

If We Had a Lady Mayor.

What a dream of a city we will have when the women voters elect women councilwomen and a woman mayor! The streets will shine like the morning and the cobblestones will bloom out in fragrant beauty. Playgrounds will take the place of lumber yards; the ugly, dirty factories will give way to beautiful parks and the fountains will play "Oh Promise Me" at every corner. The policeman at the crossing will wave her fan, and wagons, teams, and carts will move to the rhythmic beat like an orchestra. The locomotive whistles will be tined, the car gongs will tinkle like the chimes of the Swiss bellringer, and no automobile horn will pass muster until it sounds like a symphony.

Clean streets, clean politics and clean collars and cuffs—they will be among the first demands. The streets must be dustless, the city government graftless, the skies cloudless. Men will be required to wipe their feet before stepping on the sidewalks, and horses will be fined if they kick up the dust. Mirrors at every street corner, free powder puffs and municipal ownership of hair-dressing parlors are not at present included in the demands. These things must come gradually.

The report that the city ordinances will be crocheted is untrue, and the inclination to tie a sash around the City Hall and surmount the dome with a big butterfly bow will be curbed. The demand for free moving-picture shows and free lemonade fountains in the parks will not be urged at present. But reform in ice cream and cheaper chocolate drops are demanded at once.

Why should these reforms be delayed by inconsiderate men holding on to the city government and denying women the right to vote? "One-half of us are still in bondage!" exclaims one of the leading suffragette orators. It is pathetic to see these bondslaves going through our principal streets clad in silks, satins and laces, carrying in the burden of the man's purse in the man's automobile and spending the man's money, while the tyrant man is enjoying the privilege of digging away in his office or factory.

Released from bondage, freed from the galling yoke, they faithfully promise to take charge of things and run them. Our cities have too long been run by ordinary-looking men, some of whom are not even good dressers. If we had a woman for mayor, the city would have to take a bath and clean shave every morning. It would be kept well brushed, with all the buttons sewed on. You can see the vision of it now—a model city, clean, well-dressed and highly perfumed.

From the Baltimore (Md.) Sun.

The Lash of a Fiend.

would have been about as welcome to A. Cooper of Oswego, N. Y., as a merciless lung-racking cough that defied all remedies for years. "It was most troublesome at night," he writes, "nothing helped me till I used Dr. King's New Discovery which cured me completely. I never cough at night now." Millions know its matchless merit for stubborn colds, obstinate coughs, sore lungs, lagrippe, asthma, hemorrhage, croup, whooping cough, or hayfever. It relieves quickly and never fails to satisfy. A trial convinces. 50c. \$1.00. Trial bottle free. It's positively guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough.

A Reliable Medicine—Not a Narcotic.

Mrs. F. Marti, St. Joe, Mich., says Foleys Honey and Tar saved her little boy's life. She writes: "Our little boy contracted a severe bronchial trouble and as the doctor's medicine did not cure him, I gave him Foleys Honey and Tar in which I have great faith. It cured the cough as well as the choking and gagging spells, and he got well in a short time. Foleys Honey and Tar has many times saved us much trouble and we are never without it in the house." C. I. Clough.

When Merit Wins.

When the medicine you take cures your disease, tones up your system and makes you feel better, stronger and more vigorous than before, that is what Foleys Kidney Pills do for you, in all cases of backache, nervousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general weakness that is caused by any disorder of the kidneys or bladder. C. I. Clough.

A Paying Investment.

Mr. John White, of 38 Highland Houlton, Maine, says: "I have been troubled with a cough every winter and spring. Last winter I tried many advertised remedies, but the cough continued until I bought a 50c. bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery; before that was half gone, the cough was all gone. This winter the same happy result has followed; a few doses once more banished the annual cough. I am now convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best of all cough and lung remedies." Sold under guarantee at Chas. I. Clough's drug store.

DIVIDED THE MESSAGE.

The Way a Financier's Clerk Exploited a Cipher.

When Wall street first caught the fever for 'industrial combinations' and began the organization of every thing in sight one of the votaries of high finance found himself in Chicago in extreme need of communicating with his New York office.

He almost completed an arrangement for the consolidation of several western enterprises, but in order to get the final authority he needed from New York he must explain all he had done by wire to his partners.

There was no time to write. He had no cipher code. For a long time he tried to think out some way to send the information so that it would be plain to his partners and meaningless to any one else. His secret was a valuable one and once sent over the wire might be sold out to his rivals in Wall street for a large sum.

