

FUGITIVE SPAR BUOYS

Rescuing These Stray "Sticks" Is Perilous Work.

SIGNBOARDS OF CHANNELS.

How These Mariners' Guides Are Anchored and How They Sometimes Break Away and Are Hunted Down by the Lighthouse Service Tenders.

When the winter gales begin to blow, the tenders of the lighthouse service turn their stems toward northern seas to hunt stray spar buoys. Of all the work of the coast patrol this, perhaps, is the most exposed to danger. Pulling these "signboards" out of the sea or putting them over side is like "yanking" splices with a ton derrick on a heaving platform.

Although passengers in the boats that ply the waters of New York harbor, Long Island sound and other waterways along the coast see many spar buoys, they give them little thought. With the man at the wheel it is different. Color, shape and size give him volumes of information, and he looks upon the spar buoy as an invaluable guide.

In the government inventories they are listed as "sticks," although they are sometimes sixty feet long. They are anchored in the bed of a river or harbor channel, their "up ends" painted in such a way as to indicate to the observer the formation of the bottom. On the margin of government charts explanatory notes tell one that vessels approaching a harbor from the sea should leave red buoys with even numbers on the right and black, with odd numbers on the left side of channels. Black and white striped buoys, the stripes running perpendicularly, mean an obstruction in the channel, with room to get by on either side. If balls or cages ornament the "up ends" it means a turning point, the color and number indicating the course.

These sticks are put down with heavy iron anchors and sometimes great stone weights. One would suppose that so fixed they never could get away, but they do, and it is a job to find them. Ice floes break their cables and sometimes crush the sticks; storms pull them loose, and ships in the fog or darkness foul them and tear them from their hold on the bottom. Not infrequently ships use them as moorings, although this is forbidden.

There are instances where the anchors of a spar buoy have been secure enough to hold against ice pressure and a narrow channel cause a dangerous jam. But such cases are few, for when this happens the weight of the ice usually becomes so great as to force the buoy under, and the pack slides on. If the ice pack gets under the buoy so as to lift it there is only one result—the parting of the cable. Then off starts the spar upon a journey maybe of thousands of miles, perhaps of only one or two. It may fetch up on the nearest shore, and it may drift to the west of Europe or into the southern sea. On the Irish coast today is one which traveled there in six weeks from New York harbor. It was presented to the British government by the United States and now floats off the coast which it stopped after its long Atlantic journey.

If it is a long chase to find the stray toys it is even a more difficult task to cover the anchors left behind by the givine spars. Tenders that sail out of the harbor have a derrick and tackle rigged in front of the pilot house, with donkey engine to lift and pull. The action of every buoy is marked on charts to a degree, so it is not difficult to find the desired position. The "house business" is dragging for the spar and after grappling with it to lift it aboard ship. Here the donkey engine comes into play. Another hazard is to pull a spar buoy aboard. If it happens to be running the captain of the tender has to use extreme care, and a big roller get under him and likely tighten the lifting chains so they would give way or the light would come up too fast, the way in either case being placed in jeopardy of their lives.

At the risk these men run is all in day's work. To them a job in a way on a lee shore is regarded as more dangerous task than repainting a row of buoys on land.—New York Times.

The Brevity of Ballarat. Mark Twain was in Ballarat that Mark Twain had the local language so puzzling that the good people of the place thought his life too short to dawdle in it.

Mr. Mayor called on the American artist and laconically said "K'm." to which Mark Twain gave him a r which simply said "Q."

Mr. Mayor's inquiry revealed that a term was Ballaratese for "welcome" and "thank you."—London Times.

Hailed. One of those young women hall from "New York" answered the western youth simply, "The halls from Boston. I never before overtaken by such ivy-covered intellectual ice."

Miss Poor Man! A. Fletcher—Mrs. Crabapple says husband kisses her goodby every day of his life. Mr. Fletcher—I of course what gave him that sour smile.—Smart Set.

It hangs over thee while thou art, while it is in thy power to be—Anon.

NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

What the Sailor Will Do to Obtain Shore Leave.

