

Horses at the Portland Fair.

The horse show at the Portland Fair and Livestock Exposition, promises to eclipse any former event ever held on the coast, not barring the Lewis and Clark show.

Perhaps the largest exhibitor of standard breeds will be F. E. Alley of Roseburg, Oregon. Mr. Alley brings a full complement and enters in all classes from the colts up to the aged horse.

Among other exhibitors of standard breeds are: L. C. McCormick, W. L. Whitmore, J. P. Porter all of Portland, J. L. Edson, Silvertown, Thos. H. Breits, Walla Walla, Wash.; Paul Wessinger, Portland; C. X. Larrabee, Home Park, Mont.; Edward Auld, Edmonton, Canada; Eli Rocky, Bay Center, Wash. There are more to hear from.

The Clydesdales will be represented by J. D. Fordon and Son, of Newberg, Ore. Mr. Gordon made a trip across the water, bringing out a new importation with which to meet all comers. H. C. Constance, of Independence, will have four head; Hugh Nesbit, of Chimacum, Wash., will be on hand; D. M. Dryden, of Woodburn, has a fine aged Clyde; Wm. Boyd, of Hastings, Oregon, will have Bruce and others to hear from.

McLaughlin Bros., of Columbus, Ohio, will show a large number of heavy horses. They are well known exhibitors and have won at any show of consequence. J. Crouch & Son, of Lafayette, Ind., have been importing horses for years and are well known at every show and fair of importance. They have a branch barn in Portland and Sacramento, Cal., and will have a big exhibit.

A. C. Ruby & Co., our home importers, will have the largest exhibit he ever put out. He will show several of the heavy breeds and has a brand new importation for the fair.

H. B. Campbell has mammoth Spanish Jacks & Belgians which always attract much attention.

Percheons will be shown by McLaughlin, Crouch, Ruby and several other breeders.

Taken all together it will be one of the best horse shows held on the Pacific Coast and it will be worth going miles to see.

Is Ridiculousness Dangerous?

The suffragette wing of the woman suffrage party has often been warned that it will never get what it seeks, in this country, if it makes the movement "too ridiculous." Perhaps it will not. There is unquestionably such a thing as being too ridiculous. More than one lawsuit has been laughed out of court because its advocate did not take the jury's sense of humor into due consideration. When that very brave and not incapable soldier Winfield Scott Hancock had made his candidacy for president thoroughly ridiculous, he had no longer a ghost of a show to be elected.

But sometimes it seems as if a great change had come over the American people; as if certain men and certain causes were popular in proportion to their ridiculousness. Teddy bears, big sticks and Ananias clubs are ridiculous, but they have been mighty engines of public favor.

One notices a ridiculous thing. One does not forget a ridiculous thing. Consequently the ridiculous has great value in this advertising age. Some of the best advertisements have been ridiculous. The suffragettes are after the advertisement, and consequently glory in being ridiculous.

But if the suffragettes are wise, they will draw the line sharply between the profitably ridiculous and the disastrously ludicrous. If you are genially and humanly or heroically ridiculous, you will be in an excellent position to get what you want. But if you are merely ludicrous, you are likely to be laughed at, and despised. To speak in Devery's phrase, even a suffragette has a right to have some sense.

Perhaps the same thing might be said, with all due deference to the average advertiser. Signs accumulate that the ratiocinative advertisement may be overdone. The common-sense advertisement, which appeals to the reason, with now and then its moral pointed and its tale adorned, is the one which just now is winning out. Maybe it will go on that way until advertisements get too argumentative, and then we shall have a reaction to Sunny Jim. It is a queer flip-flop sort of a world, after all! From the New York Mail.

Go With a Rush. The demand for that wonderful Stomach, Liver and Kidney cure, Dr. King's New Life Pills—is astounding. Chas. I. Clough says they never saw the like. It's because they never fail to cure Sour Stomach, Constipation, Indigestion, Bileousness, jaundice, Sick Headache, Chills and Malaria. Only 25c.

The Road to Success has many obstructions, but none so desperate as poor health. Success to day demands health but Electric Bitters is the greatest health builder the world has ever known. It compels perfect action of stomach, liver, kidney, bowels, purifies and enriches the blood, and tones and invigorates the whole system. Vigorous body and keen brain follow. You can't afford to neglect Electric Bitters if weak, run down or sickly. Only 50c. Guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough.

RUNNING THE GANTLET.

An Indian Incident in Indiana's Pioneer Days.

David Johnson, one of the early settlers of Indiana, was a noted hunter and at one time was with a hunting party of which John Severus was a member. On that occasion the early settlement of the state was discussed. Mr. Severus, having been there so many years before any other white man, was accepted as authority on all such subjects. In the "Pioneer History of Indiana" Colonel W. M. Cockrum gives one of Mr. Severus' stories as repeated by Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Severus said that in the fall of 1793 he was with half a dozen of his Indian neighbors, hunting, and that he stayed all night at an Indian village. During the night two white prisoners were brought in, and preparations were made for their trial and death.

