

TILLAMOOK COUNTY'S NEW COURT HOUSE.



We give above a picture of the new court house, which is a well built, nicely arranged and commodious building. It was built on the ground where the old court house stood, the front entrance facing north. Entering by the front door, there is a hallway through the building, leading to the other entrance to the building. On the right of the main entrance is the stairway to the second story. The Assessor's office is in a room on the Nw. corner, 14 by 16ft., with a small vault 5 by 8ft., which is a well lighted room. The Clerk's office is on the west side of the building occupying a floor space of 20 by 34ft. Leading from this on the southwest corner is the vault, 10 by 12ft., with fire proof windows, ventilators and a radiator for heating. The vault has been furnished with steel filing cases and book shelves, enabling the clerk to keep the records compact and safe. The County Judge's room adjoins the Clerk's office, with a doorway into it, and is between the vault and hallway, being a room 14 by 16ft. On the left of the main hall way, on the Se. corner, is the County Superintendent's office, 12½ by 15½ft. There is a door way from this into the sheriff's office, and which could be turned into a private office if necessary for the sheriff. The Sheriff's office is 20 by 27½ft. on the west side of the building, and on the Se. corner is the jail, 20 by 29ft., in which are two cells and a padded cell for the insane. The jail is fire proof. On the second floor is the circuit court room, 35 by 48ft. with a seating capacity outside the bar for 155 persons. The room is in the Sw. portion of the building, with 16ft. ceiling, and is lighted with five electric light chandeliers. A door near the jury box leads into a jury room 20 by 24ft., on the Se. corner, and on the right of the bench is the Judge's room 13 by 16ft., and there is a back stairway leading from the sheriff's office to the court room. The Surveyor's office is 12½ by 15½ft. on the Ne. corner, and the two rooms on the Nw. corner, one 14½ by 18½ft. and the other 9½ by 19ft. is used by the deputy district attorney. In the basement is the steam heater and another vault underneath that in the clerk's office.

The walls of the building are concrete, being 3ft. at the base, tapering to 16in. to the second floor and 15in. above that. Ceilings are made of ornamental pressed steel and the roof has steel tiles. Wood work is of fur, finished in oil, leaving the natural grain. Wood pulp plaster was used in plastering the inside walls, which does not crack. The building is drained, lighted with electric lights, heated with steam and the court room furnished with opera seats. Outside walls are cement, having been washed with cement after the walls were built to give it a uniform color. The cupola is intended for a clock, having false faces and false hands. As 30 minutes one way or the other did not cut much figure as there are no trains to catch, perhaps, when the train does come, it will be necessary to have a public time piece to educate Tillamookers on punctuality.

Mr. H. Snook, of Salem, was the builder, from plans furnished by Architect Chas. Burggraf, of Albany. It is well built, Mr. Snook using the best material and employed skilled workmen in its construction, turning out a job that is highly commendable to him and giving this county a compact, convenient and serviceable building.

The contract price was \$19,500, and somewhere near \$2,500 have been expended on furniture, making the total cost \$22,000, all of which is paid from the special tax raised for that purpose.

The court which built the court house was composed of County Judge W. W. Conder and Commissioners G. W. Bodyfelt and G. Loepabel, and they are entitled to some credit for giving the county a court house that will meet all requirements for a number of years and at a moderate cost.

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TREED BY WOLVES

By Martin Hunter.

I GOT the outlines of the following story from De Hertle, and send it as a companion sketch to the "Ruttling Season." However, a word about De Hertle. There was quite a romance about his being among the Indians, and at some future time I may be tempted to write it up, for it shows how a man can sacrifice position and family itself for sublime love.

When I first went to Mingan to assume charge of that post, I found De Hertle, a middle-aged man, with an Indian woman for a wife, and a growing up family of French half-breeds, most beautiful and intelligent children.

He was at home and fluent in French, English and Latin, and, being an observant man, and having read everything he could lay his hands on, was a most amusing and instructive companion.

