WAKING UP WILLIAM

His Wily Wife Finally Got What She Was After.

IT WAS A WELL PLAYED GAME

William Was a Little Slow, but When the Lady's Trump Card Was Played He Said Just What She Wanted Him to Say From the Very Start.

"William," said Mrs. Gilmartin, bending over the sewing in her lap, "what do you think we'd better have Thursday night when the Pritchards come?"

Mr. Gilmartin lowered his paper an instant and stared across the table at her.

"Have?" he said. "Why, I suppose we'll have a couple of games of cinch and a lot of foolish talk, as usual."

"I mean what will we have to eat—stupid!" explained his wife. "You know they always have a little lunch when we go over to their place."

"Oh, to eat!" echoed Gilmartin, resuming his newspaper. "Why, have whatever you like. I don't care."

Mrs. Gilmartin sighed and patted the sewing on her knee after taking a furtive glance at her engrossed husband.

"That's easy enough to say," she observed, "but I want to talk to you about it. This is important. Do help me out, Will," she added. "I've thought until I'm dizzy, and nothing seems quite the thing."

"H-m-m!" said Gilmartin, frowning at the wall paper and trying to think. "Why, I should think—er—almost anything would do that's—er—nice—whatever they usually have, you know," he added rather helplessly. "Go ahead and get up a nice little supper. You know how." And he calmly resumed his newspaper.

"But this is different, dear," persisted Mrs. Gilmartin, puckering her brows and her sewing in her agitation. "This is Mrs. Pritchard's birthday, and we invited them to celebrate it with us weeks and weeks ago. You know she's such a stickler for having everything just right. I'm worried sick."

"What is there to worry about?" demanded her husband, looking over the top of the paper in surprise. "I suppose the Pritchards eat about the same sort of things the rest of us do. I never saw much difference the few times we had a bite with them. They aren't any better than we are, as far as I can see. I guess what's good enough for us is good enough for Al Pritchard and his wife."

Mrs. Gilmartin heaved another rather pathetic sigh and said: "It isn't the actual food I'm worrying about and whether it will be, as you say, good enough for them. That's silly. But it's the selection of a little menu for a birthday party and the table decorations and the lights and—and everything," she added. "Mrs. Pritchard says it's the little things that show the clever housekeeper."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Mrs. Gilmartin ventured a suggestion:

"Creamed oysters are nice," she said.

"Um-hum," breathed the head of the house absently. "What was that?" he demanded, turning suddenly. "I didn't hear."

"I said creamed oysters are nice," repeated Mrs. Gilmartin.

"Sure! Of course they are!" he declared with enthusiasm. "All right. Let's have creamed oysters," and he dived into the stock market reports.

"Well, you don't imagine we can make a whole birthday supper off creamed oysters, do you?" demanded Mrs. Gilmartin indignantly. "There must be a lot of other things thought of. Mrs. Pritchard says it's just these little affairs that bring out real tact and good taste."

"Oh, bother Mrs. Pritchard!" snapped Gilmartin.

"Why, Will!" said his wife mildly. "I'm afraid you're out of sorts this evening, and I did want to have a nice long talk about this little supper, because so much depends on it."

"I beg your pardon," said her husband contritely, laying down his paper. "I didn't mean to be cross. Now, what will we have after the creamed oysters?"

"I suppose a chicken salad or something like that would be all right," said Mrs. Gilmartin rather doubtfully, "and we ought to have a stuffed tomato, although that seems awfully common and ordinary for a birthday party. You know the Pritchards always turn the whole thing over to Robbem, who has that caterer's place near them, whenever they have anything sort of formal—a birthday or a holiday party like this, you know."

"What do we want of a caterer to get up supper for four people?" demanded Mr. Gilmartin. "You can get away with it in great shape with Hilda to help you out."

"Oh, I didn't mean for us to get Robbem," she said, glancing at him from beneath her lashes. "I was just telling you how easy it is for them. Mrs. Pritchard says it's absurd for people to go to the expense of hiring a caterer for a small affair unless they have plenty of money."

Mr. Gilmartin stood up and took a turn across the floor.

"Oh, she does, does she?" he said defiantly. "Is that so? Well, you just go over to Robbem's tomorrow and put the whole thing in his hands and quit worrying. I guess we can stand for it about as easily as Al Pritchard can."

Mrs. Gilmartin dropped her sewing to the floor with a delightful little squeal, ran around the table and threw both arms around his neck.

