

Circuit Court Cases.

The cases which came before Judge G. H. Burnett, on Friday in the Circuit Court, we give below. The most important case, and that of a public nature, was the injunction suit to restrain The Wilson River Road Co. from collecting toll. The judge heard the arguments by the attorneys in the case, as well as the testimony of several witnesses, J. H. McNamer, Wesley Rush and Claude Thayer being called for the company, and William Ryan, J. F. Keeher, Earl Stanley and V. D. Brown for the settlers. The judge took the case under advisement and will render a decision later.

N. P. Hansen, plaintiff, vs. Louis Fleck, Elsey Fleck, John Fleck and Jefferson Fleck, defendants. Suit to set aside title. H. T. Botts for plaintiff and Talmage & Johnson for defendants. Defendants made motion to strike complaint from files and strike out parts of complaint. Was over ruled. By consent defendants have until December 1st, 1906, to demur to or answer complaint.

J. F. Keeher, plaintiff, vs. Wilson River Road Co., a corporation, J. H. McNamer and Wesley Rush, defendants. Injunction suit. H. T. Botts and R. R. Dunaway for plaintiff and E. E. Tongue, S. S. Johnson and C. W. Talmage for defendants. Motion of defendants for leave to file amended answer was over ruled. Case was heard on pleadings and testimony given by several witnesses and the judge took case under advisement. Plaintiff has until December 15th, 1906, to serve and file brief. Defendants to serve and file brief by January 15th, 1907.

Portland Coal and Development Co., a corporation, plaintiff vs. A. T. Lewis, John Earl, A. Christensen and Dora Christensen, W. Squires, J. B. Hathaway and Anna Hathaway, John Bumgarner, S. T. Childers and Grace Childers, John Theiler, Carl Fossett, W. T. Lyster and L. M. Lyster, W. B. Powell and M. J. Powell, John Branch and A. E. Branch, Alvin J. Blum, Fred O. Blum, E. Blum and Mable Blum, John Childers and N. I. Childers, O. W. Olsen, A. J. Burdick and E. Burdick, B. H. Hathaway and R. E. Hathaway, T. H. McCormack, L. S. Maynard and M. L. Maynard, Henry and Ulrich Zurlen, D. Curtis, E. L. Earl and A. V. Earl, H. W. Turner and N. E. Turner, Joe Blaser and M. Blaser, defendants. Suit to reform leases. H. T. Botts for plaintiff and Talmage & Johnson for A. T. Lewis. Demurrer to complaint sustained. Plaintiff has leave to serve and file amended complaint sustained. Defendants to answer same on or before January 15, 1907, and case was continued.

The Robinson Cheese Co., plaintiff, vs. R. Robinson, defendant. Suit to render accounting. W. H. Holmes and S. S. Johnson for plaintiff and R. R. Dunaway for defendant. Demurrer to new matter in answer argued and taken under advisement.

Arrivals at Allen House.

Friday.—T. J. Ballantyne, Miami; W. C. Tweedle, F. M. French and wife, Mrs. C. G. Moon, Mrs. Roberts, and F. M. Riddfield Albany; Wm. Bewley, Sheridan.

Saturday.—A. M. Austin, Netarts; T. H. Haley, O. A. Palmer, N. C. Judd and C. A. Palmer, Portland; J. R. Reed, McMinnville.

Sunday.—C. J. Crook, Glenwood; T. A. McDougall, S. A. Smith, Bay City; A. E. Wilkes and wife.

Monday.—O. C. J. Sattlem, Astoria; W. A. Ellis, Sebastopol, Cal.; P. Byrom, Garibaldi; G. A. Billings, Oretown; V. and Roy Nelson, Ervin Kalske, Hobsonville; T. R. Wilson, Little Nestucca.

Tuesday.—O. T. Hellenbrand, Oretown.

Sells More of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy than of All Others Put Together.

The following letter from a locality where Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is well known shows by the unprejudiced demand for it that the medicine sells on its own merit. Mr. Thos. George, a merchant at Mt. Elgin, Ontario, says: "I have had the local agency for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy ever since it was introduced into Canada, and I sell as much of it as I do of all other lines I have on my shelves put together. Of the many dozens sold under guarantee, I have not had one bottle returned. I can personally recommend this medicine, as I have used it myself and given it to my children and always with the best results." For sale by Chas. I. Clough's Drug Store.

Dairy Ranch For Sale.

I have 320 acres, 3/4 mile from school and post office, will keep 25 or 30 cows next season, also cheese plant in good order in new building, good house and barn, with out door buildings necessary on place, good orchard. Will sell cheap if sold soon. For other information write or call on. SETH F. MOON, Blaine, Or.

Croup.

A reliable medicine and one that should always be kept in the home for immediate use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will prevent the attack if given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no opium or other harmful drug. For sale by Chas. I. Clough's Drug Store.