First two lines were formed facing each other, and the two men were compelled to run the gantlet between the lines. A point some hundred yards beyond the lines of the gantlet was designated as the place that was to be reached to save their lives.

One of the men was of middle age, but frail; the other was a strong, athletic young fellow. The lines were made up of more than 100 Indians, mostly squaws and boys, with enough active men to keep the prisoners from getting away. The young man was the first to make the race. He got through the lane and to the life station without being much hurt.

The older man before he started held up his hands and offered a prayer to God for aid, then commenced the race, which was not more than half completed before he was knocked down by a heavy club in the hands of a squaw and was set upon by the horde of squaws and boys and beaten to death.

As soon as he was knocked down the young man, who was several hundred feet away, ran like a deer and jumped into the throng of Indians and tried to save his friend's life, but was soon overpowered and dragged away.

For this brave act the chief of the village adopted the young man to take the place of a son whom he had lost.

Mr. Severus, on being asked why he did not intercede for the prisoners, said that if he had attempted to interfere it would have cost him his life.

THE JOY OF EATING.

It is Courted to the Fullest Extent in Berlin.

The Germans in a good many ways get more happiness out of life as they go along than we do. Eating is an innocent pleasure, and they eat oftener and more. No one is required to get up to breakfast. There is never any formal family breakfast. Coffee and rolls are sent to your room, or you can go into the dining room and get them when you choose. Not having had breakfast enough, a German spends all the rest of the day in making up for it. At 10:30 or 11 everybody takes lunch. The laborers along the streets all stop to eat. And in general it may be said that in all places and at all hours it is good form and a matter of course to draw out a substantial sandwich of rye bread and raw ham and go to munching. Women do it at the opera. Students do it at the university between classes. Dinner comes at 2 o'clock. About 5 the maid brings to your room coffee and rolls and perhaps cake. At 8 p. m. is supper. Those who are going out to any entertainment may have supper at 6 or 7. But there is always a long enough intermission at the opera or theater for those who are disposed to take lunch, and most persons are disposed.

There are innumerable restaurants all about the city, and tens of thousands of people eat there, sitting at little tables in the open air right by the sidewalk. After the day with all its cares and meals is over it is a favorite custom to go to a restaurant and sit there for half the night eating and drinking and listening to music. No city in the world hears so much good music so cheaply as Berlin. And everybody who is anybody knows enough about music to talk with some intelligence.—Berlin Letter to Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A Greater Loss.

Here is a laughable experience of Lord Sheffield. He was once walking down Piccadilly with a friend, to whom he explained that it would be impossible for any one to pick his pocket without his knowledge. Lord Sheffield's pocket handkerchief was hanging out, and his friend, having diverted his attention, quietly abstracted it. Instantly Lord Sheffield collared a seedy looking man who was passing and charged him with the theft, but the friend producing the handkerchief and explaining the joke, the unfortunate individual whom his lordship had so unceremoniously seized was released with many apologies. The man beat a hasty retreat, and shortly afterward Lord Sheffield discovered that he had lost his pocketbook.—London Express.

Sure of Something Good.

Van Antler—I think we are sure of a good dinner tonight. You know my new English butler does the entire catering for the household.

Grubb—Can you rely on him to— Van Antler—Not always, but this evening I requested him to send us up something from the kitchen table.—Puck.

Again or Yet?

Stayalight—Oh, Miss Wobbins, may I come to see you again? Miss Wobbins—Well, I cannot see how you can very well unless you go this time.—Life.

PAUL JONES' PROMISE.

Our Great Naval Hero and the Duchess of Chartres.

The Duchess of Chartres was an enthusiast in the cause of American liberty and a warm friend of its great naval champion, Paul Jones, whom she nicknamed the "Entitled Knight of the Sea." The duchess was a royal princess and a very great lady, and Captain Jones was a sailor, self educated and the son of a Scotch gardener, but in the exchange of gifts and compliments which, according to the custom of the day in France attended their friendship, he was not to be outshone.

At a luncheon which she gave just before he sailed from France in the Ranger on that famous cruise of his which carried the war to the very shore of Britain it was the good fortune of Paul Jones to share in a conversation touching a French naval engagement in which the grandfather of the duchess had borne a conspicuous part and to defend and explain his maneuvers on that occasion, showing a knowledge of every ship and every captain engaged and winning on the spot the ardent personal adherence of Mme. de Chartres.

