well, no; not till you came.—Somerville Journal.

NIGHTMARE CAUSES DEATH.

Brooklyn Girl Expires After Awful Dream, the Nature of Which She is Unable to Tell.

Mary Hendrickson leaped from her bed in her home at 411 Cumberland street, Brooklyn, late the other night, and screamed. Her mother, who slept in the same room, had just gone to bed. When she saw the girl jump up she ran and helped her get back to bed. The family physician, Dr. A. C. Howe, was called, but the girl was dead when he arrived.

The Hendricksons said that their daughter had been subject to nightmares for a year or more. She often screamed in her sleep. When she awoke, however, she was never able to tell what she had seen. She simply knew that something dreadful seemed to happen to her. Sometimes it would be two or three days before she would recover.

Dr. Hartung, the coroner's physician, filed a report saying that the girl had died of acute dilation of the heart. Because of the serious effect of nightmares on the girl, who was 17 years old, she always slept in the same room with her mother and father. So far as the parents or any of the household know, there had been nothing in the course of the day which might have induced extraordinary dreams at night.

CROSSES SEA IN A BOILER.

How a Young Dalmatian Succeeded in Reaching America and Finding Friends After Arriving.

Stowaways often find odd hiding places, but Bozo Gicano, a well-built, bright-looking young Dalmatian, who came over on the Cunarder Umbria, discovered the queerest of them all. He got aboard the Umbria at Liverpool the day before the vessel sailed and crawled into the boiler of the donkey engine, which is used for discharging water when the regular supply runs short. His hiding place was known to some of the stokers, who fed him on coffee and scraps of bread, and he remained in his somewhat overheated quarters for three days, when he was discovered.

Nobody could understand Bozo's language, and upon the ship's arrival at New York he was taken to Ellis island. An immigration inspector is a Dalmatian, and one of the score or fewer in the city who speak the dialect. He found that Bozo had come here to seek a friend, Felix Gicano, and all that he knew about Felix was that he worked in a gashouse in the city. Commissioner Williams said that if Felix could be found he would release the boy. Fortune was with Bozo once more, and in less than an hour he had located his friend Felix among the little colony of Slavs.

INLAND TRAINING STATION.

Provision Made by Congress for Naval School Somewhere Along the Great Lakes.

Notwithstanding the determined fight made against providing for a naval training station on the great lakes, this legislation has been enacted, and as the naval appropriation bill went to the president, it contained an item making provision for a naval station in the west. The secretary of the navy is directed to appoint a board composed of naval officers, whose duty it shall be to select on the great lakes a suitable site for a naval training station.

Having selected a site, if it is located on private land, the board is directed to estimate the value and ascertain as nearly as practicable the price for which it can be purchased, and to make a detailed report to the secretary of the navy, who is directed to transmit the report to congress with recommendations. In order to defray the expenses of the board an appropriation of \$5,000 is made. This amount becomes available immediately, and before the summer has ended the board will visit Chicago to look over the field.

OFFER TO ASTRONOMERS.

Michigan Professor Proposes to Enlighten Them on Certain Points at So Much Per Hour.

A remarkable petition was received the other day at Washington from Prof. Theodore Munger, of Rochester, Mich., that attracted much attention among members of congress. It was addressed to Representative S. W. Smith, of Michigan, and he secured its reference to a proper committee. The petition states that Prof. Munger "knows and understands how nature turns the earth," and he agrees to explain it to the world provided he receives five cents from each astronomer in all nations who teach astronomy. He understands that \$50,000 has been offered for "anyone who can determine why the gyroscope top makes such peculiar moves."

Prof. Munger, who announces that he has been a student of science for 50 years, guarantees to develop some entirely new principles, especially in explanation of the gyroscope top. "Kicks against this petition will be considered a hindrance to the cause of science" is the warning sentence which closes the petition.

Poor Country for Poets.

The sultan says Turkey has books enough, for which reason he will not permit the publication of any more in that country. It will not be necessary, says the Chicago Record-Herald, for the Turkish poet to become captain of industry.

Short on Houses.

The Brazilian coast city of Bahia has about 200,000 inhabitants, who live in 17,000 houses.

ENGLISH AT FOREIGN HOTELS.

Words Put Together in a Fashion That is Something Fearsome and Wonderful to Contemplate.

