

Interesting Scraps.

The difference between Taft and Bryan is that between proved statesmanship and a railing stump speech.

At the close of the present season it is inferred that Dobs and his Red Special will take to the vaudeville circuit.

Col. Bryan wishes, no doubt, that he could sue out an injunction to prevent Mr. Taft from speaking in the Middle West.

Young Thaw stands at the head of the brain-storm artists. He causes just as much trouble inside the asylum as he caused outside.

Mr. Bryan's weight has recently increased to 227 pounds. Why worry? The year 1912 is quite a distance ahead and the Chautauqua demand lively.

There never was a time when Mr. Taft and Senator Foraker would have found it difficult to shake hands over the record of the Republican party.

Mr. Bryan's favorite for governor was beaten in the Nebraska Democratic primary. All parties in that state are tired of the perpetual candidate?

Mr. Bryan has refused to speak at the New York State Fair because an admission fee is charged. It makes a difference who gets the admission fee.

The Japanese international exposition has been postponed five years, and at last a world's fair opening on time may be counted on if nothing happens.

In his forthcoming autobiography Mr. Rockefeller will endeavor to do himself complete justice—something that the public has never been able to do.

Both in Maine and Arkansas, the next states to vote, the prohibition question is at the front. In these cases the straws and the juleps must be considered together.

Argentina has appropriated \$55,000,000 for a fleet, as an offset to the battle ships ordered by Brazil. It takes more than small change to get a start in the modern naval swim.

In saying that the presidential contest is a case of Taft standing on his record and Bryan running away from it, Nicholas Longworth has constructed one of the best epigrams of the season.

On account of the advance in price this year's corn crop will sell for \$585,000,000 more than that of 1907. And yet Mr. Bryan is not getting enough \$100 bills from the farmers to serve as a sample.

A Democratic paper remarks that the two national platforms differ but little. It is only necessary to point to the protection and free trade planks to show that they are as far apart as the poles.

Mr. Bryan is an adroit critic, but the record of the Republican party is known to all, and the American people will neither be confused nor misled by adroit thrust or pleader's skill.—Gov. Hughes at Youngstown, Ohio.

The men who attended "Cain" Hervey's financial school in 1896 are not holding any reunions this year. They are waiting patiently for the country to forget the glorious time of the 50 cent dollar crusade.

The Grand Army march at Toledo was over two hours in passing a given point in spite of the fact that 10,000 members had died in the last twelve months. An idea can thus be formed of how many men were called to the field to save the Union.

Some of the New York machine politicians complain that Gov. Hughes is making them fight for their lives. Yet the governor has done nothing more than to discharge his official duties with the fidelity he believes to be due the people.

Mr. Bryan insists on an overthrow of the entire system of protection, thus threatening the dissolution of trade and the most serious disturbance of industry. He seeks not tariff revision, but tariff revolution.—Gov. Hughes at Youngstown, Ohio.

The campaign watchwords, "Shall the People Rule?" and the demand, "Whether the Government Shall Remain a Mere Business Asset of Favor Seeking Corporations," are not impressive when emblazoned on the banners of Tammany Hall or of other essential allies—Gov. Hughes, at Youngstown, Ohio.

In his latest address the Emperor William said peace is guaranteed "in the consciences of the princes and statesmen of Europe," by the desire of the people for tranquil industry, and, finally, "by our power on land and sea, by the German people in arms." These battlements of peace differ little from the kind with which Europe has long been familiar.

The theory quite generally held that times of financial and industrial stagnation are followed by waves of crime is borne out in the recent volume of burglaries and other predatory crimes re-

ported in the press of the United States. One ray of light was thrown on this problem in the General Sessions Court of New York one day this week, when sixty-seven persons were to be sentenced for various crimes, an unusual number for one day. It was learned by the court that at least twenty of the men were prisoners for the first time, and they were evidently laboring men out of work. All of them made the plea in extenuation that necessity had driven them to steal. None had taken a large sum or used violence. In most cases the judge suspended sentence.