"Oh, you old dear," she cooed, "that's just what I wanted you to say all along!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FOREIGN POLICE.

Dress of the Patrolmen of London, Paris and Berlin.

London patrolmen carry no clubs. Attached to the middle of the belt behind is a dark lantern. The cuffs of their coats have vertical stripes, blue and white, signifying rank and distinguished service. During the frequent showers and rains they wear little waterproof capes. Their silent regulation of street traffic by hand signal is a realization of perfection.

In Paris the ordinary patrolmen wear blue caps and coats and in summer white duck trousers. They carry short swords, rather as an emblem of authority, but in extreme danger use the flat side as a club. In a downpour of rain the Paris policeman hangs his cap on a hook in the back side of his belt and draws over his head the hood of a short blue cape of heavy cloth. This hooded cape is called a capuchin and in its longer form, reaching to the knees, is used by civilians as well in cold or rainy weather. Accordingly at such times the streets of Paris seem to be alive with cowled monks. The London plan for controlling vehicles is used on the Paris boulevards. The policemen detailed for such duty wear white gloves and signal with white clubs.

German policemen wear helmets and have a distinctly martial air.—Travel Magazine.

FOLLOWED HER LEAD.

The Chinese Cook Knew Which Eggs Should Be Discarded.

"Chinese need to be taught to be more self reliant," said the woman who employs a Chinese cook. "Yesterday I ordered my cook to make a pudding for dinner, stopping a minute to see if he followed my instructions, for I had taught him to make this particular pudding. He had seen me smell the eggs before putting them into a bowl, and he began by putting the first egg to his nose. He seemed on the right road, so I left the kitchen for a minute.

"Returning, I discovered that he had used five eggs instead of three, as I had taught him. Taking him to task for not following my instructions, he answered: 'Yes; three here (pointing to the bowl), two here (indicating where he had thrown the others). Same as you.'

"It dawned on me that when I had taught him to make the pudding I had found the second and third eggs that I had broken to be bad and had thrown both away. He had simply done what he had seen me do—after smelling the second and third egg he had thrown them away."—New York Sun.

A Nabob.

"Rich as a nabob" is an expression not infrequently heard, but why a "nabob" should thus be associated with wealth and who he was precisely is not so generally known. Under the great moguls the provinces of India were administered by deputies known by the designation of "nawab," who commonly amassed much money and lived in great splendor. The office and the title continued under British rule in the orient, but gradually the word became corrupted into "nabob" and was applied generally to all natives who had grown rich. More latterly it was bestowed—often in a derisive sense—upon Europeans who, having made large fortunes in India, returned home and spent their money in a luxurious and ostentatious way.—London Scraps.

Iceberg Designs.

All the architecture of the world is represented in nature's iceberg designs. Sometimes a little berg will have the appearance of an Arab's white tent as it rides on a desert looking sea; another, its sharp outlines softened in the vaporous atmosphere, will appear like a domed mosque in green marble. A cluster of Chinese pagodas comes drifting slowly down the current, followed by a stately Gothic cathedral, early style. Then comes a coliseum, and beyond a huge man-of-war floats down the current, its stem submerged, with foam grandly breaking over it, the stern seventy-five feet aloft.

Then and Now.

The difference between the relations of parents to their children now and in the days before us is well illustrated by the story of the old general who was talking to a young lady whom he had taken in to supper. Before them on a plate was a chicken. "After all, general," said the young lady, "there is nothing in the world like the liver wing of a chicken."

"Well," he replied, "do you know I never tasted one, for when I was young my parents ate it, and now my children do!"—Congregationalist.

Straightening the Back.

It is the custom in certain parts of Scotland among the woman laborers in the field, when their backs begin to ache from bending low while working with short handled hoes, to lie down, their faces upon the ground, and allow others to step upon the lower part of their backs with one foot several times. This operation is known as "straightening the back."—Chicago News.

A Charitable World.

"Your money must be a burden to you at times."

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "but you'd be surprised to see how many I find who are willing to bear other people's burdens."—Washington Star.

Do the truth you know and you shall learn the truth you need to know.—MacDonald.

TERRORS OF THE JUNGLE.

The Mosquitoes of Africa Are Worse Than the Lions.

"The African mosquitoes intoxicate you. They inject so much poison into you that you are dazed, your eyes roll and you stagger and speak thickly. In a word, you're drunk," said a missionary.

