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Schooner Abbie Arrives. Captain Schrader was able to get out this morning after a long tie up and was able to tow in the schooner Abbie, which is to load lumber from the Tillamook Lumbering Co.'s saw mill. There is a schooner outside for the Hadley Lumber Company. It is expected that the lumber schooner Marlon will be towed out tomorrow and the Sue H. Elmore will be able to resume her trips to Astoria.

HAVE YOUR PICTURES TAKEN AT E. F. SEIFERT'S STUDIO, Opposite the Post Office, in Guy Reynold's Gallery. TILLAMOOK, OREGON.



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Oddfellows' Notice. On Tuesday, December 12th, 1905, all Oddfellows are requested to attend, as we have work in the inatory, and the 3rd deg. Visiting brothers are welcome. S. A. BRODHEAD, Secretary.

BLAINE. M. Curl is building a new house this fall. Miss Carlotta Boche and Miss Lorena Moon were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Will Bay Saturday and Sunday. Ollie Woods, of Blaine, was the champion base ball player at Spruce last Sunday. Forest Ayer and Ollie Curl were hunting cattle last Monday. Jim Woods and family were visiting Mr. Kinnaman, of Beaver, last Saturday and Sunday. The literary was well attended last Friday evening. The question chosen for debate was "Resolved, that water is more destructive than fire." R. O. Richards and N. R. Moon were the chief debaters. Mr. Richards took the affirmative, with Miss Crecy and Mr. Welsh as assistants, and Mr. Moon took the negative, with Ralph Bunday and Sidney Moon assistants. The affirmative won the debate. L. P. Gray and daughter Ruth are visiting friends across the river.

NEHALEM. F. R. Steinhauer, his mother and sister, are enjoying a visit from their friend, E. P. Moran, from Illinois. Wm. Oliver has moved the Post-office into the York building. The cannery closed Tuesday, having packed about 15,000 cases of salmon. The Grange Hall was crowded Thanksgiving day to listen to a good program and to taste the turkey and pumpkin pie. The Fraternal Union gave a basket social Thanksgiving evening, which netted them about \$40.00. The many friends of Wm. Oliver and wife gathered as a surprised party Saturday evening with gifts and good wishes, it being the occasion of their crystal wedding. At the road meeting Saturday a 10 mill tax was levied for road purposes, 50 votes were cast. The Gerald C has become an old settler, having been bar bound about a month. J. Whitney went to Tillamook the first of the week as his arm which was broken, is not doing very well. The Portland Journal says that John D. Rockefeller's income for 1905, will be \$40,000,000. This would be \$109,589 income per day, 365 days in the year. Gee, but wouldn't it be jolly to "divide up" with the old man if it was only for one day's income.

Real Estate Transfers. Furnished by H. T. Botts. U.S. Patent to Herman A. Miles. 160 acres in section 7, tp. 4 south, range 10 west. W.M. U.S. Patent to Isaac W. Hiner. 120 acres in section 20, tp. 3 south, range 9 west. W.M. U.S. Patent to Shelley M. Bayley. 160 acres in section 13, tp. 1 south, range 9 west. W.M. Joseph Wilson and wife to Robert B. Farley. Tract in section 27, tp. 4, south, range 10 west. W.M. \$5000. William R. Hingworth and wife to Blodgett C. Co., Limited. 160 acres in section 26, tp. 2 north, range 7 west. \$1200.00. John H. Donaldson and wife to Wells Gilbert. Timber claim of said John H. Donaldson, W 1/2 Sw and lots 19 and 20, section 3, tp. 1 south, range 8 west. W.M. \$900.00. Sister Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary to the Sisters of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood. Block 34, Thayer's addition to Tillamook City; also block 4. A. A. Miller's addition to town of Tillamook, now known as Tillamook City. \$1000.00. George Kiger and wife to O. J. Painter Nolan, Q.C. One half interest in tract in section 14 and 15, tp. 1 N., range 10 west. W.M. \$1.00. George W. Phelps & wife to Phelps Mercantile Co. Lots 12, 13, 14, & 15 block 1 Miller's Add to Tillamook City. Lots 1 to 8 blk. 4 Park Add. to Tillamook City, and a portion of the homestead claim of Pat Moor. \$5000.00. U.S. Land Office to John Donaldson. 160 acres sec. 3, tp. 1 S range 8 W. William F. Campbell & wife to F. L. Ruell. Tract in sec. 4 tp. 2 S, range 9 W. W. M. in Ore. \$550.00.

