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THE TELEPHONE AT CHRISTMAS



THERE is no need for you to be worn out by holiday preparations if you make good use of your telephone.

The Bell telephone companies have found that just before Christmas the number of daily connections is the highest for the year. The telephone has become a necessity of the holiday season, because without it most people would not have time to do what they have planned.

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How to Open a Can of Corn.

One of the smallest of the little girls in a West Philadelphia family had often assisted her mother in preparing the meals. She observed that her mother, who was rather hasty, always talked to herself when she had any difficulty in opening cans of vegetables. The little girl thought that the hastiness was a part of the operation.

"One day she was visiting a neighbor and went into the kitchen to help prepare a meal. She watched the neighbor take a can of corn, apply the opener and remove the top.

"That's not the way to open a can of corn," said the little girl.

"Why, what other way is there?" asked the neighbor.

"Well, you take the can of corn and start to open it, and then you bear down and the opener slips. Then you say 'Darn this can' and finish it. That's the way my mother opens a can of corn."—Philadelphia Times.

Diamonds to Lampblack.

You may purchase equal quantities of carbon for 5 cents or a million dollars. A bargain hunter might invest a nickel and get a package of pure lampblack. The million would secure a blazing diamond, easily turned into lampblack; not so easily—intense heat would be required. However, coal and wood are really more valuable than diamonds. They surrender life giving heat, while the only use so far discovered for diamonds is to cut glass, and for this carbundum is a good substitute. All diamonds in existence could be annihilated without loss to mankind; but, then, to vaporize diamonds would be costly, as the enormous heat of 12,032 degrees F. in the concentration of an electric furnace would be required, and then you might get enough graphite to make a lead pencil or a little fine stove polish. —Edgar Lucien Larkin in Nautilus.

Mystery of the Egg.

An egg for one thing is a succession of bags, bagged up in one another, a series of envelopes enveloped in one another, bags and envelopes without joints, seams or openings. Puzzles, ships built up and full rigged in bottles, flies in amber, are simply simplicity itself as puzzles when it comes to how these bags wrap one another up, bag in bag. In a hen's egg there are eight or nine or ten of the sacks in sacks ensacked. Everybody thinks he knows what an egg is, and after weary reading and study in many languages he only begins to learn that nobody knows a tiny fraction of all the world of secrets and mysteries hidden in an egg. "As full of meat as an egg" is not the true comparison, but "as full of mystery as an egg" is nearer the truth. Eggs are the greatest puzzle in all nations.—New York Press.

Poor Pay, Poor Preach.

Once upon a time there was an Indian named Big Smoke. A white man, encountering Big Smoke, asked him what he did for a living. "Umph," said Big Smoke. "Me preach." "That so? What do you get for preaching?" "Me git ten dollar a year." "Well," said the white man, "that's d—d poor pay." "Umph," said Big Smoke. "Me d—d poor preach." So runs the world—poor pay, poor preach.—Minneapolis Tribune.

"Eating Crow."

The term "eating crow" comes from an ante-Revolutionary story. A soldier of an English regiment stationed in Virginia shot a pet crow belonging to a farmer. The latter entered a complaint with the colonel, who sentenced the soldier to eat the crow. The farmer was left alone with the soldier to see that he did it. After the soldier had consumed a portion of the bird he took his gun, presented it at the farmer and told him to eat the remainder of the crow or he would shoot him. This was the origin of the eating crow story.

Didn't Awe Him.

The members of a Greek letter fraternity from a southern university were being shown through the library of congress. They were apparently stricken dumb with admiration of the beauties of the building. But the atmosphere of awe was dissipated when one of the party, a red headed youth, exclaimed fervently: "Gee, fellows! Wouldn't this make a dandy frat house?"—St. Louis Republic.

The Old Problem.

"This magazine looks rather the worse for wear." "Yes; it's the one I sometimes lend to the servant on Sundays." "Doesn't she get tired of reading always the same one?" "Oh, no. You see, it's the same book, but it's always a different servant."

No Cause For Worry.

Painter (to his servant)—Now carry this picture to the exhibition gallery, but be careful, for the paint is not quite dry yet. Servant—Oh, that's all right. I'll put on an old coat.—Fillingde Blatter.