The successful installation of a new suction gas engine on the British obsolete warship Rattler by the Beardmore Company is widely talked of in England as a revolution in ship propulsion. Among the advantages of this engine are that cheap coal can be used, and that no stokers are required to operate, while with an equal amount of coal consumed 50 per cent more power is obtained than by steam. The gas is prepared by passing steam and air through a furnace in which coal or coke is burned, the combination gas product being sucked into the engine through a cooler as fast as needed. Neither boilers nor tunnels are required, a distinct advantage in war.

Mr. Slason Thompson, in charge of the Railway News Bureau of Chicago, submits data to the New York Herald showing that recent legislative demands by state and federal authorities are forcing the railroads of the United States to pay over \$20,000,000 extra expense a year. These figures do not take into account the loss of revenue due to lowering of freight rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but include only recent burdens added to the departments of accounting, maintenance and operation, through regulations which, according to Thompson and the opinion of railroad officials, do not enhance the efficiency of the service rendered by the common carriers.

A Sure-enough Knocker. J. C. Gostwin, of Reidsville, N. C., says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve is a sure-enough knocker for ulcers. A bad one came on my leg last summer, but that wonderful salve knocked it out in a few rounds. Not even a scar remained." Guaranteed for piles, sores, burns, etc. 25c. at Chas. I. Clough's drug store.

A Bold Step.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merit, and made them the medicines known as Compound No. 1.

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the public scrutiny.

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, rapid liver and biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, in plain English, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral acids or other poisonous or injurious agents, and that they are made from native medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their women. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, soothing the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

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TWO VERSIONS.

Story of the Climb as Told by the Tourist and the Guide.

"He was touring the Bernese Oberland. At the Bear hotel in Grindelwald a mountaineer sat in the hall, a glass of beer before him and his feet, in their hobnailed mountain boots, extended toward the fire. The mountaineer had just made an ascent of the Tiger, and he talked like this about it: "Well, well, well, a climb indeed—four hours of incessant step cutting with an ax on an ice slope as smooth as glass and as steep as a wall. Look at this bunch of edelweiss. I spied it on the edge of a dreadful precipice. My guide refused to let me pluck it; he said it was madness. For his part, he would not risk his life so foolishly. But at last, what with eloquence and an offer of 200 francs, I persuaded him to come along. The advance was awful. One misstep meant death. But I secured the mountain, when suddenly the guide's foot slipped, he fell and began to roll toward the edge. But I thrust my ax firmly into the ice and, bracing myself, seized the rope that bound us together, and—the man was saved." "And at the same time in the hotel kitchen the guide was giving another version of the ascent in words like these: "Well, well, what a customer! Another like that chap and I give up the business. From the start he was faint and dizzy. In fact, wherever any real climbing began we had to carry him like a sack of meal. And mean! Refused us a single penny extra for all our extra trouble. Last of all, he begged for the sprig of edelweiss I wore in my hat, and I was fool enough to let him have it!"—New York Times.

FISHES' FACES.

The Fascination They Have For One Lover of Nature.

Did you ever stop to examine the expression on the face of a fish? I do not mean of some notoriously grotesque fish, but of just any plain sea-faring fish. I confess that the fascination for me is the same whether I stand in front of some great collection of little monstrosities like that in the Naples aquarium or whether I sit by my dining room window and contemplate the goldfish in my little boy's glass bowl. People watch the monkeys at the zoo and remark how human they are, how sly and crafty the old ones, how cute and playful the young ones. But for steady company give me the fish. How restful they are with their mouthings, as regular as if they were governed by a balance wheel. How quiet, too, for not one word of murmured protest or of chattering fault finding do they inflict upon us! How philosophical as they bask in the sun the livelong day or seek the occasional shade of the modest sprig of greens which forms the conventional garnishing of their watery abode! How easily gratified are their simple tastes! Surely with their good manners, their quiet deportment and their stoical bearing goldfish are the ideal companions of the mature man. Monkeys and dogs and kittens may amuse the children by their tricks and antics, but only the grown man can appreciate the solid qualities of the fish's character as written upon his features.—Atlantic Monthly.