Domestic Point of View. If there was anything upon which Mrs. Enjohn prided herself it was her coffee. It was always rich, black and strong, and she trusted the making of it to none but her own fair hands. This is why the visitors in the parlor, from whose presence she had excluded herself for a few moments, distinctly heard through the partly open door the loud, horrified voice of the kitchen girl: "Fer goodness' sake, ma'am, you're not goin' to feed the company on the horrid black stuff you drink yourself, are ye?"—Chicago Tribune.

In the Mountains. He—Now that we are engaged, won't you kiss me, sweetheart? She—I never kissed a man in my life. "Nor I!"—N. Y. Herald.

SLOW PHILADELPHIA

The Funny Flings at the Quaker City Not All Well Founded.

Business Men and Politicians Are as Wide Awake and Enterprising as Those of Any Other Great Community.

Those who have grown accustomed to the almost proverbial expression, "As slow as a Philadelphia," have never gone beyond the humorous consideration of the matter, writes Dr. William Ellis Trings, in the Chicago American.

The newspapers have made it the brunt of humorous thrusts, the theme has furnished food for caricaturists on occasions when more momentous problems have lain in slumbering quiescence, lecturers have scored introductory points about it, and knights of the "heel and clog" have come to resort to it as a vindication when old and memorable gray-haired jokes have failed to find market in the playhouses of the beautiful city of homes.

So far has this over-indulgence of a well-taken criticism extended, that one may hear in England and as far away as the orient, stories invested with ridicule for patient Philadelphia, the long-suffering and never-complaining home of as lovely and loving a community of people as God ever made.

A certain lecturer in Scotland, commemorating the disposition of his family said: "I have three children living, and one in Philadelphia, Pa." A well known long distance walker athlete, losing the championship in a time walk from Washington to New York, consoled his defeat and amused his admirers by declaring that he was far ahead of his old-time record, when, on arriving in the city of Philadelphia, his feet went to sleep, and he was unable to proceed further with his accustomed agility.

The members of a flourishing baseball team, on alighting from the train, each appeared armed with a gigantic alarm clock which they proceeded to carry about the town to keep them awake.

A still more unfortunate, but actual occurrence is the one recorded in the undertakers' journals that Philadelphia is the only city in the world enjoying the distinction of having had one of its citizens run over and killed by an undertaker's hearse.

Actors appose the fancy's fickle foibles by informing us that they come to Philadelphia and tell jokes one season, returning the next to find they have just penetrated the slumbering perceptions of the easy-going citizens.

And thus, Philadelphia becomes the poet's theme, the joker's jest, the caricaturist's hope, while its unavenging millions are born, live and die in the deepest affection for the place, unmindful of the thrusts, and not infrequently enjoying them.

I have seen consumptives deliberately refuse the offer of home and comfort, with an almost indisputable assurance of restoration to health and certainly a longer life, in the event of the south, southwest and Colorado that they love and die there—seemingly perfectly contented. In two cases particularly I know that each could have had every luxury that wealthy and anxious friends and relatives would have tendered to go away into the land of oxygenous air and balmy sunshine, but they refused to leave—the one dying when the winter came, and the other lingering to-day, held by the barest thread of existence that is worse than death.

Now, there is a serious and a scientific side to the fact of Philadelphia's slowness as a body of people.

It is noticeable that the men who control wealth, who handle great corporations and engage in vast business enterprises therein, are alive to their business' best interests, and comprise as wakeful a set of men as one wishes to find in any municipality in the world. This is particularly noticeable in the political affairs of Philadelphia.

Those who engage in the actual control of the vast city's interests take occasional opportunity to assure the world that there is nothing slow about the politicians of that town. The voters are just the contrary—let a man in authority betray every sense of honor and fidelity to his constituency, and they will re-elect him as long as he shows his allegiance to the powers that be. This signifies subservience—servile submission—whether it be good or bad. The same is true in business. While it is not done, I add, to the honor of Philadelphia business men, yet a business man who desired could exact almost any honest condition of employment from his hard-worked artisans, and they would humbly submit to it rather than run the risk and dread of a lost position. This is said in no disparagement—it is simple truth.