Many gems of the curious English of foreign hotel keepers have been given to the public. Among the best, says Stray Stories, is the tale of the host of a well-known establishment in Greece, who was wont to greet his guests in an effusive manner with: "What you prepare a bit-tek or a chick-hen?"

Their astonishment at the mastery of the language was frequently deepened when, upon their return to the hotel a few hours later, they found nothing prepared. It was his only English sentence, and he did not understand a word of it. This, however, is not quite equal to the placard in the possession of a naval officer just returned from Egypt. He procured it at a café-chantant in Alexandria. It was a card in several languages, and this is the English part: "Every of the ensummations of the coldness, one piastre besides. Every of the claim to be addressed directly of the direction. During of the repetitions the price of consummations to be the same that in every the other's coffee."

With the aid of the parallel passages in other languages the meaning is found as follows: "All food drinks one piastre extra. All complaints should be made at the office. Notwithstanding the performance the prices will be the same as those of other cafes."

THE FINISH AT MONTE CARLO.

Those Who Lose Their All at the Gaming Tables Go Elsewhere with Their Misery.

One sees only the appearances of luxury and of gaiety in this glittering community. Despair would make a blot upon it. Those who have lost their fortunes disappear like magic, and while the newspapers announce on their first page, "Monsieur le Duc has left the azure coast and has returned to his sumptuous apartments," the poor devil goes to conceal his shame in some little shabby inn in the ocean of Parisian room, says Harper's Weekly. But all have not the courage to go away. Many stay. Of such not a word is heard. The cold, the rain, the fog, ruin, and death are and ought to be, according to the announcement of the company and the press, wholly unknown in this favored spot. Orange trees always in flower, palms trees always green, and the sky always blue, a continual fête, millionaires, counts, dukes, grand dukes, highnesses, and princes, princes, princes—that is what people want at Monte Carlo. A pistol shot is never heard, never wakes an echo, never causes a scandal. The walks where the cactuses stretch out in perspective toward the sea are always clean and well sanded. One never sees a drop of blood.

THE TURKISH POST OFFICE.

An Institution That Regards with Suspicion Anything of a Foreign Nature.

The Turk suspects everybody and everything, and no private act, no conclusion is safe from his intrusion. Every telegram sent from the public offices is at once reported to the authorities. No one can safely send a letter by the Turkish post unless he is willing to have it opened and read, and take the chances of having it confiscated if the censor finds anything that can be twisted into an insult to Mohammedanism, says Outing. As a result of this condition and the inability of foreigners residing in Turkey to communicate with any certainty with their friends, some of the great European nations have established post offices of their own in Turkish cities, in which they employ only Europeans, use their own stamps, and watch their mail bags until they pass beyond the prying eyes of the Turks. In Salonica there are no fewer than five post offices—British, Austrian, French, Serbian and Turkish; in Constantinople, six. If one wishes to be sure of his mail, he must inquire at four of them at least; and if he really wants to have his letters reach their destination, he must send them through some post office other than Turkish.

Not Well Posted.

Just how much the average Englishman knows about this country was illustrated in Washington a day or two ago. James Blackie, a traveler from London, asked the clerk in his hotel how far it was to Michigan, as he wished to call on a friend there. The clerk inquired to what part of Michigan Mr. Blackie wished to go. The traveler did not know exactly, but said: "I can easily find out in what part of the city he lives when I get there." "What city?" inquired the clerk. "Why, the city of Michigan, of course," said the intelligent Briton.

Swedish Courtesy.

When a train leaves a platform or a steamboat pier in Sweden, all the lookers on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travelers. If you address the poorest person in the street you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of a hotel must do the same. To enter the shop or a bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee room you must bow to all the occupants.

Strength of the Saxons.

An average Britisher is as strong as two Hindus.

RED FRONT SHOE STORE.

Has just received a fine Assorted Stock of BOOTS and SHOES of the best quality, made out of the best material. MEN'S HEAVY SHOES, the best in market, and a fine assortment of MEN'S DRESS SHOES of all kinds.

A first-class stock of LADIES' FINE SHOES. My MISSES and CHILDREN'S School SHOES are the best that were ever offered for sale in this city.



The public are invited to examine my goods before purchasing elsewhere. No charge made for sewing rips on goods purchased of me.

Repairing Neatly Done. P. F. BROWNE, Salesman.

LATIMER, BROS., BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING SHAMPOOING, ETC

Electric Baths nicely fitted up. Good for persons suffering with rheumatism.