At last he decided to take the chances in plain English. Accordingly he wrote the message and gave it to his assistant to send. Half an hour later, when the assistant came back, he asked him if he had sent it.

"Not just that way," said the clerk. "I rewrote it—the first word on a postal blank, the second on a Western Union, and so on—I sent half by each company, and neither half meant anything. Then I sent a second message by one line, saying, 'Read both messages together, alternating words.'"

The scheme was too simple for the high finance to have evolved, but it worked perfectly.

OLD TIME LONDON.

The Days When Men in the Pillory Were Pelted With Eggs.

London in 1700 was a comparatively small city of about 400,000 inhabitants, the rough and ill kept main roads to which had been but slightly improved since Tudor times. The ghastly spectacle of many of the trees on the South-west road bending under their burden of hanged men had indeed been slightly modified, but none the less the decomposing heads of "traitors" still filled the atmosphere about London bridge and Temple Bar with myriads of baneful microbes.

Our immediate forbears were evidently not overparticular about sights and smells. They were accustomed to see men sitting in the pillory pelted with rotten eggs and possibly included among their immediate circle not a few who had been deprived of their noses and ears for expressing too freely their opinions, political and religious.

The drains were in an appalling condition. The immovable chair backs were so full of collops that they often projected through the turf floor and bull baiting, dog fights and boxing matches were attended even by royalty as late as 1820, and five years later all the "dandies" in London were paying high prices to stand in the circus round Tyburn to behold twenty-two of their fellow creatures hanged for misdemeanors which in our time would be punished with a few days' imprisonment.—London Saturday Review.

An Ingenious Defence.

Nimble wits and a glib tongue frequently save "coppers" on trial before the deputy commissioner at headquarters. Some of the "defenses" put up by offenders are more ingenious than convincing. Not long ago a giant patrolman, accused of being about a quarter of a mile off his beat, evolved this excuse, "You see, it was like this, your honor, I was patrolling my post when I thought I heard a man up the street yelling 'Fire! Fire!' I ran in the direction of the sound, and, would you believe me, Mr. Commissioner, there stood a fellow out on the sidewalk trying to wake up a friend of his on the second floor, and he was yelling with all his might 'Meyer! Meyer!' "Well, that's a brand new one," said the trial commissioner, the suspicion of a smile crossing his face. "Complaint dismissed." —New York Tribune.

Summer's Ready Reply.

Charles Sumner when in London gave a ready reply. At a dinner given in his honor he spoke of "the ashes" of some dead hero. "Ashes! What American English!" rudely broke in an Englishman. "Dust you mean, Mr. Sumner. We don't burn our dead in this country." "Yet," instantly replied Mr. Sumner, with a courteous smile, "your poet Gray tells us that 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'" The American was not criticised again that evening.—Argonaut.

A Glorious Part.

"At last," exclaimed the low comedian, "I have a part that just suits me." "Good," said the first old lady. "You are the only actor I ever knew who was thoroughly satisfied with his part. What is it?" "Oh, the part isn't much, as far as that goes, but I'm supposed to be a burglar, and I break into a pantry and eat a real meal at every performance." —Chicago Record-Herald.

He Worked On.

Wife—George, this burning of the candle at both ends means an untimely grave. It is nearly 12 o'clock. Come to bed, George.—But I'm doing this night work in order to find money enough to buy you a birthday present. Wife—Well, if you will persist in working of course I can't stop it. Good night, dear.

Deduction in a Street Car.

The Heavyweight—Pardon me, did I step on your foot, sir? Coogan—If you didn't, begorry, then the roof must have fell on it.—Puck.

INDIANS AND BULLETS.

A Sample of the Strenuous Life in Kentucky in 1777.

In 1777, while Harrodsburg, Ky., was so beset with Indians that the inhabitants were in straits for daily bread, a young man, only sixteen years old, made himself extremely useful by venturing out of the fort before day-break and returning with a load of game after midnight. This intrepid youth was James Ray, afterward Governor Ray.

One day in the year just mentioned Ray and another young man were shooting at a mark near the fort, when the second man was suddenly shot down by the Indians. Ray looked in the direction whence the shot had come, saw the enemy and was on the point of raising his rifle when he was set upon by another band who had crept near him unseen.

He took to his heels and, being a quick runner, reached the fort amid a shower of bullets, but the gates were shut, and the men inside were so frightened that they dared not open them. Finding himself shut out, Ray threw himself flat on the ground in the rear of a stump, and here, perhaps seven steps from the fort and within sight of his mother, he lay for four hours, while the bullets of the Indians tore up the ground on either side of him.

