

He Obeyed Orders.

General Dabney H. Maury in his "Incidents of General T. J. Jackson" says that when the war between the states broke out Jackson was the professor of mathematics at the Military College of the South. He wished strongly to take command of a cadet corps, but the heads of the institution were desirous to have him continue his teaching. Governor Wise called out the state troops and ordered that a corps of cadets be held ready for immediate service. Jackson, then major, reported at once at the guard-room as ready for duty. General Smith said:

"Major Jackson, you will remain as you are until further orders."

Jackson at that moment was sitting on a camp stool in the guardroom with his saber across his knees. At reveille the next morning he was found in the same position.

"Why, major, why are you here?" exclaimed General Smith.

"Because last night you ordered me to remain where I was," was the reply.

Royal Jewels in Pawn.

The ex-Sultan Abdul Aziz pawned all his crown jewels for a million francs at the Mont de Piete at Paris, and they were only just redeemed by the Moorish government in time to prevent their being sold among other unredeemed goods.

The sword of state, which is regarded in Servia as a sacred relic, was also pawned by a former king, while one well known European monarch found himself in such straitened circumstances that the famous house of Attenborough once temporarily had possession of all his old silver.

Queen Isabella was, however, the most famous royalty who made no secret of the fact that she raised money upon the security of the portraits of her ancestors, which hung on the walls at the palace Caille, her Parisian home. The royal lady often declared how deeply she was indebted to her royal forbears for coming to her rescue and helping her out of her financial predicaments.—London M. A. P.

The Road to Success.

Just tack this up somewhere where you can see it:

Success consists in getting out of yourself everything that's in you. It does not consist in doing almost quite as much or a little more than the other fellow. What the other fellow does doesn't amount to a dent in a door-knob so far as you are concerned. The fact that he succeeds by laying an Atlantic cable, building an Eiffel tower, inventing wireless telegraphy or cornering the world's supply of oil doesn't make you a failure because you haven't got enough ready money to buy an automobile. You're successful when you put to some useful purpose every ounce of energy, every grain of gray matter, every mite of muscle that you've got. You're successful when you've developed all there is to you and have given that to the world.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

A Hard Hearted People.

Filial piety finds no place in Tibetan character. It is no uncommon thing for a son to turn his father, when too old for work, out of doors and to leave him to perish in the cold. The superstition that the souls of the dead can, if they will, haunt the living drives their hardened natures to gain by the exercise of cruelty the promise of the dying that they will not return to earth. As death approaches the dying person is asked, "Will you come back or will you not?" If he replies that he will they pull a leather bag over his head and smother him. If he says he will not he is allowed to die in peace.

A Lightning Change Artist.

The rapidity with which chameleons change their color is marvelous. You gather one from an outdoor shrub and it immediately becomes dark almost black, hissing and with its mouth wide open, threatening to bite. Meanwhile it is never still, but continues to crawl upward whenever possible—up you, up your sleeve, always upward. By degrees the angry black changes into whatever color is nearest. If one's dress is of a brownish color so is the chameleon's.

The Real Thing.

"This," said the young benedict who was just realizing that he had caught a tartar, "is what I call real married life."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with something," she snapped.

"Oh, I'm not! I merely meant to inform you that it is not ideal."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Good Action.

A little Canadian boy went to bed and then suddenly recollected that he hadn't done one good action that day. His conscience was gnawing at him. He heard a little squeal in the corner of his room, and he got up and released a mouse that had been caught in the trap. Then he gave it to the cat.

Expensive Fiction.

"Is that picture really a work of art?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Cumrox, "but the story the dealer told me about it surely was."—Washington Star.

Enough Said.

"Thrifty, is she?"

"Thrifty! I won't go into a long discourse. I merely tell you that she banks money in December."—Washington Herald.

His Dilemma.

"For \$200 I'll fix your teeth so you can chew without difficulty."

"If I was to give you \$200 I couldn't get anything to chew on."—Life.

Stories of the Paris Courts.

Among humorous stories of the Paris law courts it is told how a well known lawyer, M. Aleu Rousseau, was once pleading a rather tiresome case and, noticing that the judges were paying no attention to him, said: "As the president is falling asleep I suspend my speech." But the judge had just woken up and cried, "And I suspend you from practicing for six months." Nothing daunted, the lawyer retorted, "Well, I suspend myself forever and ever," and, gathering up his brief and cap, he left the court and never appeared again.

A Paris barrister, M. Clerly, however, was more vigorous. Seeing that the president and the assessors were all asleep, he stopped, and dealing a tremendous blow on the desk in front of him that woke everybody up with a start, he cried, "Yesterday at this same hour I was saying"—And the whole bench rubbed their eyes and asked each other if they had really slept through twenty-four hours.

The same counsel was pleading at Versailles on a cold day and remarked that the judges were all turning more and more around toward a stove that gave out a welcome heat. "The tribunal behind which I have the honor of speaking" brought them all right about face at once.

He Had a Claim.

