

OBEDIENT SOLDIERS.

An Illustration of Military Discipline in Germany.

A JOKE TAKEN IN EARNEST.

The Story an Englishman Tells of an Amusing Incident in Which He Participated During a Visit to the Battlefield of Worth.

The docility and blind obedience of the German soldier have long been an object of comment. The Germans themselves recognize that it sometimes goes so far as to be absurd. An Englishman, writing in the London Times, describes an amusing incident which occurred after he had spent a day tramping about the battlefield of Worth. He was dressed, it should be noted, in regular civilian clothes and carried an umbrella.

Emerging from a wood, I came upon a plot of grass where about a dozen German soldiers were resting. The spirit moved me to stop and speak to these men—emphasizing my meaning by signs when my scant German vocabulary failed me.

I asked, "Are you Prussians?" The indignant answer, in chorus, was: "No! Saxons!"

"Oh," said I, wishing to conciliate, "I am Anglo-Saxon."

Much to my astonishment, one of them got up and shook me warmly by the hand. Pointing to my dusty boots and flannel shirt, unbuttoned at the neck, I then, in vile German, explained to my friends of five minutes' standing that I had made the grand tour of the battlefield on foot and had been walking since 9 o'clock in the morning, it then being 5 in the afternoon.

Quite casually I remarked that although "not a military, but a naval officer," the study of battlefields interested me.

At the mention of the word "officer" all the men sat up, buttoned their tunics and buckled on their swords or bayonets—I forget which.

"Are you going to Niederbronn?" was my next question.

"Yes," they replied; "we are going to walk to Niederbronn and there take the train to Bitsch."

What evil genius prompted me to make the next remark I cannot tell, but although uttered in joke its consequences were perfectly astounding.

"I, too, am going to Niederbronn. You are my regiment. I am your colonel!"

Up they sprang to their feet, fell in two deep and kept quite silent as if on parade. "Right turn!" and off we marched, I carrying my umbrella as if it were a sword.

Breasting a grassy slope, we marched up to the top at a swinging pace, still observing perfect silence and in step. A short distance off was a solitary soldier of the same regiment lying a full length on a bench near the entrance to a wood—tunic unbuttoned sword unbuckled, and so forth.

On catching sight of the approaching squad up he jumped, buttoned his tunic, buckled on his weapon, stood rigidly at attention and when the "regiment" came by "talled on" as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do.

Please note that not a word passed between the main body and the reinforcement. On entering the wood the leading file began to sing a marching song, the others joining in chorus.

By this time we were nearing Niederbronn and passed a man and his wife who were evidently much astonished to see a disciplined body of men marching in strict military fashion under the command of a foreigner armed with an umbrella—not even a silk one!

A disconcerting thought arose: "What will happen if we chance across a German officer, and how, in my broken German, can I ever hope to explain this extraordinary assumption of command of the forces of the Kaiser?" So without a moment's further delay I said to the men, "I must go to my hotel, which is over there," and bade them goodby.

These docile and amiable Saxons with one accord, taking time by the leading file, saluted, and I, having returned their salute, got out of sight as rapidly as possible. On peeping round the corner of a house there was my late "regiment" still marching with the regularity of clockwork.

Lincoln on Proof.

I suggest to him (Judge Douglas) that it will not avail him at all that he swells himself up, takes on dignity and calls people liars. . . . If you have ever studied geometry you remember that by a course of reasoning Euclid proves that all the angles in a triangle are equal to two right angles. Euclid has shown you how to work it out. Now, if you undertake to disprove that proposition and to show that it is erroneous would you prove it to be false by calling Euclid a liar?

He Understood.

"Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?"

"Yes'm. You're in a bad humor this morning, and you've got to lick some one before you feel satisfied."—London Tit-Bits.

It Depended.

Chappy—Would you marry a woman who had sued another man for breach of promise? Sappy—It would depend largely on how much the jury had awarded her.—Club Fellow.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light, adorns and cheers the way.—Goldsmith.

DEMOCRATIC PEERS.

The House of Peers Not One of Birth or Ancestry.