At the close of the feast she presented him a valuable watch which had been her grandfather's. Taken by surprise, the American captain nevertheless accepted it with a grace that charmed the courtly company, promising that in return, if fortune favored him, he would some day "lay an English frigate at her feet."

It was a daring boast, but in A. C. Buell's biography of Paul Jones it is related how he kept it. Within two years occurred the marvelous victory of the Bonhomme Richard over the Serapis, concerning which the victor wrote the duchess a letter, ending, "The enemy surrendered at thirty five minutes past 10 p. m. by your watch, which I consult only to fix the moment of victory."

That was a phrase to delight a society that reveled in pretty phrases, and the duchess was amply satisfied. When Paul Jones reached Paris she gave a grand banquet in his honor. Just before it ended he reminded her of her gift and his promise. A servant was sent to his room and returned with a long leather case, which the duchess took amid the exclamations and eager curiosity of the company.

"Your royal highness perceives the impossibility of keeping my promise in kind," explained the knight of the sea, smiling. "The English frigate proved to be a forty-four on two decks, and she is now at Lorient with French colors flying. The best I can do toward keeping my word of two years ago is to place in your dainty hands the sword of the brave officer who commanded her. I have the honor to surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered to me by one of the bravest of men—the sword of Captain the Hon. Richard Pearson of his Britannic majesty's late ship, the Serapis."

Fooled.

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient.

Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out."

He strolled through the cheap market and presently saw a man buy six nice cucumbers.

"Here's a chance!" said he and followed him home.

Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours, and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps.

He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly:

"Do you want a doctor?" "No!" replied the man roughly. "Want more cucumbers?"—London Answers.

The Bride's Linen Room.

If a groom elect has not provided an extra room to his house for storing his bride's linen he should build it in time, for in these days whenever a girl marries her mother closes her lips grimly, goes after pa's pocketbook and does the right thing with nine dozen towels, fifteen dozen napkins, eighty-four pairs of sheets, etc. She doesn't expect her daughter to open a boarding house, but she has proper pride and intends to do the right thing by the girl, even if it breaks pa.—Aitchison Globe.

Couldn't Forget It.

"Saturday night some miscreant lugged off a whole cord of my wood, and somehow I can't forget about it!" declared Silas.

"Have you tried to forget it?" inquired his friend.

"Yes. Sunday morning I went to church hoping I could get it off my mind, and before I had been there five minutes the choir started in singing 'The Lost Chord,' so I got out!"—Judge.

Lunch and Luncheon.

"We don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boarding house any more."

"You have lunch, I suppose?" "No, luncheon."

"Well, that's the same thing." "Oh, no, it isn't! Lunch is a light dinner, and luncheon is a light lunch."

—Puck.

Cure For Lonesomeness.

The redheaded girl is a winner—and the man who gets one will not be lonesome. He will soon find out whether he has drawn a Titian haired angel or a combination of a cyclone and a sunset.—Baltimore Sun.

The learned man conceals his erudition, the silly man clothes himself with it.—Boussaye.

Tillamook Lumber Manufacturing Compy.

Manufacturers of FIR, SPRUCE AND HEMLOCK LUMBER

KILN DRY FLOORING, CEILING, RUSTIC AND FINISHED LUMBER.

ALL KINDS OF MOULDINGS, We Make the Best CHEESE BOXES for Tillamook County's Most Famous Cheese.

The Best Equipped Saw Mill in the County. New Machinery, Experienced Workmen and First Class Lumber of the Best Quality. LET US FIGURE ON YOUR LUMBER BILL.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

DAIRYMEN'S SUPPLIES AND STEEL STOVES & RANGES.



We carry a Large Stock of Hardware, Tinware, Glass and China, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Doors, Window Sashes.

Fine Line of Choice GROCERIES

Agents for the Great Western Saw.

ALEX. McNAIR CO

The Most Reliable Merchants in Tillamook County.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Will cure any case of Kidney or Bladder Disease not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more.

J. S. Lamar, Tillamook, and Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

Cures Backache

Corrects Irregularities

Do not risk having Bright's Disease

or Diabetes

S. VIERECK,

Tillamook Bakery,

OPPOSITE THE ALLEN HOUSE.

SPECIALTY IN ALL KIND OF CAKES, ALL KIND OF BREAD.

Advertisement for SLICKERS featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'wear well and they keep you dry while you are wearing them \$3.00 EVERYWHERE GUARANTEED WATERPROOF CLOTHING FREE A. J. TOWLER CO. BOSTON, U.S.A. TOWLER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.'

For Real Estate,

W. C. TROMBLEY, BAY CITY, OREGON.

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.

A. K. CASE, PROPRIETOR Tillamook Iron Works

General Machinists & Blacksmiths.

Boiler Work, Logger's Work and Heavy Forging.

Fine Machine Work a Specialty.

TILLAMOOK, OREGON.