In a certain town was a young lawyer whose father was very rich and who had been sent to an eastern law school. Since his graduation he had done nothing except open an office because he had plenty of money. This young lawyer was proposed for membership in the local fire company.

"We cannot elect him," one of the members protested. "The constitution of our company says that the members of it must sleep and live here in the city, and he lives out of town on a farm and not in the city at all. He would be of no value at all in case of a fire at night. He doesn't sleep here at night."

"No," replied his proposer; "it is true he doesn't sleep here at night, but he sleeps here in his office all day."

And they elected him on that ground.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The Simple Maid.

'Twas in a simple country town, and the maid of all work was simple and innocent in sympathy. When she returned from shopping half a sovereign short in her change Mrs. Mango-Chutney was naturally incensed.

"Go back to each shop, you careless girl," she told the weeping maid, "and tell them you are half a sovereign short in your money and they must give it you."

Susan went and was back again in half an hour. Entering her mistress's sanctum, she laid five half sovereigns on the table before her. Faithful as always, she had carried out Mrs. Mango-Chutney's instructions to the letter, and each shopkeeper, fearful of doing wrong and hurting a fellow creature, had thrust the missing coin upon the bewildered girl.—London Answers.

The Offending Black Bottle.

A church member in a lonely district of Saskatchewan absented himself from services for some months. On being approached on the subject he said he was sorry, but it was impossible to attend any more. He was pressed to give reasons and at length said it was owing to the bad conduct of the superintending clergyman and catechist.

He and others had witnessed them drinking when driving round on their visits. They had passed a black bottle from hand to hand. It was impossible to attend the ministry of such men. Inquiries proved that the offending "bottle" was a pair of field glasses with which the drivers surveyed the surrounding country and tried to locate the various churches, shacks and trails.—Sunday at Home.

Not Always.

"Whenever I hear the suffrage commended," said an English lord, "on the score of woman's protection, sheltered, petted life I think of a poor woman I once questioned in England."

"This poor creature had been beaten by her husband in a drunken fury. The man had been drunk, it appears, for ten days running."

"My good friend," I said to her, "does your husband always drink like that?"

"No, my lord," she answered, "some times I gets hout o' work."

A Witty Retort.

An Englishman in Dublin was asked by an Irish cab driver if he wished to ride through the city.

"No," replied the Englishman; "I am able to walk."

"Ah, well," remarked the Jehu, "may yer honor long be able, but seldom willing!"

Forgot the Proverb.

"You may not get any more business from me. I've bought a law book."

"I won't worry," responded the lawyer. "In that case I shall probably get more business than ever."—Washington Herald.

A Tip For John.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Here's an item which says the swan outlives any other bird, in extreme cases reaching 300 years. Mrs. Crimmonbeak—And, remember, John, the swans live on water.

An Old English Inn.

The Seven Stars is an inn or public house in Manchester, England, which has held a license continuously since 1370. It served as the meeting place for the Guy Fawkes band of conspirators.

An Obstinate Man Does Not Hold.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions; they hold him.—Butler.

A Long Credit.

The motto of the highland host that battled for the Stuart cause, which bonny Prince Charlie headed, apparently was that heaven helps those who help themselves liberally. They levied toll on the henroost, stable and, according to the author of "The Land of Romance," even on the pockets of the Covenanters.

At Swarthholm a party of these marauders overhauled the house of a tailor, and when one of them was about to cut up a web of homespun that had taken his fancy the good wife earnestly remonstrated.

"A day'll come when ye'll ha' tae pay for that," she solemnly assured him.

Scissors in hand, Donald paused. "An' when will she be hading to do that?" he asked.

"At the last day," said she.

"An' that will be a fery goot long credit," the robber coolly returned.

"She was going to be only taking a coat, but now she will be taking a waistcoat as well."

A Mountain in the Sky.

Somewhere many miles away from this earth an enormous mountain twenty miles high is flying through space. The mountain is known astronomically as the planet Eros. The ordinary man has long taken it for granted that all the planets are more or less round in shape. The small planet Eros, however, is an exception to this rule. According to the latest astronomical information, it is a mere mountain in space, "without form and void," and as it turns upon its axis first one corner and then another is presented to view. These small worlds (few are over ten or twenty miles across) are not large enough to have sufficient gravity to draw their structure into symmetry and remain as when launched into space—mammoth meteorites. A tantalizing fact for astronomers is that Eros passed very close to us about Jan. 24, 1894—before the planet was recognized—and that quite so near an approach is not due again till 1975.

"The Mine's Blown Up."

I was sitting on the edge of my bed, loosening the heel of one of my rubber boots with the toe of the other, when suddenly through the stillness of the sleeping town, from the power house half a mile away, came a low and rising note, the great siren whistle in the power house. Almost fascinated, I listened as the great note rose higher and more shrill and died away again. One blast meant a fire in the town, two blasts fire in the buildings at the mine and three blasts, the most terrible of all, a disaster or trouble in the mine. Once more, after an interminable pause, the sound came again and once more rose and died away. I did not move, but there was a sudden coldness that came over me as once more, for the third time, the deep note broke out on the quiet air. Almost instantaneously the loud jingle of my telephone brought me to my feet. I took down the receiver. "The mine's blown up," said a woman's voice.—Atlantic.