R. M. Ballantyne mentions him in his book, "Hudson's Bay," but under another name.

I think it was the first or second day after my arrival that I noticed a man of about 20, who was hobbling about in the most odd gait I ever saw, and his movements were of abnormal shortness.

I said to De Hertle, who happened to be chatting with me at the time: "What's the trouble with that fellow? Look how he walks."

"That poor man," he replied, following the Indian with his eyes, "has had all his toes and fingers frozen off. He was only a youth at the time, but showed wonderful bravery and endurance. However, if you would like to hear the story, I will come over after tea and tell you the facts as they happened."

I assured him it would give me great pleasure not only to see him but to hear the story. With this, he took his way and I turned my steps toward the cooper shop, to see how the work there was progressing, thanking the fates as poor Ballantyne had done in the years gone by for having such an agreeable person about the post as De Hertle, for this is the great drawback that presents itself to an unmarried officer in the company's service on outpost duty—the want of genial and suitable companionship.

According to this promise, De Hertle turned up in the early part of the evening, and after we had replenished the fire in the old-fashioned chimney and filled our pipes, we drew up our chairs to the hearthstone and De Hertle began:

"That poor, unfortunate young man, regarding whom you questioned me today, is a nephew of my wife, and the way he became crippled, as you noticed, happened years ago, when he was quite a boy."

"The winter when this took place his father (my wife's brother) and myself went from here to the Moisie, as it was likely to be a year of foxes on the coast, and there is no better place to hunt them than on the sands on each side of that great river."

"We built ourselves a small log cabin to house our families in common, and by the time all was finished snug to our satisfaction it was time to set our traps."

"Fox-trapping, when they are plentiful, is a very paying business, as the silver or black ones, as you know, are very valuable. The intense cold of December began to make itself felt, and as the fish had left the shore to deep water, and partridge, rabbits and other small game were becoming scarce, we were glad to see that the cold wave from the far north had brought down to the coast innumerable flocks of ptarmigan, and thus we were assured of plenty until the warm weather of early April drove them back from whence they came."

"In very severe winters, such as the one I mention, the cold drives everything south—wolves from the barren grounds among the other animals."

"Old Jerome Valois had four children—two sons and two daughters. The boys were the youngest at the time I am speaking of, being respectively nine and seven years of age. The one you saw to-day, William, was the elder."

"William had had a gun for over a year, and was quite a good shot and successful hunter, young as he was."

"Nearly every day he and his little brother, Mark (the latter to carry the bag and pick up the game), used to sally forth, and at night return both loaded with ptarmigan."

"Along the sea coast, on the west side of the Moisie, there is only a narrow fringe of green wood, and back of this barren grounds, studded with clumps of willows, stretched as far as the eye could reach, here and there a few stunted poplar and pitchpine trees relieving the monotony of the dreary waste of country."

"The boys in hunting were led far afield by the flocks of ptarmigans, and often they only reached home an hour or two after dark, but no anxiety was ever felt for their prolonged absence."

"One night—it was the 6th of January, and intensely cold—the boys failed to come, even at the latest hour they had ever been absent before. Their parents now became thoroughly alarmed, and waited and watched the long night through, firing guns at intervals, thinking to guide their footsteps homeward."

"An hour before dawn Jerome and I had made our preparations to go in search as soon as daylight would allow of us picking up their tracks. It was useless to leave before, as we might go in a wrong direction, and, fortunately for us, the tracks were not drifted over. We therefore took up the trail from the very door. It was tedious work, however, following all the windings of the boys' footsteps of the previous day,

it was likely to prove surest and speediest in the end.

"We had thus been picking our way carefully for about three hours, or, in other words, it was then about ten o'clock when the trail led toward a narrow cluster of trees. Up to this we made haste and hurried through the opening beyond, both of us evidently being moved with the same impression that the farther side would solve the mystery of the boys' absence."

"And it did."

