

BAGGING A BIG TIGER

The Jungle Monarch Was Trapped Lolling In His Bath.

A FEAT OF MARKSMANSHIP.

Only the Brute's Head Showed Above the Water, and the Well Placed Bullet, Fired From an Elephant, Entered the Nostril and Broke His Neck.

An interesting account of a tiger hunt is given by one who had a wide experience in hunting this most dangerous of beasts. Mounted upon elephants, the writer and his companions had been beating the jungle without making a find until, as they were about to give up the search, a sudden disturbance among the elephants appeared to betoken a tiger near at hand. Giving directions to the others as to the order of marching their elephants, the writer ordered his mahout to turn into the thick feathered foliage to the left in search of a pool of water which he remembered to be there.

There was a slight descent to a long but narrow hollow about fifty or sixty yards wide. This was filled with clear water for an unknown length.

I was just about to make a remark when, instead of speaking, I gently grasped the mahout by the head as I leaned over the howdah and by this signal stopped the elephant.

There was a remarkable sight. About 120 yards distant on my right the head and neck of a large tiger, clean and beautiful, reposed above the surface of the water, while the body was cooling, concealed from view. Here was our friend enjoying his quiet bath, while we had been pounding away up and down the jungles which he had left.

"Fire at him," whispered the mahout, "or you will lose him! He will see us and be off."

"Hold your tongue!" I answered. "He can't see us, for the sun is at our back and is shining in his eyes. See how green they are."

At this moment the tiger quietly rose from his bath and sat up on end like a dog. I never saw such a sight. His head was beautiful, and the eyes shone like two green electric lights as the sun's rays reflected from them, but his huge body was dripping with muddy water, as he had been reclining upon the alluvial bottom.

For quite a minute the tiger sat up in the same position. At last, as if satisfied that he was in safety and security, he once more lay down with only the head and neck exposed above the surface.

"Back the elephant gently, but do not turn around," I whispered. Immediately the elephant backed through the feathery tamarisk without the slightest sound, and we found ourselves outside the jungle. We could breathe freely.

"Go on, now, quite gently till I press your head, then turn to the right, descending through the tamarisk till I again touch your turban."

I counted the elephant's paces as she moved softly parallel with the jungle until I felt sure of my distance. A slight pressure upon the mahout's head and the elephant turned to the right. The waving plumes of the dark green tamarisk divided as we gently moved forward, and in another moment we stopped. There was the tiger in the same position, exactly facing me, but now about seventy-five paces distant.

"Keep the elephant quite steady," I whispered, and, sitting down upon the howdah seat, I took a rest with the rifle upon the front bar of the gun rack. A piece of tamarisk kept waving in the wind just in front of the rifle beyond my reach. The mahout leaned forward and gently bent it down. Now all was clear. The tiger's eyes were like green glass. The elephant for a moment stood like stone. I touched the trigger.

There was no response to the loud report of six drams of powder from the "five-seven-seven" rifle, no splash in the unbroken surface of the water. The tiger's head was still there, but in a different attitude, one-half below the surface and only one cheek and one large eye still glittering like an emerald above.

Upon examination it proved that there was no hole whatever in that tiger, the bullet having entered the nostril, broken the neck and run along the body. The animal consequently had never moved.

This tiger when laid out straight, but without being pulled to increase its length, measured exactly nine feet and eight inches from nose to tail.—Youth's Companion.

His Last Request.
Charles Dickens used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy, the great banker, hanged for forgery in 1824. His elegant dinners had always been followed by some remarkable and matchless curacao, the source of which he kept a deep secret. Three of his boon companions had an interview with him in the condemned cell the day before his execution. They were about to retire when the most impressive of the three stepped back and said: "Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the grave. Remember the text, my dear man, that 'we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.' Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curacao?"

Life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or patient perseverance.—Liddon.

THE EYE OF AN ARTIST.

A Case Where It Was More Reliable Than a Sailor's Optic.