Saying No.

The author of "Pat McCarty," a book of verse with a setting of prose, shows how naturally some of the Irishmen of Antrim dilute the wine of narrative with the water of verbiage. In the excerpt below—"The Way We Tell a Story"—the diluent is used with a particularly free hand:

Says I to him, I says, says I,
Says I to him, I says,
The thing, says I, I says to him,
Is just, says I, this ways.
I hev, says I, a gre't respect
For you and for your breed,
And anything I cud, I says,
I'd do, I wud indeed.
I don't know any man, I says,
I'd do it for, says I,
As fast, I says, as for yourself.
That's telling 'ye no lie,
There's naught, says I, I wudn't do
To please your feyther's son,
But this, I says, ye see, says I,
I says, it can't be done.

The Spectacled Bear.

The spectacled bear of Ecuador is so-called because of a patch of white around each eye, which makes the animal look as though he was peering through a pair of great spectacles.

In size and general color the spectacled bear looks not unlike the American black bear. But its hair is very shaggy. At each side of the head is a white bar, which gives the animal the appearance of wearing a halter. But the most distinctive feature is the white around the eyes.

Attachment.

The schoolteacher was trying to illustrate the difference between plants and animals.

"Plants," she explained, "are not susceptible of attachment to man as animals are."

"How about burs, teacher?" piped a small boy who had passed the summer in the country.—Chicago News.

Makes Children Happy.

The first duty toward children is to make them happy. If you have not made them happy you have wronged them. No other good they may get can make up for that.—Charles Buxton.

His Reward.

Lawyer Brown—So I called the judge a liar. Lawyer Jones—And then what did you do? Lawyer Brown—Thirty days.—Toledo Blade.

And the Grounds.

Lady Customer—Do you keep coffee in the bean? New Clerk—Upstairs, madam. This is the ground floor.—Princeton Tiger.

Which Was Far Worse.

Williamson—Does your wife always have the last word? Henderson—Well, if she doesn't, old fellow, she looks it.—Spartan.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
DAIRYMEN'S SUPPLIES
AND
STEEL STOVES & RANGES.



We carry a Large Stock of
Hardware, Tinware, Glass
and China,
Oils, Paint, Varnish, Doors, Window
Sashes,

Agents for the Great Western Saw.
ALEX McNAIR CO
The Most Reliable Merchants in Tillamook County.

Tillamook
Lumber Manufacturing Compy.
Manufacturers of
**FIR, SPRUCE AND
HEMLOCK LUMBER**
KILN DRY FLOORING, CEILING, RUSTIC AND
FINISHED LUMBER.
ALL KINDS OF MOULDINGS,
We Make the Best CHEESE BOXES for Tillamook
County's Most Famous Cheese.
The Best Equipped Saw Mill in the County.
New Machinery, Experienced Workmen and
First Class Lumber of the Best Quality.
LET US FIGURE ON YOUR LUMBER BILL.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities.
Foley's Kidney Pills purify the blood, restore lost vitality and vigor. Refuse substitutes.
Sold by Chas. I. Clough.

The Best Hotel.
THE ALLEN HOUSE,
J. P. ALLEN, Proprietor.
Headquarters for Travelling Men.
Special Attention paid to Tourists.
A First Class Table. Comfortable Beds and Accommodation.

A. K. CASE,
PROPRIETOR
Tillamook Iron Works
General Machinists & Blacksmiths.
Boiler Work, Logger's Work and Heavy Forging.
Fine Machine Work a Specialty.
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
WATERPROOF
OILED
CLOTHING
will give you full value for every dollar spent and keep you dry in the wettest weather.
SUITS \$3.99
SLICKERS \$3.99
POMMEL SLICKERS \$3.99
SOLD EVERYWHERE
CATALOG FREE
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED TORONTO, CAN.



MRS. ALICIA PHELPS
GRADUATE NURSE,
MRS. PAGE'S HOUSE,
TILLAMOOK, ORE.
E. J. CLAUSSEN,
LAWYER,
Deutscher Advokat.
213 Tillamook Block,
TILLAMOOK - OREGON.

Foley's Orino Laxative
For Stomach Trouble, Sluggish Liver and Habitual Constipation.
It cures by aiding all of the digestive organs—gently stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels—the only way that chronic constipation can be cured. Especially recommended for women and children. Clears blotched complexions. Pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes.
Sold by Chas. I. Clough.
John B. Langley
TEAMING AND HAULING
GRAVEL SCREENED OR UNSCREENED.
WOOD FOR SALE.
Bell Telephone, 1297.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
During the past 35 years no remedy has proven more prompt or more effectual in its cures of
Coughs, Colds and Croup
than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. In many homes it is relied upon as implicitly as the family physician. It contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Price 25c; large size 50c.