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THE SPORTING WORLD

Nelson to Fight 'Em All.

Evidently Oscar Battling Nelson, the world's lightweight champion, intends to make a grand cleanup of the so-called near-champions in his division before he retires from the ring, which, he has announced, will be next May. As a starter he will take on three husky young aspirants—Young Erne, Johnny Willets and Mickey Gannon—



BATTLING NELSON.

in Philadelphia within the next few weeks. The champion has also agreed to take on Ad Wolgast of Milwaukee in a forty-five round battle in Los Angeles the latter part of February for a side bet of \$5,000 and a purse of \$20,000. If successful in this go Nelson will journey abroad and meet Freddie Welsh, holder of the English title. The pair were matched recently to fight before the members of the National Sporting club of London.

Three Umps Floorwalkers.

Three umpires—Cusack, late of the National league; "Pipes" Conley of the Central and other circuits; and Eckman of the American association—are training for next season in an original way. The three have secured jobs as floorwalkers in a Chicago dry goods house and intend to stick at it until spring.

It is said that bargain hunters in the shopping crowds are every bit as peevish as ball players after an adverse decision, so the arbiters are getting first class training for their tempers. To date none of them has been obliged to put any one out of the game.

It is feared by their friends that they may get into the habit to such an extent that they will say "floor 2" instead of "strike" or "ball 2," as the case may be. There also is a chance they will call everything "fair" regardless of where the ball lights or rolls.

Pearce New Sculling Champion.

Harry Pearce, who recently won the sculling championship of Australia from George Day, will go after a race with Arust for the world's title. Pearce in his race against Day gained three-fourths of a length after sculling forty seconds. At one time Pearce had five lengths lead, but Day spurted, and they entered the last furlong with Pearce leading by two lengths. With but fifty yards to cover, Pearce broke the gate of his oarlock, and his skull jumped out, but he quickly replaced it and won by half a length. The time for the championship Parramatta course, 3 miles 330 yards, was 26 minutes 1 second. Ex-Champion William Beach was referee. Pearce weighed 182 pounds and Day 166 pounds.

Belmont Stable Disappoints.

Followers of the Belmont stable were disappointed last year. August Belmont finished seventh in the list of winning owners for the season. His total earnings were \$19,175. At the end of the 1908 season the Belmont stable was third, with total winnings of \$112,625. Fair Play alone won \$71,510 in 1908, more than the entire season's winnings for 1909. Field Mouse was the best winner for the Belmont colors during last year, her total being \$4,640.

Bomelster Yale Strong Man.

D. M. Bomelster of Brooklyn recently won the title of strong man of the freshman class at Yale. He made a total of 1,712 points against 1,611 for F. L. Samuels and 1,575 for F. Gilmore, who was third. Of the members of the class 63 call tennis their favorite sport, 46 walking, 33 swimming, 26 baseball, 17 football and 16 track athletics. This is the first class at Yale to put football practically at the bottom of the list of its favorite sports.

A Long Motorboat Race.

The Motorboat club of Seattle, Wash., will hold one of the longest power boat races ever conducted by an American club next August, when the contest from Juneau, Alaska, to Seattle will be pulled off.

Clay Navy Football Captain.

Henry S. McK. Clay of Ardmore, Pa., has been elected captain of the Annapolis football team for 1910. Clay has played halfback for the academy team in most of the games of the last three seasons.

After United States Laurels.

The Ottawa Canoe club will enter Gordon Johnson, their hundred yard national swimming champion, in some of the important races in the United States next season.

GAVE ALL HE HAD.

The Romantic Story of an Old California Miner.

"The finest gentleman I ever knew," said Mark Twain once, "was an old California miner who could barely write his own name. He was a forty-olner, and he and his partner had struck it rich in the early days. The old man had neither chick nor child, and he had worked hard all his life, and when he did get his money he hardly knew what to do with it.

"He did not try to jump into society or to push his way with the 'big fellows' there. He continued to live with the people whom he had associated with all his life, and many an act of kindness was done, many a wandering son and father saved, many a sorrowing woman's burden lightened and her home brightened by an unknown donor, whose identity with the old man was only known to a few.

