

**The Power of Luck.**

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I had received my medical diploma and before going home called on one of the lecturers, the famous surgeon, Dr. Coleman Oyle, to say goodby. I had been quite a favorite with the doctor, and he had occasionally been a help to me. Besides, he was an intimate friend of my father.

"Billy," he said to me, "I hope you'll succeed in the profession, but you won't unless you have luck."

"Why, doctor, I'm surprised. Everybody knows that you have worked yourself up to your present high position by your own unaided efforts."

"Everybody knows just nothing about it. Sit down there, and I'll tell you a story. You're a man now, and it won't injure you. On the contrary, it may teach you not to be too self-reliant and have due respect for luck. And who knows how far luck means providence. And providence often works through channels that are surprising to us mortals."

"When I was where you are now I was obliged to start in a small town. While I was studying I was ambitious for what I have now, but as soon as I struck that town my heart sank within me. And I hadn't been there a month before I was glad to attend a horse with the blind stagers to get a few dollars. I managed to eke out enough to pay for a room in a garret and one or two cheap meals a day. Surgery! Why, there never was but one surgical case in the town."

"One day my old friend George Phillips came through the town and looked me up. We had been at the medical school together and had a lot to talk over. George invited me to do the talking in a restaurant, and we spent a whole evening there eating and drinking—after 10 o'clock mostly drinking. I was an abstemious young man and couldn't stand the liquor I took in on that one occasion. George, who was more used to it, took me to my room and left me while he ran to catch a midnight train."

"I tried to get off my clothes, but couldn't. I remember taking off my coat and trying to hang it on a bed post when it came round to me, for everything in the room was circling. While I was vainly trying to find the shoestring of my boot I heard a violet ring at the doorbell below, and presently my landlady came up in a wrapper and said something which startled though it didn't sober me. John Overaker, the only rich man in the town, had been taken violently ill and I was wanted immediately."

"Here was a terrible situation. My first chance had come and I was hopelessly drunk. I caught at my coat when it came round, managed to get it on, accidentally jammed my hand against my hat, got it on and staggered downstairs. I succeeded in getting to the Overakers, rang the bell and was admitted by the only member of his family, his daughter Ethel."

"Oh, doctor," she said wildly, "I didn't hear what she said. I learned it afterward. I fear it is apoplexy. Mother died of apoplexy, and I know it by the snoring. Father was brought home by two friends, who put him in his room and left him. I sent for our regular physician, but he is out of town, so I sent for you."

"While she was giving me this information I held on to the wall with one hand and looked at her without speaking. When she had finished she led me upstairs. I knew enough to get her out of the room, and to do so looked at her and put my hand on the door. She understood and left me. Overaker was snoring heavily. I sat down in a chair to try to steady myself, and fell asleep. When I awoke the patient was still snoring. I remember leaving the room and by a careful hanging on to the banister getting downstairs. I was met by Miss Overaker."

"Oh, doctor, is there any hope?" "I nodded my head affirmatively and pressed her hand without speaking. She understood by this how deeply I felt and my sympathy for her."

"You will call very early in the morning?" "Amia I nodded affirmatively and went out into the street."

"The next morning I was in bed groaning over a bad headache, a worse consciousness and the knowledge that I had ruined my career at the start. I wondered if Overaker was dead. There was one comfort—nothing can be done in a case of apoplexy. I had promised to call early, so I got up and by a great effort dressed myself. I was going downstairs when I saw in the hall below, mirabile dictu, my patient. He saw me coming and smiled at me. When I reached him he grasped my hand warmly."

"Thank you, my boy," he said. "You didn't say a word, did you? My daughter is as innocent as a baby. If she knew her father was drunk last night she would die of mortification. Give me a man who can keep his tongue in his head. My own doctor would have looked the whole business. Here's a check for your fee."

"Now, if I had been sober I should certainly have ruined my career by telling the truth. As it was, I became John Overaker's physician, married his daughter and, backed by my father-in-law, came here to go into surgery. Don't think, my boy, that this story is to excuse my having been drunk; it is simply to show the power of luck. Indeed, as impressed was I with the fact that on another occasion drink would save me that I never have touched alcohol from that day to this."

HAROLD OTIS.

