

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. The finest, most tasteful and wholesome biscuit, cake and pastry are made with Royal Baking Powder, and not otherwise. Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

Editorial Snap Shots.

The jury in the murder case did right in not bringing in a compromise verdict. It is too bad that one of the blind pigs was sick and could not appear in court. Send a veterinary surgeon to prescribe for it. It is pretty bad form to get into a knock out contest over a matter which should have been settled in a gentlemanly manner. Probably, some day, Tillamook City will have citizens enough with moral courage and backbone to put a stop to the repeated violation of law. It took the jury just eight minutes to return a verdict of guilty in a bootleg case, charging Howard Edmunds with violating the local option. This was in the circuit court, remember. The Port of Tillamook case has gone over for the term, and by the time that the next court convenes another Port of Tillamook will have been elected under the provisions of the law enacted at the last legislature. There is one thing that is hard to figure out, and that is what a Tillamook jury will do. For an illustration of this take the Hembre case and the recent boot leg cases in the justice court, and now the murder trial last week. What a lot of humbug the courts and the people are being put to over local option cases. The travesty of justice in the justice court was an outrage. At this term of the circuit court the bootleggers are playing sick, moving for new trials and appealing cases to the supreme court. Judge Galloway did the right thing when he decided to have Nordstrom tried again this week. Now is the time to try the case when all the witnesses are available. Besides, no good reason can be offered for keeping the prisoner in the county jail for six months, anyway, for he will have to be tried again some time. We understand that an effort is being made to induce Dr. Withycombe to run again for governor. He is a good man for the position, and the republicans of this State who preferred a democrat to a level headed, progressive republican did the wrong thing at the last State election. But, then, they were simply hoodwinked with "non-partisan" humbug. From present indications the prospects look bright for the most prosperous and profitable year for dairying in the history of Tillamook County. It is more than probable that the prevailing price for cheese this year will be in advance of any previous year, and the quantity will be much larger and quality greatly improved and of a uniform grade. Thus far the cheese is leaving the county in fine shape, reaching the markets in prime condition. The action of the juries in the circuit court and the juries in Justice Sappington's court over bootleg cases are so much at variance, that it is futile and a waste of tax money to bring any more local option cases in Sappington's court. It is believed that had the cases recently tried and dismissed in the justice court been tried in the circuit court, a verdict of guilty would have been returned in each instance. We have received a letter informing us that a certain married man while bringing a young woman to this county forced her to sleep with him and since then she was taken out to Portland and is now the mother of a child. Quite frequently we receive anonymous letters of a like character from persons who think that it is the duty of the Press to expose such depravity. Probably it is, but we have noticed this, that a great many persons who think that an editor should be fearless and outspoken, have not the moral backbone and courage to sign the letters they send to the Press, showing, to one way of thinking, that a large number of people lack moral courage. If all the incidents in the letter are true, then this is a matter for the District Attorney's office and the grand jury to grapple with, not the editor of this newspaper. There was one little incident in the murder trial on Saturday which struck us as somewhat peculiar. It was during a lull in the cross examination of Nord-