"In the Nyassa country I'd always start getting ready for bed and the mosquitoes an hour before sunset. I'd set up my mosquito net with the utmost care. I'd clamp down its edges with valises and boxes. I'd light inside it three green wood fires, filling it with a bitter smoke that all insects are supposed to loathe.

"Finally I'd get in myself. I'd smoke big pipes of the black native tobacco, and I'd long miserably in that hot, smoky atmosphere for the dawn.

"Despite all my precautions quite 200 or 300 mosquitoes would get inside my net as soon as darkness fell. They were like a whirlwind in there. It couldn't have been worse. Their noise and their nipping made me feverish—made me really delirious at times.

"At last, in exhaustion, I'd get a few hours of troubled sleep, awakening for breakfast drunk from the poison injected by hundreds of tiny needles into my veins.

"No; it isn't the elephants or the giraffes that trouble the African hunter, but the skeeters."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MISSED ONE POINT.

The Lady Told Him What More He Could Have Said.

"I am going to tell you the truth about yourself," he said.

"Go on," said the young and ambitious actress.

"I have in my time had rare opportunities to observe beautiful, graceful and talented women, and I violate no confidence in saying that you are the queen of them all. You unite in your lovely person that peculiar magnetism which lays audiences at your feet. Your genius, shining through all the deficiencies of stagecraft, enables you to triumph over every obstacle. So supreme are you that you have the right to rise above all conventionalities, to marry, to love, to discard whom you please, and no one will dare to criticise. Your work will live. You are the very personification of the highest art. United with this your perfection of beauty gives you the just title to a lasting fame."

"Is all that true?" she asked softly.

"Absolutely. Would you have me say more? What more could I say?"

She sighed.

"You might," she answered, "have mentioned my clothes and my figure."—Puck.

Disinterested.

Lord Monboddo, an eminent member of the Scotch judiciary and one of the clear cut figures in Boswell's immortal "Life of Johnson," was a great beau in his youth and in his later years a brilliant and learned if whimsical man.

He was a friend of the Garricks and one day was their guest at their villa at Hampton Court when Hannah More was also visiting there. They were walking together in the garden when his lordship astonished the fair and sprightly Hannah by a declaration of love and an offer of his heart and hand. Meeting with a positive refusal, he soon returned to the house and made a clean breast of it to Mrs. Garrick.

"I am very sorry for this refusal," he said in conclusion. "I should have liked so much to teach that nice girl Greek."

Our Languages.

What a lot of languages we talk, even if we talk only English! I was assailed by a man across the luncheon table with a language about a cup tie final and confessed that it was quite unintelligible. Then another man talked about golf, which is another language. And then the woman's language elbows these columns. "The Countess —— wore a sea green cloth skirt with a bolero of the same color and a white marabou stole, and a black taffeta bow garnished her huge hat of burnt tagel straw." It is a fine example of women's slang. But to the man it means nothing—but expense.—London Outlook.

Homemade Ink.

A good ink is made in this way: Bruise half a pound of nutgalls and stand in one quart of water, shaking it now and then, for about four hours. Then add three ounces and a half of gum arabic and when it is quite dissolved three ounces of copperas. To prevent the ink from becoming moldy when kept add three or four drops of creosote. This gives a pleasant-like smell to the ink and does not corrode the pens as chloride of mercury would do.

Preparing For a Siege.

Wife—The last time I asked you to give me some money you said you couldn't because the cashier was sick. Now you say it's the treasurer. Husband—I know it. He caught it from the cashier, and now I'm afraid the secretary will get it.—Life.

A Queer Attack.

"Some people can stand on the top of a high building and look down," said Mrs. Lapsing, "but I can't. It always gives me an attack of verdigris."—Chicago Tribune.

Cutting.

Hubby (modestly)—I was taken by surprise when you accepted me. Wifey (sarcastically)—Is that so? You were taken by mistake, if anything.—Kansas City Journal.

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, as attested by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a *free* copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

J. R. HARTER,
Real Estate and Financial Agent.
Insurance.
OFFICE: TILLAMOOK HOTEL.

THROUGH STAGE
Tillamook to Sheridan
Sheridan to Tillamook
Every day except Sunday.
First-Class accommodations. Rapid transit.
HARRIS, MEYERS & HENDERSON, Proprietors.
Leaves Sheridan at Hotel Sheridan at 6 a.m.
Leaves Tillamook at Harris' Barn at 6 a.m.

