

**MAILED LETTERS.**

Owned by the Sender Until Delivered to the Addressee.

Many persons are under the impression that a letter once mailed is no longer the property of the sender, but belongs to the person to whom it is addressed. This is an error. Under the postal regulations of the United States and the rulings of the highest courts in the land, a letter does not belong to the addressee until it is delivered to him.

The writer has a right to reclaim and regain possession of it provided he can prove to the satisfaction of the postmaster at the office from which it was sent that he was the writer of it.

Even after the letter has arrived at the office which is its destination and before it has been delivered to the addressee it may be recalled by the writer by telegraph through the mailing office.

The regulations of the postoffice department require, of course, that utmost care shall be taken by the postmaster at the office of mailing to ascertain that the person who desires to withdraw the letter is really the one who is entitled to do so, and the postmaster is responsible for his error if he delivers the letter to an impostor or to an unauthorized person.

The vital principle in our political system lies at the bottom of this matter. In this country the state is the servant or agent of the citizen, not his master. It remains merely his agent throughout the transmission of a letter. The state may prescribe regulations under which its servants may carry a message for the citizen, but it cannot shirk its responsibility to him. —Washington Star.

**TUNING A PIANO.**

A Professional's Experience With Irri-  
table Von Bulow.

"Piano tuners are for the most part graduated from piano factories," says one of them. "While the piano tuner is required to know every part in the makeup of a piano, he is not necessarily a piano repairer. Nor can the average piano maker or repairer tune a piano. There are hundreds of expert makers and repairers of pianos who wouldn't be able to tell one tune from another."

"The piano tuner is born, not made. His acute sense of the vibrations of sound is given to him at his birth, and the man who hasn't got this sense can't become a piano tuner."

"Quite a number of years ago, when Hans von Bulow was in America, I tuned the piano upon which he played. He wouldn't allow the instrument to be tuned in the wareroom, one of his whims being that even a short removal of a piano knocks it all out of tune—something in that theory at that. So I tuned it upon the platform upon which he was to perform. He stood over me all the time, letting out agonized whoops and German cuss words until I couldn't help but laugh in his face."

"Finally, when I had the piano almost tuned, he gave a few more shrieks and, grabbing the wrench, began doing the job all over again. I let him go ahead, and inside of three minutes he had the piano so hopelessly out of tune that it took me three hours to get it into shape again. Herr von Bulow had to pay double for this little exhibition of temper." —Spokane Sportsman Review.

How Dickens Learned to Write.

When asked by one of those wise-  
acres who are convinced that in order to write good English a man must be taught to write bad Latin where his son was educated, Mr. John Dickens replied with considerable aplomb that his son—er—well, his son—er—might be almost said, in a sense, to have educated himself. The street, the warehouse, Mr. Creakle, an attorney's office, the reporters' gallery and post-chaise—such was the education that equipped a young man of twenty-four to preside at the banquet of literature at an unprecedented age, to make the best speeches in London, to go into the best society, to set the table in a room, to lead every company in which he mixed, to travel, acquire French and Italian with ease and write the most animated letters known to the modern world. —London Times.

Crusty Old Gentleman.

"Some people are so queer," said the young mother, with a pout. "Now, I think there is nothing that should be more appreciated than a generous child."

"What are you referring to, my dear?" asked her neighbor.

"Why, the baby. I had him in the car yesterday, and right in front sat a crusty old gentleman with side whiskers. Four times the baby offered him a stick of candy, and each time he only frowned. When the soft candy got stuck in his side whiskers he became very fiery and told the conductor. Wasn't he rude?" —New York Times.

Why He Was Popular.

"How do you know your husband is not a good poker player?"  
"Because," answered young Mrs. Tokins, "no good poker player could be so popular as he is with other poker players." —Washington Star.

Either Would Do.

The Dear Girl—He had the impudence to ask me for a kiss! Her Dear Friend—The ideal! What cheek! The Dear Girl (blushing)—He wasn't particular which. —Judge.

Incandescent Lamps.

Incandescent lamps can be colored by dipping them in a solution of white shellac in denatured alcohol to which has been added aniline dye of the desired hue.

**A DEADLY CONTEST.**

Tragic Climax of a Bicycle Race in Australia.