Mr. Bryan's friends in Missouri said his help in the recent state campaign would be worth 40,000 votes. The small remnant of a democratic majority must indicate that Bryan's influence in Missouri is a thing of the past.

New York democrats can see now that Hearst would have spoiled any of their possible combinations. He was defeated at the head of the ticket and, as a hotter, would have beaten any one else placed there. The democrats of New York ought to return to principles and stop running after the latest flashy adventurer.

A Maniac's Freak

The Terrible Experience That Bleached a Woman's Hair

"I HAVE heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but as I never saw myself anyone so affected, I am disposed to be incredulous on the subject." The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard, as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa, discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me, the doctor turned to his wife, and said:

"Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant and dressed very becomingly, was purely colorless; but, as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been fellow-students, but, after leaving college, we had drifted apart; I to commence practice in an eastern city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the west. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt reading my supposition by my look of incredulity, smiled as she shook her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and, seating herself by her husband's side, related the following interesting episode:

It was nearly two years ago since my husband was called on one evening to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to a wake in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving women. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattered houses. The windows leading out on the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the inside doors, all except the front one, which I left for the doctor to lock after going out, so that if I should fall asleep before his return, he would enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footsteps on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of a messenger who awaited him; and, after the sharp rattle of the carriage wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself by the parlor astral, and very soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons.

But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness and I thought of retiring. Then the clock in the doctor's study struck 12, so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home very soon. I closed my book, donned a robe de chambre, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing. I was so oppressed with the deep stillness, the human mind is a strange torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like the man whom my servants had gone to "wake," who had been killed by an accident at the sawmill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections, I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again, my eyes fixed on the window-blind, I saw the slats move slowly and cautiously, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes, peering at me. Horror! Who was it? or what was it? I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move; I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed as noiselessly as it had been opened, and the cautious footsteps came toward the door. "Merciful heavens!" I cried in a horror-stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, "the doctor, in his haste, must have forgotten to withdraw the key."

I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and, helpless as a statue, I sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I never before beheld. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, a sort of gaberline, and a black velvet skull-cap partially concealed a broad forehead, under which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in their distinctness; heavy, grizzled eyebrows hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent; the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks as weird as the Ancient Mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"Madam, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard, here he again bowed profoundly, "has al-

ready acquainted you with the nature of my business here to-night. I perceive," he added, glancing at my negligee robe, "that you were expecting me."

"No," I found voice to stammer; "the doctor has said nothing to me about a visitor at this hour of the night."

"Ah! he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension," he returned, advancing and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me from head to foot with a strange, glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. "You have a remarkably fine physique, madam," he observed, quietly; "one that might deceive the eyes of the most skilled and practiced physician. Do you suffer much pain?"

Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone, miles away from aid or rescue, with a madman.

"Ah," he continued, reflectively, "your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse," he said, rising and bending over me.

I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the as yet harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, and then went toward the study, where on the table was an open case of surgical instruments.

Involuntarily I raised my head and cried: "Spare me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you!"

"Madam," he said, sternly, clasping my wrist with his long, sinewy fingers with a grip of steel, "you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the emperor of the French, stating that he is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation on your breast," and, before I could make the slightest resistance, he had me in his arms, and was carrying me into the study, where was a long surgical table, covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and holding me down with one hand, with the strength of a maniac, he brought forth several long leather straps, which bore evidence of having recently been cut, with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"Madam, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation."

At this I gave a long-drawn sigh of relief, and prepared to rise.

"But," he continued, "I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it, so that you can see for yourself, reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own unknown to medical science, and of which I am sole discoverer, then replace it again."

He began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in perceptible tremor.

He now bent over me, his long, white beard brushing my face. I opened my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. "Oh, sir, give me an anesthetic, that I may not feel the pain," I pleaded.

"Indeed, indeed, madam, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season."

As he said this he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeting all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed in every one. I never fainter in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

"Doctor," said I, with assumed composure, "I have the utmost confidence in your skill; I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to staunch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau."

"Ah, madam," he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty."

Then, placing his hand on my bosom, he added, with horrible espielerie:

"I'll scarcely mark that skin whiter than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster."

"O God!" I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance.

Quick as thought a heavy woollen piano-cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman, and bound tightly around him. As quickly as I released, and the things that bound me soon held the maniac. My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and, taking in the horror of my situation at a glance, had, by the only means at hand, secured the madman, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of his keeper soon after the departure of the messenger, who had now returned with the doctor in pursuit of him. As the poor wretch was being hurried away, he turned to me, and said: "Madam, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon. Adieu!" I afterward learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he bound me to the table, my hair was black as a raven; when I left it, it was as you see it now—white as full-blown cotton. — San Francisco Argonaut.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

There is no danger from blood poison resulting from a cut or wound of any kind, when Chamberlain's Pain Balm is used. It is an antiseptic dressing and should be in every household. For sale by Chas. I. Clough's Drug Store.