strom, the murderer. In a loud, defiant voice, the man who had committed murder and robbery, blurted out, "I'd like to know what right they had to open my letter"—referring to the letter he wrote to his sister telling her of the crime he had committed. Nordstrom assumed an injured attitude, but he obtained no satisfaction, for no one attempted to answer his query. This shows the character of the man to a nicety. The way he looked at it, it was a terrible thing to open and read his letter. Yet for a robust young man to kill in cold blood an old man and then rob his victim, did not concern him much. As the murderer stood before his victim the day of the inquest, whose face was disfigured and covered with blood, the murderer coolly admitted that he had made a good job of it. Yet he showed a most indignant spirit on Saturday about his letter being opened as though that was the most serious crime of the two. There was a general opinion amongst those who listened to the evidence in the murder case that the jury would bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree in ten minutes. They were badly misled. The attorneys for Nordstrom had a bad case, especially when the prisoner admitted on the stand that it was a premeditated murder, coolly and deliberately committed for the purpose of robbing Peterson of his money. No other inference can or should be drawn when such evidence is produced and corroborated by a number of witnesses. The attorneys for the defence knew this, and being appointed by the court to defend Nordstrom, they put up a good fight for the accused, especially in the closing argument. Attorney A. W. Severance's plea for mercy was a strong one, touching the tender spot in the hearts of some of the jurors and the large audience, which brought tears to their eyes as he depicted the young man's life from the time that he left his home in Sweden at the age of 15, the demoralizing associations that best a sailor and the temptations that confronted him when he came to this city. This Mr. Severance wove together, making one of the most touching appeals ever made to a jury in Tillamook county, and was one of the most interesting features of the whole trial. It was to ward off a verdict of murder in the first degree, and although a difficult task confronted him, all must admit who heard him that Mr. Severance made a powerful, forcible argument for the murderer and which had its effect on some of the jurors, so much so that the jury failed to agree. BOULDER CREEK. La grippe has been a most unwelcome caller among our citizens for the past two weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Borba, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Mills, H. A. Chopard and others have been on the sick list, but all are improving. Otie and Alvis Curl arrived home from California last week. We are pleased to report that Otie seems to be entirely restored to health. H. A. Chopard and family spent last Sunday at the home of E. P. Mills. W. D. Gladwill and Henry Smith went to the county seat last week on business connected with the saw mill they are preparing to build. Most everyone is loud in rejoicing over the prospect of a saw mill so close at home, especially several of the women who have been promised new houses, if the mill becomes an established fact. Mrs. Rosa Borba and Mrs. Grace Chopard called on Mrs. Belle Ayer last Wednesday. Mr. M. Curl has been boarding at H. A. Chopard's and working on the road the past two weeks. P. R. Coulson and family passed here Sunday en route to East Beaver. Chas. Jensen and wife visited the former's brother, H. L., last Thursday. The people in this vicinity are greatly disappointed at being again laid on the shelf, as far as the new road is concerned. Supervisor Farmer came up the other day and ordered the scrapers, plows, etc., to be taken to Beaver, as work was to begin near there, and the tools were needed, so we are obliged to wait an indefinite period to see our road completed. Those who attended the party at W. N. Bays last week report a very pleasant time. Forrest Ayer and family went to Blaine, Saturday, to visit at M. Curl's. Some busybody reported to the truant officer that Bennie Mills had left school and gone away to work, etc., and Mr.

Mills was compelled to start him to school again. However, Supt. Buell allowed him to attend at Hebo, near where he is working, so he will be able to hold his place. This interference seems totally uncalled for to those who know the circumstances. The boy is much further advanced in all of his studies than most boys of his age, and as he has secured the job several months ago, he, of course, was obliged to go whenever the man was ready for him. It is to be hoped the party who was so much interested in his education, will feel amply repaid for his efforts in the fact that the boy is at school again. Prof. Myers will close his school in the Brown district Friday, April 30th. Our little ones have now had six months almost continuous schooling, and most of them no doubt, will welcome vacation time. Mrs. Della Jensen and Mrs. Rosa Borba, spent Friday afternoon with Mrs. Grace Chopard. John and Ed. Crescy and H. A. Chopard had a lively tussle with a tough old sheep, Saturday. Anyone interested can obtain the details from either of the interested parties. L. N. Sandez is busy now a days putting up his cheese factory.

HUGE CONTRACT ABOUT TO BE LET.

Final 27 Miles of Lytle Road to Tillamook to be Rushed. Bids will be opened here to-day Thursday for the biggest railroad construction contract let in this state for years. Tenders have been asked of railroad contractors for the job, which involves the expenditure of approximately \$2,000,000, and means the completion of the Tillamook road. The contract is for the construction of the final 27 miles of the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company, a Harriman line of which E. E. Lytle is president. It is the purpose of the Harriman interests to let the contract for a whole, and nine contractors are bidding on the work. If a reliable bidder offers to do the whole job at a reasonable figure, he will be given the entire contract, which will be greater than any similar work done in Oregon for a long time. Many difficulties confront the man who gets the contract. He will not only have to lay out a railroad through one of the roughest portions of the state, far from sources of supply and settlement, but he will have to build his own wagon roads to transport supplies and materials. Only rough trails, hewed out of the primeval forest of the Coast Range by surveyors for the railroad company now traverse the country. In the 27 miles through the heart of the mountains 19 tunnels will be driven. There is much rock work to be done of a heavy character and innumerable cuts through the hills, as well as high trestles to bridge the rapid mountain streams will be built. The bid for the work will be awarded after the figures submitted by contractors are examined by Chief Engineer Davis, of the Tillamook line. It is the wish of the company's officials to rush the work along to completion. It is hoped to have trains running to Tillamook from Portland within the coming year. By getting the remaining construction under way at the proper season of the year to admit of the greatest progress being made during the Summer, it is thought the whole line may be completed by the Summer of 1910—Oregonian. A Healing Salve for Burns Chapped Hands and Sore Nipples. As a healing salve for burns, sores, sore nipples and chapped hands Chamberlain's Salve is most excellent. It allays the pain of a burn almost instantly, and unless the injury is very severe, heals the parts without leaving a scar. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Lamar's drug store. Plenty of Trouble is caused by stagnation of the liver and bowels, to get rid of it and headache and biliousness and the poison that brings jaundice, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, the reliable purifiers that do the work without grinding or griping. 25c at Chas. I. Clough's drug store. Foley's Honey and Tar is a safeguard against serious results from spring colds, which inflame the lungs and develop into pneumonia. Avoid counterfeits by insisting upon having the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar, which contains no harmful drugs. J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City. Death Was On His Heels. Jesse P. Morris, of Skippers, Va., had a close call in the spring of 1906. He says: "An attack of pneumonia left me so weak and with such a fearful cough that my friends declared consumption had me, and death was on my heels. Then I was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery. It helped me immediately, and after taking two and a half bottles I was a well man again. I found out that New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and lung disease in all the world." Sold under guarantee at Chas. I. Clough's drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. A Twenty Year Sentence. "I have just completed a twenty year health sentence, imposed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which cured me of bleeding piles just twenty years ago," writes O. S. Woolver, of LeRayville, N. Y. Bucklen's Arnica Salve heals the worst sores, boils, burns, wounds and cuts in the shortest time. 25c. at Chas. I. Clough's drug store.