Both Exempt.

"Do your daughters help their mother with the housework?" "We wouldn't think of expecting it. Muriel is temperamental and Zaza is intense."—Pittsburg Post.

Not Acquired.

N. Reed—How you stutter! Did you go to a stammering school? J. N—No, sir. I d-d-d this a-m-a-t—Brooklyn Lab.

The Syrian patrol halted before the open window of the khan's captive, a girl from the hills.

"A message from my lord the khan," said he, saluting, and laid upon the edge of the lattice a spray of almond.

The girl ripped off the delicate blossoms and handed back the barren twigs.

"The answer," she said. — Youth's Companion.

Only a pair of dark brown eyes; Only a dimple sweet; Only the clouded autumn skies; Only a muddy street.

Only a glance from the eyes of brown; Only a friendly smile; Only a maid in a fetching gown; Only a bit of guile.

Only a boy with an ardent heart; Only a gust of rain; Only a glance at a taxi cart; Only a sudden pain.

Only a deeply anxious thrill; Only a frown of rue; Only a lone lorn dollar bill; Only a swift skidoo! —Harper's Weekly.

Tommy—I only wisht I was president of the tin trust. His Mother—Why, what would you do?

Tommy—I'd make all the pie and cake pans bigger.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A bathing maid one afternoon Took a cramp in a lagoon. Crocodile a-loading round Saved her, though, from being drowned. —Pathfinder.

Another maid we knew right well Fell in a thirty-five foot well. At last we raised her with a crank And saved the maid from being drank. —Boston Herald.

"Have a cigarette?" "That's illegal in this state." "Suppose we start a game of cribbage." "Hardly worth while. That's illegal in the next state."—Washington Herald.

"He weighed just twenty pounds, egad!" The fisherman was saying. "Twas true, but he forgot to add The coal man did the weighing. —New York Times.

"It's simply awful when city policemen are cruel to animals." "Now what's the trouble, Miranda?" "Nearly every day we read about some big, burly policeman who has been pinching some poor, defenseless blind tiger."—Youngstown Telegram.

Today I looked my summer relics o'er, The relics I had gathered at the shore. There was the fluffy curl from Lucy's head.

An emblem of a love which now is dead. There was the ruby ring that thrifty Bess Returned to me, as I was penniless. * There was the lily, now so dry and sear, Once watered by Leona's gushing tear. And there was Dell's kegn hatpin, which had made A puncture deep in my poor shoulder blade.

Oh, Lucy, Bess, Leona, Dell, the shore Has known me once, but will know me no more! —Chicago News.

"Yes," said the clubhouse bore, "I suppose I owe some of my success to the fact that we've been golfers in our family for generations. I was recently looking up my ancestral tree." "Did they throw any nuts?" asked the quiet man in the corner.—World of Golf.

It gives a married man the chills And chronic blues When marriage merely runs to bills Instead of coos. —Pittsburg Post.

Dorothy was entering kindergarten. It was her first day at school, and her name had been registered. "Have you any brothers or sisters?" the teacher asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Dorothy. "And are you the oldest?" "Oh, no, ma'am," she said. "Pa and ma's both older 'n me."—Philadelphia Times.

There was a man in our town, And he was wondrous rash. He voted for a Republican And thus lost half his cash.

And when he found what he had done, As guileless as a calf, He voted for a Democrat And lost the other half. —Success Magazine.

"John, I understand that you have been saying mean things about me to your acquaintances."

"Why, dearest, everybody knows that isn't so. Why, I tell everybody that it is you that have made me what I am."

"That's what I mean."—Houston Post.

When the earth's last picture is painted And the tubes are twisted and dried Some one will kodak the bridegroom, But who will paint the bride? —Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"Sir," said the indignant citizen. "I found a fishworm in my hydrant this morning." "I'm very sorry," replied the complaint clerk, "that we cannot afford to supply you with fish, but at the present low rate for water the best we can do is to furnish bait."—Boston Sunday Post.

Don't you ever be in doubt Happiness we'll win. When the melon's gold' out Possess your comin' in! —Whitsett (Ch.) Courier.

