

NEW SHORT STORIES

A Penny Saved is Good Money.

Congressman William O. Barnard of Newcastle and E. D. Crumpacker of Valparaiso are the only Republican members of the house from Indiana.

Naturally each receives a great many calls from Indiana Republicans outside of their own districts, says the Washington Star.

The other afternoon a messenger carried to Barnard's desk the card of a visitor from a town west down in the felt boot section of the literary state.

It was one of those cards with the name written in purple ink without taking pen from paper by a colored Jim the Penman seated at a little table on Maine street in front of an old fashioned courthouse. Each capital letter had a lot of scrollwork attached, and the whole name contained more



"I DIDN'T HAVE BUT A DOZEN OF 'EM WRITING OFF."

swanlike curves than one would find on an Easter card or in the body of a high priced electric runabout.

Barnard took the card and went out to meet a visitor who wore a celluloid collar, spring bottom trousers and carried, of course, the inevitable toothbrush and yellow lead pencils in his upper left hand vest pocket.

They started to discuss political conditions in the visitor's locality, but the latter seemed to have something else preying on his mind more than politics. Finally he unburdened himself.

"That card," he began—"would you just as soon let me have it back? I didn't have but a dozen of 'em writing off, and—er, the fellow charged me purty nigh a cent apiece for the blamed things!"

Four Horrible Examples.

Jerome S. McWade, condemning the evils of intoxication, said in the course of a temperance address in Duluth:

"Colonel Ingersoll as an example of a drunken man used to quote the case of him who lay on his back in a field and felt up in the air for the grass.

"You know, of course, the British definition of intoxication:

"Not drunk is he who from the floor can rise again and still drink more. But he is drunk who prostrate lies, without the power to drink or rise.

"The Canadian idea of a thoroughly drunken person is one who tries to smell the flowers in the carpet.

"Another example of total drunkenness came to my attention recently.

"Three New York men after a protracted evening at the club took a taxi cab and drove to the residence of Smith, one of their number.

"They rang the bell, and when Mrs. Smith put her head out of the window they said in a thick chorus:

"Will Mrs. Smith—hic—please come down and—hic—pick out her husband?"

Littlefield's Happy Hit.

Former Representative Littlefield of Maine, who is now practicing law in New York city, is very proud of the high praise he received when as quite a young man he passed his bar examination.

One of the examiners was an old judge whom Littlefield held in great esteem and not a little awe. One of the questions asked involved an intricate point of law upon which the judge had once written a treatise and which young Littlefield had learned almost by heart. When he came to answer the question he quoted, as nearly as he could remember, the judge's exact words.

Never a blush o'erspread the brow of the future statesman when the old judge called him up before the class of candidates. "Young man," he said, "I want publicly to congratulate you upon the way in which you have answered this question. I am amazed that so young a man should have so profound a knowledge of the law."

Better Than a Drug.

"The late Senator Platt," said an Albany legislator, "had a cynical wit. Talking about a politician who had changed his party, he once said to me:

"Circumstances alter everything—political views, religion, even health.

"Why, I've got a friend who is afflicted with insomnia in its worst form, and yet every morning that man sleeps as sweet and sound as a newborn babe when his wife crawls over him to start the fire."

Our Few Real Needs.

As civilization and culture make people more prosperous and more comfortable they are prone to forget how few and simple their real needs are. We need sleep, but not much of it, and most of us are asleep exactly when we ought most of all to be awake. We need food, but it is not necessary that food should be cunningly disguised with a thousand devices to tickle the jaded and surfeited palate, for the main trouble is that we eat too much and not too little. We need clothes to wear, but the one suit of fur that lasts certain animals all their lives is so beautiful that some men spend their whole time in search of it. We need heaven and the sense of a higher power directing our lives and our destinies, but we spend most of our time refuting and denying the possibility of anything bigger or better than we are. We need the love of friends, and therefore it is the more strange that we should spend our time not in improving ourselves, but in decorating our bodies, filling them with food and hustling them about over the earth in search of ever freshening sensations.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Poor Fish.

This melancholy tragedy happened in Holland. A fisherman who caught a salt herring placed the fish in a tub full of salt water. Every day he took out some of the salt water and replaced it with fresh. In a few days he had the herring living in fresh water. But, not content at stopping here, he decided to try another plan. Every day he took a little water out of the tub until none was left, and the herring was still alive. The next course was walking. In a month or so the herring had developed feet and learned to walk, and he accompanied his master on his journeys. One day as they were crossing over a narrow bridge the herring caught sight of the water. Reminiscences of former days flashed through his head, and he resolved to try the water. But while still gazing at it he fell in, and before his master could aid him he was drowned.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Verdict.

The lecture was over, and the gentleman who did the talking strained his ears as he followed the audience out of the hall to gather in, so far as he could, what sort of an impression he had made. As he drew near to the doorway two old gentlemen who were making their way out just ahead of him rendered a verdict.

"Well, Banksie," said one of them, "what did you think of it?"

"I've heard worse," said Banksie.

"Did you think it was at all illuminating?" asked the other.

"In an old fashioned way, yes," replied the venerable Banksie.

"I don't quite catch your point," said the questioner.

"Why, it was illuminating, but it struck me as having more gas than electricity about it," explained the critic.—Judge.

The First Telegraph Line.

After the formal opening of the first telegraph line built for commercial purposes between Washington and Baltimore Professor Morse and his associates offered to sell the invention to the United States government for \$100,000, but the price was considered too high. The government had appropriated \$30,000 toward the construction of the Washington-Baltimore line, but after a short period of operation the postmaster general, to whom President Folk had referred the matter, wrote, "Although the invention is an agent vastly superior to any other devised by the genius of man, yet the operation between Washington and Baltimore has not satisfied me that under any rate of postage that can be adopted its revenues can be made to cover its expenditures."

