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Under Suspicion.

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Colonel Jayne of Massachusetts had the honor on one occasion of befriending and entertaining Colonel Swartz of the Royal German artillery. This was in London, where they were both strangers and both happened to be stopping at the same hotel. The German colonel was assaulted and robbed on the street in the evening, and for a week, or until he could send for money, he was the guest of the American. There was something rather queer about the incident. The two gentlemen were "slumming" when a public carriage suddenly halted beside them and two men sprang to the ground and attacked the German, while a third sought to hold back the American. The attempt was made to force the German into the carriage, and it might have been that his money was lost during the struggle. The American fought for his companion, and the fellows were finally driven off. It looked more like a case of attempted abduction than of a holdup, but as the German argued the other way the American had to be satisfied.

It was five years before the two met again. This time it was on the German frontier, and both were bound for St. Petersburg. Colonel Jayne was traveling for pleasure; the other explained that he was on a secret mission for his government. He made this explanation because he had shaved off his luxuriant whiskers and was otherwise disguised and recognition was accidental. Colonel Swartz was well acquainted in the capital city, and it was arranged that the two should stop at the same hotel and take in the sights together. They did take adjoining rooms on their arrival, but the German said that he would be busy for two or three days and left it to the other to find his way about alone.

Next morning after arrival Colonel Jayne set out with Yankee impatience to see the sights. Three times during the forenoon strangers approached him and muttered some words. They were Russians who evidently belonged to the middle class, and in each case the colonel thought they were inquiring their way. He therefore shook his head and passed on. During the afternoon he discovered that his footsteps were being dogged, but he took this rather as a joke than otherwise. He did not return to his hotel until just at dinner time and then found a couple of police officers waiting to arrest him. They had already visited his rooms and overhauled his baggage. Colonel Swartz was missing and had been since noon. His baggage had also been overhauled, and the officers seemed much chagrined at the man's escape.

Colonel Jayne had known absolutely nothing of the German before meeting him at the hotel in London. He had taken the man for what he claimed to be. He had no idea that he was an impostor, so far as name and rank went, and that he was one of the most active nihilists in or out of Russia. The three men that had approached the American on the streets probably belonged to that order as well. The German happened to be returning to Russia at that time, and accident had discovered the two men to each other. After being under examination for half a day Colonel Jayne was sent to an official higher up. Here he was met by the papers taken from his baggage. He had made a month's stay in London before starting for Russia and had received several letters from friends at home. One of them had jocosely written:

"Don't forget that the first thing to be done on your arrival in St. Petersburg is to call on the emperor and give him my love and tell him to hang on to his job as long as the pay comes in every Saturday night."

"How can you, a person entirely unknown here, secure audience with his majesty?" was asked.

"I can't, of course," was the reply.

"Then why should this person have thus written?"

"He is what we call a joker."

"Joker? Joker? Does he dare hold his majesty up to ridicule? And you are to give his love to the czar of all Russia, just as one peasant woman sends her love to another? And how is this about holding his job? What does job mean?"

"His place, sir."

"But his majesty's place is the highest in the land, and to speak of it as a 'job' is to speak with disrespect. And the pay every Saturday night, as if the great czar was but a common laborer?"

"I shall take great pleasure in telling the writer of that letter what an ass he is the very first thing when I get home," replied the colonel.

"And here is another letter in which you are advised not to make any excursions to Siberia in the winter season. People are sent to Siberia for serious offenses against the law. Were you contemplating a crime that it must be so?"

"I'll recommend him to the nearest idiot asylum," promised the colonel.

The examination lasted three days in all, during which time the American was a prisoner and lived on prison fare. Then, accompanied by two gendarmes, he was escorted to the German frontier and warned never to set foot in Russia again. Colonel Swartz got into Germany ahead of him, and they met again, but when the German extended his hand the other drew himself up stiffly and replied:

"No, sir! No, sir! I don't know you, sir!"

M. QUAD.

Will Animals and Medicine.

