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Steamer "Sue H. Elmore" (CAPT P. SCHRADER) Tillamook & Portland. Sail Every Tuesday and Saturday. Couch St. Wharf, Portland. "That's All."

Notice of Sale of Tide Lands.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN. That the State Land Board of the State of Oregon will sell to the highest bidder at its office in the Capitol Building at Salem, Oregon, on April 11, 1911, at 10 o'clock a.m., at said day, all the State's interest in the tide and overflow lands herein-after described, giving, however to the owner or owners of any lands abutting or fronting on such tide and overflow lands, the preference right to purchase said tide and overflow lands at the highest price offered, provided such offer is made in good faith, and providing also that the land will not be sold nor any offer therefor accepted for less than \$7.50 per acre, the Board reserving the right to reject any and all bids. Said lands are situated in Tillamook County, Oregon, and described as follows: Beginning at a point, the southeast corner of D.L.C. No. 39, T. 1 S., R. 10 W. of W. M., and running thence: S. 61 degs., 00' W., 854.0 feet along high water line. S. 77 degs., 30' W., 182.0 feet along high water line. South, 76.0 feet along low water line. N. 82 degs., 20' E., 382.0 feet along low water line. S. 79 degs., 43' E., 554.0 feet along low water line. North, 577.0 feet along low water line to point of beginning. Containing 5.67 acres of tide lands fronting and abutting that part of D.L.C. No. 39, situated East of a North and South line through the center of Sec. 11, T. 1 S., R. 10 W. of W.M.; also: Beginning at a point 2371.0 feet South and 2640.0 West of Section corner common to Sections 14, 15, 22 and 23, T. 1 N., R. 10 W. of W.M., on high water line, running thence, North, 110.5 feet to low water line. S. 42 degs., 40' W., 270.0 feet along low water line. S. 41 degs., 03' W., 155.0 feet along low water line. S. 69 degs., 00' W., 175.0 feet along low water line. East, 135.0 feet along high water line. N. 43 degs., 30' E., 270.0 feet along high water line. N. 60 degs., 15' E., 145.0 feet along high water line to place of beginning. Containing 0.487 acres of tide lands fronting and abutting on Lot 6, Section 22, T. 1 N., R. 10 W. of W.M.; also: Beginning at a point on high water 2371.0 feet South and 2640.0 feet West of Section corner common to sections 14, 15, 22 and 23 and running thence, North 110.5 feet to low water line. N. 42 degs., 40' E., 515.0 feet along low water line. N. 70 degs., 30' E., 242.0 feet along low water line. S. 70 degs., 15' E., 343.0 feet along low water line. S. 30 degs., 30' W., 198.0 feet along high water line. S. 5 degs., 35' E., 70.0 feet along high water line. S. 88 degs., 30' W., 183.0 feet along high water line. S. 66 degs., 09' W., 625.0 feet along high water line to point of beginning. Containing 4.859 acres of tide land fronting and abutting Lot 5, Section 22, T. 1 N., R. 10 W. of W.M. Applications and bids should be addressed to G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, Salem, Oregon, and marked "Application and bid to purchase Tide Lands."

NOTICE OF SALE OF TIDE LANDS

Notice is hereby given that the State Land Board of the State of Oregon will sell to the highest bidder at its office in the Capitol building at Salem, Oregon, on April 11, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, all the State's interest in the tide and over flow lands hereinafter described, giving, however, to the owner or owners of any lands abutting or fronting on such tide and overflow lands, the preference right to purchase said tide and overflow lands at the highest price offered, provided such offer is made in good faith, and also providing that the land will not be sold nor any offer therefor accepted for less than \$7.50 per acre, the Board reserving the right to reject any and all bids. Said lands are situated in Tillamook County Oregon, and described as follows: Beginning at a point at the Government Meander corner between sections 2 and 3, T. 2 N., R. 10 W., on the South side of Nehalem Bay, and running thence: N. 49° 29' E. 151.0 feet along high water line. N. 42° 48' E. 7.75 feet along high water line. N. 40° 01' E. 595.0 feet along high water line. N. 32° 51' E. 266.5 feet along high water line. N. 21° 31' E. 255.0 feet along high water line. N. 7° 07' E. 402.0 feet along high water line. West, 12.0 feet to low water line. S. 9° 44' W. 400.0 feet along low water line. S. 24° 53' W. 248.0 feet along low water line. S. 32° 51' W. 266.0 feet along low water line. S. 40° 18' W. 584.0 feet along low water line. S. 43° 24' W. 80.0 feet along low water line. S. 49° 29' W. 72.0 feet along low water line. South, 60.0 feet to place of beginning, containing 1.55 acres of tide land fronting upon Lots 4 & 5, Sec. 2, T. 2 N., R. 10 W.