One of the most singular events in the annals of athletics occurred a few years ago at Sydney, Australia. The occasion was a great electric light bicycle race, and the attendance was not less than 10,000 people. There were fifty entries, two of whom, James Somerville and Percy Cliff, were not only professional rivals, but deadly enemies. Both were considered expert riders.

From the start of the race Somerville led, with Cliff a close second. Somerville kept the lead throughout and came into the last lap with Cliff only a few feet behind him. When about twenty-five yards from the finish Somerville put on a terrific burst of speed and drew away from his rival. Suddenly at this point his grip on the handle bar relaxed, and he fell forward. The machine, however, under the tremendous impulse it had received, raced ahead like an arrow, the rider hanging limply over the handle bar.

Four yards from the tape the machine slowed down a little. At this point the front wheel of Cliff's machine struck the hind wheel of Somerville's, sending both wheel and rider across the tape. Somerville won the race, but he was dead several seconds before he crossed the tape. —Chicago Record-Herald.

**ANCIENT DOCTORS.**

Some of the Things They Knew Twelve Hundred Years Ago.

The Russian Academy of Medicine after examining a Tibetan "Handbook of Medicine," first published 1,200 years ago, acknowledges that it contains many truths discovered or rediscovered by modern physicians. Here are some extracts from the ancient volume:

"Number of bones in the human body, 300; number of nerves, 99; number of pores, 11,000,000."

"The heart is the king of the organs and the staff of life. The lungs embrace it as a mother does her child. Sicknesses are due to man's malice, ignorance and inability to curb the passions, for these things interfere with the proper nourishment of the human organs. All unkind thoughts react upon the heart and liver."

The methods for ascertaining the state of a person's health were very similar to those methods employed to-day—looking at the tongue, feeling the pulse, etc. Vegetable medicines are advocated; also baths, compresses, massage, bloodletting, etc. Fines were imposed upon physicians who did not keep their instruments clean.

**A Fearless Prince.**

Victor Emmanuel when prince royal held the rank of colonel in a regiment of artillery, and Humbert I was on the throne. A new explosive had been invented, and the young prince was invited to be present at some experiments that were to be made with it. At the first shot the cannon being used burst with terrific force, scattering pieces of metal in every direction, but luckily not seriously injuring any one. Nevertheless the natural impulse to fly from danger seized officers and experts alike, and off they rushed with more unanimity than dignity. Only Victor Emmanuel remained at his post. He watched them for a moment and then, in a quiet tone of kingly tenor, called them back.

"No use running now," he said, with a ghost of a smile playing about his lips. "All danger is over."

**Pet Names.**

Every one likes to see husband and wife on affectionate terms, but Snaggsby, the toyshop keeper, rather overdid the thing. Little Johnny Briggs had sixpence, and he had bought a toy, but little Johnny's fancy is wayward, and he discovered that a clock-work railway engine was poor fun compared with a horse and cart, after all. Therefore he went to change the railway engine. "You say you bought this here yesterday?" said Snaggsby dubiously. "Who served you?" "The goosey gander, sir!" said Johnny, pointing to Mrs. S. And when Snaggsby remembered that he had so addressed his wife in the presence of the boy on the day previous he flushed a pretty pink and changed the toy. —London Sphere.

**The Sight of the Pigeon.**

A friend of mine ridicules the idea that in the carrier pigeon it can be sight which guides it on its homeward trail. But my friend should really study the mechanism of the eye of the bird before he skepticizes. I am sure that from heights at which it is itself invisible the falcon can note its prey, and its eye is simply a self-adjusting telescope. The careful dissection of the eye of the bird of prey is an absolute revelation as to creative ingenuity. —Dr. Dabbs in Fry's London Magazine.

**Dean Swift's Retort.**

A young advocate said to Dean Swift, "Supposing, doctor, that the parsons and the devil should litigate a cause, which party would you think would gain it?" "The devil, no doubt," was the dean's reply, "as he would have all the lawyers on his side."

**The Aristocrats.**

"Are there degrees of rank in the servants' hall?"  
"To be sure. Maids who have charge of dogs won't associate with maids who look after children." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Honesty is the best policy, although it may have the deferred dividend clause attachment. —Judge.

**A FLOWER LEGEND.**

How the Myosotis Came to Be Called Forgetmenot.