As illustrating how men respond and adjust themselves to reward, or, what comes to the same thing, the maximum satisfaction for a given amount of effort, two instances that came under my observation while in the navy are very interesting. One cruise was made on a vessel whose executive officer was in most respects a very able man. Discipline in general was admirable. In arranging for shore leave of the enlisted men, however, he managed so to arrange matters, strange as it may seem, that it was possible for a man in an inferior conduct grade to get more liberty than one of the best behaved men. This was of course entirely unnatural and came about from a combination of two separate systems. The reason was that naval regulations compelled the giving of at least a certain amount of shore leave to men in the second grade, while the system he was using actually allowed less to a man in the first grade. The result was that in a short time the bulk of the men were in the second conduct grade where they could get the most liberty. At a later date, on another ship, the executive officer was an extremely able man, who had studied this question more carefully and was a great believer in making it worth while for the men to behave themselves and keep in a high conduct grade. He so arranged matters that if any man behaved himself sufficiently well and did all his work with high efficiency he could have an unusual amount of liberty. The result was that this ship had more than half its crew in what is known as the "special first class," far and away the largest percentage that ever came under my observation.—Walter M. McFarland in Engineering Magazine.

EXPERT PLAYERS.

Four Ladies and an Interesting Attempt at Whist.

The following conversation was overheard by a waiter at a ladies' club. The man was able to use his knowledge of shorthand to take notes, having once been a reporter:
"Jane," said Maria, "it is your lead."
"Why, no," answered Jane; "it is Ida's."
"No," spoke up Ida; "it is not my lead. Susan dealt the cards."
"Why, then, it must be my lead," said Maria. "What's trumps?"
"Hearts!" shouted three young voices in unison.
"Well, there is my lead," said Maria, playing the deuce of clubs.
"But you must lead a trump card, my dear," cried Jane.
"Yes, and lead the biggest trump you have in your hand," put in Ida, Jane's partner.
"Well, then, here is the queen of hearts," said Maria.
"Oh, you mean thing, you!" exclaimed Jane. "That takes my king."
"But I will take the trick, for I have the ace," said Ida.
"But," remarked Susan, "that is the ace of diamonds."
"So it is," said Ida. "Well, here is the four of hearts."
"I've got the ace of hearts," purred Susan. "Does that take the trick?"
"Of course it does," answered Jane.
"No, it doesn't," said Ida. "A court card always takes another card."
"Oh, let's stop playing!" cried Maria wearily. "It's no fun when there are no men to tell you how to play."—Pearson's Weekly.

Banks.

It was in the City of Brotherly Love that the first bank was established in 1781. It was incorporated by congress under the name of "The President, Directors and Company of the Bank of North America." Three years later the second bank in the country was opened in Boston and called the Massachusetts bank.

In the same year the Bank of New York was founded.

The first United States bank was founded in 1785 and the second in 1816, in which year the first savings banks were established, one in Philadelphia, the other in Boston.—Scrap Book.

Inadvisable.

During a snowstorm on the Highland railway a train was held up for an hour or two. The guard, a cheery Scot, passed along the carriages trying to keep up the spirits of the passengers. An old gentleman angrily complained that if the train didn't go on he would "die of cold."
"Tak' my advice an' no' dae that," replied the guard. "Min' y', we charge a shillin' a mile for corpses."—Dundee Advertiser.

Sour Milk.

The milk was not of the desired sweetness one morning, and little Elmer pushed his glass away after taking a sip.

"What's the matter with the milk, Elmer?" asked his mother.
"I guess the milkman has been feeding his cow on pickles," was the reply.—Exchange.

The Duel.

Gaston burst like a whirlwind in upon his friend Alphonse. "Will you be my witness?" he cried.

"Going to fight?"
"No; going to get married."
Alphonse after a pause inquired, "Can't you apologize?"—Argonaut.

Two Tragedies.

To a woman there are two tragedies. One is not getting the man she loves; the other is getting him. The first is resignation, the second disillusion.—New York Herald.

A TURNER MASTERPIECE.

Origin of the Painter's Famous "Rain, Steam and Speed."

Of all pictures by the great English color poet, Turner, none is more popular than that which now graces the London National gallery under the name of "Rain, Steam and Speed," which was first exhibited in 1844. It is impossible to reproduce this adequately.