Had a Close Call.

"A dangerous surgical operation, involving the removal of a malignant ulcer, as large as my hand, from my daughter's hip, was prevented by the application of Bucklen's Arnica Salve," says A. C. Strickel of Miletus, W. Va. "Persistent use of the Salve completely cured it." Cures Cuts, Burns and Injuries, 25c at Chas. I. Clough, Druggist.

Gov. Folk, elected by republican votes, will shortly have on his hands a legislature democratic in both branches. What will he do with it, and what will it do to him?

I Never Advise GLASSES except when necessary.

Dr. Henry Morris. EXAMINATIONS FREE.

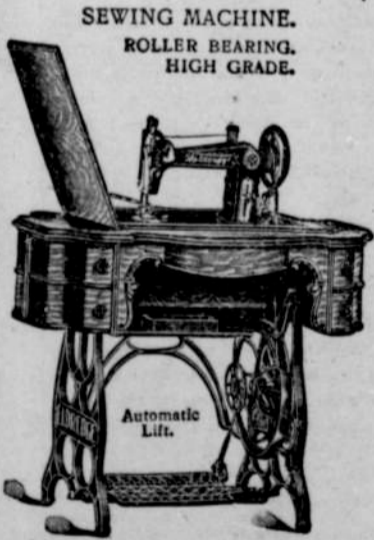
A Store With REGULAR CUSTOMERS

It is always flattering to a store to have many regular customers. People who come again and again must have confidence.

A large percentage of our business comes from regular customers who trade here year in and year out. They know our methods are right and that they will always be used as we would like to be were we the buyer instead of seller. Why not make this your regular trading place for drugs and medicines.

CLOUGH

(THE RELIABLE DRUGGIST)



SEWING MACHINE. ROLLER BEARING. HIGH GRADE.

Save Money by buying this reliable, honest, high grade sewing machine.

STRONGEST GUARANTEE. National Sewing Machine Co., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. FACTORY AT BELVIDERE, ILL.

TIMBER LAND, JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Portland, Ore., October 8th, 1906. 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 4, 1892.

MICHAEL PETERSON, of Garibaldi, county of Tillamook, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn state and local maps for the purchase of Sec. 34 of Ne. 1/4, W. 1/2 of Se. 1/4 and Se. 1/4 of Ne. 1/4 of Section No. 26, in Tp. 2 N., Range 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 at Tillamook, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 6th day of February, 1907. Louis I. Smith, of Hobsonville, Ore.; Erick Erickson, of Tillamook, Ore.; N. McMillan, of Garibaldi, Ore.; Malphus Johnson, of Hobsonville, Ore.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of February, 1907.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

LATIMER BROS., BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING, ETC. Electric Baths nicely fitted up. Good for persons suffering with rheumatism.

Avoid alum and alum phosphate baking powders. The label law requires that all the ingredients be named on the labels. Look out for the alum compounds.

NOTE.—Safety lies in buying only Royal Baking Powder, which is a pure, cream of tartar baking powder, and the best that can be made.

Todd & Co.

Carry the only exclusive line of Men's Wearing Apparel in Tillamook County. Crouse & Brandege Clothing, Walkover Shoes, Gordon Hats, Utz & Dunn Shoes. Four Leaders that can't be excelled. NO DISCOUNT ON ABOVE LINES.

The discount of 20 to 33 1/2 per cent will be given on three lines of CLOTHING FURNISHING GOODS, Shoes, etc., until new stock arrives.

TODD & CO., Tillamook, Oregon.

Tillamook Confectionery and Bazaar.

Near Todd's Building. CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF CONFECTIONERY, NUTS, FRUITS, etc. ICE CREAM IN SEASON. Rooks, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Pencils, Tablets, etc. CLOTHES BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, STOVE BRUSHES, STOVE BRUSHES, HOUSE BRUSHES, TOOTH BRUSHES. Ladies' Combs, Hairpins, Thimbles and many other articles too numerous to mention and at prices lower than elsewhere. Tillamook Confectionery & Bazaar.

THE RED FRONT SHOE STORE.



Has just received a fine stock of Boot and Shoes direct from the factory.

I have now in stock a No. one Logger Shoe made out of the best French kip. For service and fit cannot be beat, and also Farmer's Work Shoes of the best quality.

Splendid assortment of Boy's and Youth's High Top Winter Shoes and Ladies' foot wear.

I have now in stock the best quality of Ladies' Shoes. A strong high class line of well made, correct in style, fit and finish in the line, is made from the best selected leathers. No pasteboard counters.

My 30 years' practical experience gives me the advantage in selecting a stock of Boots and Shoes suitable for the Tillamook trade.

My Misses and Children School Shoes are the best in the market for the price. The public is cordially invited to examine my good and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

NO CHARGE for Sewing Rips, nor Nailing Soles on Shoes Purchased at the RED SHOE HOUSE.

P. F. BROWNE, Salesman.