At last he grew impatient and called out to the garrison:

"For heaven's sake, dig a hole under the cabin wall and take me in!"

The men inside set to work immediately, and the brave young hunter was speedily safe inside the fort.

FORTUNE ISLAND.

The Story of the Buried Prize of an English Buccaneer.

An English buccaner, having looted and fired a rich prize, found himself pursued in turn by a Spanish pirate, and in order to save his treasure sought some isolated shore on which to bury it until the time came to divide the spoils with his followers. So he ran into the Bahama group and, landing on a low lying strip of sand and palm trees, cached his plunder and, naming the place Fortune Island, sailed away. He left a number of negro slaves behind to guard the buried treasure, and the present inhabitants are said to be descended from these slaves.

The Fortune Islanders believe the old sea rover never returned for his chest and that it is still hidden somewhere near the tide level. It is no uncommon sight for tourists on the rare occasions when a steamer stops there to see some half naked black man digging in the sand probably in obedience to a dream or other sign.

The natives are half civilized, exceedingly superstitious and very poor and live mostly on fish and fruit. They do not attempt to plant vegetables, preferring to rely on the bounty of nature, as the fierce hurricanes that sweep the Bahamas soon uproot and destroy gardens. The little colony is huddled together in a collection of squalid huts that are blown away in nearly every storm and have to be built anew. The island is nine miles long and a mile wide at the broadest part and lies 110 miles northeast of Cuba. —New York Press.

Surprises in Chinese.

"Some people," said an American consul to China, "live as long as twenty years in China and never learn more than a dozen Chinese expressions. But not so my little girl. She used to meet me each evening with some new Chinese expression which she had learned during the day. Now, the Chinese language, like the Japanese, is full of homologies, and I fondly imagined one evening, when my little girl greeted me with some entirely new expressions, that she was saying something like this: 'Here comes the honorable personage, my father.'"

"To verify my guess I asked a little Chinese boy to translate. At first he was rather backward, but I urged him until he finally said:

"Your excellency, your daughter says, 'Here comes that old woman-headed bottle.'" Yes, there are some surprises in Chinese.

Not Interrupting at All.

At the piano Mrs. Eaton was girding Edith and Edward and Jack through the intricacies of an old English melody when she became aware that the twins were adding their voices from an indiscreet distance and stopped playing.

"Children," she exclaimed, "you are not allowed to join in the chorus with Edith and Edward."

"We weren't," the twins protested, in slightly resentful tones. "We were singing something quite different."—Youth's Companion.

Shakespeare Altered.

A portable theater had been pitched in an out of the way spot where the prospective theatrical patrons were unsophisticated in matters dramatic. The players possessed the costumes for "Hamlet," and Shakespeare's tragedy was selected for representation. It then occurred to the proprietors of the show that the name might not attract, so they altered the title to "How the Stepfather Was Paid Out."—London Mail.

He Pleas'd Her.

"She asked me how old I thought she was?" "What did you say?" "Well, I perjured myself like a gentleman."—Detroit Free Press.

No amount of effort to save the world can make up for failure to sacrifice for the salvation of your own little world.—Henry F. Cope.

TRACING COUNTERFEITS.

Exciting Employment For Skilled Secret Service Men.

The tracing of counterfeit bills back to the persons responsible for their issue is a curious and exciting employment. The expert assigned by the government to this work are among the most skillful members of the secret service. The protection of the currency depends in large measure upon their efficiency, and the pains they take are almost infinite. The follow-up case is one illustrating the difficulties which the secret service people meet and overcome:

A bank clerk in Cleveland had detected a counterfeit twenty dollar bill in the deposit of a small retail grocer. An expert was sent for and under took the case.

He found that the grocer had received the bill from a shoe dealer, who had it from a dentist, who had it from somebody else, and so on, until the secret service man finally traced the bill to an invalid woman who had used it to pay her physician. When questioned this woman said that the money had been sent her by her brother, who lived in New Orleans.

The sleuth looked up the brother's antecedents and soon became convinced that he was the man wanted. The brother, however, soon proved to the satisfaction of the secret service man that his suspicions were unfounded.

Indeed, it appeared that the money had been received by the New Orleans man in part payment for rent of a house he owned in Pittsburg. While the sleuth was a bit disconcerted, he couldn't give over the case when he had gone so far, so he took the next train for Pittsburg.