Hairs in the Watch.

"Well, sir, I had to send my watch downtown to have it cleaned out again," said an east side barber the other day. "I have to send my watch to the repair shop about once a month, and there is absolutely nothing the matter with it, except that it is full of hairs. I do not understand how the hairs can get into the works and behind the hands and mix up in the mainspring and every place as they do in my timepiece. I watched myself one month as closely as I could, and I swear I never opened the back of it. Yet at the end of the month I unscrewed the back lid, and it was full of little fine hairs. I always keep it in my pocket when I am cutting hair, but I don't see how any hairs get into the watch. Yet they must, because they are always there."—Columbus Dispatch.

A New Definition.

The class was studying grammar. "Now," said the teacher, "can any one give me a word ending with 'ous,' meaning full of, as in 'dangerous,' full of danger, and 'hazardous,' full of hazard?" There was silence in the class for a moment. Then a boy sitting in the front row put out his hand. "Well, John," said the teacher, "what is your word?" "Please, sir," came the reply, "'pious,' full of pie."

Vigorous Youngsters.

Lady—I am looking for a governess for my children. Manager of Intelligence Office—Didn't we supply you with one last week? "Yes." "Well, madam, according to her report you don't need a governess; you need a lion tamer."

His Reasoning.

De Tough—I want to return this dog to the gent what owns him. I seen his ad. in the paper. The Lady—How did you guess it was a "gent" that put the ad. in? De Tough—"Cause it said, 'No questions asked.'"—London Plick-Me-Up.

The Trouble.

Grouch—The Rev. Mr. Smiley's scheme to pass around the cigars and let the men smoke during services has proved a failure. Blink—What was the trouble? Grouch—His wife bought the cigars.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Barrel on the Sidewalk.

A barrel stood on the sidewalk, and beside it stood a man. The man was dressed in laborer's clothes and apparently was in a quandary about how to get the barrel to one of the upper floors. He scratched his head and pondered, and meanwhile a crowd began to gather. "Dig up a derrick and hoist it by hand," suggested one man with a clay pipe in his mouth. "The man beside the barrel made no response. "Get a rope and pulley and hitch a horse to the rope. That'll get the thing up in jg time," suggested another. The man remained silent. "Why in the dickens doesn't he put it on the temporary elevator and take it up that way?" asked the man with red whiskers. "I know a better way than that," said the man with patches on his trousers. "Just rig up a boatswain's outfit, and the thing can be hauled up quick as a wink." Suddenly the man beside the barrel took a red bandanna handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his forehead, took a chew of tobacco, put the barrel on his shoulder and carried it up to the second floor. The barrel was empty.—Milwaukee Free Press.

Our Language Is So Explicit!

The tradesman had rendered his bill, waited a month and then wrote: "Please, sir, I want my bill." "Back came the bill with these words: "Certainly; here it is." "The bill was returned, and in a month the tradesman again wrote: "Kindly send me the amount of my bill." And the answer came promptly and politely: "Certainly; it is \$104.26." The third month the tradesman again wrote: "Will you send me a check for the amount of my bill?" The answer came, with a blank, unsigned check: "Certainly; here is the check. I have kept the amount of your bill." The fourth month the tradesman wrote: "I want my bill paid." And the answer came back, "So do I." Then the tradesman gave it up.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Is Oratory a Drawback?