Value of a Hole. The allurements of the bargain-counter wares its spell not upon the well-to-do shopper alone. In a Salvation Army rummage store a certain sign reads: "Shoes with hole in sole, five cents; shoes without holes, ten cents. Wrappers, yoth-eaten, ten cents; not moth-eaten, 15 cents. Stockings without holes, two pairs for five cents; with holes, three pairs for five cents." Could even the champion golfer tabulate more accurately the value of a "hole?"

New Interpretation of the Flag. Rabbi Isidore Myers, of San Francisco, in addressing a meeting of the Federation of Zionists, gave a new interpretation of the design of the American flag. Most of his hearers were Jewish immigrants, largely Russians. He said: "Do you know why the stars and stripes are in the flag? I will tell you why. They show that America has stars for those who behave themselves and stripes for those who do not."

HEALTH OF THE ARMY.

The Medical Department Has Succeeded in Eradicating One of the Most Deadly of Diseases.

The strenuous efforts of the medical department of the army have resulted apparently in the practical eradication of that trying disease, dysentery, which has caused the American troops in the Philippines, as has been the case in every war, hundreds of men have died from this disease, and others have been discharged because of total disability. Dysentery is more prevalent and severe in the Philippines than in this country, but the enforcement of strict sanitary measures, including the boiling of all drinking water, rules for bathing and especially the washing of the hands before handling food, has caused the disease almost to disappear.

The "adobe itch," another disease which caused the army great annoyance, has also been successfully dealt with. While this disease is not fatal, it attacks men, women and children alike. Microscopic examinations and study of this disease developed that it was caused by a parasite, as in dysentery, and it appeared that it was communicated by the careless methods employed by the Chinese in doing laundry work. They were in the habit of drying the clothes by spreading them on bushes and on the grass, and ironing them with a cold iron. Under the belief that the parasite came from the vegetation, and was communicated to the clothes from the bushes, orders were issued that the clothes would be hung on lines to dry, and ironed with hot irons instead of cold. As a result of this practice the disease disappeared.

According to reports received by Surgeon General Forward, typhoid fever is on the decrease in the Philippines, and when the heavy rains come on a complete eradication of this disease is expected.

PRINCE CHEN WAS JARRED.

Was Greeted with the "Chinese National Anthem" Until He Got Tired of It.

Prince Chen, the Chinese prince imperial, who lately visited President Roosevelt at his country place at Oyster Bay, was recently extensively entertained in Brussels by the city fathers, says the San Francisco Argonaut. But the pleasure of his stay there was marred by the monotonous music which was played in his honor everywhere he went, whether visiting buildings, monuments, museums or dining and reviewing. After awhile, it is said, it jarred so on his nerves that he asked his interpreter to inquire what the composition was. "The Chinese National Anthem," was the reply of the somewhat surprised burgo-master of Brussels, Mr. De Mot. "But we have none," was the response made by the royal guest to the embarrassment of the entourage. It seems that a wily European some years ago composed a sort of tum-tum, with an accompaniment, and called it the "Chinese National Anthem." This glib city fathers have used on all occasions when Chinese dignitaries were being entertained. It remained, however, for Prince Chen to expose the composer, who had already made a neat little sum out of his composition.

THE OYSTER INDUSTRY.

Over Twelve Billion Bivalves Consumed in a Year in This Country and Canada.

Nineteen states and Canada have within a few years, boosted the oyster industry from something over five billion bivalves annually to a production of over twelve billion. At the average retail price of one-half cent per oyster, it will be seen that it probably costs us at least \$60,000,000 per year to indulge in the luscious sea fruit, particularly when most of us have to pay 25 cents for a "stew" or "shell" of six oysters, says Harper's Weekly.

Delaware bay, by the way, has apparently wrested the oyster championship for production from Chesapeake bay. Therein the oyster grounds cover over 220 square miles, engage over 600 vessels and employ over 7,000 men. Every acre of Delaware oysters is estimated to pay an annual profit of \$69, so your Delaware oyster farmer sniffs contemptuously at his brother of the oyster and the bay. The capital of this industry is fitly called Bivalve, with Venetian streets, all debouching on water fronts, wharf lined, and covered with steel rails by railways which wrest what traffic they can from the sail and steam craft.

