

**His Inventive Genius.**

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Johnny Bounce and I were schoolmates and fast friends. Johnny was younger than I, but stronger. Every boy who could lick me availed himself of the opportunity just for the fun of it. Johnny could lick most of them and, noticing that I needed a friend, began to lick every boy that licked me. This had a wholesome effect, and I was soon let alone. Indeed, I am not sure that I did not impose on some of them, knowing that a dread of John's big fist would deter them from giving me a deserved punishment.

When we left school to go out into the world (we were pretty big boys then) I said to John Bounce: "Johnny, I want you to understand that I owe you a whole lot. If I ever get a chance to make a stand off for what you've done for me, I'll do it."

"Oh, you don't owe me anything, Tom," he said. "Besides, I guess we'll both get along pretty well."

I didn't see John after our parting for years. Then one day a man came into my office of very forlorn appearance. I put my fingers in my pocket to get out 10 cents when I noticed the fellow looking at me with a quizzical expression.

"You don't know me, Tom?"

"No, I don't."

"I'm Johnny Bounce."

My heart sank, for I knew that the world had been too much for John. However, I gave his hand a warm grasp, asked him to sit down and tell me what he had been doing. He said he hadn't had much success thus far, but he had "irons in the fire," some of which he thought would pan out very big. I had heard of these "irons" before in connection with men who had lost their grip on the world and knew that instead of irons they were gauges. But I saw that John was sincere, so I did not discourage him.

"You can't run a thing like that, John," I said, referring to one of his schemes, "without being 'crub-staked.' I haven't any capital to put in, but I wish you would let me lend you what you need from time to time. I've got \$10 here in my— No? Don't need it? Well, whenever you do come right in here and get it."

I knew perfectly well that he needed money, but could not bring himself to take it from me, whose equal he had been in everything except an ability to punch boys' heads, and in this he had been my superior. I was obliged to let him go without affording him relief, but I took his address, resolving to find some indirect way of giving him money. But I was very busy at the time and put the matter off. Besides, I am not an inventive genius and failed to think of any method of leading John Bounce money without appearing to give it.

One morning a woman came into my office and said she had heard John Bounce, who boarded with her, speak of me. She said that Bounce owed her \$87.45 for board, and she would like me to tell her if he had any property on which she could levy. I told her that Mr. Bounce was a perfectly honorable man, but was trying to carry through certain schemes without sufficient capital. She left with a check for the amount of her bill. A week later I received a note from John regretting that the woman had thought it necessary to adopt such strenuous measures and assuring me that one of his irons was at white heat and he would soon call and return the amount. I admired his plan of enabling me to help him indirectly.

John never came to see me. His price, his sensitiveness, whatever it was, wouldn't let him. One day a long while after the board bill episode I received a note from an undertaker telling me that a man named John Bounce had died in a boarding house. A letter from me had been found in his room, and since there was no money to bury him it was deemed advisable to notify me. The amount requested was about \$100.

I was sorry now since poor John was gone that I had not been able to do more for him. I inclosed a check for the amount and authorized a call for more. I did the latter as an excuse to my conscience for not attending to the matter personally. I couldn't bring myself to such a melancholy duty.

A few months later I received a note from one who wrote that he had been an intimate friend of the late Mr. John Bounce, the inventor. It was proposed by several of Mr. Bounce's friends to place a headstone at his grave. There were four men ready to contribute \$50 each. The cost of the stone would be \$250. Knowing that I had been a schoolmate of Mr. Bounce, he had ventured to write to know if I would make one of five. I at once sent my check for \$50.

A year passed. One morning I received a note from a lawyer stating that John Bounce had died a few days before (my hair stood on end with astonishment), that Mr. Bounce had left me his sole heir (I wondered), that Mr. Bounce had patented a mechanical toy, and that a toy manufacturing company stood ready to give \$25,000 for the sole right to manufacture (I grasped my desk for support).

This wonder turned out to be a reality. I accepted the offer, and when the check was paid my eyes filled with tears. My poor, dear Johnny Bounce had succeeded after all, but too late. My thoughts were only on that genius for inventing methods by which I could give him money without wounding the feelings of either himself or me.

NOEL WESLEY BATES.

**Why the Criminal Weeps.**  
The central office detective had just sent one of the worst criminals in the city away for a long, long rest.

