

For Real Estate, - SEE -

W. C. TROMBLEY, BAY CITY, OREGON.

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.

CHAS. I. CLOUGH CO., Reliable Druggists and Prescription Experts.

Did You Ever Try HARRIS'S NEW FEED AND LIVERY BARN, If not, give him a call. Everything first-class. Second block South of P. O. W. G. HARRIS, Prop.

STEVENS advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and text: "Out-of-doors" with a STEVENS best thing for a growing boy! Learning to shoot well and acquiring qualities of SELF-CONTROL, DECISION, AND MANLINESS.

Foley's Honey and Tar advertisement with text: "Will cure a cough or cold no matter how severe and prevent pneumonia and consumption. A Guarantee. This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. J. S. Lamar, Tillamook. Hawk & Miller, Bay City."

NEW HOME LIGHT RUNNING advertisement with an illustration of a woman sewing and text: "THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEWING MACHINE. If you want either a Vibrating Shuttle, Rotary Shuttle or a Single Thread (Chain Stitch) Sewing Machine write to: NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Orange, Mass. Many sewing machines are made to all regulations of quality, but the New Home is made to stand. Our guarantee never runs out. Sold by authorized dealers only. FOR SALE BY E. T. HALTON, Agent."

THE BUGLE CALL, VOL. II.

C.L.S. E.L.S. Editors: Violet Noyes, Lynn Eberman, Viola Mapes, Ralph Himes.

The Results of a Joke. Someone has evidently been unjustly criticizing or misunderstanding the Sophomore class. We as a class do not claim to be the leading and model class of the school. It was the members of the faculty and other classes which gave us that title.

Is it right that pupils who do not do full school work be "excluded from participation in the social functions of the class?" We know that in some or rather most schools athletics must have a certain average in school studies to partake in any sports. But who in the Sophomore class do not have the desired averages to participate in either "social functions of the class," or in athletics?

When the article appeared in the late Bugle Call it was a surprise to all; the editors included. This is not the first time that articles have been slipped to the publishing editors without the knowledge of the editors of the Bugle Call.

On account of the rainy weather Sunday, the match game between the H.S. and Bay City could not be played. It will, most likely, be postponed until the coming Sunday, where it will be played on the race track grounds.

Exhibition school work will be sent to the Seattle Fair this summer. There will be arithmetic work, and drawings from the lower grades and map drawing from the eighth grade. The High School work will be shorthand and mechanical drawing.

The smaller boys have been playing water polo instead of base ball this last week. The base ball team would very much like a little nice weather to prepare for the game with Bay City.

The second Bay City team was challenged to play the H.S. team, but the Bay City manager (who by the way is manager of both teams) wished the H.S. to play the first team. This was agreed to.

Mr. Holman will probably help in the box. At the present time there is a collection of exhibition work that was sent from the Tillamook county schools to the Lewis and Clark Fair, in the library. There is in the collection some very nice maps, drawings, essays, and the geometrical drawing work done by the old H.S. grade.

The janitors wish it would "clear up," both the weather and the mud, for since the sidewalk has been taken out in front of this schoolhouse, more mud is carried into the schoolhouse than usual.

Daisy had a bad headache last Tuesday, so bad that Dr. Allen, the H.S. physician, had to be sent for. Daisy has these attacks quite frequently.

The Barnhart Place. Can you imagine an old deserted farm situated in a small valley with a semi circle of mountains on three sides of it and a broad blue bay in front? Such was the "Old Barnhart Place" which we visited one day late in June. Our first look at the place gave us a queer feeling and gave us the impression that the old house, barn and orchard were just the places for ghosts to haunt.

The mountains around the place were covered with a dark green forest of spruce, cedar, hemlock and fir trees, with here and there a small group of alders making light places in the mass of foliage. There were several well beaten paths, coming from the brush thickets at the edge of the woods, which ran down to a small mountain brook which ran through the place, passing near the house. These paths had evidently been used by wild animals which came to the brook for water. The bushes stood across the brook from the place where we were standing. It was a

quaint old building and badly out of repairs. It was made of rough boards which had never been painted and which I saw seen through the trees along the creek bank gave it a strange weird look. It was a long low and narrow structure, built years and years ago when the country was first opened up to settlers. The huge fireplace chimney which was built in one end of the house was tumbling down and the bricks made red spots in the green grass around the house. The barn stood quite a distance from the house, but only one corner of it was visible, as the rest was hidden by the brush which had grown up around it. The orchard also presented a strange appearance. It had been a long time since the trees had received any care or attention. The limbs were twisted and knotted and covered with moss. The grass had grown high beneath the trees and gave them the appearance of having no trunks.

