

A Night Hawk Baby. "Don't you ever put the baby to bed?" an astonished visitor at last exclaimed after the better part of the evening had worn away and the child was still sitting up, gazing cheerfully. "The young mother explained cheerfully. "Oh, yes," she explained with serene wisdom. "We put baby to bed at 12 p. m., and he sleeps until 12 m. Then he has his bath and goes to bed in the go-cart and sleeps most of the afternoon. Haven't you known many mothers who simply sacrifice all their time to the babies while they are awake? I made up my mind before baby came that he would have to conform to our ways, not we conform to his. He has just as much sleep as babies who go to bed at 6 and sleep until 6, and he doesn't interfere with our evening. We can take him with us when we go out or we can go feeling that he will be perfectly happy while we are away, because he won't cry for another until midnight. We're regular night hawks, and so is baby." The visitor was speechless. "Don't you think it's a good system?" the mother continued. "We think it is splendid."

No Wonder She Swooned. Mrs. Lyander John Appleton's mother instinct divined last evening that her son, Chauncey Devere Appleton, was in trouble, so she took him to her room and said, "My son, tell your mother what troubles you." It turned out that the young man was having a hard time. The girl he had been "going with" had refused him. Mrs. Appleton was indignant. She thinks it would be an honor for her son to marry a girl in the west to marry an Appleton. "Why did she refuse you?" she asked her son, with fine scorn. "Well," the boy replied between his teeth, "she objects to our family. She says she's a loafer, that you're too fat and that everybody laughs at Dayse because she's a fool and talks about nothing but the greatness of her family." Chauncey threw water in his mother's face, but at 3 o'clock this afternoon she was still in a swoon, with four doctors working on her.—Johnson Globe.

Applied Christianity. Mother had baked several varieties of cakes, among them being some small, decorated ones for the children to be disposed of them upon the back piazza—that is, all except Isabel, who for some misdemeanor had been refused a share of the feast. Now, Isabel was four years old and had been attending a Sunday school for several weeks past, and in the school she learned a number of texts. She stood by the window watching the other make merry until her longing was too much for childish patience. She walked over to the table, reached out her hand and solemnly repeated, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Then a little fist closed firmly upon the largest, finest cake.—Frasar's Home Companion.

Funeral Stories. The great French artist Ingres when in a house had a violent cold, and Motin asked him how he managed to get it. Ingres replied that it was through attending the funeral of M. X. "What—X, the art critic?" said Motin. "I thought you hated him." "That is why I went to see him buried," said Ingres. Several years ago, at the funeral of a well known fire insurance official in Liverpool, much detested by his staff, it was remarked that an unexpectedly large number of them attended. One of them being asked for an explanation he said: "We wouldn't miss it on any account. We want to be sure that he is buried." The great artist, like the obscure poet, has his littlenesses.

All For the Men. A person was sent for by a dying philosopher, who had always sternly refused to have anything to do with women. He hurried to her bedside, found her in a most contrite mood and made the best of his opportunities in a long extempore prayer, ending with a sonorous "Amen!" The last word made her sit up with renewed energy. "Aye," she exclaimed, "that's it! It's a' for men and a' for us poor women in this world!"

Wind Wheelbarrows. One of the strangest sights in China is the wind wheelbarrow. It is drawn by a donkey, and when the wind is fair a sail is set. The wheelbarrow is in the middle of a wooden frame, supported by iron bars. Upon the frame are hung all kinds of utensils. The donkey is generally mounted by the interfamily, the son and heir is the steers assisting all he can, while the mother and younger ones ride on the wheelbarrow.

The Truth Forced Home. "I'm afraid," she sighed, "that I'm getting old." "Why?" he asked. "When I go to the grocery now the clerks don't nearly break their necks to beat one another in getting my things."—Exchange.

Too Eminent. "Why don't you ask your office boy to wash those windows?" "I ain't got the nerve to do it, old man. He was the valetictorian of his class."—Washington Herald.