Applications and bids should be addressed to G. G. Brown, Clerk, State Land Board, Salem, Oregon, and marked "Application and bid to purchase tide lands." G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board. Dated this January 27, 1911.

HIS GIRL FRIENDS.

Mark Twain Dearly Loved Children as Playmates.

THE ANGEL FISH SOCIETY.

A Delightful and Touching Story About Little Margaret, One of Its Members, and the Gaiety Humourist—A Pretty Compact and a Quaint Letter.

Like many another great man, Mark Twain was fond of children. He never outgrew childhood, and he always chose young playmates where they were to be found. He formed curious societies of these girl friends. Back in the nineties, when he was living in Europe, he created a club which was to consist of one only one girl in each country of the globe, the duty of said member being to write occasionally to the chief officer, who faithfully replied to these random and far flung messages. Of course these little girls were swept into womanhood presently, but even to the last years of his life the member who signed herself "France" remained faithful to the law.

Another club of girls, little girls, became one of the chief interests during his final years. It had its beginning in Bermuda during one of his frequent visits to those happy islands. It was called the Angel Fish club, after a gorgeous swimmer of those waters, and he gave to each member an angel fish pin as a society badge. It was a successful club, and on his return to America he elected other members, enough to make twelve in all.

His home at Redding, Conn., Stormfield, had been originally named Innocence at Home, and as Angel Fish headquarters Innocence at Home it always remained. Members with their parents visited him there, and the billiard room, where the "fishes" were likely to spend most of their time knocking the balls about, under the chief member's instruction, was called the Aquarium, and gay prints of many Bermuda fishes were hung along the walls to carry out the idea. Each member had the privilege of selecting one of these as her patron fish and of identifying it with her name.

It was in Bermuda one day when he was walking along the beach with one of his angel fish members that he picked up a small iridescent double shell, delicately hinged together. He separated it and handed his companion half. "You will be going away from me pretty soon, Margaret," he said, "and growing up, and I won't know you any more. I shall see a great many Margarets, and now and then one of them will say she is my Margaret, but I will say, 'No; you resemble my Margaret, but you are bigger than my Margaret, and I can't be sure.' Then I will take out this shell and I will say, 'If you are really my Margaret you will have the other half of this shell, and it will fit exactly.' Then if she has the shell and it fits I shall know that it is really my Margaret, no matter how many years have gone by or how much older she has grown."

All this he said very gravely and earnestly, and the little girl took the shell thoughtfully and promised to keep it always. Next morning when she came running up to meet him on the hotel veranda he looked at her questioningly. "You look like Margaret," he said, "but I can't be sure. If you are really my Margaret you will have a shell I gave her once—the mate to this one!" He got no further. The talsman was promptly produced, and it fitted exactly. He returned to America, and somewhat later Margaret received a letter—one of the pretty letters he was always writing to children. In it he said: I am always making mistakes. When I was in New York six weeks ago I was on a corner of Fifth avenue and saw a small girl—not a big one—start across from the opposite corner, and I exclaimed to myself joyfully, "That is certainly my Margaret," so I rushed to meet her. But as she came nearer I began to doubt and said to myself, "It's Margaret, that is plain enough, but I'm half afraid it is somebody else's." So when I passed her I held my shell so she couldn't help but see it. Dear, she only glanced at it and passed on. I wondered if she could have overlooked it. It seemed best to find out, so I turned and followed and caught up with her and said deferentially, "Dear miss, I already know your first name by the look of you, but would you mind telling me your other one?" She was vexed and said, pretty sharply: "It's Douglas, if you're so anxious to know. I know your name by your looks, and I'd advise you to shut yourself up with pen and ink and write some more rubbish. I am surprised that they allow you to run at large. You are likely to get run over by a baby carriage any time. Run along now and don't let the cows bite you."

What an idea! There aren't any cows on Fifth avenue. But I didn't smile. I didn't let on to perceive how uncultured she was. She was from the country, of course, and didn't know what a comical blunder she was making. Margaret, with her mother, called when they returned to America. When the cards were brought to him he looked at hers and said: "Well, the young lady, her name seems familiar, but I can't be sure it's my Margaret without a certain token which she is supposed to carry as a proof." The shell came up without delay. He took the two halves now to a jeweler and had them set in gold as charms. One of these Margaret wore on a ribbon about her neck, and the other he linked to his watch chain, where it remained till he died. What a sweet fancy it all was!