Bicycles.
I have some new and second hand ladies' and gent's wheels at a bargain.
Will not be undersold by Eastern firms.
Come and see my stock. I am prepared to build you any kind of a bike at short notice.
Bargains never before seen in Tillamook for cash. Old bicycles taken.
ED. SNODGRASS,
AT THE OLD STAND.

ALBERT AMY,
Painter & Decorator.
All work guaranteed first class, and order promptly attended to.
TILLAMOOK, ... OREGON.

THE POET SAYS
"Beauty draws us by a single hair."
This seems like something of an exageration 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.
People to look their best need hair, they need all they ever have. If the hair begins to go it is time to use
IMPERIAL HAIR TONIC.
This preparation saves hair. It stimulates the hair bulbs, cleans the scalp of dandruff or eruptions, and promotes new growth. Try it now.
Price 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.
CHAS. I. CLOUGH CO.,
Reliable Druggists and Prescription Experts.

Real Estate for Sale.
FARM LANDS IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED
Tillamook City Property in any part of City.
BAY CITY LOTS.
Small Tracts near Bay City as low as $35.00 per acre.
Timber of good quality consisting of spruce, hemlock, fir and cedar near to water. Several hundred acres to be had in one body, by
J. C. BEWLEY,
Tillamook, Oregon.
Nothing doing on Sundays.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the lands described below, embracing 60 acres, within the Siuslaw National Forest, Oregon, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States Land Office at Portland, Oregon, on August 10, 1909. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1st, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to August 10th, 1909, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The Sw ¼ of Ne ¼, the E ½ of Nw ¼ of Se ¼, Sec. 3, T. 4 S., R. 10 W., W.M., listed upon the application of A. F. Gardner of Beaver, Oregon; Fred Dennett, Commissioner of the General Land Office. Approved May 21st, 1909: Frank Pierce, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the Estate of MARTHA J. HASKINS, 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 City, in Tillamook County, Oregon, with proper vouchers, on or before six months from the date hereof.

Dated the 21st day of June, 1909.

C. N. DREW,
Adminstrator of the Estate of Martha J. Haskins, deceased.

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Julia A. Mapes, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, administrator of the estate of Julia A. Mapes, deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same properly verified, as by law required, at the office of W. H. Cooper, in Tillamook City, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 11th day of June, 1909.

W. R. ALDERMAN,
Admistrator of the estate of Julia A. Mapes, deceased.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the Estate of ALBERT A. FORD, deceased, by the County Court of Oregon, for Tillamook County. Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate, are hereby required to present them to me at Tillamook City, in Tillamook County, Oregon, with proper vouchers, on or before six months from the date hereof.

Dated at Tillamook, Oregon, June 14th, 1909.

E. G. FORD,
Administrator of the Estate of Albert A. Ford, deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office, Portland, Ore., March 31st, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that WALTER G. DUNGEY, of Tillamook, Oregon, who, on March 31st, 1909, made application for Timber Entry, No. 01767, for W ½ of Ne ¼ of section 34, township 1 North, range 9 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Cooper, U.S. Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon, on the 30th day of August, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses:

D. E. Goodspeed, of Tillamook, Oregon; Egbert Goodspeed, of Tillamook, Oregon; J. C. Bewley, of Tillamook, Oregon; David Martiny, of Tillamook, Oregon.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Portland, Ore., April 15th, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that JAMES T. WOODWARD, of Tillamook, Oregon, who, on April 15th, 1909, made application for Timber Entry, No. 01796, for Lots 1 and 2, Sec 11, and Sw ¼ of Se ¼, Sec. 2, tp. 1 south, range 9 west, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Cooper, U.S. Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon, on the 3rd day of September, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses:

Warren Vaughn, of Tillamook, Oregon; Sam Downs, of Tillamook, Oregon; Dave Martiny, of Tillamook, Oregon; Carl A. Patzlaf, of Tillamook, Oregon.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior,
U.S. Land Office, at Portland, Ore., April 23rd, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that FLORA M. PATZLAF, of Tillamook, Oregon, who, on April 23rd, 1909, made timber and stone application. No. 01927, for E ½ of Ne ¼ Sec. 10, tp. 1 south, Range 9 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Cooper, U.S. Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon, on the 23rd day of September, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses:

