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A Shadowy Lover.

[Original.]

She was a girl of great depth of feel-
ing. Her sense of duty was of the
highest. So intent within herself was
she that her friends never got very
near her. Among men the feather-
weights—I mean mentally—let her
alone from choice, the heavyweights
because she was not of easy approach.

She was twenty-five before she re-
ceived a single offer of marriage; then
it came from a practical, common
sense man of business. He was tempo-
rarily thrown into intimate association
with her and discerned a great deal in
her. When he proposed she took time
before giving him his answer, then
gave it in this wise:

"Some years ago I received a letter
from a man who was dying. He told
me that he had loved me without being
known by me. Being afflicted by a dan-
gerous disease, he had never sought
me with a view to declaring his love.
Since it gave a dying man comfort to
tell me of his devotion, he hoped I
would not blame him for doing so. He
carefully concealed his identity, and I
have never discovered it.

"I have since been unable to shake
off a sense of being appropriated. I
know this is unwise, but I can't help
it. I have analyzed my feelings for
you and cannot tell whether or no I
should marry you. I am, however,
willing to throw the responsibility on
you and become your wife if you say
the word."

He told her that he fancied marriage
to be practical sentiment. Her feeling
for the dead was sentimental senti-
ment. The first pertained to the high-
est of all human institutions, the fam-
ily; the latter was simply a canker-
worm feeding on emotion. He would
have her marry him, trusting to the
great unbreakable bond, family affec-
tion, to absorb all other sensations.

They were married. The wife for a
time appeared to be contented and
happy, but after awhile showed that
she was brooding. Her husband no-
ticed the change, but did not refer to
it. He knew that her "sentiment" was
with her and that it could not be driv-
en away by open interference. He did
not consider his wife responsible for
its presence. He knew that it came
from some mental condition the nature
of which he could understand, though
he had not experienced it. He con-
cluded to wait for it to disappear. Doubt-
less the first child would drive it away,
as the sun will dissipate a cloud.

But children did not come. There
was still this intangible, psychological
freak between the two to keep them in
a measure apart. It was never re-
ferred to by either, but both knew of
its existence. It was endured by both,
for the wife felt that it was wronging
her husband, and the husband felt that
it was sapping the happiness of his
wife as well as his own.

One day while searching in a desk of
his wife for a paper he came upon the
note that had been written her
from her dying lover. Its finding
brought about a singular act. Taking
note of the handwriting, he wrote a
letter in the same chirography to his
wife purporting to come from the man
who had written the original. It stated
that he had unexpectedly recovered
and had since prospered; that he knew
she was married, but in spirit she
belonged to him. Did she reciprocate
this feeling? If so, let her defy the world
and he would come to her.

When the wife opened this forged
letter one morning at the breakfast
table, the husband saw her turn pale.

"That evening when he came back
from business his wife said to him
that something had happened. She had
debated with herself whether she
should tell him or not and had decided
that it was better that she should not.
He replied that he had full confidence
in her judgment, and this was all he
said about the matter.

After this the wife showed plainly
that she was under the influence of
some powerful emotion. Her husband
meanwhile wrote her another forged
letter from the same correspondent.
She was informed that her lover could
no longer endure the strain of separa-
tion. He must see her. He begged
her to send her husband away for a
certain evening, during which he
would call and they would concoct
a modus vivendi. He asked for this
one interview only, after which, if she
so wished, he would never see her
again. Simultaneously with his send-
ing this letter the husband informed
his wife that he must be away on busi-
ness on the evening he had appointed.
His wife clutched her fingers spasmodi-
cally, which he pretended not to see,
and left her.

At 5 o'clock on the evening he went
home and was packing a valise pre-
paratory to his departure when his
wife came to him trembling and
throwing her arms about him, begged
him to take her with him.

He had accomplished an object, but
he did not yet feel sure that it was ac-
complished for all time. He told her
that it would be inconvenient for him
to take her, but she begged so hard
that he consented. They dined to-
gether and after dinner took a train.

The husband kept his own counsel.
The wife during the journey one evening
announced that she desired his
assistance on a matter that was dis-
tressing her. Then she confessed to
the letters she had received from her
supposed to be dead lover and asked
him to devise some plan to get rid of
him without hurting his feelings. The
husband took her in his arms and con-
fessed that he had written the letters.

From that time there was no
shadowy lover between the two, and
soon after children came on to
strengthen the union between husband
and wife.

J. ANTHONY TRAINING.

A CASE IN POINT.

Why the Postmaster Leaned Toward
the Sheriff.