A Barbarian. D. D. Mann, the Canadian railroad builder, had a sensational career, beginning as an axman in the Canadian lumber woods. Early in life Mann visited Europe on a business mission and at a dinner one night became involved in a quarrel with a Russian nobleman. Next day he received a call from one of the nobleman's friends, bearing an invitation to a duel. "If he doesn't like what I said to him, let him come up and tell me so," said Mann. "He can come a-running, too, and carry any size gun he likes." The friend explained that would never do. Nothing but the regular thing on the field of honor would do. "Oh, all right," said Mann. "I've been fighting duels all my life. But I'll have to insist on using my national weapon—a sixteen pound double blitted ax." The friend went away holding up his hands at the barbarian. That night the nobleman met Mann. He was about the size of a grasshopper. Mann is something over six feet high and four wide, with no fat. "I fight you, m'son," said the nobleman, "with the weapon of any civilized nation, but I be hanged if I commit suicide."

Clerk or Bricklayer?

"You often hear clerks say they would rather be bricklayers on account of the pay, but they don't know what they're talking about. Clerking beats bricklaying every day in the week and twice on Sunday." He took another cheese sandwich in his long, pale, ink stained fingers and, perched on the lunch counter's high stool, declaimed warmly: "Clerks, however poor, are popular with the ladies on account of their fine clothes, but bricklayers, when they go sparring, get the cold shoulder." "A bricklayer, no matter how much he makes, has trouble in getting into swell boarding houses, for his clothes soil the fine furniture, but a clerk, with his white hands, is welcome in any house he can afford." "I know what I'm talking about, for I bricklaid two years before I took to clerking. And you'll find lots of young bricklayers forsaking the trowel for the pen; but, though clerks often say bitterly that they'd rather lay bricks than push a pen, they don't really mean it—they never turn."—Cincinnati Enquirer. "The Dog of Montargis. Animal actors are by no means new to the stage. There are on record instances where a four legged performer has made the greatest success in a play, drawing hundreds of people night after night by the magnetism of his inarticulate art. In 1814 "The Dog of Montargis" was produced at Covent Garden theater, London. It was written around a true incident in which a man was murdered in the forest of Bondy and the murderer tracked by means of his dog. One day this dog suddenly sprang at the throat of a man and almost killed him, whereupon the wretch, terror struck, confessed that he was the murderer. This dramatic incident formed the basis of the play, and everything depended upon the cleverness of the dog. He was called Dragon, and his acting was so marvelous that the play achieved a remarkable success, running for thirty-nine performances. Boston's English. "If I were asked to name the city of these United States where the purest English is now spoken," said Otis Skinner, the actor, "I should unhesitatingly pronounce in favor of Boston. The clarity of speech there is not confined to people of wealth and culture, but extends to the working classes, the toilers and persons in all stations of life. I do not say that this excellence in articulation and this admirable pronunciation can be found all over New England. Corruption of speech begins not many miles from Boston, and the distressing nasal twang is difficult to escape. In Philadelphia a peculiar burr that is distinctly provincial prevails. From Pittsburg to other sections of the middle west this burr assumes more or less exasperating forms." Wanted Results. "You are always trying to throw cold water on my literary ambitions," growled the aspiring author. "You say it doesn't pay. Look at Charles Dickens, will you? He left a fortune of \$400,000, all earned with his pen." "I know it, dear," said his wife, caressing him, "but don't you remember that Aladdin could make more than that in five minutes by simply rubbing an old lamp? I'd so much rather you'd do something of that kind, Will!"—Chicago Tribune. Economical. "I'd rather wait than eat," confided the sweet girl. "Then we'll have another dance instead of going to that fashionable restaurant," remarked the thrifty swain. "And," he added mentally, "that's \$6 saved."—Kansas City Journal. Stung. "That man has no conscience." "Why do you think so?" "He cheated me fearfully in a horse trade in which I supposed I was easily getting the better end of the bargain."—Chicago Record-Herald. He Was Perfectly Frank With Her. "I will never marry a man," said a haughty young woman, "whose fortune has not at least five ciphers in it." "Take me," replied her admirer, a young lawyer. "Mine is all ciphers."—Ladies' Home Journal. Glory should follow, not be pursued. —Pliny.