If you are a brave person and one who believes in ghosts there is no place which I have seen which is more favorable for the habitation of ghosts than this place, and if you ever want to see a ghost just go to this place some quiet moonlight night and I think you will not be disappointed.

Sophie No. 1: "What are the Freshies laughing about over there?" Sophie No. 2: "Oh, they are so mad they don't know what else to do."

Willie Snow believes in feeding people when they are hungry. He also thinks cookies are good for that purpose. Eva: "Tee, hee!" Mr. R.: "Miss Wheeler, was that you?" Eva: "Yes, mam."

Everyone was much surprised the other day when they heard Daisy say, "O, Bill, don't squeeze me so hard."

Last year the weather never spoiled an engaged game for the H. S. Base Ball team, but it did last Sunday, and from the looks of things it will probably spoil the game for next Sunday too.

The illustrious Sophomores have just adopted the following as their class poem: The softy Sophomores, Can but equal, In their sheet The Bugle Call.

Synopsis of the annual statement of the HOP GROWERS FIRE RELIEF ASSOCIATION, OF BUTTEVILLE, OREGON, a Mutual Fire Insurance Association, of Butteville, in the State of Oregon, on the 31st day of December, 1908, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon pursuant to law:

Table with columns for ASSETS, LIABILITIES, INCOME, EXPENDITURES, and BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR. Includes sub-sections for BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR and A Card.

Over the Wire.

Job Strong kept a grocery in the town of Medina, and he was an old bachelor. It had been said of him a hundred times over that he was the homeliest man in the state.

Job Strong had a brother living in Brunswick, and, as each had a telephone, messages often passed between them. The grocer had a good voice. It was deep and rich and clear, and he was accounted one of the best singers in his church choir. One day when he went to hello for Brunswick he found himself answered by a new voice. It was that of a female, and it stirred his heart at once. It was pitched to a gentle cadence. It reminded him of his own New Orleans molasses gently gurgling from the spigot into a customer's jug. It rolled along the wire like a new tire on a bike, and he held on to it as long as possible. Curiously enough, that deep, rich voice of his awoke an answering echo in the heart of the operator at Brunswick. She thought of knights and cavaliers and squires and dames, and it was with a sigh that she switched him over to the brother.

It may be giving away the plot too soon, but there is a curious coincidence here to be explained. The Brunswick operator was an old maid named Miss Judkins. She had reached the age of forty and for the last twenty years had been a match for Job Strong in homeliness. "As homely as Miss Judkins" was a saying for thirty miles around. They said of her that she had once scared a cow to death by entering the barn and that when farmers drove to town they double hitched their horses to the posts on her account. And, like Job Strong, she didn't know that anything was amiss.

After the first call over the wire Job Strong had a longing to hear that voice again. Not many hours had passed before he found an excuse. This time he did not inquire for his brother, but asked about the price of real estate and other things in Brunswick and also introduced himself. The operator could do no less than give her own name in reply, and thus began the courtship, for such it truly was. At least three times a day the grocer had something to say over the wire and found a ready and sympathetic listener. He had a picture in his mind's eye of the lady with the voice that thrilled, and whether he was weighing out sugar or drawing molasses it was ever before him. She was tall and stately and gentle and smiling and would make a wife to be proud of. Miss Judkins also hugged a mental photograph to her heart. It was of a knight on a black charger.

When three months had gone by the grocer determined to visit Brunswick and know the worst or best. He found himself absentminded by day and sleepless by night, and this wouldn't do at all. The first he knew his rivals would be selling wagon grease 2 cents a box cheaper than he was and drawing away his trade. He notified Miss Judkins of the day, and she put on her Sunday dress and extra false hair for the occasion and also got a substitute for the day. Two hearts were beating tumultuously as Job knocked at the door. Then two people surveyed each other for a moment and sat down, and there came a painful silence. It was broken at last by Miss Judkins' brother, who was present. After letting out a guffaw to be heard forty rods he exclaimed: "Well, may I be darned!"