"It was different with the partner. He had a wife and two daughters with social aspirations, and after a whole lot of pushing and hauling and shoving they landed in society. The expense was too much of a drain on the husband's purse, and he speculated, with the inevitable outcome. He lost his entire fortune and then shot himself. Then it was that the true gentleness of the old man showed itself. The widow and her daughters had no one to turn to but him, and he did not disappoint them. He saved their home for them when everything else went under the hammer, and he maintained them in all the regal style to which they were accustomed, although he still lived in his old lodgings. He lived long enough to see both of the girls well married and the mother caringly settled in life. Then he died in a charity hospital in San Francisco. He had spent every penny he owned on the family of his partner."

NO WONDER HE DIED.

The Way Charles II. Was Dosed by His Fourteen Doctors.

Charles II. of England lived less than a week after he was attacked by his fatal illness, and it is wonderful that he lived so long. A monograph on "The Last Days of Charles II." gives some extraordinary details of those last days:

"The royal patient had fourteen doctors in attendance. They bled him to the extent of thirty-four ounces; they shaved his hair and applied blistering agents all over his head; they also applied plasters to the soles of his feet, and they dosed him with orange infusion of the metals, white vitriol dissolved in compound peony water, powder of sacred bitter, sirup of buckthorn, rock salt, emetic wine, two-blend pills, bryony compound, powder of white hellebore roots, powder of cowslip flowers, best manna, cream of tartar, barley and licorice, sweet almond kernels, sal ammoniac, antidotal milk water, mallow root, melon seeds, chicken broth, bark of elm, a Julep of black cherry water, flowers of lime, lilies of the valley, peony compound, spirit of lavender, prepared pearls and white sugar candy, senna leaves, flowers of camomile, gentian root, nutmeg, ale made without hops, spirit of human skull (commonly employed in convulsive disorders; the purpose was suggestive—viz, to excite horror, as it was to be the skull of a man who had died a violent death, Peruvian bark, sirup of cloves, Raleigh's stronger antidote, Gon stone, Rhine wine and oriental bezoar stone."

Dr. Raymond Crawford, the author of this odd historical sketch, believes that the king's trouble was not apoplexy, but Bright's disease.

Easy Oysters.

During a discussion on finance in the United States senate one of the speakers traced the history of the various mediums of exchange, their development and changes from the days of barter to the days of gold and silver.

"I call to the attention of the senate," he said in the course of the speech, "that at one time the medium of exchange was oyster shells. Oyster shells were used for money."

"Delightful!" broke in the late Senator Hoar of Massachusetts. "If that system only prevailed now we could order half a dozen oysters on the cart shell and pay for them with the shells."—Saturday Evening Post.

Painfully Frank.

The caller didn't look it, but she declared to little Glorinda that she dearly loved children. It may be that she said so because she heard the distant swish of the skirts of Glorinda's mamma; but, whatever the cause, she repeated it urgently. Then, as the small lady with the pet cat made no move to answer her invitation to come and make friends, she asked, "Why is it that you love your kitty better than me, dearie?"

And Glorinda's mamma entered the room with an ill concealed smile as she heard her daughter answer, "Cause she purrs as if she meant it."

Harmony.

"What we want is harmony," said the statesman. "Yes," replied Senator Boraham; "it makes me think of a give club I used to belong to. Every fellow's idea of harmony was to pick his own key and stog so loud nobody else could be noticed."—Washington Star.

Steps to the Presidency.

"Pa," said little George, "I've chopped down your favorite cherry tree." "That's a good start toward the presidency, son," responded wise Mr. Washington. "Now spit it into calls."—Pittsburg Post.

STICK TO YOUR TRADE

By B. CRITTENDEN LYTLE.

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We move in ruts. Getting accustomed to one kind of work, we are "nifted" for another. Let a husband ask his wife to buy him a few cigars and the wrappers will likely be paper colored, to look like tobacco leaf. Let a wife ask her husband to hire a maid and, though she may be comely, she will have to be got rid of instanter.