He spent the last months of his life in Bermuda in the home of one of his angel fish, Helen Allen, daughter of the American vice consul there. She was his daily companion, and it will be her lifelong happy memory that she brightened and comforted his final days.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Ladies' World.

SHOCKED THE GUIDE.

Antics of an Irreverent Visitor at the National Capitol.

A big man with a fierce, bristling gray beard and wearing a broad brimmed slouch hat marched down the main corridor of the capitol, closely followed by a guide at a dogtrot. They had inspected statutory hall and the rotunda and looked in at the chamber of the supreme court, and the visitor had made no other comment on the sights shown him than to utter an occasional grunt, snort or growl.

The big man paused at the end of the corridor and jerked his head toward a carpeted passage. "What's them burglars doing to-day?" he demanded. "The senate is not in session, sir," said the guide in a shocked voice. After the visitor had departed the guide sat down on his chair in front of the statue of Daniel Webster and mopped his heated brow. "That's one kind that comes here," he said. "We have all kinds, but his style is the hardest to deal with. Called the senate burglars—you heard him—and he kicked at everything else I showed him. That kind comes prepared to kick. They ain't got no patriotism at all, and a United States senator ain't no more to them than a doorkeeper. Why, I'm afraid to take men like him into the supreme court. Likely as not they'll say something disrespectful right out loud. Do you know what that one said when I showed him statutory hall? He says, 'Who are all these crooks?' Then he wanted to know how much all them statutes cost the government and who got the rakeoff. I told him they were given by the states, and he said that was once when the states put one over. 'You wouldn't think,' said the guide, with a sigh, 'that patriotic Americans could come here and be so outlandish about the things they see. They seem to begrudge giving a dollar to be shown the place where Webster stood when he made his reply to Hayne. I don't know what the country's coming to. I've been a guide here twenty years, but I never thought I'd live to hear the senate called burglars.'"—Washington Cor. Kansas City Star.

LIGHTNING VERSUS STEAM.

Testing the Telegraph in the Early Days of its Invention.

Years ago, when the electric telegraph was a new idea and a mystery to the masses, there came trouble one Saturday night in the Bank of England. The business of the day had closed and the balance was not right. There was a deficit of just £100. It was not the money, but the error, that must be found. For the officers and the clerks there could be no sleep until the mystery had been cleared up. All that night and all Sunday a force of men were busy; Monday was surely gone from the vaults, but no one could discover whence.

On the following morning a clerk suggested that the mistake might have occurred in packing for the West Indies some boxes of specie that had been sent to Southampton for shipment. His chief acted on the suggestion. Here was an opportunity to test the powers of the telegraph—lightning against steam, and steam with forty-eight hours the start. Very soon the telegraph asked a man in Southampton, "Has the ship Mercator sailed?" The answer came back, "Just weighing anchor." "Stop her in the queen's name," flashed back the telegraph. "She is stopped," was returned.

"Have on deck certain boxes (marks given), weigh them carefully and let me know the result," telegraphed the chief. This order was obeyed, and one box was found to be somewhere about one pound and ten ounces heavier than its mates—just the weight of the missing sovereigns. "All right. Let the ship go!" was the next order. The West India house was debited with the £100 and the Bank of England was at peace again.—Harper's Weekly.

Hallucinations of Herbans.

Herbane bears a remarkable reputation for creating the most extraordinary hallucinations. Dr. Houlton relates that some monks who ate the roots by mistake for parsnips transformed their monastery into a lunatic asylum. One monk rang the bell for matins at midnight, and of those of the community who attended some could not read, others "fancied the letters were running about like ants," and some read what was not in their books. Even the exhalations from these pretty but very poisonous flowers produce these weird effects.—Westminster Gazette.

The Adoration of the Wig.

Wigs were never so popular as in the reign of Charles II. The author of "The Beau and the Dandies" tells us that "when Cibber played Sir Fopling Flutter his wig was so much admired that he had it carried to the footlights every evening in a sedan chair, from which it was handed to him that he might put it on his head."

Placing the Blame.