The Onion.

The onion has been so long in cultivation that its original form is not definitely known. There are so called wild onions that grow in the woods. Nobody ever tastes them but once, and there is about the taste no suggestion that cultivation or anything else could ever make them grateful to the human palate. In all probability the onion is a native of western Asia and adjacent parts of Africa, since it is mentioned in old Egyptian writings and the Pentateuch.

Tart Repartee.

Of Sir William Harcourt, Disraeli once said in his affectedly cynical way, "He has the three essential qualifications of success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice and no principles."

To this when it was repeated to him Harcourt rejoined, "Leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Dizzy' himself."

An Autobiography.

Mrs. Chugwater—Joshua, what is an autobiography? Mr. Chugwater—It's the story of a man's life written as he thinks it ought to be. Couldn't you tell that from the word itself?—Chicago Tribune.

A Success.

Byker—I attended a successful sleight of hand performance last night. Pyker—Really? Byker—Yes, I lent a conjurer a counterfeit half dollar, and he gave me back a good one.

One Better.

First Child—We've got a new baby at our house. Second Child (contemptuously)—We've got a new po at ours.—Presbyterian Standard.

This being called me, whatever it is, consists of a little flesh, a little breath and the part which governs.—Marcus Aurelius.

Happiness in Sleep.

I saw once how like sleep was to life in the deep waters. A man who to my waking eyes looked cold and starved and ragged sat upon one of the benches on the embankment. He was sleeping, and I knew from his face that then at least he did not count himself miserable. But presently a policeman came and shook the sleeper into waking life. Then all the violence of the world seemed to be let loose upon this wreck of a man. He shook and blinked his eyes and breathed with heavy spasms. It was just as when a fish is caught out of the depth of the sea and suddenly cast into a basket. I have seen mackerel shake and gasp like this poor man suddenly caught up out of the native depths of sleep. Or if you think that a fish thus dying is only an amusing and not a painful sight then think of what it might be if some giant of fable could catch us up out of our native air into the space between the stars. Would we not willingly sink back again into the depth of air? So it is when the loud world lets us glide down into sleep.—London Outlook.

His Name in the Directory.

"One funny thing I have learned about human nature," said the drug store cashier, "is the habit many people have of marking their own names in the city directory. They do that because the directory is the only place where their names ever get into print, and it has such a fascination for them that they can't resist calling attention to it. A funny old man who likes to talk tells me that he has made special trips to different parts of the city just to mark his name in the directories of the neighborhood. He puts a little cross in red ink before it. I asked him what good it did. He said none possibly, although he is a teacher of languages and may get a few calls on account of that queer advertisement. But his is an exceptional case. Not many persons spend time and money hunting city directories, but every time they happen to see a new one they can't help looking up their names and putting some kind of a mark around them."—New York Sun.

Mansfield's Coaching.

"Richard Mansfield," said an actress who played in his company, "was a great teacher, but terribly relentless. I shall never forget a time when I was playing with him in 'The First Violin.' I could not, strive frantically as I would, do the thing he wanted. He was gentle at first, and then, persisting in my failure, he began to lash and whip and sting me with his words until I thought I should have to run away. In agony of impotent desperation I cried out:

"I cannot! Oh, I cannot!"

"Mr. Mansfield threw up his hands in a gesture of relief, and a smile played about his lips.

"Why," he said sweetly, "you're doing the very thing right now. No one on earth could do it better." And then I knew what he meant, and those lines were a triumph to me all that season."—Detroit Free Press.

Walking.

The Almighty has not freighted the foot with a single superfluous part. Every inch of every foot is meant for use. When a man walks in the right way, speaking literally, the back of the heel strikes the ground first. Then the rest of the heel comes down, after which the outer edge of the foot takes the bulk of the burden until the forward movement shifts the weight to the ball of the foot and finally to the toes. The ideal step is a slightly rocking motion. At no time should the en tire foot be pressed against the ground. Heel to toe is the movement. Try it and see how much farther and more easily you can walk. It's the Indian's way, and what poor Lo doesn't know about footwork can go into the discard.—New York Press.

A Lesson With His Autograph.

An admirer once wrote to Lowell describing his autograph collection and concluding with the remark, "I would be much obliged for your autograph." The reply came, bearing with it a lesson on the correct use of the words "would" and "should," which deeply impressed itself on the mind of the recipient. The response read:

"Pray, do not say hereafter, 'I would be obliged.' If you would be obliged, be obliged and have done with it. Say, 'I should be obliged,' and oblige yours truly. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A Remodeled Text.

"Perhaps you could preach us a sermon about the condition of things in our town," says the resident pastor to the visiting one. "Saloons, gambling houses and the like run wide open all the time, and the officers pay no attention to them."

"Yes," agrees the visitor; "I might take as my text, 'There's no arrest for the wicked.'"—Judge.

Grace Before Meat.

The Zulu admires a woman according to her weight. The Zulu can respect a 200 pound woman, but it is only a 300 or 400 pound one that he can really love. We enlightened persons, on the other hand, have been taught to like grace before meat.—Exchange.

Made a Noise.

"He didn't win the prize in the life race, did he?"

"No, but he hollered like he had it, and some people died envyin' of him."—Atlanta Constitution.

Armed For Peace.

Wife—Will your disarmament meeting finish late? Husband—Yes, about midnight, I expect. But don't be nervous. I shall have my revolver.—Bon Vivant.

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