"A couple of hundred yards out in the plain we saw a solitary poplar, considerably larger than the others thereabout. The first thing that drew our attention to it were the two black objects on its largest limbs. These objects we speedily made out to be the missing children."

"But why were they there? And, casting our eyes about for the cause, I was at once made manifest by seeing three large, gaunt wolves sitting at the base of the tree, watching their forms above."

"We both simultaneously looked at the priming of our rifles, and, although the distance from where we stood was considerable for the muzzle-loading guns of those days, yet we had no objection but to try, as there was no other point of concealment between us and the tree but the place we were in."

"Jerome selected an immense grass fellow as his mark, and I picked out one of the others—a pure white, with black ears and muzzle. We each took careful aim and fired together at the word, three."

"When the smoke cleared away from our guns we had the satisfaction of seeing both animals rolling and snapping their great jaws in the death agony, and the third disappearing in full retreat over a distant knoll."

"Reloading our guns as we went, we hurried on with what speed we could toward the tree, the father's heart I Jerome being stirred to its depths by the awful dread he felt at seeing those motionless figures, which made no perceptible move at our firing or approach."

"The younger boy, Mark, was the uppermost, and tied to the tree trunk with his brother's belt, and, better to secure his safety, his brother sat astride of a limb lower down and clasped the legs of Mark and the trunk of the poplar with the same embrace."

"At first, as we gazed up at the poor children, we thought they were both dead, but when I, the lighter man and the least overcome, ascended the tree, I found the younger long since past all assistance, for his body was frozen hard. But William's still gave out some warmth, but quite overcome with the stupor that precedes death by exposure to excessive cold."

"Fortunately, before leaving the house, I had shoved into my pocket a small flask of the very purest French brandy, some of a small quantity given to me by the captain of a Jersey vessel that had visited the coast the previous summer. A beast I could I forced a portion of it between his clenched teeth, which caused him to cough, and at the same time he opened his eyes for a moment in a dazed way."

"Sufficient of the liquor had found its way down his throat to create a gentle glow through his body, and after a moment or two he opened his eyes and endeavored to speak, glancing up in a mute and appealing way toward his brother."

"His fingers were frozen, interlaced, on the opposite side of the tree, but as they were past all chance of being saved, and especially as they gave him support, I wrenched them apart without hesitation and lowered the boy to his father."

"As we had all we could do to carry the frozen boy to the house before night set in, we concluded to leave the corpse of little Mark secured to the tree as he was. There, at all events, he would be free from any other wolves that might be in the vicinity."

"While old Jerome built a fire to make warm drink for the boy William, I ripped off the skins of the dead beasts as they were both beautifully furred, and of uncommon size. These I made up in a bag and hung them up for safety from destruction until we came back the following day."

"A trifle more of the brandy and some warm gruel brought William back to full consciousness, and we started for the house, bearing him between us on an improvised litter."

"What a night we passed, with the wailings and lamentations of the poor mother at the loss of one son and the crippling of the other!"

"Having been an assistant surgeon in my younger days, I found on examination of William's frozen extremities that all his toes on both feet had to come off, and all the fingers of the left hand. But I managed to save the thumb and index finger on the right one, the possession of which has enabled him to do many things that the want of them would have prevented him from accomplishing."

"A few days after I had performed the operation on his hands and feet (which was quite painless to the boy), he told us that the wolves had swooped down on them all at once from the crest of a neighboring knoll, and in their haste to scramble up the tree their gun was dropped, and the vicious beasts sat down on their haunches to deliberately starve them out."

"In a thoughtful way De Hertle arose from his chair, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and, wishing me good-night, departed for his wigwam.—N. Y. Ledger.

Cream Pie Crust.

Three-fourths cup cold water, three-fourths cup cold sour cream, three-fourths cup soda, three cups flour, pinch of salt. This is sufficient for two pies with double crusts. Tart shells may be made as above; and such pastry will not injure any person's stomach.—Home Magazine.

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