Revenge is better than repentance, but a life better than pardon.—

A Towel Story. In a certain New England town they manufacture a well known kind of towel, most efficient for drying purposes. How that towel first happened to be made in the form which has proved so profitable to its makers is the subject of an amusing legend. It savors strongly of belonging to the "too good to be true" genus of anecdotes and is as follows: Once the machinery in the towel factory, busily engaged in turning out a very conventional brand of towel, suddenly went wrong and began practically to go backward. There was much excitement. Eventually the machinery was chastised and set to rights again. But—it was discovered that the towels turned out during that interval of mechanical anarchy were of a texture quite unrivaled for use as bath towels. At once the machinery was set going backward again and has been traveling in that direction ever since, to the great delight of the stockholders in the towel company.—New York Times.

When Linen is Translucent. The whiteness and opacity of dry linen, as of writing paper, are due mainly to the fact of repeated reflections at the surface, so that the light is wasted in these reverberations before it can reach to any depth. The body of linen is a network of transparent fibers not in optical contact, which intercept the light by repeatedly reflecting it. Now, if the interstices of these fibers are filled by a body of the same refractive index as the fibers themselves the reflexion of the surface is destroyed and the linen is rendered more transparent. Water does this; hence linen when wet is darker, but more translucent, just as is the oiled paper used for tracings by architects and engineers. The same holds good with ordinary glass and ground glass, the repeated reflections of the latter making it far less transparent. To a similar cause are due the whiteness and opacity of snow, of salt and of pulverized glass.

An Entertaining Catbird. Nothing escapes the eye of our pet catbird, for he is curiously personified. He wants to know the why and wherefore of everything that is a little strange and does not rest until he has found out. When let into a room he will carefully examine every nook and corner. He is an inveterate joker and delights to play jokes on his fellow prisoners, while his sense of humor is almost human at times. The pin-cushion is a constant wonder and delight to him. He flies to it as soon as let out of his cage and either pulls the pins all out or drives them into the cushion as far as possible. If he pulls them out, he hops to the edge of the table and drops them on the floor, fliriting his tail and uttering a note of great satisfaction when they strike the floor.—Suburban Life.

How He Felt. He was an Englishman of the ultra sort and recently arrived, but he was striving strenuously to catch up with American idioms and New York slang. He had made some progress. He loomed up in the breakfast room of his hotel the other morning after a too convivial evening and encountered one of his companions. "How do you feel, old chap?" asked the latter. "Feel?" repeated the Englishman. "Feel? Oh, yes, I see what you mean, old fellow. Well, really, don't you know, I feel like one and six." "Like what?" "Like one and six, as you chaps say here. No! Hold on, there! I mean 30 cents, you know; feel like 30 cents. Yes."—New York Globe.

Convenient. "Providence," said the deacon, "sho' do look after de cullud race." "How come?" demanded Brother Dickey. "Well, hit's disaway: De nigger baby, ez dey say, walk too soon." "Sho do?" assented Brother Dickey. "Dat makes him bowlegged." "Now you talkin'!" "An' bowlegs is de mos' convenientest legs in de worl' fer climbin' a tree w'en a possum's on de top limb!"—Exchange.

A Brief Introduction. Mark Twain said the only introduction to a literary audience that seemed to him the right word in the right place, a real inspiration, was as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall not waste any unnecessary time in the introduction. I don't know anything about this man—at least I only know two things about him. One is that he has never been in prison, and the other is I can't see why he hasn't."

An Illustration. "Now, Harold," said the teacher to a small but unusually bright pupil, "give an illustration of the superiority of mind over matter." After a moment's reflection Harold replied: "I have to mind you. That's what is the matter."—Chicago News.

Alice Alias Alys. Mr. Squiggles—What's the little Nurox girl's name? I couldn't catch it when her mother introduced us. Mrs. Squiggles—Plain Alice, only her mother's trying to pronounce it so you'll spell it "Alys."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Both on the Line. "The artist over the way was boasting to me that his work is now being hung on the line." "Humph! So is his wife's."—Baltimore American.

Revenge is the subject pleasure of an subject mind.—Juvenal.