Mr. N. Chevalier, the well known artist who accompanied the late Duke of Edinburgh on many of his travels, was once going from Dunedin to Lyttelton, New Zealand, by steamer. anxious to catch the earliest glimpse of the coast, he went on deck at dawn and was alarmed to see that the vessel was heading straight on to the land. Calling the officer's attention to the fact, he was told that it was only a fog bank. The artist maintained his point, but the second officer looked and confirmed his mate.

The artist then said, "Well, gentlemen, I will back my artist's eye against your sailor's eye, and I say that what you mistake for a fog bank is a low range of hills, and there is a range of mountains appearing above them."

But he was only laughed at until the captain, coming on deck, found in the growing light that the artist was right and the seamen wrong. The vessel was out of its course, and there was only just time to avert disaster. The helmsman was dismissed in disgrace and the course given to a wide steersman, but the vessel's head still pointed landward—the compass was all wrong.

The cause was discovered later. A commercial traveler had brought a box of magnets on board and deposited them in a stern cabin, causing what might have been a fatal deflection of the compass.

To return to the question of interpretation, the artist was dealing with the appearances which his eye was trained to see and his mind to interpret. A speck on the horizon might have remained a mere speck to him long after the sailors had interpreted the speck into a vessel of definite rig. There can be little doubt that the trained eye is accompanied by a sort of mental seeing—an instinct outrunning optics.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

Josh Billings' Parting Shot to a Cheeky Drummer.

About Christmas time once the sometime famous Josh Billings, humorist, was on his way to his old home at Lanesboro, Mass. On the train were three traveling men who wanted a game of whist. One of them pointed to unpretentious and unprepossessing Josh and said:

"Let's ask Rube into the game and comb some of the hayseed out of his hair."

"My venerable friend," he said as he laid his hand on the shoulder of the old man, "will you join us in a game of whist?"

"Ya-as; we will get there in about three hours," replied Josh, putting his hand to his ear.

"You don't seem to understand," said the young fellow in a louder tone. "We want you to take a hand!"

"Ya-as; the stand o' corn has been unusual good this year."

"My friend," the young fellow then yelled, "will you take a hand in a game?"

"Ya-as; I was tellin' Mandy this mornin' how plenty an' how fat the game is this year."

"Oh, you go to the devil!" shouted the young fellow as he took his seat, while the other drummers unmercifully pestered him.

When Lanesboro was reached the old fellow got up, handed one of his Josh Billings cards to each one of the trio and then said to his interlocutor:

"Young man, while you are traveling on your cheek don't get any hayseed on your clothes or the other drummers will take you for a Rube and get you into some game and skin you."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

What Bothered Her.
"Some women are very selfish," said a woman speaker at a banquet. "They remind me of the woman who visited a fortune teller.

"Lady," said the fortune teller, shuffling the cards, "fate decrees that you will visit foreign lands. You will mingle in the court life of kings and queens. Conquering all rivals, you will marry the man of your choice, a tall, dark, handsome gent of distinguished ancestry—in fact, a peer of the realm."

"Will he be young?"

"Yes; young and rich."

"The visitor in her excitement clutched the seer's arm.

"But how," she cried eagerly—"how am I to get rid of my present husband?"

Goaded.
Saving became a passion with the man and the woman. No privation was too great if so by it they might add to their accumulations. And they labored jointly. The woman's sacrifice was in every respect equal to that of the man.

But when they had amassed \$10,000 the man, because he had the power, took the money and purchased with it not the automobile which he had led his faithful wife to expect, but a home. "Brute!" she cried, and when next a mob of suffragettes came that way she joined them. Who could blame her?—Puck.

A Light Eater.
"Look here!" exclaimed the landlady, who had agreed to board and lodge a man at reduced rates. "You told me you were a light eater."

"So I am, ma'am," replied the boarder. "I'm the 'human salamander' at the local music hall. You ought to see me swallow burnin' torches!"—London Scraps.

The best thing with which to feather your nest is cash down.

A WONDERFUL SNAKE.

It Defied the Attacks of the Serpent Killing Iguana.