Within a week Schemacha's survivors determined to rebuild their ruined city. They had hardly reached the decision when once more the ground began to tremble and the night sky grew ruddy with flame. News came that a new volcano had burst out in the mountains nearby. No plainer warning could be given. Extinct volcanoes have often burst out afresh, and with shocking and terrible results, as in the case of the recent disaster at St. Pierre, whose thousands of inhabitants have entirely perished.

Long Litigation. A firm of London wine merchants has just received from the court of chancery a check for £95 for wine supplied to a customer in the year 1816. The litigation lasting 88 years.—N. Y. Sun.

DISLIKED BY NATURE

Towns That Seem to Be Chosen Marks of the Elements.

Where Rain Falls Heavily, Snow Lies Thickest and Thunder and Lightning Exhibit the Greatest Violence.

There is more than one town against which Dame Nature seems to harbor a curious spite, as if she would say: "This site is not meant to build upon." Langtoft, a little place of some 600 people in the East Riding of Yorkshire, England, is one of these. Over and over again has the weather all round been fine and clear, yet the valley in which Langtoft stands has been shrouded in heavy clouds and drenched with rain. The snow in winter always seems to lie thickest on the wolds above the town, and to cause floods more or less disastrous as it melts in the spring.

The climax came on a Sunday evening two summers ago, says the Chicago Tribune.

After a hot day a violent thunder-storm broke. Then there appeared in the west an inky cloud, from which hung four long, twisting black columns.

Suddenly, just after six o'clock, a wall of water came roaring down the hillside above the village. When it struck the upper end of the street it was seven feet high. In a twinkling it had demolished a number of houses, and torn partitions from others, and swept away everything in its path. What was left was so plastered with mud and earth as to be almost useless.

No one was killed, but the destruction of domestic animals, of houses, property and roads was complete. Gardens and grazing lands were ruined. Even the parish well was utterly choked with mud and dead animals.

Southbourne-on-Sea, four miles on the east of Bournemouth, has far better air than the latter town, and looks as if it ought to be just the site for a health resort. Tens of thousands have been spent in the effort to make it so, yet nature had said no, and man's efforts have proved unavailing.

A handsome pier was built, supported on the shore by immense cement walls. The pier is now only approached by a single plank. Its center supports are gone, and it is the resort only of two or three fishermen. The cement wall looks like a wave-eaten cliff. Further along the shore a neat row of houses was built in a great recess, cut back at vast expense in the cliff. The sea cut in below them, and the owner was forced to raze them and carry the material away.

There is no great city in Europe which nature so evidently wishes to be rid of as St. Petersburg. Built in the first place on a low-lying swamp, which was filled in at a cost of hundreds of lives and hundreds of thousands of pounds, fevers reduced its population and gave it a death rate higher than any other European capital. Falling so to oust its builders, nature used a new weapon. The ice came down in spring out of Lake Ladoga, and piling against the new wharves and bridges, dammed the Neva and flooded the city. Every spring saw a repetition of these disastrous floods, which, even after they dried away, left the streets mere quagmires. The St. Petersburgers now defeat the flood by setting to work thousands of men at the first spring thaw, who cut and blast the river ice, and leave free passages for the lake ice to sail down stream unhindered.

Yet still the struggle goes on. For some years past it has been apparent that St. Petersburg is becoming a city of toothless people. Dentists ascribe this curious fact to the effluvia from the rotten vegetation deep buried under the new suburbs of the city. So serious is the matter becoming that there is a strong agitation in favor of once more removing the capital of Russia to some other site.

Russia has another town against natural forces are waging a terrible war. This is Schemacha, in the Caucasus. When Schemacha was founded it was for long impossible to get a supply of drinking water. The difficulty was overcome by bringing water from a distance. Next came a series of terrible epidemics—first smallpox, then cholera, and then smallpox again. Yet the city grew, helped to prosperity by the petroleum trade, and began this year with 35,000 people.

In February last the town was humming with industry, when one dull but warm morning came suddenly a terrific crash of thunder. The solid ground began to vibrate. A few seconds later there was a horrible cracking sound, and the whole of the Mohammedan quarter was thrust upwards bubble-like, till its houses were reared high upon a hill. The bubble burst, and instead of a town there lay a formless heap of ruins, from which red flames leaped and crackled toward the gigantic pall of dust which hid the sky.

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