

THE BUGLE CALL. VOL. II.

This nice weather makes the school boys and girls wish for school to be out.

Miss Shirk was endeavoring to give some very simple instructions in subtraction.

Quickly came the answer: "The Shells."

Harvey: "I did not catch anything till I got home, but I caught plenty then."

Ralph was reading the "Ladies' Home Journal" one day and when asked what he was looking for he said he wanted to see how the new spring hats were to be made.

In a recent letter from Miss Davis to one of her pupils she says that she would like to be back in Tillamook even if it did rain a great deal.

Of course the tenth grades have always believed that their teachers should set the example and the pupils follow them.

Mr. Reichen has come to the conclusion that the tenth graders are all pretty good poets.

The line up for the game March 10 was as follows: T. H. S., Albert Bramwell, Lynn Eberman, forwards; Ralph James, center; Clarence Stanley, Elmer Allen, guards; Outlaws, Tom Holman, Warren Severance, forwards; Carl Dawson, center; Horace Sappington, Robert Stillwell, guards.

Albert Bramwell is again back in school. Everyone is glad to have him return.

The High School Excursion.—Last Saturday morning did not dawn very bright but it failed to discourage the High School students who gathered at Elliott's dock at seven o'clock, ready for the yearly start to the Garibaldi beach.

The lunch baskets were deposited in the bow and amid a flutter of handkerchiefs the merry party started on its way.

The Antelope made good time and was soon at the Beal's place on the bay where it stopped to get Gladys, Helen and Burr on board.

They reached Garibaldi at nine o'clock and after disembarking they all started for the beach. The morning was spent in visiting the Life Saving station and the Look Out House, from where the Tillamook Rock Light House could plainly be seen.

The afternoon was spent in various ways, but all reported a good time when they again met together at the launch after a hasty lunch at five they started back up the bay reaching home in safety.

The tenth grade finished their physical geography this week.

For lessons in fencing see Nellie Hannekruatt and Evan Ross.

If you wonder why Eva Wolfe forgot to go home for dinner last Tuesday until long after the rest had gone, why ask her.

The Little Sunbeam.—The little sunbeam in his glee, Each morning glides from the east, Shines afar through many a dark glen Making happy the birds and bees.

The grass in the meadow will sparkle and shine. Like diamonds fresh from out the mines, When the sun through the trees of the forest twines, And on them lets his soft rays shine.

The little flowers nod in the sun; The birds twitter about in their nests When they see the sun once more come Out from his long winter rest.

Now would you like to be a sunbeam In every place you go, And by your smiling countenance Make happy everyone you know?

Owing to the excursionists getting back so late the basket ball game was not commenced on time last Saturday evening.

or twice for slight injuries and short arguments.

There is a question yet as to who the game belongs to. But if the H. S. can do what she did last time after spending a day on the bench there is no question as to how the next game will turn out.

It was agreed after the game to play again, but Bay City can not fulfill the agreement as they have no place to practice.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans.—The Van Camp family were a very poor Dutch family at the beginning of my story.

In a recent letter from Miss Davis to one of her pupils she says that she would like to be back in Tillamook even if it did rain a great deal.

An advertisement was soon swinging before the door in big black letters which read, "Van Camp's Pork and Beans."

Soon the place was sought by people from all parts of the city, and to meet their orders a larger establishment must be found.

And so they worked on for months, which soon grew into years. Hans and Lena did not keep at their work long, as an education was necessary.

"Van Camp's Pork and Beans" are now known all over the world as a delicious dish. Hans is the overseer of the establishment, with a young and happy wife at his side.

Thomas B. Macaulay was born in England, October 25th, 1800. His father was a Scotch Calvinist, and was a strong believer in anti-slavery.

At the age of three Macaulay read incessantly, and was fond of telling what he read. He would tell his nurse endless stories when out walking, and would compare his every day life with what he read in books.

After leaving a private school at Cambridge, he entered Cambridge University. While there he met several young men who were interested in literature, and who had a great influence over his after life.

After leaving college he studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but did not practice much. He was elected to Parliament from Edinburgh.

He was elected Supreme Council of India, and helped frame the code of laws for the government of India.