The Penalty of Kindness. The man who had about three times as much as he could carry felt in his pocket for a nickel. The conductor waited patiently while he extracted a package of cigarette papers, four matches, a little wad of string and a cork screw. "Noshing down," said the sozzled one and immediately lost interest in the matter. "Come, get off," said the conductor. "Here; it's Jefferson avenue. I can't let you go any farther without paying." Just then a fat man leaned over and gave the conductor a nickel. "Let him ride," he said, and the "con" rang up the fare and passed on. When the car reached the end of the line the inebriated gentleman was still dozing. "Why don't you get off?" roared the "con," shaking him. "Where do you want to go?" The passenger opened one watery eye sleepily. "Where do I go?" he exclaimed. "W'y, Jefferson avenue!"—St. Louis Republic. Bigger Than the Sun. A minute parallax of about one-sixtieth of a second of arc found for Arcturus by Dr. Elkin gave a most astounding result. This small parallax implies a distance from the earth equal to about 12,000,000 times the sun's distance. This vast distance would produce a diminution of light of about thirty-five and one-fourth magnitudes, so that the sun placed at the distance of Arcturus would be reduced to a star of only nine and three-fourths magnitude. It would not be visible with an opera glass. Arcturus is therefore in round numbers nine and one-half magnitudes, or over 6,000 times brighter than the sun would be at the same distance. Assuming the same density and brightness of surface as the sun, the diameter of Arcturus would therefore be about seventy-nine times the sun's diameter, or over 68,000,000 miles, and its mass about 500,000 times the mass of the sun—figures well calculated to "stagger the imagination."

Why Sailors Like "Scraps."

It has long been observed that the sailor, whether in commercial or government service, takes a peculiar delight in "mixing up" with the blue-coat, but this inclination has been attributed more to a natural exuberance which comes with a land leave, accelerated somewhat by artificial means, than to animus inherent with deep sea life. But why this feeling? Perhaps it is that the strict rules of marine service, the long periods of close confinement to which the seaman is subjected, make him a hater of any one who wears the emblem of authority when he is temporarily enjoying freedom on shore leave away from the restraints aboard ship. The sailor wants liberty in its full sense, and, realizing that the bluecoat is the chief obstacle to his obtaining it, he develops a firm conviction that the policeman ought to be trounced on general principles. In time it becomes his chief peaceful ambition.—Brooklyn Standard Union. Poetic Justice. A certain couple in a New England village, each the parent of six children, had meted out to them a kind of poetic justice in which they failed to see the poetry. The woman, a widow, pleading that she had no home and was therefore unable to care for her children, induced the local authorities to admit them to an orphan asylum. The man, a widower, pleading he had no house-keeper and therefore no one to care for his children, induced the authorities to admit his six also. Thereupon, being freed from all incumbrances, these two married. All went well for a few months, when the authorities, learning of the situation, promptly dispatched the twelve children back to their parents, and the woman no longer able to represent herself as homeless or the man as without a housekeeper, they were forced to receive them. Death in Various Forms. A crank came running into the office and said that a man swallowed a two foot rule and died by inches. The editor started out at once to learn further particulars of the death and, meeting Dr. Martin, told him about the case. He said that was nothing; that he had a patient once who swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees. A couple of bystanders just then chipped in. One of them said it reminded him of a fellow in Kansas who swallowed a pistol and went off easy. The other one said he had a friend who took a quart of applejack and died in good spirits.—Exchange. All Right. "That girl's all right," said the blond girl in the dressing room after she had looked everywhere for her overshoes. "The one who has just left, she's gone off with both the right overshoes and left me the left ones."—New York Times. An Early Riser. "Are you an early riser, Pat?" "Am I? Sure, I'm such an early riser, so that I'm afeared some time I'll ketch meself gittin' up when I'm goin' to bed!"—Yonkers Statesman. A Good Excuse. Little Willie—I don't need to take a bath tonight, mamma. Mamma—Why not? Little Willie—I was out in the rain today and got all wet.—New York Journal. I speak the truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare, and I dare a little the more as I grow older.—Montaigne.