A writer in the British Medical Journal thinks that an interesting essay might be written on the addition to medical remedies made by animals. It is said that it is to dogs we owe the knowledge of the fever abating properties of bark, while to the hippopotamus is attributed the use of bleeding. The story is told in Pulemon Holton's translation of Pliny is as follows: "The river-horse hath taught physicians one device in that part of their profession called Surgery, and by finding himself over-race and fat by reason of his high feeding so continually gets forth of the water to the shore, hating spied afore where the reeds and rushes have bin newly cut and where he seeth the sharpest canes and best pointed he ets his body bare on to it to prick a certain vein: in one of his legs, and thus by letting himself blood maketh evacuation whereby his body, otherwise inclining to diseases and maladies, is well eased of the superfluous humor, and having thus done hee stoppeth the orifice againe with mud and so stancheth the blood and healeth the wound."

His Idea of the English.

The following illustrates Louis Philippe's idea of England and the English. He one day asked Hugo if he had ever been in England and on receiving a negative reply continued: "Well, when you do go—for you will go—you will see how strange it is. It resembles France in nothing. Over there are order, arrangement, symmetry, cleanliness, well mowed lawns and profound silence on the streets. The passersby are as serious and as grave as specters. When, being French and alive, you speak in the street these specters look back at you and murmur with an inexpressible mixture of gravity and disdain, 'French people! French people!' When I was in London I was walking arm in arm with my wife and sister. We were conversing in a not too loud tone of voice, for we are well bred persons you know, yet all the passersby, bourgeois and men of the people, turned to gaze at us, and we could hear them growling behind us: 'French people! French people!'"—Memoirs of Victor Hugo.

Rossini and the Drum.

When Rossini's "Gazza Ladra" was performed for the first time the drum in the orchestra not only excited much comment, but caused the enemies of the composer, whom they denounced as a "foolish inventor of unmusical novelties," to threaten Rossini with bodily violence. One young man, a pupil of Rolla's, gained admission to the composer's presence and declared that art had been so violently outraged by the invention that he must kill the offender. He drew a weapon, but consented to listen to argument. He had been a soldier, and when the composer asked him why there should not be a drum where there are soldiers he sheathed his knife. "Promise me, though," he said, "that you will put no drums in your future music." Rossini promised, but forgot.

The Retort Courteous.

A young man in a hurry went through the left side of a pair of swinging doors in the senate wing of the capitol at Washington last session and almost knocked over a senator who was about to push through the right side.

The young man apologized profusely. "I'm very sorry—I didn't know I was—I am in a great hurry."

"That's all right, son," said the senator. "But let me give you a piece of advice about going through doors like these. Always go through on the right side and turn to the right. Then if you meet anybody coming through and bump into him you needn't apologize. He'll be a durned fool, and it won't be necessary. Good morning."—Saturday Evening Post.

Greatly Underestimated.

"Bobby," asked his Sunday school teacher, "do you know how many disciples there were?" The little boy promptly said that he did and answered, "Twelve." Then he went on, "And I know how many Pharisees there were too."

"Indeed?"

"Yes'm. There was just one less than there was disciples."

"Why, how do you know that? It is nowhere stated how many Pharisees there were."

"I thought everybody knew it," said Bobby. "The Bible says, 'Beware of the 'leven of the Pharisees, doesn't it?'"—Youth's Companion.

The Grandest.

"What is the grandest thing in the universe?" asks Victor Hugo. "A storm at sea," he answers and continues, "And what is grander than a storm at sea?" "The unclouded heavens on a starry, moonless night."

"And what is grander than these midnight skies?" "The soul of man—a spectacular climax such as Hugo loved and still, with all its dramatic effects, the picturesque statement of a vast and sublime and mighty truth."

Crazy.

Wigwag—I believe there's a tinge of insanity in all religious enthusiasts. Henpeckke—Yes; take the Mormons, for instance. Any man that wants more than one wife is plumb crazy.—Philadelphia Record.

The Spoor.

"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust buster. "Then come with me," whispered the bear humorist. "I can show you some of their tracks."—Southwestern's Book.

Beware of the man who does not return your blow; he neither forgives you nor allows you to forgive yourself.—George Bernard Shaw.

The Mule's Delusion.