The great orators have not been the most fortunate aspirants for the presidency. Webster, Clay, Douglas and Blaine were idolized by their followers, not only for their abilities and personal traits, but also for their persuasive powers of speech. Horace Greeley, candidate of the Democrats and Liberal Republicans in 1872, was not a notable orator, but was none the less an effective talker. He made a speaking tour in the latter part of the campaign, and, although his position was an anomalous one, he acquitted himself with credit, even if he was overwhelmingly defeated. Tilden, who in his free soil days made speeches, obtained his mastery by his pen, not by his tongue. Grant, who was called the silent man because he could not make a speech when he first became a candidate, learned to speak very well in public, his speech for Garfield in 1860 being a good example of his development in that direction.—Boston Globe.

"Balderdash!"

An illustration of the manners of critics in bygone days is furnished by a scathing notice once printed concerning a volume of Browning's poems. It was an early volume, and Browning was delighted to receive a letter from J. S. Mill proposing to write a notice of them in the Westminster Review. A few days later his expectations were dashed by hearing from Mr. Mill that he could not write the article, as he had been forestalled by a notice which had appeared in the Westminster Review itself. With a palpitating heart Browning rushed to his club and searched the pages of the Westminster Review, to find, to his dismay, the article which had robbed him of Mr. Mill's notice. It was to this effect: "A volume of poems by Browning—'balderdash!'"

Oyster Shells as Medicine.

Ground oyster shells were given by the mediaeval doctors to children suffering from rickets and scrofula. Now it appears that they were right. The shells contain lime, nitrogen, iron, sulphur, manganese, magnesia, fluor, bromide, phosphoric acid and iodine, all excellent for feeble children. They say that if growing children were to take powdered oyster shells in their food the teeth would be improved.—London Answers.

Why He Refused.

"Can I offer you a little more soup?" a lady asked her new paying guest. "No, thanks," was the quick reply. "I hope you are not refusing because it is considered bad form to take two helpings of soup. We are not sticklers for etiquette." "Oh, it isn't etiquette that I was worrying about—it was the soup!"

Saved the Dishes.

Husband—But why did you dismiss the cook this morning, when the Higgins are coming to dinner tonight? Wife—Because at 11 a. m. we had only exactly enough dishes left to set the table.—Judge.

He Knew.

"What do you expect to be when you come of age, my little man?" asked the visitor. "Twenty-one," was the little man's reply.—Harold and Presbyter.

Golfing Feats.

The Scottish golfer who undertook for a wager to drive a ball a mile in a dozen consecutive shots probably set himself an easier task than some of his predecessors north of the Tweed. Among the most interesting wagers of this kind was one taken in 1798 that Burgess Golfing society in 1798 that no two members could drive a ball over the spire of St. Giles' steeple. The feat was attempted by a Mr. Secales of Leith and Mr. Smellie, a printer, each being allowed six balls, and both competitors succeeded in sending their balls well over the weathercock, a height of more than 100 feet from the ground. Some years later Donald McLean, a writer to the Signet, won a substantial bet by driving a ball over Melville's monument, in St. Andrew square, while several Scotchmen have performed the difficult feat of driving the ball from Burntsfield links to the top of Arthur's seat, a species of golfing steeplechase which requires considerable stamina as well as skill.—Westminster Gazette.

A Little More Than Your Income.

A young man, being asked how much it cost to live in New York city, replied, "A little more than your year's income, whatever that is." A young city clerkman on his first round of parish calls found a family on the verge of starvation. The man had been out of work for months. He had a wife and five children, the youngest a baby five days old. The young clerkman gave them \$5 and collected for them \$20 more before the day was out. A few days later he called to see about getting work for the man. They were again on the point of starving. With the \$25 the woman had bought a fine new baby carriage, some coffee and sugar. When the clerkman expostulated she indignantly denied extravagance. The children had broken the old carriage, and it was necessary the baby should have a daily airing. As for the coffee it was the first they had had in weeks. They were accustomed to it and needed it.—Appleton's Magazine.

A Queer Cough Mixture.