This aroused the sister to action, and with flaming cheeks she turned on Job Strong and severely said: "Sir, how dare you come here and play such a trick on me!" "Trick! Trick! What do you mean?" "You are passing yourself off as Mr. Strong of Medina, but you can't be!"

"And I expected to see Miss Judkins instead of you." "But I am Miss Judkins." "And I am Mr. Strong." "I'll be darned again!" shouted the brother after another guffaw. "Sir, this is unbearable!" said Miss Judkins as she rose up. "Miss, it is a joke that I don't understand at all," replied Mr. Strong as he also rose up. "I expected to see a rather handsome man." "And I a rather handsome woman." "But instead of that you are the homeliest man I ever laid eyes on." "Ditto." "You insult me, sir!" "And you insult me!" "Good lands, but if I'd have known you were the man you are I wouldn't have wasted a minute on you!" "Ditto again!"

"Look here," said the brother when he could no longer laugh, "you two are foolish to quarrel. Destiny has brought this about. You are well matched for homeliness. You both take the cake over anything I ever saw. If you don't get together you will never have another chance on the face of this earth. Julia, you know that I've told you a million times that you'd scare crows into fits. Mr. Strong, you'll excuse me, but I've seen more beauty in old stumps than you can boast of in your face. I'm going outdoors to laugh. Get together!"

It is a pleasure to record that they followed the well meant advice, although there were some awkward intervals, and that they were married six months later and have lived as peacefully since as if they had each taken a prize at a beauty show; also that New Orleans molasses at a fixed price per the year round continues to be a drawing card at Strong's cash grocery. M. QUAD.

THE WILY COMEDIAN.

His Misup With a Contract, a Legal Fee and an Opinion.

There was a certain comic opera comedian who made no end of money and who scorned anything like ostentatious recklessness in the spending of it. He was almost morbid on the subject. In fact, and there were those who said that he went to evening instead of morning service so that he might have the use of the money he dropped into the box a little longer. This is by way of explaining the grief which once befell him in Cleveland.

Somebody had played an engagement at a certain theater and had received a frigid reception, which stage people call a frost. The comedian wasn't going to run any risks. He wouldn't play at the theater unless a certain amount of money was promised him. The manager of the theater offered a very large percentage of the receipts; but, oh, dear, no, the wily comedian wasn't going to be caught by such chaff as that. He insisted upon a lump sum regardless of receipts. The sum was guaranteed, the contract signed. The comedian came to town and, strolling as if by chance into the box office, asked how the house was selling.

"Oh," said the ticket seller, "we sold every seat in the house ten days ago!" The comedian's blood boiled. "Would," said he to himself, "oh, would that I had accepted the percentage! It would have been double what I get now."

It was too late, however, to rely on simple wounding to change matters, so he sought the foremost attorney of the town, showed him the contract and expressed his desire to break it and abide by the customary percentage plan. Before the attorney would consent to express an opinion the question of fee came up, and the comedian handed him \$500. The man at law then took the paper and examined it.

"My dear sir," said he, "that contract can't possibly be broken. I drew it up myself."

It is not told what the temperature of Cleveland according to the government report was that day, but in the neighborhood of that comedian things fairly sizzled.—Washington Star.

COAL AS FUEL.

It Was in Use as Far Back as the Time of King Solomon. The first mention of coal in the annals of mankind occurs in the Bible, Proverbs xxvi, 21, as follows: "As coals are to burning coals and wood to fire, so is a contentious man to kindle strife." This was written about 1016 B. C., at the time King Solomon came into power. Part of his dominion was Syria, and ancient coal mines are worked in that country today. There are several other references to coal in the Bible, all of a later date. Tools and cinders have been found near the Roman wall, indicating that the Britons were familiar with the use of coal prior to the Roman invasion in 54 B. C. The first actual record of a coal transaction is the receipt for twelve cart loads of coal written by the good abbot of Peterborough, A. D. 852. Years before the Christian era coal was in common use in China. Anthracite coal is powdered, mixed with wet clay and rolled into balls. These are dried in the sun, and the poor use this fuel in little hand furnaces precisely as they did centuries ago. Marco Polo speaks of seeing in 1275 "a kind of black stone in Cathay that is used to burn better than wood." Marco Polo's countrymen refused to believe the traveler's tale.