The tenant of the house in Pittsburg proved to be a traveling oculist who spent most of his time in the middle west. The secret service man had the good luck, however, to catch him just as he had returned from a trip, and the man at once recognized the bad bill as one that had been given him by a patient in Cleveland, the very point whence the sleuth started.

The patient was a boss carpenter. The secret service man got his address from the oculist and went right after the new clue. At this point he had a premonition that something was going to happen, and he wasn't disappointed.

The carpenter, an honest old fellow said that he had received the bill from a certain Parker. The said Parker was the small grocer in whose bank deposit the counterfeit had turned up. The expert flew to the grocer's as quickly as a cat could take him and found it closed. He had left town.

Afterward it was shown beyond question that the grocer was the agent of an organized band of counterfeiters. His shop was a mere blind. That the bill which he gave the carpenter should get back into his own fund after travelling all over the continent was one of these miracles of chance for which there is no explanation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Dean Ramsay Story.

Dean Ramsay's memoirs contain an anecdote of an old woman of Scotch ancestry. Just before her death she solemnly instructed her grandnephew, "Willy, I'm death, and as yet I have the charge o' a' I have, mind, now, that as much whisky is to be used at my funeral as there was at my baptism."

Willy, having no record of the quantity consumed at the baptism, decided to give every mourner as much as he wished, with the result that the funeral procession, having to traverse ten miles to the churchyard, on a short November day, arrived only at midnight. Then it was discovered that the mourners, halting at a wayside inn, had rested the coffin on a dike and left it there when they resumed their journey. The corpse was a day late in arriving at the grave.

Interest in Ancient Days.

As a rule, the ancients frowned upon the idea of interest. They called it usury, and, except in the case of wardships and trusts, when the law insisted upon money being usefully invested they looked upon the man who lived by investments as a bad character and his trade as a disreputable one. Even Aristotle, a most advanced thinker in many respects, talked most energetically against money, calling it a "barren thing, which could produce nothing without violating nature." It was not until the crusades that the money lender had any standing or respectability in Europe.—New York American.

Sunday Traveling.

Old time acts of parliament in Great Britain aimed to stop Sunday traveling. In 1823, for example, two men were found guilty of the crime of walking from Bristol to Bath on a Sunday and were at once fined 20 shillings (\$4.80 each). All business was at a standstill on a Sunday. Nothing was allowed to be sold except milk. For all the traders of England the milkman, and the milkman alone, was allowed to pursue his calling for the whole seven days of the week.

Easy.

"Is that car on this train?" "No; he was switched off at the junction."

"He was? Why not 'she'?" "This was a mail car."—Toledo Blade.

He Knew the Brand.

First Actor—When I was in Africa I was nearly killed by the bursting of a shell. Second Actor—Oh, who threw the egg?—London M. A. P.

Pure love cannot merely do all, but is all.—Richter.

The Pardon Paperweight.

Under the headline "A Queer Municipal Gift" a Vienna paper tells this story: "In the year 1893 a private soldier stationed at Sals killed an officer of his regiment and was condemned to be shot. Comrades who knew the extenuating circumstances, friends, priests, relatives—all pleaded in vain for mercy, the colonel in whose hands the matter rested insisting on the death penalty. The day came and the man was taken to the place of execution. Six members of his regiment, armed with rifles, one of which contained a blank cartridge, took their places as executioners. The man's eyes were bandaged and with arms securely pinioned he stood ready for the volley, shouting 'Comrades, aim well!' when a mounted courier dashed into the crowd waving a white flag, crying 'Pardon!' He was Lieutenant Baron du Mont, with the colonel's pardon, which would have been useless had it arrived one minute later. The municipality secured the five bullets from the firing squad, had them silvered and mounted in the form of a tiny pyramid on a silver plate, and this, suitably inscribed, is known as the 'pardon paperweight,' the only one of its kind."

The Useful Crocodile Fish.

In the rivers and lakes of the Mexican state of Tabasco there swims a fish known as the "crocodile fish" which is most useful to man.

The skin of the crocodile fish, if properly cured, may be utilized for any of the purposes for which the lighter weights of leather are employed. The oil of the crocodile fish is a perfect lubricant and also used for softening leather. In addition to its qualities as a lubricant and emollient, the oil possesses medicinal qualities for which a superiority to the finest of Norwegian cod liver is claimed. The flesh of the crocodile fish is extensively used by the natives as food and highly relished by them as one of the delicacies of the country. Crocodile fish range in length from ten inches to four feet, and when dried assume an ashen hue, with lighter shadings of a bluish tint.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Poor Human Nature.