Board of Equalization. Notice is hereby given that on Monday, October 18, 1909, the County Board of Equalization will meet at the Court House of Tillamook County, Oregon, and publicly examine the assessment rolls for said year, and correct all errors in valuations, descriptions of lands and other property. Said board will continue in session from day to day, until the examination, correction and equalization of the assessment rolls shall be completed. Dated at Tillamook, Oregon, September 22, 1909. A. M. HARE, County Assessor.

Notice to Taxpayers of Tillamook County. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That after October 4th, 1909, all 1908 taxes on which no payment has been made are subject to certificates of delinquency which draws interest at the rate of 15 per cent until redeemed. On the same date the last half of taxes which still remain unpaid on the roll become delinquent and are subject to 10 per cent penalty and 7 per cent interest. All tax-payers will be governed accordingly. H. CRENSHAW, Sheriff of Tillamook County, Oregon.

Notice. Notice is hereby given, that the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, will receive bids for the construction of the first two miles of the Netarts Road, beginning at the initial point of the locating survey, and said bids to be in accordance with the plans and specifications now on file with the County Clerk. A certified check equal to 5 per cent of the amount of the bid must accompany each bid as a guarantee that the bidder will execute a Bond for the completion of the contract if awarded the same. All bids must be filed in the office of the County Clerk of Tillamook County, on or before 9 o'clock a. m. Wednesday, the 6th day of October, 1909. The County Court reserving the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the County Court. J. C. HOLDEN, County Clerk.

Notice. Notice is hereby given, that the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, will receive bids for the construction of a bridge across Beaver Creek, at what it known as the Jackson place, said bridge to consist of one span covering an extreme length of 74 ft. The span will be built upon the general plan of a 5 panel truss and the general style of the plans and specifications on file with the County Clerk. A certified check equal to 5 per cent of the amount of the bid must accompany each bid as a guarantee that the bidder will execute a bond for the completion of the contract if awarded the same. All bids must be filed in the office of the County Clerk, of Tillamook County, on or before 9 o'clock a. m. Wednesday, the 6th day of October, 1909. The County Court reserving the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the County Court. J. C. HOLDEN, County Clerk.

Night On Bald Mountain. On a lonely night Alex. Benton, of Fort Edward, N. Y., climbed Bald Mountain to the home of a neighbor, tortured by Asthma, bent on curing him with Dr. King's New Discovery, that had cured himself of asthma. The wonderful medicine soon relieved and quickly cured his neighbor. Later it cured his son's wife of a severe lung trouble. Millions believe it the greatest Throat and Lung cure on Earth. Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hemorrhages and Sore Lungs are surely cured by it. Best for Hay Fever, Grip and Whooping Cough. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough.

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, kidneys, bowels, purifies and enriches the blood, and tones and invigorates the whole system. Vigorous body and keen brain follow their use. You can't afford to slight Electric Bitters if weak, run down or sickly. Only 50c. Guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough.

A Sprained Ankle. As usually treated a sprained ankle will disable the injured person for a month or more, but by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing the directions with each bottle faithfully, a cure may, in most cases, be effected in less than one week's time. This liniment is a most remarkable preparation; try it for a sprain or a bruise, or when laid up with chronic or muscular rheumatism, and you are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which it affords. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

Testifies After Four Years. Carliste Center, N. Y. G. B. Burhans, writes: "About four years ago I wrote you that I had been entirely cured of kidney trouble by taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy, and after four years I am again pleased to state that I have never had any return of those symptoms, and I am evidently cured to stay cured." Foley's Kidney Remedy will do the same for you. J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

Health and Beauty Aid. Cosmetics and lotions will not clear your complexion of pimples and blotches like Foley's Orino Laxative, for indigestion, stomach and liver trouble and habitual constipation. Cleanses the system and is pleasant to take. J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

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 say they never fail to cure Sour Stomach, Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, jaundice, Sick Headache, Chills and Malaria. Only 25c.

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.

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FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Cures Backache Corrects Irregularities Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes 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.

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S. VIERECK, Tillamook Bakery, OPPOSITE THE ALLEN HOUSE. SPECIALTY IN ALL KIND OF CAKES, ALL KIND OF BREAD.

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