"Have you explained the germ system to your children? Everything should be on a practical basis these days." "No," replied the old fashioned citizen. "It seems incongruous to tell 'em not to believe in fairies and then try to get 'em to believe in microbes."—Kansas City Journal.

Her sweet face fell; Her brow was nigh; And, with a yell, He caught her eye. —Houston Chronicle.

Mated.

Any one with half an eye could see that he was madly in love with her, but he had not courage enough to put his fate to the test. But she was a young lady who knew her way about, as the saying goes, and one night she suggested a game of chess. He, poor fellow, eagerly swallowed the bait. If he was a novice at love-making he was certainly no novice at chess, and he soon had the fair maid hopelessly beaten.

"Ah," he exclaimed as he put her in a hopeless corner. "You're in a tight corner now, Miss Mabel."

She looked at him with those beautiful eyes of hers and then said: "I hadn't noticed any compression, George. Have I no escape?"

"None whatever," said the guileless George. "I shall mate you next move."

"Oh, George!" said she, with a becoming blush. "Er—hadn't you better ask father first?"

They are married now, and George often wonders if she is as dense at chess as she would make him believe.

Lincoln With His Children.

It was a frequent custom of Lincoln, this of carrying his children on his shoulder. He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father and the species of tyranny they exercised over him are still subjects of talk in Springfield. Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, told one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children crying, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied. "I've got three walnuts and each wants two."—From Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln."

Paying For Extras.

In one of the luxurious golf club houses in the south of England a visitor approached the steward and asked for a luncheon ticket.

"Five shillings," said the official. "That's rather a lot, isn't it?" inquired the visitor.

"A lot? Think of the cost of this club. See those pictures? They're worth thousands of pounds. And those tapestries? Their value is simply enormous."

On the following day the visitor again asked for a luncheon ticket and tendered half a crown.

"I've already told you, sir," said the steward, "that the charge is five shillings."

"Yes, I know," was the reply, "but I only want half a crown's worth today. I saw the pictures and the tapestries yesterday."—World of Golf.

Dynamite.

The action of dynamite is comparatively precise. The firing point is 180 degrees C. At that temperature it either burns or explodes. If free from all pressure, jar, vibration or force of any kind it merely burns. That is how it comes about that one can burn dynamite safely in the hand if all conditions be wholly favorable. But any least vibration from such regularities will cause an explosion, which is an excellent reason for avoiding too intimate ventures with the compound. When ignited in small quantities in the open air dynamite does nothing more startling than to burn fiercely. When, however, larger quantities are ignited explosion almost invariably results, as the temperature is raised by the flames.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Old Time Carving.

An ancient book on carving says that the only meats that were "carved" were mutton and beef. You had to "break a deer, rear a goose, lift a swan, sauce a capon, spoil a hen, frush a chicken, unbrace a mallard, unlance a cony, dismount a heron, display a crane, disfigure a peacock, unjoint a bittern, untack a curlew, slay a pheasant, wing a partridge or a quail, mince a plover, thigh a pigeon or any other small bird and border a game pie."

Fascination of Golf.

"I've heard of Nero a-playing on 'is fiddle, sir, when 'is 'ome was a-burnin'." said the landlady, putting down the local paper. "but this 'ere game of golf must be the most fascinating 'obby in the world. I've been reading about the fire up at the golf ground last Friday, and it says, 'The fire brigades promptly responded to the call, and when darkness closed in they were still playing upon the ruins of the clubhouse.'"—Golf Illustrated.

Foiled Him.

"Why am I like a pin?" asked Mr. Jones triumphantly of his wife. He expected she was going to say, "Because you are so sharp," and he was simply paralyzed when she replied: "Because if you should get lost it wouldn't be worth while to spend time looking for you."

Yes, He Was Good.

"Were you a good boy in school today?" "I think so, dad. Anyway, teacher called me a holy terror."—Buffalo Express.

Lived on Water.

The Tramp—I once lived on water, lady, for six months. The Lady—You don't look like it. How did you manage it? The Tramp—I was a sailor.

To have failed is to have striven; to have striven is to have grown.—Mail-bie D. Babcock.