The woman who had succeeded in that rather difficult task—making a boarding house pay—was confiding to a friend some of the tricks of the trade.

"While you must never allow your boarders to get too far behind in their payments, it is also true that you will profit considerably by allowing them a little leeway. So long as you are sure of your money it pays a hundred to have her boarders a week or two behind in their board."

"I don't see that," interrupted her friend. "Well, I'll tell you," continued the landlady. "When a man owes back board you have him at a certain disadvantage. Not one in a hundred under such circumstances has the nerve at midnight to ask for a second helping."—New York Times.

The Human Lobster.

The lobster has always appealed to the Englishman as affording a nickname for his fellow Englishman. "Lobster" was a favorite term of abuse among the Elizabethans, though it is only conjectured that an allusion to red faces was conveyed. As signifying a soldier, "lobster" originated in the civil war, being applied to the Roundhead cuirassiers, as Clarendon explains, "because of the bright iron shells with which they were covered." Afterward the allusion was transferred to the soldier's red uniform. But that was the "boiled lobster." The "raw lobster" was naturally the man in blue, the policeman. In earlier days we find Grose explaining that "to boll one's lobster" meant for a clergyman to become a soldier.—London Chronicle.

The Man With the Iron Mask.

The Man With the Iron Mask was a mysterious French prisoner of state, whose identity has never been satisfactorily established. He was closely confined under the charge of M. de St. Mars at Pignerol in 1679, at Exiles in 1681, at Sainte-Marguerite in 1687 and finally was transferred to the Bastille in 1698, where he died on Nov. 19, 1703, and was buried the following day in the cemetery of St. Paul under the name of Marchais. Dumas made him a twin brother of Louis XIV.

A Volcano.

"What is a volcano?" asked the teacher.

"A mountain with a fire inside," said one.

A smile of comprehension spread over the puzzled face of the smallest pupil as she asked surprisedly, "Is that a mountain range?"

A Pungent Player.

The comedian had his benefit and thankful for the patronage of "kidd friends in front" let off this impromptu, which was applauded:

Like a grate full of coals I glow,  
A great full house to see,  
And were I not grateful, too,  
A great fool I should be.

More Important.

"See here, waiter! I found a collar button in this pie!" "Didn't see nothin' of an umbrella, did ya, boss? Dab was one low 'heab les' night."—Scribner's Magazine.

Lead Pipe.

Lead may be melted and when cooled to the solidifying point may be squirted. In this manner lead pipe is made.—Mining World.

Apologies only account for the evil which they cannot alter.—Cuyler.

H. T. BOITTS  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Complete set of Abstract Books  
in office. Taxes paid for non-Residents.  
Office opposite Post Office.  
Both phones.

CARL HABERLACH,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Deutscher Advokat,  
Office across the street and north from  
the Post Office.

GEORGE WILLETT,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Next to Tillamook County  
Bank,  
TILLAMOOK - OREGON.

T. H. GOYNE,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Office: Opposite Court House,  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

R. T. BOALS, M.D.,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
TILLAMOOK.  
Office: Olson Building.  
Residence: Mrs. Weiss' house, west of  
Mrs. Walker's.

S. M. KERRON,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
CONCRETE BUILDING,  
Tillamook, .. Oregon.

DR. I. M. SMITH,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Office over J. A. Todd & Co.,  
Tillamook, Ore.

W. C. HAWK,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
BAY CITY, OREGON.

F. R. BEALS,  
REAL ESTATE,  
FINANCIAL AGENT,  
Tillamook, Oregon.

DR. P. J. SHARP,  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
Office across the street from the  
Court House.  
Dr. Wise's office.

T. SARCHET,  
The Fashionable Tailor,  
Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing  
a Specialty.  
Store in Heins Photographic  
Gallery.

COWING & COWING,  
LAWYERS.  
ROOM 334 WORCESTER BUILDING,  
THIRD AND OAK STREETS,  
Room Next to the U.S. Land Office,  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

F. S. WHITEHOUSE  
SON,  
INSURANCE, FIRE,  
MARINE, ACCIDENT  
BONDS, Etc.  
TILLAMOOK - OREGON  
Both Phones.

MRS. ALICIA PHEASANT  
GRADUATE NURSE.  
MRS. PAGE'S HOUSE  
TILLAMOOK, - OREGON

The Gratitude of Elderly people  
Goes out to whatever helps  
them ease, comfort and  
Foley Kidney Pills cure  
Bladder diseases promptly,  
give comfort and relief to  
people. C. I. Clough.