On his return from India he was again elected to Parliament. He was made Lord Rector of the University at Glasgow, and was elected Professor of Modern History, the latter position he declined, as he wished to have the time to finish his "History of England."

His best poetical work was "Lays of Ancient Rome." Among his other writings were the "Ivory," and "Milton," and the unfinished "Armada." He died in December, 1859. E. A.

Donald was the son of a well-to-do farmer of Indiana. He had a nature as changeable as the winds.

One day Donald's mother told him that it was time to go to the pasture after the cows, and this is what he said, "I do wish there had never been such a thing as a pasture, anyway."

"Why aren't you ever thankful for the many blessings you receive?" "Ugh! I don't call pastures blessings," said Donald.

"You may be glad to be surrounded by such beauties of nature some time, my boy."

A few days after this conversation, Donald read an advertisement in the daily paper which ran as follows: "Wanted, a steady boy to do office work. Work easy. Reasonable pay."

As the boy read this his heart leapt for joy. The next morning, against the will of his honest old parents, he began preparations for going to the city.

Mr. Grayson was advised of the death while at the Trask house, and he made arrangements to bring the remains from the Summit to this city, reaching here on Tuesday morning, and in the afternoon of the same day the mortal remains of Old Pat were laid to rest in the Oddfellows cemetery, his relatives and a few citizens showing their last token of respect by covering his resting place with flowers.

Another well known character of Tillamook County has passed away, but he will be remembered for a good many years by those who have traveled over the mountains from North Yamhill to Tillamook City, for Pat Doughney, who occupied the Summit House for a number of years, always had a warm house and a warm heart in welcoming those who were numbed and cold traveling over the mountains in winter.

Pat was in town last week and left on the stage Thursday evening for the Summit. His health had been breaking up for several months, being troubled with his heart and sinking spell, and it was only a short time ago that George W. Grayson advised him not to go to the Summit house for fear that something might happen him, but he persisted, saying that he would just as soon die there as anywhere else.

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Patrick Doughney was born in Ireland in October, 1837, and came to the United States in 1856, and resided in Oregon for 50 years, in Yamhill and Tillamook counties. Previous to making his home at the Summit, he drove stage. He has two children living, Mrs. Alley, wife of County Commissioner H. V. Alley, and Clarence L. Doughney, both of Nehalem.

For many years Pat Doughney had kept the Summit House, where he did a way place on the North Yamhill-Tillamook toll road. It was the only human habitation between Sampson's Mill, on the Yamhill side, and Trask, on the Tillamook side, a stretch of 25 miles of the wildest kind of mountain road.

Year after year Doughney lived there alone, and for weeks at a time the only face he would see was that of the mail carrier who passed twice a day. In winter the snow often reached up to the eaves of the house, and sometimes the road would be blockaded for several days or weeks, even the mail carrier and his pack horses failing to get through.

Doughney kept good supplies of provisions on hand for these occasions, and in his younger days hunted enough to have venison when he needed it.

In summer the mail company operated a stage and carried passengers and many campers bound for the Tillamook beaches passed over the toll road. Wayfarers always found Doughney a genial host, and in this way he became known to hundreds of people. There is scarcely a traveling salesman on the Pacific Coast who "made" Tillamook that did not know Pat Doughney.

Pat was not averse to taking a bit of the potheen on occasions, and travelers who knew him generally saw to it that he had enough on hand for an occasional nip.

When Doughney first went to live at the Summit House he owned a dog. But the dog aged faster than did Pat, and finally died. After a time one of the hermit's waggish friends sent him a pig for company. The pig got lonesome and squealed so continually that Pat couldn't sleep, so he shot the young porker.

Since the railroad will be carrying passengers to Tillamook before many months, Pat Doughney's occupation of keeping a wayside inn would soon have been gone had he lived. It is doubtful if he will have a successor at the Summit House.

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Alley and Clarence L. Doughney wish to thank George W. Grayson and others for their kindness and those who sent flowers, in connection with the death and burial of the deceased.

Stiff Neck.—Stiff neck is caused by rheumatism of the muscles of the neck. It is usually confined to one side, or to the back of the neck and one side. While it is often quite painful, quick relief may be had by applying Chamberlain's Liniment.