There is a town in northern New
Hampshire where the families have la-
ter married to such an extent that it is
difficult for an outsider to make the
least criticism on one person without
the danger of offending some of his
family connections. When an unfortu-
nate visitor commented on this fact to
Mr. Corbin, the postmaster, Mr. Cor-
bin nodded violently.

"Bill Harmon, that's our sheriff, com-
plained that no longer ago than last
week," said he.

"You see, it took him more'n a fort-
night to arrest Nate Giddings because
Nate got wind that he was wanted on
a little matter of selling hard cider,
and he went on a round of visits
among his relatives—uncles, nephews—
in-law and I don't know what all—and
'twasn't till he'd had his fun and went
back home to his wife that Bill could
make the arrest without seeming to
kind of butt in, as you might say, and
spoil the reunions."

"I should think he would make a
queer kind of sheriff," said the visitor.
"Waiting all that time for sentimental
reasons and then arresting a man
when he went home just because his
poor wife wasn't a relation!"

Mr. Corbin drew himself up and as-
sumed a remote expression.

"That's as you look at it," he said in
a chilly tone. "I may be a mite prej-
udiced in Bill's favor, as he married my
son-in-law's youngest sister. Anything
that concerns him concerns me, you
understand."

CONQUERORS CONQUERED.

The Fate of Alexander, Hannibal,
Caesar and Napoleon.

It is a remarkable and instructive
fact that the careers of four of the most
renowned characters that ever lived—
closed with violent or mournful death.

Alexander, after looking down from
the dizzy heights of his ambition upon a
conquered world and weeping that
there were no more to conquer, died
of intoxication in a scene of debauch
or, as some suppose, by poison mingled
in his wine.

Hannibal, whose name carried terror
to the heart of Rome itself, after hav-
ing crossed the Alps and put to flight
the armies of the mistress of the world,
was driven from his country and died
at last of poison administered by his
own hands in a foreign land, unaimed
and unwept.

Caesar, the conqueror of 800 cities
and his temples bound with chaplets
dipped in the blood of a million of his
foes, was miserably assassinated by
those he considered his nearest friends.
Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and
emperors obeyed, after filling the earth
with the terror of his name, closed his
days in lonely banishment upon a bar-
ren rock in the midst of the Atlantic
ocean.

Such the four men who may be con-
sidered representatives of all whom the
world calls great and such their end—
intoxication or poison, suicide, murder-
ed by friends, lonely exile.

Pointed With Scripture.

A bachelor rector of a western
church was alone in his study when
his housekeeper brought him the card
of one of his parishioners, a spinster
of means and charm.

When the lady was seated on the op-
posite side of his study table the rector
looked at her inquiringly, expecting to
hear something concerning parish
work, in which she was active. To his
surprise an embarrassed silence en-
sued, during which he vainly sought
for something to say.

"Dr. Blank," began the lady at
last in faltering tones, "do you think—
can you fancy conditions under which
a woman is—justified in proposing?"

"Why, yes," said the rector, after
some deliberation.

"Thou art the man!" said the lady
resolutely.

She was right.

A Ready Answer.

The captain of a schooner that trades
between New York and Savannah is
noted for his wit, and on every occa-
sion that offers he loosens his shafts of
humor, to the chagrin and embarrass-
ment of his target. Sooner or later the
stinger gets stung, and this chronic
pun artist is no exception to the rule.

On one occasion when about two
days out from New York he was wash-
ing the forward deck, and, singling
out a big, rawboned Irishman who
was experiencing his first taste of
sailor's life, he gravely asked, "Can
you steer the malmust down the
forecastle stairs?" Quick as a flash
came the reply, "Tis, sorr; I can if you
will stand below and coil it up."—Phila-
delphia Ledger.

Rough on the Doctor.

One night as a Canadian doctor who
lives in eastern Ontario was driving
into a village he saw a chap, a little
the worse for liquor, amusing a crowd
of spectators with the antics of his
trick dog. The doctor watched him
awhile and said: "Sandy, how do you
manage to train your dog? I can't
teach mine to do anything."

Sandy, with that simple look in his
eyes, said, "Well, you see, doc, you
have to know more'n the dog or you
can't learn him nothing."

An Ideal Husband.

The Man—And you really think you
have an ideal husband, don't you? The
Matron—I know I have. Why, he
treats me as if he were a candidate for
office and I was a voter.—Chicago
News.

About the poorest kind of a reputa-
tion is the kind a man gets for being
sarcastic.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A MODERN MACAULAY.

Wonderful Memory of an Old Time
Missouri Lawyer.