One would suppose that all soldiering is alike. Nothing of the kind. An infantryman knows nothing about cannon; an artilleryman knows nothing about the signal service.

These remarks are a preface to the recital of an attempt to make a fighter out of a musician—an army musician. Jacob Gobelier was a bugler in one of the regular regiments. When the regiment was preparing to go to Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American war he became ambitious to be a real soldier instead of a tooter. His sergeant told him that he had better stick to his bugle, but Jacob said that when a bugler was killed in battle there was no glory in his death. He preferred to die with weapons in his hands instead of a bugle.

So Jacob became a soldier and was in the first battle fought after the troops landed near Santiago. Unfortunately it was his first fight, and he was rattled. Men were being shot down beside him by an enemy they could not see. Some of the corps were getting back; others were standing. Jacob got it into his head that he should sound a retreat. Putting his hand back to grasp his bugle, he found a revolver instead. Putting the muzzle into his mouth, he tried to blow. In his excitement he must have pulled the trigger, for he was brought to his senses by feeling something warm on his jaw, and, putting his hand there, he found blood pouring from a hole in his cheek. The wonder was that the bullet had not gone through the vertebrae at the back of his neck and killed him. He must have blown through a corner of his mouth.

Jacob was in a hospital till pretty near the end of the war. It would have been better for him to return to the duties of a bugler, but the hole in his cheek didn't close up, and an attempt to blow a bugle would send all the wind out at the side of his face instead of through his bugle.

When Jacob returned to duty he found it impossible to explain to his comrades how he came by the hole in his cheek. The story got out, and he was laughed at. This fired him with a desire to redeem himself. He longed for an opportunity, and the opportunity came. There was no lack of fighting around Santiago. True, the Spanish and American forces were standing off from one another, but there were sorties and charges. One day Jacob was in some very thick fighting. The colonel was racing about with his bugler at his heels blowing his orders when suddenly the bugle dropped from his hand and he fell from his horse. The colonel, seeing his bugler knocked out, looked about for another, but there was none at hand. The captain of Jacob's company, realizing his predicament, cried out:

"We've got a bugler here, colonel. Gobelier, get up there on that horse!" Gobelier, obedient and forgetting that he had been disqualified to blow orders by his wound, picked up the bugle, mounted the horse and placed himself directly in the colonel's rear. The Spaniards were preparing to crush the American troops on that part of the field. The colonel saw a brigade of the enemy swinging round on his right to get in his rear and gave Jacob an order to signal a change of front. Jacob put his bugle to his lips and blew, but there was no sound. All the wind was going out through the hole in his cheek.

The colonel looked at him in surprise and anger. Jacob clapped his hand to his cheek, but did not succeed in forcing the wind through the bugle. Shutting his mouth, he put the bugle to the hole in his cheek. Since no wind could get out through his mouth it went through his cheek. At any rate, enough of it got through the bugle to faintly sound the colonel's order. But Jacob's delay gave the enemy an advantage that pretty nearly caused the capture of the regiment. It was saved only by support coming in the nick of time. When the fighting was over the colonel called out to Jacob's captain:

"Keep that man in the ranks, captain. He's no good for a bugler." "He was a good bugler, colonel, but he insisted on going into the ranks. The first thing he did was to try to blow a signal on his pistol and shot a hole in his cheek. Now he's no good for either a soldier or a bugler."

After this episode Jacob was so ridiculed by the men that he tried to get himself killed in order to escape their jokes. To make matters worse it seemed that all the buglers in the army were getting shot, and the commanding officers were always sending for men who could sound the calls. It was constantly: "Ray, Gobelier, you can blow a bugle, can't you? Oh, I forgot. You ruined your wind trying to blow down the muzzle of a pistol." These and other references to his misfortune so worked upon Jacob that he gave up trying to be a hero and concluded to sink into an inferior bugler. Going to the hospital, he secured a hot water bag and turned it into a wind bag, making a close connection with rubber bands between his mouth and that of his bugle. Then he offered himself to his colonel to sound calls, and, there being no one else to fill the place, Jacob was once again selected. As soon as the war was over he was discharged.