The pack mule is quite as much an institution as the team mule and is absolutely indispensable in the mountains. Mule packing is a fine art, and with a well trained animal and a skillful packer you can safely transport anything from a piano to a bag of oats. When the packer has finished his job in an artistic manner, the animal may buck or back, kick or rear or roll, but he cannot rid himself of his burden, and he finally gives it up in despair. After two or three experiences he will submit to his destiny and fall into line with the rest of the train every morning to receive his load from the packer. A well trained pack mule is always proud of his load, and if by any means it gets loose he will step quietly out of line and wait until the packmaster comes along to tighten it.

The most serious objection to the mule, which you sometimes find in human beings also, is the delusion that he can sing. One who has never heard a mule solo cannot appreciate the extent of his mistake; but, like everything else about a mule, his song is strictly original. It belongs to no other animal. No one can describe and no one can imitate it.—New York Mail.

Mixed Pickles.

Bishop Knox once explained that "Mr. McKenna's sword was an over-loaded pistol which, being hung up in a tight corner lest it should burst, pretended to be dead until it got up and trotted home on the friendly back of the bishop of St. Asaph." But it is in political debate, especially in the house of commons, that the mixed metaphor flourishes most luxuriantly. "The flood-gates of irreligion and intemperance are stalking arm in arm throughout the land." "This bill effects such a change that the last leap in the dark was a mere flea bite." "That is the marrow of the educational act, and it will not be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It is founded on a granite foundation and speaks in a voice not to be drowned in sectarian clamor." "The question of moisture in tobacco is a thorny subject and has long been a bone of contention."—Manchester Guardian.

Tulip Soup.

"What makes this vegetable soup taste so different?" asked the young husband of the pretty bride.

"Only the leeks you sent home," replied the bride. "You remember you said you were going to order leeks."

"I didn't order any leeks," growled the husband, but he finished his bowl of soup rather than disappoint her.

That afternoon he stopped at the grocery store.

"How did you come to send leeks up to my house this morning?" he demanded. "I didn't order them."

"Great Scott! Did you eat them?" exclaimed the grocer.

"Sure, we ate them."

"Oh, for land's sake. They were Mrs. Jackson's tulip bulbs. She left them on the counter and they got into your basket by mistake."—Detroit Free Press.

A Queer Practice.

A queer practice which is general throughout all the tribes of Australia is the ribbing of the skin. When the children are still young long cuts are made across the chest, down the upper arm and leg and even across the back and ribs. While the wound is quite fresh the cut is opened and a mixture of mud is grafted in, the skin being pulled as far as possible over it. The skin eventually grows completely round the mud filling and forms ridges varying in length and size from an ordinary lead pencil to the thickness of a man's little finger and extending from armpit to armpit. I am informed that while the healing process is going on the pain is exquisite, but the result seems to satisfy all parties concerned.—London Standard.

The Brave Butterfly.

Here is an unorthodox story of King Solomon: One day a butterfly sat on the king's temple and boasted to his wife. "If I chose I could lift my wing and shiver this building to the ground," he swaggered. Solomon, overhearing, sent for the boaster. "How dare you?" he thundered. The butterfly groveled. "I did it to impress my wife," he pleaded. The great monarch was instantly appeased and let him go. "What did Solomon say to you?" gasped a quivering wife five minutes later. "Oh, he begged me not to do it," said the butterfly airily. And Solomon, again overhearing, smiled.—Chicago News.

Wifely Curiosity.

"Henry, dear, I tried on a suit of your clothes the other day, and it fitted me to perfection."

"May I ask your object in taking such a liberty with my garments?"

"Why, Belle Greene said she heard Tommy Tottiver say that you wasn't much bigger than a shrimp, and I was just wondering how big a shrimp is."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Alike in One Way.

"He's quite wealthy and prominent now," said Mrs. Starven, "and they say he rose practically from nothing." "Well, well!" remarked Mr. Border. "That's just what I rose from—at the breakfast table this morning."—London Answers.

Those Amiable Creatures.

Maud—This is my engagement ring. Isn't it lovely? Edith—Perfectly adorable! How generous Fred was to give you such a valuable one! And to think that folks say that your father paid for it!—Boston Transcript.