**A Fulsome Compliment.**

During Mr. Cleveland's tour of the south shortly after his marriage Mrs. Cleveland and he were driving one day through the streets of one of the larger towns escorted by two of its citizens. Some one threw a bunch of violets to Mrs. Cleveland, and Mr. Cleveland bent forward to catch it, remarking as he presented it, "I wonder why no one gives me flowers."

One of the gentlemen present gallantly replied, "We think you have won the fairest flower in all the land."

"Ah, yes," returned the president; "but, you see, I can't keep her in water!"

"It is not necessary since you keep her in such excellent spirits," was the reply.

Here Mrs. Cleveland interposed, saying, "I am afraid you are guilty of flattery," whereupon came the reply:

"No, madam. Flattery is fulsome compliment, and in this instance no compliment could be either too frank or too fulsome."

The charm of this response lies in the last and fourth from the last words, Mrs. Cleveland's maiden name being Frances Folsom.

**A Queer Chinese Notion.**

One of the beliefs which the Chinese are slowly unlearning is that foreigners use the eyes and hearts of Chinamen in compounding rare and costly drugs which are valuable aids in magic. Medicine and magic have for ages gone hand in hand in China, just as they once did in Europe. Ignorant Chinamen therefore readily believe such tales. The use of eyes of Chinese by foreigners in metallurgy is described in a work called "A Deathblow to Corrupt Practices," published in 1870. According to this, when white Christians had charge of a funeral they drove all the relatives and friends from the house. Both eyeballs were then removed from the corpse, the orifices being filled with plaster. This was called "sealing the eyes for the western journey." By compounding these eyes with a hundred pounds of Chinese lead, this veracious chronicler continues, eight pounds of silver could be extracted from it. The eight organs of any other people were useless for this purpose.

**Marine Rubber Chewers.**

The sailor, taking a fine, new rubber band from the stationery display, began to chew it with vigorous enjoyment.

"What are you up to there?" snarled the druggist.

"Just rubber chewin'," said the sailor. "It's a habit with all us navy fellers. Keeps off gun headache."

"Of course you, a landlubber, don't know nothin' about it. But let me tell you, mate, when a sixteen inch gun goes off aboard ship the jar shatters winders, splits planks and brings your lower teeth up against your upper like a straight left from old John L."

"The result is a gun headache—such a headache! But if you chew rubber in firing time it eases off the shock and you don't suffer none. I been chewin' it steady ever since Manila Bay."

"Rubber chewing—what a nasty habit," said the druggist.

"Rag chewin's worse," was the sailor's reply.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Close Quarters For Washington.**

At the time, now some years ago, when subscriptions were being solicited for the erection of a statue in New York city to President Washington a gentleman called to secure a contribution from an old resident who, although wealthy, was a little "near." On learning the object of the visit the rich man exclaimed:

"Washington! Washington! Why, Washington does not need a statue! I keep him enshrined in my heart!"

In vain were the visitor's solicitations, and he was naturally indignant at the parsimony of the millionaire.

"Well, Mr. R.," he remarked quietly as he rose to leave, "all I can say is that if the Father of His Country is in the position in which you describe him he is in a tight place!"

**The Title "King."**

The sovereign title of king has generally been supposed to be derived from the old British word "gynning," signifying "wise." But the Hebrew term "rosch" is doubtless the root of all the present titles denoting kingly power, including the Punic "resch," the Scythian "reix," the Latin "rex," the Spanish "rey" and the French "roi." The German nations styled their monarch according to their different dialects—"konig," "kuning," "koning," "king."

**Time's Changes.**

The captain was receiving the new addy.

"Well, boy, the old story, I suppose—of the family sent to sea?"

"Oh, no, sir," piped the boy, "that's all altered since your day."—London News.

**Not Misplaced.**

Hotel Clerk—I found the "Not to Be Used Except in Case of Fire" placard those college boys stole out of the corridor. Manager—Where? Clerk—They'd nailed it up over the coal bin.—Boston Transcript.

**Gritty.**

"Fifty miles an hour! Are you brave?" She (swallowing another pint of dust)—Yes, dear; I'm full of grit.—Chicago News.

**A Deserter.**

Hewitt—Green has been arrested for being a deserter. Jewett—Wife or army?—New York Press.