Patti Wanted Her Money. One of Adelina Patti's peculiarities was that she never sang a note unless she had her salary either paid or fully assured that there was no chance as to her getting it. When she was at the Academy of Music, in New York, at one time the manager sorely put about to find money for her, but she always stoutly refused singing until she had her salary. One night at a quarter past a representative went to him and said: "Madam is all dressed except her shoes. She will put those on and she gets the money." The manager, half distracted, ran about the house and succeeded in procuring one-half the amount due the prima donna, which he hastily sent to her. But another quarter of an hour passed, and though the audience showed great impatience, there was no Patti, who at the manager ran to her room. "My dear madam, why do you not go on? I have sent you half the money, and the rest will reach you by the end of the first act." Patti smiled dolefully, exhibited the tips of her feet and said: "You will have only one shoe on. I cannot appear on the stage without the other. Would be quite impossible." Almost crazed, the manager ran out and discovered that the other half of the money could be raised. New York Tribune. The March of the Caravan. Perhaps the weirdest and most oppressive of the many unworldly theories that the traveler carries with him from travel in the east is the recollection of the camel caravan which he has encountered at the end of the black darkness is heard distant boom of a heavy bell. Fully and with perfect regularity iteration it sounds, gradually approaching nearer and louder and perhaps signaling the rear guard of the caravan. The big bell is the limit and alarm of the leading camel and But, nearer and louder as the becomes, not another sound and no visible object appears to account for it. Suddenly and without the slightest warning there looms out of the darkness, like the apparition of a phantom ship, the form of the caravan. His spongy to sounds softly on the smooth sand, like a great string of linked ghoulia silent procession stalks by and is followed up in the night.—Persia (the Persian Question). It is to Smile. In walking through a train a smile always relieves the tension of the moment, even if it is the train of a hostess' best dinner gown. A smile is frequently used to create a vacuum. If it is a broad one, however, it defeats its purpose. If your newly married friends are upon your holding the baby, smile and infant firmly by the back of the neck, and smile. The parents will reward the child at once. If your dinner partner is a trier over your head, smile. He will usually grow uncomfortable immediately and change the subject. If your rival appears to be crowding you out with the only girl, smile. You will rouse her suspicions at once and she will devote the rest of her evening to find out who "that girl" is. A smile is a handy thing to have around, even when it is as broad as a round. It may square a long and ing grievance.—Puck. Modest Dan Hayes. An old playbill of the Kilmorey Theater Royal for May 14, 1790, five years ago reprinted in the "Olden" (England) Mall, and the following is an extract from it: "The tragedy of 'Hamlet,' originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes of Limerick, and acted in Shakespear's works." The playbill concludes with the interesting notice that "no person who will be admitted into the theatre without shoes or stockings." It is probable that this Irish claimant of the honor of the authorship of "Hamlet" is not so well known as his astounding claim might warrant. Pretty Thin. "My dear," said a thin little person to a man to his wife, "this paper says that there is a woman down in Devonshire who goes out and chops wood with her husband." "Well, what of it? I think she easily do it if he is as thin as you are. I have often thought of using my peel potatoes with." The thin man laid down his head with a sigh that sounded like the squeak of a penny whistle.—London Answers. Immediate Results. Mrs. Hinnesy—Jennie, please make noise? James—This little Paddy ligan pokin' a stick into the hole of Casey's goat. Mrs. Hinnesy—All shopped now! James—No, ma'am, he's goin' yet. I think he won't stop till he strikes th' house.—Exchange. A Little Slow. "How's collections at your Brudder Shinn?" "Well, we ain't nebbber had in de middle ob a collection in de empty de box."—Louisville Courier-Journal. A Grateful Man. "Whenev. I look at my wife, the husband of the celebrated prima donna on earth, 'I feel that I've made a great deal to be thankful for."—Chicago Tribune. Industry keeps the body healthy, mind clear, the heart whole, the fall.—Simmons.