"Did he give you any trouble?" asked a friend.

"No; he did a good deal of crying, though."

"For some woman, I suppose?"

"Woman? Rather not! They never cry for human beings. This fellow had a wife who had stuck by him through the trial and who before he was caught worked her fingers off for him. Then there were two children. But he never mentioned them. He was crying about his flight—his pigeons, you know. He had about sixty fancy ones, and whenever he thought of what would become of them while he was away tears would spring to his eyes. A lot of the worst crooks and gangsters in the city are fanciers, and a kid couldn't be more sentimental than they are. Sometimes, too, they are sorry for dogs. I knew one who was more anxious about his ferret than anything else. At the same time I never knew a criminal, man or woman, who had a cat among the things they were sorry to leave behind."—New York Press.

**Chess Word Wanderers.**

An interesting set of word wanderers clusters about the game of chess. "Shah," the Persian word for king, was corrupted in French to "eschec," which has been transferred into English as "check." Our verb and noun check, in most of the common uses, has arisen from the cry of "Check!"—literally "King!" or "Look out for your king!"—which is given when a player puts his opponent's king in danger. When a player has put his opponent's king in such a condition that he cannot be rescued he cries "Checkmate!" a corruption of the Persian "Shah mat!" or "The king is dead!" The chessboard was called in old French an "eschequier." From this word are derived our "checker," both verb and noun; "checkers," the name of another game played on the same kind of board, and "exchequer," so called on account of the checkered cloth on which accounts were formerly calculated.—Minneapolis Journal.

**The Blushing Tree.**

The blushing tree gets its name from the change of hue it assumes when the rain falls on it. As the drops drench the leaves, gradually but unmistakably the green tint gives way to pink. In a few minutes the green fades from sight. Only in a few half hidden spots beneath broad branches and on its trunk is there a tinge of green to be seen. After an hour or more, when the shower is over, the tree assumes its familiar green once more. Certain tiny insects, and not the tree itself, change color. These peculiar parasites are possessed of the power of chameleons. In the warm sunshine they are greener than the tree on which they live, but when the chilly rain falls upon them they contract their tiny backs and become a pretty pink in tint. Millions of these change the entire appearance of the tree and make it seem to be blushing.

**Dresden a City of Pleasure.**

Dresden is essentially a city of pleasure—of fair, wide prospects, of hearty river life, of zest in nature and art. Even the public buildings cluster about the Elbe just as the huts of the first settlers clustered. A circle of Wendish herdsman's huts on the right bank, a line of fisher shanties on the left—these were the unlikely beginnings of Dresden in the sixth century. But the settlement lay at the only point in the river valley where a ford was practicable, tempting the Germans to settle on the left bank between the Wends and the swamps, or Seen, unlabeled places that have long since disappeared, leaving behind only the names Seestrasse, Am See and Seevorstadt. Indeed, the very name of Dresden is derived from the Slavic dresjan, which means "dwellers in the swamp forest."—Robert Haven Schauflier in Century.

**Not So Short.**

He was supposed to be a poor but otherwise honest young man, while she was admittedly a thing of beauty.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"You are very short," he muttered.

"Ditto," she replied. "That's why there is nothing doing in the matrimonial line."

"Oh, I don't know," he sneered, as he extracted an obese billbook from an inside pocket and displayed a number of \$1,000 bills. "I'm not so short."

**Made it Clear.**

Sergeant of Royal Irish Constabulary (Interviewing new member of the force)—Well, Maginnis, 'tis the fine, strong, fleshy lookin' fella ye are. Now, if a desprit man attacked ye wid a knife an' a pistol, would ye run or fight? Recruit—Shure, yer honor, I would! Sergeant—What, ye would? Recruit—Begorra, I mane I would not, sor! Sergeant—Ah, now that's betther! G'long wid ye, me bucko!—London Punch.

**Sure to Respond.**

Mother—My other little girl is very frail, but I've taken precautions to have baby grow up into a big, buxom girl. Visitor—Indeed, and what have you done? Mother—I've had her christened "Fairy."—Boston Transcript.

**The Sweet Girls.**

Maud—You say Jack once proposed to you. I don't believe it. He said I was the only woman he ever loved. Ethel—Yes, dear, but he didn't class me among women. He used to call me his angel.