Mrs. Delaney, so well known as an eighteenth century personage, had a strange prescription for a cough mixture. Writing to a friend in January, 1758, she says: "Does Mary cough in the night? Two or three snails boiled in her barley water or tea water of whatever she drinks might be of great service to her. Taken in time they have done wonderful cures. She must know nothing of it. They give no manner of taste. It would be best nobody should know it but yourself, and I should imagine six or eight boiled in a quart of water and strained off and put in a bottle would be a good way, adding a spoonful or two of that to every liquid she takes. They must be fresh done every two or three days; otherwise they grow too thick." A strange remedy, and one wonders whether "Mary" took it and benefited by it.

Misjudged.

A Scotsman was traveling in a third class smoking carriage on a north of England line when at a small station a fishwife with a creel opened the door. Not relishing the prospect of such company, the Scotsman said in his smoothest tones, "Ah, this is a smoking carriage, my good woman!" The fishwife took no notice, but pushed in. "My good woman, this is a smoking carriage," repeated the male passenger in louder tones. The fishwife put her creel in the corner and sat down opposite to him, and the train started. Then the woman put her hand in a pocket of her blue petticoat, took out a large black pipe, lit it, and blowing a cloud of rank smoke that nearly suffocated her companion, remarked, "And so, my mannie, ye thoct naebody could tak' a draw but yersel'!"

A Big Swallow.

A detective was testifying in the case of a woman shoplifter whom he had arrested in her own house. "And, your honor," said he, "when I told her the charge she turned her back to me and swallowed a purse, six suits of silk underwear, a silver candlestick and a chafing dish, and—" "Rubbish! Are you crazy?" the magistrate interrupted. "Excuse me. What I mean to say, your honor," explained the detective, "is that she swallowed the pawn tickets."

A Little Bit Thick.

"Yes," said the old salt, "I've seen some pretty thick fogs in my time. Why, off the coast of Newfoundland the fog was sometimes so thick that we used to sit on the rail and lean against it! We were sitting one night, as usual, with our backs up against the fog, when suddenly the fog lifted, and we all went flop into the water. A bit thick, wasn't it?"

National Conversations.

If you see three men standing together on the sidewalk in any given country, you can guess the subject of their conversation. In Germany it is the army; in Russia, the bureaucracy; in France, women; in the United States, business; in England, sport, and in Turkey nothing at all.—Brussels Derniere Heure.

Her Way.

"I wouldn't cry like that if I were you," said a lady to little Alice. "Well," said Alice between her sobs, "you can cry any way you like, but this is my way."—United Presbyterian.

Life is measured by experience and not by years.—Latin Proverb.

City Council Meeting.

At a meeting of the City Council on Friday evening, with Mayor S. S. Johnson and Councilmen G. B. Lamb, W. O. Chase, W. A. Williams and G. P. Wilt present, the following business came up: J. R. Harter made a proposition in behalf of B. J. Stephens to submit the matter of the ownership of street opposite his property to arbitration, which was laid over until the next meeting.

L. Hiner appeared before council and asked that the city lease the alley back of his shop for a period of two years, which was carried.

Chas. C. Pyle, representing the American Amusement Co., appeared before the council stating that his company was going to put on a carnival, under the auspices of the Tillamook Band, and asked that the city remit the licenses for the shows at that time and allow him the use of the streets, which the council granted.

An ordinance to regulate moving picture machines was introduced, which failed to pass to its third reading for the want of a second.

An ordinance to license dances was passed, which places the license at \$3.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Bills allowed were: R. P. Zachman, plumbing... \$7.50; T. B. Handley, salary... 15.10; Alex. McNair & Co., hardware... 7.75; W. D. Boddyfelt, special police... 6.00; Sappington & Co., oil... 4.80; E. A. Edwards, salary... 30.00; Tillamook Water Works... 92.50; J. C. Gove, hauling... 185.00; W. Jolly, labor... 6.25; W. T. Kimball, salary... 68.00.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHEENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WARDING, KRENAN & MAJORS, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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