Dr. A. F. Thomson communicated to Mills' "History of Chivalry" the following romantic account of the origin of the popular name, forgetmenot, of the favorite little flower myosotis: "Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake on a fine summer's evening when the maiden espied some of the flowers of myosotis growing on the water close to the bank of an island at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when the knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water and, swimming to the spot, cropped the wished-for plant, but his strength was unable to fulfill the object of his achievement, and, feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and, casting a last affectionate look upon his ladylove, he cried 'Forget me not!' and was buried in the waters. As the world insists upon a reason, this story is as good as another, but the worthy knight must have been sadly out of his element not to have been able to return from a bank on which his mistress could discern so minute a blossom, unless, indeed, we suppose him to have been clad in armor, which was a habilliment ill adapted for a lover by land or water."

**THE RHINOCEROS.**

This Malicious Brute Is the Assassin of the Jungle.

If the genius of hell used up all his mental energy making a devil for the animal kingdom, he could not have created a more uncertain, malicious and ugly brute than the rhinoceros. This animal has buried more hunters than all other big game combined. It seems to be the hired assassin of the jungle. Its success as a homicide is not due to the fact that it seeks its victim, but because its victim falls over it. If the rhino knows that there is an enemy about, it will try to get away without being seen. If, on the other hand, it thinks that by keeping still it will be passed unnoticed, it stays as silent and motionless as Gibraltar. Its little bog eyes watching the direction of the noise and its nose sniffing the air.

Should an enemy show up suddenly in the jungle the rhino charges like a flash, nose down and horns leveled like swords for the thrust. Its huge bulk crushing through the brush like an express train. It is always a fight to the death, for a rhinoceros, once in a fight, wins or dies, and it mostly wins if it is not confronted with an express rifle in the hands of a cool, good shot. —Hampton's Magazine.

**The Old Time Album.**

"The terrors of the autograph album" must have been more general in the middle of the last century than they are now. The volume had embossed pages of various colors and showed alternate literature and art—original verses and drawings of ruins and bridges heightened with white chalk. Girls presented it for contributions so universally that Charles Dickens was on one occasion much astonished to find none forthcoming. He had actually brought with him some verses addressed to a beautiful maiden, on whose parents he was calling, and he carried them away again. Sending them to her by post, he wrote, "I had meant to put these lines into your album, but you, who do nothing like anybody else, did not produce one." —London Standard.

**In Morocco.**

In Morocco the prevailing tone is grayish white, men's clothes and houses, towns, bushes, tall umbrellas, nodding like ghosts in autumn—all are white; white sands upon the shore and in the Sahara and over all a white and saddening light, as if the sun was tired of shining down forever on the unchanging life. In no part of Morocco I have visited does the phrase "gorgeous east" have the least meaning, and this is always noted by the wandering easterners, who find the country dull and lacking in color compared with Asia, or, as the Arabs call it, "Blad Es Scharq." —"A Journey to Morocco."

**Russian Vengeance.**

The Russian revolutionaries have absolutely no mercy on those who betray them. It is well known that in the year 1903 a traitor caught at Odessa was bricked up alive in a cellar.

Regnier, a French spy in the pay of the Russian police, for a long time eluded the vengeance of the revolutionaries. But they caught him at last, and that just at the moment when he fancied himself safe. His body was found in his cabin on a ship which reached Antwerp. He had been suffocated by fumes of sulphureted hydrogen. How this was done was never discovered.

**The Considerate Clock.**

"One kiss!" pleaded a departing lover.  
"Nonsense!" exclaimed his fiancée in a teasing mood. "Some one might see us."  
"Who?"  
"Why, the clock; it has a face."  
"Yes, but it keeps its hands in front of it!"

**When He Missed It.**

The baldheaded man was asked if he missed his hair much.  
"Only when some fool question makes me so mad I want to pull it," he replied pleasantly. —Philadelphia Ledger.

The rain falls on the just and unjust, but the latter nearly always have the former's umbrellas. —Town Topics.

**LABRADOR MOSQUITOES.**

Terrible Pest to Travelers and Natives in the Northland.

No account of travel in Labrador can be complete without some mention of the terrible pest of mosquitoes. These were always present in immense swarms from the beginning of our trip to the end, and sometimes they made life almost unbearable.