Concerning the origin of this picture Ruskin furnishes an interesting tale. The story was told to him by a friend, Lady Simon. It seems that she was traveling one night in the early days of the Great Western railway from Exeter to London. "When I had taken off my coat and smoothed my ruffled plumes and generally settled myself," she tells, "I looked up to see the most wonderful eyes I ever saw, steadily, luminously, clairvoyantly, kindly, paternally looking at me. The hat was over the forehead, the mouth and chin buried in the brown velvet coat collar of the brown greatcoat. Well, we went on, and the storm went on more and more until we reached Bristol, where we waited ten minutes. My old gentleman rubbed the side window with his coat cuff, in vain. He attacked the center window, again in vain, so blurred and blotted was it with the torrents of rain. A moment's hesitation and then, 'Young lady, would you mind my putting down this window?'"

"Oh, no not at all."
"You may be drenched, you know."
"Never mind, sir."

"Immediately down went the window and out went the old gentleman's head and shoulders, and I said, 'Oh, please let me look.'"

"Now, you will be drenched," he remonstrated. But he half opened the window for me to see. Such a night! Such a chaos of elemental and artificial lights and noises I never saw nor heard. He drew up the window as we moved on. I leaned back for some minutes with closed eyes, then opened them and said, 'Well, I have been drenched, but it was well worth it.'"

"He nodded and smiled and again took to his steady but inoffensive peering of my face. The next year, I think it was, going to the academy, I turned at once, as I always did, to see what Turners were there. Imagine my feelings! There stood written 'Rain, Steam and Speed, Great Western, June, 1843.' I had found out whom the seeing eyes belonged to. As I stood looking at the picture I heard a mawkish voice behind me say:

"There, now, just look at that! Ain't it just like Turner? Who ever saw such a ridiculous conglomeration? I turned very quietly round and said: 'I did, I was in the train that night, and it is perfectly and wonderfully true.' After that I walked quietly away."—Helen Zimmern in Metropolitan Magazine.

Kongo Natives and Their Dead.

"In the matter of preserving bodies for burial Kongsos, after the usual blinding in cloth, keep them for two or three months in their houses, where a fire is kept burning, but in Zombo they are suspended on two forked sticks in a dugout vault in the ground, which is covered over with palm branches and earth," says a missionary. "Sometimes the body is placed under a specially built grass roof in the open. This is not considered a burial, and some years ago they brought out for a big funeral feast and dance the body of an important chief that had thus been preserved for over twenty years. In other districts the dead are thrown away into a river or into the bush to be devoured by jackals and vultures."

Zoology and Flags.

Zoology figures very largely on the flags of different nations. On the British royal standard is the lion. It was Richard Coeur de Lion, by the way, who altered the device from leopards to lions on the king's standard. The eagle appears on the standards of both Russia and Germany and both the lion and the eagle on that of Spain. Bulgaria has a lion, China a dragon and Mexico a bird quarreling with a snake. Taken together with the animals that appear on nations' arms, the royal unicorn and Australian emu and kangaroo, a fairly comprehensive collection could be made from national emblems.

Going Too Far.

At a school exhibition a juvenile elocutionist got up to recite the first piece of his life. He was ambitious. He wished to make a great success of his piece, and he had been told by his teacher that the secret of elocution was the gesture—for every phrase its fitting gesture. The opening line of the boy's selection was, "The comet lifts its tall of fire." The overzealous boy, to fit its proper gesture to this line, lifted up the tail of his coat and held it out in a horizontal position.

Inconsistent.

Brown—It's curious about people's beliefs. They will give entire credence to the most absurd things and put no faith whatever in the most obvious truths. Black—Yes, I've noticed it. There's Greene, now. He hasn't the least confidence in hash, but he'll eat all the croquettes and mince pie you can set before him.—Exchange.

Poor Excuse.

"Before we were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed.
"I know it," he returned solemnly, "but this confounded flat is so tiny there's no place to lay anything down."—Harper's Bazar.

In essentials unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity.—Melancthon.

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Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, will receive bids for the construction of a Ceptic Tank, to be located on the property now owned by the Tillamook Lumber & Manufacturing Co., near the outlet of the said Sewer, leading from the Court House.

Said Ceptic Tank to be constructed of cement and bidder to submit plans and dimensions of tank with bid.

All bids must be filed in the office of the County Clerk, of Tillamook County, on or before 9 o'clock a. m., Wednesday, the 7th day of April, 1909.

County Court reserving the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the County Court. J. A. HOLDEN, County Clerk.

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