**Scant Working Clothes.**

In Singapore and Penang may be seen people from almost every part of the globe and representatives of almost every race except our North American Indians. The greater portion of Malays, East Indians and Chinese, with their bronze black skins, make the Chinese and Japanese seem almost like white people. Each wears the costume of his native country in so far as he wears anything, but eight out of every ten persons to be seen consider themselves sufficiently well dressed when they have a yard or two of cheesecloth twisted about their loins. This fashion of dress applies to the workmen of all nationalities, whether Malay, African, Indian, Chinese or other. The Indian of the better class, whether Hindoo or Parsee, dresses as he would at home. The Chinese wears fine robes and a comb encircling his crown. The Englishman of course has the usual ill fitting clothes and a pith helmet to prevent sunstroke. The tourist, who has taken advice from many sources as to his outfit, helps to make the picture complete.—Denver Post.

**Two Bootblacks.**

The bootblacks had no regular stand, but each had his box slung over his shoulder and, standing on the curbstone, solicited the passersby to stop and have a shine. Each boy had one "call."

The cry of the first boy was "Shine your boots here!" It announced the simple fact that he was prepared to shine their boots. The cry of the second boy was "Get your Sunday shine!"

It was then Saturday afternoon, and the hour was 4 o'clock. This second boy employed imagination. He related one attraction to another; he joined facts together. His four simple words told all that the first boy said and a great deal more. It conveyed the information not simply that he was there to shine shoes, but that tomorrow was Sunday; that it was likely to be a pleasant day; that he as a bootblack realized they would need an extra good shine.

Was it merely good luck that this boy secured twice the business of the other?—Lorin F. Deland in Atlantic.

**Perfectly Correct.**

A young minister in the course of an eloquent sermon on the pomps and vanities of the world staggered his congregation by exclaiming:

"Here am I standing, preaching to you with only half a shirt on my back, while you sit there covered with gew-gaws and other baubles."

The next day a parcel containing several brand new shirts was left at his house by one of his hearers, a kind hearted old lady. Meeting the donor a few days afterward, he thanked her exceedingly, but expressed much surprise at receiving such an unexpected gift.

"Oh," said the lady, "you mentioned in your sermon on Sunday that you had only half a shirt on your back."

"Quite true," added his reverence, "but you seem to forget that the other half was in front."—London Answers.

**How to Prove Coins.**

The lady behind the counter at one of the London stores wrote out the bill for my purchases on a little manifold book, which reproduced her writing by means of a carbon paper on the page below. Then she took the half sovereign I tendered in payment and, placing it on the upper page, pressed it hard down with her thumb. I asked the reason. "We have instructions," she explained, "to take the impression of any coin received by means of the carbon paper in the book. See (turning to the duplicate of my bill); there's the impression of your half sovereign. You couldn't very well think you'd given me a sovereign after seeing that, could you? You'd be surprised," she said, "how often we have to show our books to people to convince them we've not made a mistake."—Manchester Guardian.

**Out of Line.**

An enlisted man at the post at Fort Leavenworth was ordered to the range for the first time for target drill. Out of twenty-one chances the newcomer made never a hit.

"Oh, you dub!" exclaimed an officer standing near. "You've missed the target every time! What's the matter?"

"Well, sir," answered the recruit nonchalantly, "the only reason I can think of at present is that the person who set up my target hasn't placed it in a straight line from here."

**Modern Buildings.**

Probably not one out of every 10,000 buildings standing in all parts of the world and built by modern masons will be standing 500 years hence. We do not know how to put stones and bricks together as the ancients did, and consequently the buildings we raise nowadays are really mere temporary structures and will be in ruins when the ancient buildings of Greece and Egypt, built thousands of years ago, are in as good condition as they are now.

**Paradoxical.**

Reporter—What do you mean by saying that I use "paradoxical expressions?" Editor—I mean that you say impossible things. This story of yours, for instance, contains the phrase "bagpipe music."—Cleveland Leader.

**Packing a Trunk.**

"My dear, I cannot get any more things in, and yet everything in the trunk is absolutely indispensable."

"Yes, but the question is, 'Which of the absolutely indispensable things can we do without?'"

Bees that have honey in their mouths have stings in their tails.—Scottish Proverb.

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