They conquer who believe they can.—Vergil.

**Hicks' Story.**

It was in 1847 that Hicks first made a county name as a witty raconteur. In that year Sir Samuel Spry, who had been member for Bodmin since the great reform bill, lost his seat and in a petulant mood took legal proceedings against Hicks on the ground that he had abused his official position to influence voters at the poll. In the course of the trial Hicks was called upon to state what he had to say in his defense. In the course of his statement he asked leave of the court to illustrate his position by a story. His request being assented to, he related how a few days previously he had been to see a lad whom he knew well who was laid up from a fall from a vicious donkey, which had kicked out all his front teeth. The lad, said Hicks, had taken the matter in the most kindly way and had said to him, "Tisn't the fall, Mr. Hicks, and 'tisn't the vally of the teeth what annoys me, but 'tis the nasty, ghastly, wishous disposition of the jackass."

Sir Samuel Spry sprang up in the well of the court in a fury and exclaimed, "He has called me a jackass!" The court was convulsed with laughter, and Hicks was promptly and fully acquitted of the trumpety charge brought against him.—Cornhill Magazine.

**Great Wars From Trifles.**

Great wars, pregnant with bloodshed and all the horrors accruing thereto, have very often been the outcome of trifling incidents which might, had they been treated properly, have been smoothed over and the slaughter averted. More often was this the case in earlier times than it is now. Every one knows that William the Conqueror lost his life in France through his horse treading on a redhot cinder while he was superintending the burning of Mantes, but few people know the fact which gave rise to the campaign that cost William his life.

During the latter part of his reign he became abnormally stout and consequently the laughingstock of not only his subjects, but his neighbors across the water. One day his contemporary, Philip of France, compared him to a fillet of veal on casters and suggested that he should be exhibited at a prize monarch show. This so enraged William that he straightway made war upon his ridiculer, and the loss of thousands of lives was the result.—London Tit-Bits.

**Gestures Part of Talk.**

There is a man who from a very early age has lived in countries where Spanish is the almost universal tongue. From force of this training he speaks Spanish perfectly. He has not the slightest trace of an English accent, and persons who do not know that he is of American parentage are willing to believe he is a Spaniard, merely from hearing him talk. He is so perfectly bilingual that it shows even in his gestures. When talking with English speaking persons he sits quietly and does his conversing with his mouth alone. Only in case of making a point most emphatically does he use a gesture. But the moment he drops into Spanish his every word is accompanied by a movement of the hands or arms. It is interesting to watch the change from the English to the Spanish side of him, because it comes so suddenly. He really can't speak Spanish without gesturing.—New York Sun.

**Some Slang Words.**

A remarkable fact is that many slang words have a classical origin. For example, the word "mill," a vulgarism for a fight, is traceable to the Greek word "hamilla," which means a combat.

"Uncle," the affectionate term for a pawnbroker, is derived from the Latin "uncus," a hook on which the article pledged was hung.

To go before "the beak" is a distinct reference to the old Roman custom of adorning the platform from which justice dispensed with the beaks of ships, which platform came to be called the rostrum, that being the Latin for a beak or prow.

**Cruel.**

The rich bachelor sighed and looked at the beautiful girl fixedly. "Things are at sixes and sevens with me. I feel the great need of a woman in my home, one who could straighten out my tangled affairs and make life worth living again." Her glance spoke an interest which approximately expectation. "Yes?" she queried softly. He blurted out, "Do you know of any good, able-bodied woman whom I could get to clean house?"—Argonaut.

**A Sure Scheme.**

Young Wife—I am determined to learn at what hour my husband comes home at nights. Yet do what I will I cannot keep awake, and he is always careful not to make a particle of noise. Is there any drug which produces wakefulness? Old Wife—No need to buy drugs. Sprinkle the floor with tacks.

**Aristocratic Fowls.**

"Do animals have their social customs and institutions?" "I presume so. I have no doubt that the geese have their descendants of the cacklers who saved Rome."—Puck.

**His Specialty.**

Friend—That new gardener seems to be a very hard worker. Suburbanite—Yes, that's his specialty. Friend—What? Working? Suburbanite—No, seeming to.—Town Topics.

**Oil of Bergamot.**

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