Concerning His Kissing of Her.—Only one person with a mean disposition would have figured out this little prose poem. It runs as follows: "Which do you think is the greatest sin? Did he kiss her? Did he kiss her? Did he kiss her? Or, Did he kiss HER?—Cleveland News."

The Great Need.—"Miss Dolly, you know the old adage—"I don't want to hear anything about old-ages," she interrupted. "What we girls want is some subtract-ages."—Woman's Home Companion.

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OLD PAT PASSES AWAY.

His Lifeless Body Found in the Road Opposite the Summit House.

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POWER OF WATER.

Under Certain Conditions It is Practically Irresistible.

When a man goes in swimming at the seashore and slaps the water forcibly with his hand or takes a back dive from a pier and lands squarely on his back he realizes that the unstable liquid offers not a little resistance. Yet, says a writer in the New York Tribune, it would surprise almost anybody to see what water will do under certain conditions.

A stream from a fireman's hose will knock a man down. The jet from a nozzle used in placer mining in the west eats away a large piece of land in a day, toys with great bowlders as if they were pebbles and would shoot a man over the country as though he were a projectile from a cannon.

There is a story of an eastern blacksmith who went west and made a bet that he could knock a hole through the jet of one of these nozzles with a sledge hammer. He lifted his arms, swung the sledge and came down on the ten inch stream with a force that would have dented an anvil. But the jet, never penetrated, whisked the massive hammer out of the blacksmith's hands and tossed it several hundred feet away into the debris of gold bearing gravel beneath a crumbling cliff. After this the blacksmith left out iron when he spoke of hard substances.

There is also a power plant near Durango, Colo., where a United States cavalryman one day thought he had an easy job in cutting a two inch stream with his sword. He made a valiant attack. The result was that his sword was shattered in two and his wrist broken.

A little thinner jet of water descending 1900 feet to a manufactory at Grenoble, Spain, and traveling at the moderate speed of 100 yards a second fractures the best blades of Toledo.

Of course some people will not believe such stories without having seen the thing, and one may think it a proof of the scientific imagination to say that an inch thick sheet of water, provided it had sufficient velocity, would ward off bombshells as well as steel plate.

Nevertheless many persons while traveling have seen a brakeman put a small hydraulic jack under one end of a Pullman car and lift twenty tons or so by a few leisurely strokes of the pump handle, and the experience of riding every day in a hydraulic elevator tends to remove doubts of the magic power possessed by water hatched to a machine.

SIMPLE FAITH.

A Burly Burglar's Confidence in an Editor's Business Acumen.

A man who admitted that he came direct from state prison tried to sell to the city editor of a New York newspaper a weird and startling story of a missing will which he declared had been revealed to him by a fellow convict. He was a burly fellow with a prognathous jaw, and he had lost an eye in battle. The mere look of him would frighten a timid citizen into tremors. Mr. White, the expert in criminology, cross examined the man as follows:

"Why were you in Auburn?" "Highway" (meaning, of course, highway robbery). "I suppose you were wrongfully convicted."

"Nuh; dey had me right." Such engaging candor made Mr. White feel that the man was truthful, and he was greatly disappointed when strict investigation disclosed the fact that the story of the missing will was all fictitious. The man was disappointed, too, at the failure of his romance, but he went away from the newspaper office in cheerful mood, with some remark about better luck next time.

A week later Mr. White was summoned to the reception room of the newspaper, and there he found his friend, the burly highwayman, his shoulders broader, his single eye fiercer than ever. But his visit was quite friendly, although somewhat tinged with business. He evidently believed he could rely on Mr. White's good faith and business acumen. Fixing Mr. White with his glittering eye, the strong armed one plucked him by the sleeve over to a corner of the room and there in a loud, hoarse whisper inquired:

"Say, couldjer do anything wit' a couple o' watches?"—Harper's Weekly.

Bimini and the Fountain of Youth.—Bimini was a fabulous island firmly believed in by the Indians of the Antilles, though they could give no further clew to its location than that it lay some hundreds of leagues north of Hispaniola. On this island was the famous fountain of youth, giving perpetual health and vigor. It was the search for this fountain that led Ponce de Leon and Hernando de Soto to Florida, on the outskirts of which the island was generally supposed to be situated.

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