The earliest historic mention of coal in the United States is by the French Jesuit missionary father Hennepin, who in his journal in 1673 speaks of traces of coal appearing on the banks of the Illinois river and makes the site of a "cole mine" on the James river, near Richmond, the first mine opened for the market. In 1766 anthracite was discovered in the Wyoming valley and a sample of the coal sent to Thomas and William Penn in London.—Carlington Phelps in Metropolitan Magazine.

How Germany Deals With the Waster. Germany has a law that provides that if it can be proved that a man is earning a sufficient wage to support those dependent on him, but that he is dissipating that wage by vicious habits, he is then treated as a child. His employer is told that the wage must be paid not to the man, but to a guardian appointed by the magistrate of the district in which he lives, who uses it for the support of the wife and children. In England a man who could not get his wage might refuse to work. In Germany the police would see that he did his work.—Progress.

Her Opportunity. The man hater had just announced her engagement. "But you always said that men were horrid creatures," said her friends. "So they are," replied the bride to be, "and here's my opportunity to punish one of them." They all agreed that it was real noble of her.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Eternal Marathon. "Man," declared the old fashioned preacher, "is a worm." "And," said a man who had been married three times and who was occupying a small space in a rear pew, "woman is the early bird."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Of Interest To Women.

To such women as are not seriously ailing of health, but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household cares or in social duties and family cares, or in nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorating nerve. By its timely use, much serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeon's knife, would it be believed, seldom have to be employed if this most valuable woman's remedy were resorted to in good time. The Favorite Prescription has proven a great boon to expectant mothers by preparing the system for the coming of baby, thereby rendering childbirth safe, easy, and almost painless.

Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a medicine of known composition, a full list in English, on every bottle printed, in plain English, on every bottle wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Portland, Ore., April 30th, 1909. Notice is hereby given that ELMER H. GARY, of Nehalem, Ore., who, on Dec. 6th, 1907, made Homestead Entry, No. 16495, Serial No. 01410, for 1/2 Sec. 14, Sw 1/4 Sec. 14, and 1/2 Sec. 15, T. 33 N., R. 3 E., Range No. 10 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land described, before W. H. Cooper, U.S. Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon, on the 15th day of June, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: William Finley, of Nehalem, Oregon; J. J. Walter, of Portland, Oregon; E. H. Lane, of Nehalem, Oregon; M. Edee, of Nehalem, Oregon. ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

Notice to Creditors. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of HENRY C. HILL, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same for allowance to me, at the office of H. T. Bots, Attorney-at-Law, in Tillamook City, Oregon, within six months from this date. Dated May 6th, 1909. ARTHUR K. HILL, Administrator of the Estate of Henry C. Hill, deceased.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of R. D. PECKHAM, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County. Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them to me at Tillamook, in Tillamook County, Oregon, with proper vouchers on or before six months from the date hereof. Dated at Tillamook, Tillamook County, Oregon, May 5th, 1909. A. W. SEVERANCE, Administrator of the Estate of R. D. Peckham, deceased.

Notice. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, executor of the last will and testament of PETER BRANT, deceased. All persons having any claim against the said estate are hereby required to present the same, together with the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice to the undersigned, at his residence in Tillamook City, Oregon, or to T. H. Goyno, Attorney-at-Law, at his office in Tillamook City, Oregon. Dated May 6th, 1909. JOHN A. BRANT, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Peter Brant, deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, April 13th, 1909. Notice is hereby given that the Northern Pacific Railway Company, whose post office address is St. Paul, Minnesota, has this 13th day of April, 1909, filed in this office its application to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress, approved July 1, 1898 (30 Stat. 597, 620) as extended by the Act of Congress, approved May 17, 1906, the Ne 1/4 Sw 1/4, sec. 5, tp. 1 S., R. 9 West, W.M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, in this office, on or before the 3rd day of June, 1909. ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register. First publication April 22, 1909. Last publication May 27, 1909.

MASONIC LODGE, No. 57, meets on third Saturday of each month in I.O.O.F. Hall, at 7:30 p.m. FRANK SEVERANCE, W.M. ERWIN HARRISON, Sec. DR. A. D. PERKINS, RESIDENT DENTIST. Office in Sturgeon's Building. All Work Guaranteed. TILLAMOOK, OREGON. J. R. HARTER, Real Estate and Financial Agent. Insurance. OFFICE, TILLAMOOK HOTEL.