Strangely enough, the house of lords still remains the most democratic institution in England. It may still claim for itself to be the Witenagemot, or gathering of wise men, and one wonders why it does not defend itself along those lines.

It is not a house of birth or ancestry, for it is composed today to an overwhelming extent of successful men from almost every walk of life. No one cares a fig what a man's ancestry was in this matter of fact land if he succeeds, if he becomes rich and powerful.

The mother of the great Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of a plain English gentleman.

A pot girl of Westminster married the master of the pothouse. After his death she consulted a lawyer named Hyde. Mr. Hyde married her. Mr. Hyde afterward became lord chancellor, and with the title of Lord Clarendon, and his wife, the former pot girl, bore him a daughter. This daughter married the Duke of York and became the mother of Mary and Anne Stewart, both afterward queens of England.

It is evident that if queens of England may have a barmaid for grandmother lesser mortals need not fret on the subject of ancestry.

The Englishman would not be what he is nor would he in the least be transmitting his very valuable Saxon heritage if he gave up his democratic custom of an aristocracy of power for the feeble continental custom of an aristocracy of birth. What the one and the other is today answers the question as to the relative merits of the two systems without need of discussion. The English, though nowadays many of them do not know it themselves, are the most democratic of all nations.

William the Conqueror divided England among the commanders of his army and conferred about twenty earldoms. Not one of these exists today, nor do any of the honors conferred by William Rufus, 1087-1100; Henry I, 1100-1135; Stephen, 1135-1154; Henry II, 1154-1189; Richard I, 1189-1199; or John, 1199-1216.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Friendly Foes That Changed Places as Guests and Hosts.

A cheerful incident of the war between the states is told in "Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain." The Third Ohio, under Streight's command, was en route for Richmond, prisoners of war.

One night they camped, worn, famished, with hearts heavy and homesick, near the place where a Confederate regiment, the Fifty-fourth Virginia, was stationed. Many of the southerners strolled over to the prison camp to see the sorry show of the poor, superfluous Yankees.

They did not stay long. Back to their own camp they hurried and soon returned with kettles of coffee, corn bread, bacon—the best they had and all they had. Presently little fires began to twinkle in the prison camp, and the aroma of coffee rose like a fragrant cloud of thank offering. Union guests and Confederate hosts mingled. The next morning the prisoners departed.

Now comes a happy sequel which well balances the affair. Later, when the prisoners were exchanged, the Third Ohio was encamped near Kelly's ferry, on the banks of the Tennessee. On the day of the storming of Mission ridge among the prisoners taken were numbered the Fifty-fourth Virginia.

Some of the Third Ohio were on duty at the ferry when the prison detachments arrived.

"What regiment is that?" they asked. When told they started on the run, shouting as they went:

"The Fifty-fourth Virginia's at the ferry!"

They dashed into their camp with the news. The place was astir instantly. Treasures of coffee, bacon, sugar, beef, preserved peaches—everything was turned out and carried double quick to the ferry. The circumstances were the same, with the difference that guests and hosts had changed places.

Getting a Line on Prospects.

"Sir, I have a very personal business proposition to make to you, but before approaching that would you care to make a statement of your financial condition?"

"Certainly. I have been established in this business for more than twenty-five years, my yearly income is well into the hundreds of thousands and constantly increasing, I have unlimited credit and also have real estate valued at a couple of millions. Go ahead!"

"That is quite satisfactory. Now, may I ask for the hand of your daughter?"—New York Herald.

His Mean Way.

"Henry asked you if you had made that cake, did he? Well, what was there in that to wound your feelings, child?"

"It was the—the way he said it, mamma. He—he didn't ask me if I'd made it. He—he said, 'Darling, did you perpetrate this cake?'"—Chicago Tribune.

And Went.

"When I leave you tonight"—began Mr. Stoplate.

"Goodness!" interrupted Miss Ter-sleep. "Are you coming again tonight?"

He glanced at the clock and apprehended her meaning.—Exchange.

There is always reason in the man for his good or bad fortune.—Emerson.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

Its Fearful and Deadly Work in the Bremerhaven Explosion.