Nothing could be heard but their buzzing. Whenever we attempted to eat they were down our throats and in our eyes and faces, and in spite of our head nets and fly dopes we were always badly bitten. The natives seemed to mind them almost as much as we did, their remedy being rancid seal oil. I am satisfied that were one so unfortunate as to be caught out at night without protection he would be either crazy or dead by morning.

Our tents were provided with a fine mesh bobbinet inner tent, but some would always find their way inside or come up from the ground. At times our light so attracted them we went outside to see if it were not raining, for the constant tapping of the mosquitoes against the canvas sounded so exactly like rain that it was impossible to tell the difference.

On many nights I had to give up the observation of stars for latitude and longitude because a candle could not be kept lit long enough to adjust the artificial horizon. We unfortunately had no chimney, and the mosquitoes swarmed so thickly that without this protection the flame was quickly smothered. There were but few nights cool enough to afford us any relief. We found that it required a temperature within a few degrees of actual freezing to subdue them. —Forest and Stream.

**STARCHED CLOTHES.**

The Fashion Was Started in England by Queen Elizabeth.

The practice of starching linen is at least 400 years old. It is said to have originated under Queen Elizabeth. Its inventor was a Dutchwoman, the wife of a Mr. Gullbeem, who was driver at the royal court. Mrs. Gullbeem understood so well how to improve a small deficiency in the bust of her royal mistress by means of stiffened collars, frills and laces that Elizabeth overwhelmed her with favors and privileges and finally elevated her to the rank of chief inspectress of the court linen.

The fashion introduced by the queen was of course soon followed by all the women of rank. The fad for this new "art" finally degenerated into a veritable mania for starching, ironing, plaiting, etc. Later special "professors" of the art of starching established themselves in London, among whom a Flemish woman of the name of Dinghen van der Plasse seems to have occupied the highest rank. Those privileged to be inflated by her in the art had to pay no less than £5 for a lesson.

Later they began to add blue color to the starch. Queen Elizabeth, who was very anxious about her questionable beauty, found that the addition of blue gave a green hue to her complexion. She therefore prohibited her subjects wearing any other than pure white starched linen, claiming that blue washed linen was injurious to health. But fashion proved superior even to "good Queen Bess." They continued merrily to use blue starch, though one woman after the other had to go to prison for transgressing the "blue law." —Boston Post.

**Fraternity Pins.**

Fraternity pins are seldom lost, and when they do disappear they often turn up again, sometimes years afterward, in the most out of the way places. As they always bear the owner's name and chapter engrayed on the back it is not a difficult matter to return them. One "old grad" who lost his pin shortly after he left college and bought another now has two, the original emblem having been returned in a singular manner. A "brother" had observed the familiar token reposing upon the bandanna of an old colored mammy in a little town in Virginia. Upon questioning her he learned that she had come by it "taking in washing." After much persuasion she was prevailed upon to surrender the trophy. —New York Post.

**Easily Satisfied.**

A countryman who was "doing London" went to a concert hall and inquired the prices of seats.  
"Front seats, 2 shillings; back, 1 shilling; programs, a penny," said the attendant.

"Oh, well, then," the visitor remarked blandly, "I'll take a program seat!"

**What He Meant.**

"It's fortunate that Professor Langley has a cold tonight."  
"What do you mean? If it hadn't been for the cold the professor would have sung."  
"Yes." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Badly Named.**

There is a man in a midland town whose name is Burst. It is a misfortune that would not have attracted much attention if he had not called his two children Annie May and Ernest Will. —London Scraps.

**Good Luck.**

Mr. Buggins—a black cat came to our back fence last night. Mrs. Buggins—Did it bring you good luck? Mr. Buggins—That's what it did. I hit it the first time I fired. —Philadelphia Record.

Colors seen by candlelight will not look the same by day. —Mrs. Browning.

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**THE POET SAYS**  
"Beauty draws us  
by a single hair."

This seems like something of  
an exaggeration on the part of the  
poet, if at least does not apply to  
men. The man with a single  
hair would not draw worth a  
cent, unless as a curiosity.

People to look their best need  
hair, they need all they ever  
have. If the hair begins to go it  
is time to use

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