Snakes on the pampas of South America have many enemies. Burrowing owls feed on them, and so do herons and storks, which kill them with a blow of their javelin beaks. The tyrant bird picks up the young snake by the tail and, flying to a branch or stone, uses the reptile as a ball until its life is battered out. The large lizard of the pampas, the iguana, is a famous snake killer. It smites the snake to death with its powerful tail. Mr. Hudson in his "Naturalist in La Plata" tells this story:

One day a friend of mine was riding out looking after his cattle. One end of his lasso was attached to his saddle, and the remainder of the forty foot line was allowed to trail on the ground. The rider noticed a large iguana lying apparently asleep, and, although he rode within a few inches, it did not stir. But no sooner had the rider passed than the trailing lasso attracted the lizard's attention. It dashed after the slowly moving rope and dealt it a succession of violent blows with its tail. When the whole of the lasso, several yards of which had been pounded in vain, had passed by, the iguana, with uplifted head, gazed after it with astonishment. Never had such a wonderful snake crossed its path before.

THE HEDGEHOG.

Tactics It Employs in Making a Meal of an Adder.

The hedgehog is the possessor of tastes which, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, are "extensive and peculiar," says the Scotsman. Scorning fastidiousness, it can make a hearty meal of nearly any insect and is one of the vertebrates which can tackle the cockroach. For effectual extermination of beetles and crickets it is as useful as a mongoose among the rats, but it is not generally known that it has a partiality toward snakes and adders.

The methods it employs for the attack are interesting. Having come upon the adder, it goes that reptile to the offensive and at the first dart immediately rolls into a ball. The adder is then left to attack the spines, in which encounter it naturally comes off second best. After awhile, when the hedgehog feels that his antagonist has exhausted his power, it once more opens out and makes a bite at the adder's back, thereby breaking its spine. It then proceeds to crunch the whole of the reptile's body by means of its powerful jaws, and after that it is said to start at the tail and devour its prey.

Subtle Flattery.
Waiters Nos. 1 and 2 peeped out at the baldheaded man, then ducked behind the screen.

"None of him for me," said Waiter No. 1. "He doesn't tip."

"Same here," said Waiter No. 2. "I'll fix him," said Waiter No. 3.

He took an order for soup. Before serving it he showed the two mutineers a hair floating on the surface of the soup. They marveled then, and they marveled still more when at the end of the baldheaded man's dinner the waiter returned with a dollar bill.

"Ninety-nine baldheaded men in a hundred can be worked that way," he said. "If the customer doesn't see the hair himself I call his attention to it and make him think it fell out of his own head. The fact that he had a hair to lose so appeals to his vanity that he loves me for finding it and gives me a tip big enough to cover the cost of a dozen plates of soup."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Way of Putting It.
A gentleman stepping on board of an ocean bound steamer just before she started inquired of the captain where the old steward was. "Oh," replied the captain, "he was discharged some time ago." "Why did he leave? He seemed a first rate fellow." "Well, to tell the truth, he got too big for his breeches and we had to get rid of him." This was overheard by a bright little girl, the daughter of one of the passengers on the steamer. Soon after another passenger arrived, and, after looking around, said, "I don't see the old steward. What has become of him?" "I think he was discharged," said some one. "What for?" "I know," said the little girl, "but I do not like to tell." "Oh, but you may tell me, surely," said the passenger kindly. The modest little maiden hung her head and slowly answered, "Cause his trousers were too short."

Forgot Doctor's Fee.
A former St. Mary's student, writing from Sao Paulo, in Brazil, in the St. Mary's Hospital Gazette, says: "A few days back I was giving chloroform to a patient when I felt a touch on my shoulder, and a voice said, 'The patient is very still.' I said, 'He is quiet all right,' and the voice replied: 'I am his brother; if he dies you die. I have a pistol, and there are eight of us.' Here, if any one is ill, all the family collects, and they sit in the same room as the patient and watch what is done." The doctor adds, "Unfortunately, though there were eight of them, they forgot my fee."

The Difference.
Mrs. Dash—The idea of Mrs. Rash having society aspirations! Why, her father was a peddler! Mr. Dash—Yes, she's entirely too forward. She ought to hang back until people have forgotten it. Now, in your case, my dear, it was your grandfather who was a peddler.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel.—Racon.

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