The greatest fatality ever caused by an infernal machine is known as the Bremerhaven explosion, and it occurred near the end of 1875, when a fellow who called himself Thomas and was said to be an American took up his residence with his family in Bremerhaven. His finances were at a low ebb, and to replenish them he conceived the idea of sending to America some worthless but highly insured packages of goods. By the same vessel he intended to ship an infernal machine, which was to have exploded a few days after the vessel had left port. The explosion occurred, however, just before the package was put on board, causing terrible loss of life.

Thomas, whose real name was said to be Alexander, charged his machine with nitroglycerin, which he had procured in America and purchased the clockwork and the case containing the machine in Germany. The hammer of the clockwork, which was to act in six days after leaving port, was to strike a blow of thirty pounds weight. In his confession later Thomas said that when testing the clockwork the hammer smashed a mahogany table.

He sent the contrivance to Bremerhaven to be shipped on the Mosel for New York via Southampton. He himself took passage to the latter port, where he had arranged to ship his cases of rubbish for New York. The Mosel was to leave Bremerhaven on Saturday, Dec. 11, and on that day the infernal machine was sent to the dock, which was crowded with porters, passengers and their friends. For some reason that has never been explained the heavy case slipped from the crane on to the wharf as it was being lifted up the ship's side, and the charge was instantly exploded. Death and destruction were dealt around, 123 men, women and children being instantly killed, while fifty-six others were terribly wounded.

Thomas was waiting on board the ship to receive his case and see it stowed away in the hold, but right after the explosion he went to his cabin, locked the door and shot himself in the head with a revolver.

He lingered for several days in the hospital and made a full confession before he died.—Exchange.

A CRATER TOWN.

Where the Inhabitants Build Ships Inside Extinct Volcanoes.

Saba, in the West Indies, is one of the most extraordinary places in the world. By courtesy it is called an island, but it is really nothing more than the summit of an extinct volcano sticking up out of the sea.

Inside the crater live the only inhabitants of Saba. They live there because there is nowhere else for them to live, the outside slopes being nearly as steep as the sides of a house.

The place belongs to Holland, and the people are all Dutch. Nevertheless they speak English as their native tongue. They call their crater town Bottom because it is situated on the top of a mountain.

Although surrounded on all sides by the sea, they often spend weeks without seeing it, for that involves a long climb up to the rim of the crater. Still less frequently do they touch salt water, because to do so they must, in addition, climb downward for a distance of 1,500 feet by a precipitous rock hewn path known as "the ladder."

It is, however, in regard to their staple industry that these Dutch people who speak English and who live aloft in a volcano in a summit city called Bottom reach the extreme of topsyturvydom. One might imagine them making balloons or kites or, in fact, anything but what they do make, which is ships—not ocean going liners, but good, serviceable schooners and luggers, whose reputes is great all over the Windward Islands. The ships when finished have to be hauled up to the rim of the crater and then lowered over a precipice into the sea.—Exchange.

African Pygmies.

The pygmies of Africa, says Captain Guy Burrows in his "Land of the Pygmies," are masters in the art of hunting. They can kill even elephants with their little bows and arrows, blinding the animal first by shooting at its eyes. Once he is blinded they never leave him till he falls. A pygmy, I have no hesitation in saying, eats, as a rule, twice as much as will suffice a full grown man. He will take a stalk containing about sixty bananas, seat himself and eat them all at a meal, besides other food. Then he will lie and groan throughout the night until morning comes, when he is ready to repeat the operation.

Error of Judgment.

"I thought, count, you were a dead shot?"

"I am."

"And yet, though you said you would shoot your adversary through the heart, you hit him in the foot?"

"It was an error of judgment. I thought his heart was in his boots. It turned out to be in its right place."

Wouldn't Be Convinced.

"Bobson thinks he plays a good game of bridge."

"Yes, he does. I spent \$27 the other night trying to disabuse him of the idea—and failed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Plenty of It.

"Judging from the amount of it killed in this settlement," remarked a visitor in Plunkville, "I presume there must be a bounty on time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Two doz. blue ribbon Beans, 2s	2.65
Two doz. red ribbon Apricots, 2 1/2s	5.00
Two doz. red ribbon Sliced Pineapple, 2 1/2s	4.50
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