One of the most picturesque of the
early lawyers of Missouri was Billy
Campbell, who came from Virginia in
1829 and opened an office in St.
Charles. He was a man of great abil-
ity, a classic scholar, an orator and a
political writer of unusual power. But
he was indolent, careless about collect-
ing and spending money and so lazy
that physical exertion of any kind was
positively painful to him. He had a
most remarkable memory, as proved
by the following incident: Campbell,
who was a Whig, represented his dis-
trict in the state senate several years.

On one occasion he was lying on a
bench in the senate chamber, appear-
ing to be sleeping, when the Democratic mem-
bers came in to hold a caucus. They at-
tempted to arouse him, but he ap-
peared so soundly asleep that they de-
cided to let him alone. The next day a
complete report of the proceedings of
the caucus, including a verbatim copy
of the resolutions adopted, was pub-
lished in the St. Louis Republican.

A row followed, and the secretary was
charged with having been bribed to re-
port the proceedings of the caucus.
After the excitement died down some-
what Campbell admitted that he had
been awake all the time and that he
had done the reportorial work entirely
from memory.—Kansas City Star.

A MUFF BED.

Surprise of a Man Who Thought It
Had to Do With Sleep.

A man who saw on a sign the words
"muff beds" and imagined that a muff
bed must be something to sleep in, a
brother or cousin or other more or
less distant relative of the sleeping
bag, such as explorers carry with
them, found upon inquiry that his im-
agination had carried him very far
from the truth; that the muff bed is
in fact not a bed at all, but is the
trade name for the inner part of a
muff, the body of the muff—in short,
the part you put your hands in.

The muff bed consists of a double
walled lag made in cylindrical or other
shape, according to the style of
muff, and then stuffed with down, the
quality and quantity of the down de-
pending on the character of the muff.

The making of muff beds is a busi-
ness by itself. Some of them are sold
to the furriers in the simplest form,
just the bed or bag stuffed with down,
the furrier putting in the silk or satin
lining when he puts on the fur. Oth-
ers are made with the silk or satin in-
ner lining attached, to be finished up
when the fur is put on. There is at
least one concern in New York that
makes a specialty of muff beds and
turns out many thousands of them an-
nually.—New York Sun.

Wanted a Rebate.

In a rural community in one of the
middle states dwelt a man who made
a vow in 1856 that he would wear his
hair and beard untrimmed until John
C. Fremont should be elected president
of the United States. He kept that
vow for forty years, at the end of
which time he had nearly a half bushel
of hair on his head and face. Then,
coming to the conclusion, toward which
his mind had been gradually working
for a long time, that General Fremont's
death in the interval had practically
absolved him from his vow, he decided
to have his hair cut and his beard
shaved off clean. On his next visit to
the county seat he went to a barber
shop and was soon relieved of the hir-
sute burden he had carried for four
decades.

"How much?" he asked.

"Have to charge you half a dollar
for that job," said the barber, looking
at the mass that lay on the floor.

"Half a dollar?" he gasped. "Don't I
get anything for the hair?"

The Actor and the Critic.

One of the near comedians who al-
ways affect to be entirely careless of
newspaper criticism recently struck
from his list of bowing acquaintances
a critic noted for his candor. The
player met the writer and a friend
while crossing a park square and ex-
changed a few words of greeting and
as he passed on heard this conversa-
tion:

"Who was that?"

"Oh, that is L., the actor!"

"He does not look much like an actor
off the stage."

"Still less when he's on the stage,"
returned the critic.—Argonaut.

On New England Tombstones.

There were several epitaphs which
fascinated you for awhile, epitaphs like
that of "Solon Tyndall, Killed by a
Fall from the Main topsail Yard of the
Bark Amazon, in the Harbor of Bue-
nos Aires on March 12, 1850:

"He as a seaman did his duty well,
But his foot slipped, and from aloft he
fell—
Fell, but to rise and climb the shrouds on
high
And greet his Master with a glad 'Aye,
aye!'"

Or that which recorded the fate of
"Abraham Peters, Shot in the Creek by
the Explosion of his own Gun."—Col-
lier's Weekly.

A Scramble.

"All the world's a stage,"

"What of it?"

"I was just thinking that the cast is
so large that nobody gets much of a
chance at the spotlight."—Philadelphia
Bulletin.

His Weak Point.

The Stage Manager—He can play
"drunken parts" better than any man
on the stage. The Business Manager
—Yes, but he's too fond of rehearsing.
—Illustrated Bits.

Fortune brings in some boats that
are not steered.—Shakespeare.

AN ISLAND OF QUIET.