Judge to burglar on trial—Have you anything to say, prisoner? Burglar—Yes, your honor. I was only acting on my doctor's advice to take some 'thin' afore goin' ter bed.—Boston Transcript.

Trouble in the Air.

Husband—You don't go shopping with Mrs. Nearly any more? Wife—No. The last time we went she wanted a remnant that I wanted.—Judge.

It's faith in something and enthusiasm in something that make life worth looking at.—O. W. Holmes.

LAYING BRICKS.

Scientific Methods Raised the Standard of a Day's Work.

There are now eminent consulting engineers who are engaged by industrial heads to study their establishments from top to bottom with a view to finding by scientific study the methods of working, accounting and handling labor which will improve on the old traditional habits. Some extraordinary results have been attained. What scientific management means is admirably illustrated by the story of bricklaying, as told by an expert.

Ordinarily a brick mason makes eighteen different sets of motions in laying a single brick. He bends over, in the first place, to pick up one brick, and in lifting it he lifts ten pounds of brick and about a hundred pounds of brick mason—the upper part of his own body. In laying 1,000 bricks in a day's work he lifts 100,000 pounds of brick mason. This was an obvious waste of labor. So a common laborer was hired to put the bricks where the masons would not have to stoop for them. Another thing is that when a mason picks up a handmade brick, which is always a little thicker at one side than on the other, he tosses the brick up, turning it over until his touch tells him which side is the top before he puts it in place in the wall. The cure for this was to have all the bricks piled top up before they were brought to the masons. Then, further, every one has seen the mason tap his brick several times to settle it into the mortar—more waste of time. The cure was to make the mortar thinner, so that the weight of the brick would settle it into the right position. This was scientific management, "motion study." It raised the day's work for the average brick mason from 1,000 up to 2,700 bricks a day and in individual cases to much higher figures. The mason made only six motions where he used to make eighteen.—American Review of Reviews.

WHISTLER WAS INDIGNANT.

The Idea of Buying His Pictures and Then Demanding Possession.

A certain eminent English lady, the proud possessor of a title of fairly high degree, who admired Whistler's genius to the extent of purchasing one of his pictures, never was able to obtain possession of her property. One day she drove to the studio in her victoria. Mr. Whistler went to greet her. "Mr. Whistler," she said, "two years ago I bought one of your pictures, a beautiful thing, and I have never been able to hang it on my walls. It has been loaned to one exhibition or another. Now, today I have my carriage with me, and I would like to take it home with me. I am told it is in your possession."

"Dear lady," returned Whistler, "you ask the impossible. I will send it to you when I have it again, but it is not here. You have been misinformed." And so forth, and so forth, to the same effect, and the lady drove off without her picture.

After she had departed Whistler commenced to poke around his studio and, to the great astonishment of a friend who had been an involuntary listener to the above conversation, he brought forth a canvas.

"Here it is," he said. "She was right about one thing—it is beautiful." And it was beautiful. "But the impudence of these people," he continued, "who think that because they pay a few paltry hundred pounds they own my pictures. Why, it more fully secures them the privilege of having them in their houses now and then! The pictures are mine!"

A Medical Sherlock Holmes.

A physician was knocked down and robbed while on his way to see a patient. His pockets were rifled, and one of the articles stolen was a clinical thermometer with which he had earlier in the evening taken the temperature of a patient. He remembered the temperature registered and also that he had not shaken down the mercury before putting the thermometer in his pocket. He communicated these facts to the police. Some time afterward a thermometer registering the identical temperature was discovered in a pawnshop, and the police were enabled thereby to track the doctor's assailants and to arrest them.

The Wicked Majority.

A new gardener had been employed on a Long Island estate. This man was raking leaves off the lawn one fall day when a neighbor, passing by, inquired of him, "Where's the gardener who used to work here?" "Dead, sir," was the reply. "Dead!" said the astonished neighbor. Then, musing, he added, "Joined the great majority, eh?" "Oh, sir," the gardener interrupted in a shocked voice, "I wouldn't like to say that. He was a good enough man as far as I know."

Caution.

"Shall I have this prescription filled without further consultation?" asked the patient. "Certainly," replied the physician. "Why not?" "I thought maybe I'd better call in a handwriting expert."—Washington Star.

Reciprocity.

There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life—that word is reciprocity. What you do not wish done to yourself do not do to others.—Confucius.

Pretty Narrow.

Mrs. Hoyle—Is there much room in your flat? Mrs. Doyle—I should say not! There isn't room to give anybody a broad hint.—Judge.