Inquiring Boy—Ma, what did the moths eat before Adam and Eve wore clothes?—Exchange.

CLOUDBURST HITS TOWN OF HEPPNER.

Bridges and Sidewalks Swept Away.

HEPPNER, Or., July 13.—At 3:30 this afternoon a cloudburst brought water in torrents from the hills about town, driving Willow creek out of its banks and threatening for a time a repetition of the disaster of June 14, 1903.

Bridges at the upper end of town were carried away, sidewalks and fences swept down the streets, and many houses filled with two or three feet of water, the receding flood leaving behind a trail of mud and debris. Several houses were partially wrecked.

In a few instances people living in the path of the water had to be carried to places of safety, but the greater part of the population, remembering the experience of a few years ago, fled to the hills as soon as the storm assumed dangerous proportions.

The electric power station was quickly put out of business, and the city is in darkness tonight.

No lives were lost, and it is not believed that damage to crops will be serious.

For several days the weather has been excessively warm, with an unusual amount of humidity in the atmosphere. Atmospheric conditions were very similar to those which preceded the great flood of 1903, and this afternoon when dark clouds began to gather to the south of town, preparations were made by many to seek safety in the hills.

Rain began falling about 3:30, and in a few minutes was coming down from the clouds in sheets. Dry Creek Canyon was quickly converted into a raging torrent. Willow Creek, which flows through the center of town, filled rapidly and soon began to overflow into the streets and roads. Debris carried from the hillsides collected above several bridges spanning the creek, and they were swept away.

The flood struck the upper end of town and completely inundated C street, striking the home of Judge Ayers, and filling the first floor with two feet of mud and water. Houses in the path of the deluge were carried from their foundations and as many as 20 houses were considerably damaged by the muddy water which filled them.

Garages and lawns were destroyed by the mud and rubbish which the flood carried into the yards. Damage to carpets and furniture in the houses which stood in the path of the flood will be considerable.

Lexington reports some damage to the railroad track between that city and Heppner, but the extent of injuries is not yet known. No loss of stock is reported from the lower river points.

Those who experienced the flood a few years ago say to-day's storm had the same appearance for awhile. In fact, many people have been looking for it since Saturday night, the weather being warm and sultry.

The water in the creek is going down now, and further trouble is not expected unless more rain should come. The weather is still cloudy and threatening.

Scraps.

Chicago would be a better place for a balloon race if the airships at a moment's notice could be turned into boats.

Sir Thomas Lipton will challenge again. Mr. Bryan need not think to take the prize for perseverance without a competitor.

The uncertainty of a presidential year is not much of an offset to the continued good prospect of an \$8,000,000,000 crop this season.

Col. Guffy, in his article, calls Mr. Bryan "a domineering and devastating boss," and many other d's can be detected between the lines.

During the first six months of 1908 the number of immigrants has been 185,586, against 739,748 for the same period last year. The steerage departments for Europe in six months have been 377,664, against 155,792 in the first half of 1907. From present appearances the year 1908 will show a net loss in immigration.

A man who lost both eyes and a part of his brain in a battle, and is said to have been wounded more terribly than any other who survived his injuries, has just died in Brooklyn. He lived to be married twice and to make some valuable improvements in machinery. The advocates of euthanasia should not forget to allow the benefit of the doubt.

Sammy's Soliloquy.

Say, what's the good o' havin' things?

We've got a parlor in our house I that's scarcely used a bit; I tell you, even Pa himself

I don't dress go there and sit! An' if I dared to step inside, Her temper Ma would lose;

Say, what's the use o' havin' things That people dassent use?

My sister's got a cushion, too, All stuffed up nice an' fat, An' not a person in this house

Can put their head on that! It has a real invitin' look, All worked in reds and blues;

Say, what's the good o' havin' things That people dassent use?

An' over at Aunt Martha's house They've got a satin chair; I tried to sit down on it once,

But she said, "Don't you dare!" An' if I just go near the thing, She fumes and she stew;

Say, what's the good o' havin' things That people dassent use?

—Elsie Duncan Yale in Good Housekeeping.

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