Yet Going Downtown in Madeira is an
Exciting Event.

Madiera is populated, yet is one of the
quietest as well as one of the most
beautiful places in the world. Al-
though the roads are paved with round
beach stones, there is nothing to re-
mind one of the fact, because, as Da-
vid G. Fairchild, agricultural explorer
of the department of agriculture, ex-
plains in the National Geographic
Magazine, there are no horses or jolt-
ing wheels.

All vehicles in Madeira are on run-
ners. If you go calling it is in a bul-
lock sledge with canopy top and com-
fortable seats. If you move a bank
safe or a steam boiler it is carried on
a "stone boat," or sledge of poles, and
you may have to get forty oxen to pull
it. If you are in a villa on the hillside
and want to get downtown you take a
running car and slide down over the
cobblestones.

Two strong men, each holding a
guide rope, pull your car over a bag
of grease to grease the runners and
then give you a running shove and
jump each on a runner behind as the
car shoots down at a breakneck pace
over the cobblestones.

The men yell, hens and dogs scam-
per, foot passengers cling close to the
wall of the narrow street, the runners
get hot and fill the air with odor of
burning wood as you shoot round sharp
corners, down the busy thoroughfare,
past gorgeous masses of flowering
creepers which hang over the walls of
the private villas that border your
road.

But, oh, the change when you get to
the bottom! You are obliged either to
walk or take a carro, drawn by slow
moving bullocks, squeaking and slip-
ping over the stones.

ORIGIN OF THE HORSE.

The Modern Animal a Cross Between
Two Ancient Breeds.

In Wissen fur Alle Professor Koenig
discusses in some detail the origin of
the horse of today. He finds that the
horse of neolithic times was not specifi-
cally distinct from the horse of the
present. While there is no doubt that
the horse of that period was used by
man for food, there seems to be no con-
clusive evidence as to whether it was
domesticated or not. His own opinion,
however, is that it was probably do-
mesticated.

The horse of that time was closely
allied to the tarpan or semiwild horse
that lived in southern Russia up to a
century ago. This was a "hog maned,"
short legged, large headed beast. It
seems probable that the domesticated
horses of the Germans of Caesar's time
were derived from this breed.

The Egyptians had horses as early
as 1900 B. C. These were long maned,
more like the Arab horses, and came
from Assyria. Where the Assyrians
obtained them is unknown, but it was
probably from southern Asia, where
this long maned breed has been devel-
oped in all probability as the result of
long continued domestication. The
modern horse is a cross between these
two breeds, with a further mixture of
the Arab horse. This Arab horse, too,
was itself a descendant of the earlier
long maned horse.

The origin of the long maned horse is
a matter of doubt, but Professor Koenig
thinks it may have been from an
extinct Indian species.

Women Who Marry at Thirty-five.
A German doctor lays it down as a
well established fact based on close
observation that women who do not
marry until thirty-five or thereabout
invariably achieve matrimonial suc-
cess. Why women of this particular
age should make more successful mar-
riages than those who fall victims to
love's young dream is fairly obvious.
When a young woman marries be-
tween thirty and forty she either does
so for companionship, choosing her
mate accordingly, or from need, in
which case she also chooses with a
certain amount of care. She has no
wild dreams of unalloyed bliss.—Lon-
don Lady's Pictorial.

A Freak of the Lightning.
A curious case of lightning destruc-
tion took place some years ago at Gat-
china, an imperial summer residence
not far from St. Petersburg, where
stood a stone column fifty feet high,
held together by iron angles. When
rain fell more or less water penetrated
the stones in the interior of the monu-
ment. One day it was struck by light-
ning, and instantly the column disap-
peared from view, killing a lone sentry
on guard. The only explanation is
that the heat of the lightning instan-
tly generated steam on coming in con-
tact with some of the water and the
terrific explosion followed.

The Change of a Comma.
"Whenever she asks me to do any-
thing," soliloquized Mr. Meeker pen-
sively, "I always go and do it, like a
fool."

"Yes," said Mrs. Meeker, who hap-
pened along in time to overhear him.
"Whenever I ask you to do anything
you always go and do it like a fool."
—Chicago Tribune.

The Baby Helped.
Jones—Yes; our household now rep-
resents the United Kingdom. Smith—
How's that? Jones—Why, you see, I
am English, my wife is Irish, the
nurse is Scotch, and the baby walls—
London Express.

Changed.
"Do you believe that man and wo-
man should have equal rights?"
"Well, I used to, but since I've been
married I don't dare to say so."
—Cleveland Leader.

Men make houses, but women make
homes.—Danish Proverb.