Carl Patzlaf, of Tillamook, Oregon; David Martiny, of Tillamook, Oregon; Jas. Woodward, of Tillamook, Oregon; Ed. Lindsey, of Tillamook, Oregon.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior,
U.S. Land Office, at Portland, Ore., April 1st, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that CARL A. PATZLAF, of Tillamook, Oregon, who, on April 1st, 1909, made timber and stone application, No 01769, for Ne ¼ of Sw ¼ and Nw ¼ of Se ¼ of section 24, township 1 south, range 9 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described before W. H. Cooper, U.S. Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon, on the 23rd day of September, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses:

David Martiny, of Tillamook, Oregon; Ed. Lindsey, of Tillamook, Oregon; Morris Leach, of Tillamook, Oregon; Frank Easter, of Tillamook, Oregon.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been by the County Court of Tillamook County, State of Oregon, duly appointed as administrator of the estate of AXOM D. FARMER, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me, duly verified as required by law, for allowance, at the office of H. T. Botts, in Tillamook City, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this July 8th, 1909.

J. J. MCGINNIS, Administrator.

Notice of Guardian's Sale of Real Property.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That pursuant to an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, duly made and entered on the 6th day of July, 1909, the undersigned, as guardian of the person and estate of Josie Alice Davidson, a minor, will from and after Ten o'clock A.M., on the 26th day of August, 1909, proceed to sell to the highest bidder, at private sale for cash in hand, all of the estate, right, title and interest which the said minor has in and to the real property situated in Tillamook County, Oregon, described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one third interest in and to that portion of the Donation Land Claim of James Quick and Anna Quick, bounded by beginning at a point on the west line of said claim twenty-five and 50-100 chains (25.50) south of the northwest corner of said claim and running thence east twenty-one and 75-100 chains; thence north eleven and 50-100 chains; thence east eighteen and 25-100 chains to east line of claim; thence north fifty (50) links; thence west forty (40) chains to west line of claim; thence south twelve chains to place of beginning, containing twenty-seven (27) acres more or less in Tillamook County, Oregon.

Such sale to be subject to the confirmation of the said County Court. All bids upon such land should be submitted to me at my residence in Tillamook City, Oregon.

Dated at Tillamook City, Oregon, this 29th day of July, 1909.

OLIVE ALICE DODGE,
Guardian of the person and Estate of Josie Alice Davidson, a minor.

Administratrix Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been appointed administratrix of the estate of WILLIAM M. MILLS, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Tillamook, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them, together with the proper vouchers, to me at the office of H. T. Botts, Attorney-at-Law, in Tillamook City, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated July 22nd, 1909.

VIOLA MILLS,
Administratrix of the estate of William M. Mills, deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
United States Land Office,
Portland, Oregon,
May 27th, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that the Northern Pacific Railway Company, whose post office address is St. Paul, Minnesota, has this 27th day of May 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, Lot 2, sec. 24, 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, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 16th of July, 1909.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER,
Register.

NOTICE OF SCHOOL INDEMNITY SELECTION.
United States Land Office,
Portland, Ore., July 20 1909.

Notice is hereby given that the State of Oregon, on July 20, 1909, applied for Lot 21 of Sec 13, tp. 5 south, range 11 west, and filed in this office a list of school Indemnity Selection in which it selected said land; and that said list is open to the public for inspection.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described land or any legal subdivision thereof, or claiming the same under the mining laws, or desiring to show land to be more valuable for mineral than for agricultural purposes, or to object to said selection for any legal reason, should file their claims or their affidavits of protest or contest in this office.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

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.
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All Work Guaranteed.
TILLAMOOK. OREGON.

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HARRIS'S NEW FEED AND LIVERY BARN,
If not, give him a call.
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YOU LOOK FOR TROUBLE
If you obtain a Firearm of doubtful quality
The experienced Hunter's and Marksman's Ideal
Is a reliable, unerring STEVENS
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Ask your local Hardware or Sporting Goods Merchant for the STEVENS. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, express prepaid, upon receipt of Catalog Price.

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Foley's Kidney Remedy
Cures Backache, Kidney and Bladder Trouble.
It corrects irregularities, strengthens the kidneys so they will eliminate the impurities from the blood and tones up the whole system.
Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy at once and avoid Bright's Disease or Diabetes. 50. and $1.00 bottles.
J. S. Lamar, Tillamook.
Hawk & Miller, Bay City