A WASTED SALUTE PERFORMING LIONS.

Naval Powder, Pomp and Splendor and a Fizzle.

A SURPRISE FOR FARRAGUT.

The Admiral, With His Assembled Staff, Was Under the Impression That He Was About to Greet a Military Guest, but He Was Mistaken.

A group of officers were "swapping" stories at the Army and Navy club in Washington one night when one was of the flagship Monongaheia at Pensacola bay when Farragut was on board.

The old fighter had been very busy their strong, ropelike tails. the week before paying official calls on the mainland, and among those who had entertained him was General Canby. When, therefore, word was received that the general would visit the ship the next day the admiral was determined to have everything in readiness to receive him in a style becoming

The old boat was scrubbed and holystoned from stem to stern, the brass work was given an extra rub, and things generally were put into the best of order. The captain of the marines had a special inspection of his company, and not a spot of rust or a dull helmet spike escaped his notice. When night closed in darkness settled down over a very clean ship and a very tired ship's company.

Bright and early the next morning the admiral's launch was sent off to bring the general aboard. At the last moment it was discovered that there was no fruit for luncheon, and Pomp, the admiral's cook, was sent in the dinghy to get some.

Pomp was a character in his way and had been with the admiral for many years. He was very proud of what he called his military bearing and wore his beard carefully trimmed to a point. His hair and beard were nearly white, and, although he was sixty years old, he ruled the other negroes with a rod of iron.

By 10 o'clock every one was standing by in full dress, when the quartermaster came aft and reported that the admiral's launch was returning. The officer of the deck walked to the rail and took a squint at the boat through his glasses. A man clad in blue uniform was seated in the admiral's cane chair in the stern, but as the gunwale struck him just below his shoulder and the awning hid his head the officer of the deck was not certain that it was General Canby until as the wind lifted the edge of the awning he caught a

glimpse of a gray beard. Word was passed that the general was coming. The crew were beat to quarters, the marine guard paraded, and the gun squad, detailed to fire the salute, took their stations. Everything was in readiness, and the admiral and his staff stood at the head of the gangway to receive the guest. A hush of

expectancy settled over the ship. The boat drew nearer. Just as the launch scraped alongside, boom, boom, came the salute from the guns.

"Present arms!" came the command to the guard, and at a sign from the flag officer the band struck up "Hail to the Chief."

Amid all this military pomp and splendor the occupant of the launch was slowly clambering, feet foremost, and just as the last gun was fired be stood erect at the top of the gangway. It was the admiral's cook with a bag of fruit in each hand! The honors in tended for a general had been rendered to old Pomp! As the situation dawned on the men even discipline could not check a general shout of laughter. The old admiral himself laughed until he could laugh no longer.

It seemed that in some way the dinghy had gone off and left the old negro and that he managed to convince the coxswain that "Marse Farra gut was jest bound to have dat fruit befo' the general came."

Pomp wanted to land at the port gangway, but the coxswain insisted that the admiral's launch never went to the port side and that the old man would have to land on the starboard side, aft. Had the awning been a little higher the mistake in identification would not have occurred. As things were, no one could be blamed. and the affair was treated as a joke while the old cook was nicknamed the "Ceneral."

When an hour later General Canby did come he was received with all due ceremony and on being told the story laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks and demanded to see the man who had stolen his salute.-New York Press.

Making It a Little Harden "You need exercise, violent exercise, that's what you need." a doctor once said to a woodsawyer. "What is your

"I'm a woodsawyer, str." "Well," said the doctor, "suppose you don't grease your saw for a month or so."-New York Press.

A man who has been in political life for a long time informs us that his ides of heaven is a pince where a man who gets into office himself is not expected to find a public job for everytody who voted for him.-Chicago Record-Heraid

True friends visit us to presperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.- Theo-

Perils That Come With Managing

Those Vicious Animals. I asked Captain Bonavita once what be considered his most dangerous moment when he performed with his twenty-seven tions. He said that be thought it was when he first entered the arena. The moment before, when he had to drive this great herd of lions was almost as bad, but the first entered were terribly uncertain and undoubtedly the most dangerous.

In the first place, with such a crowd there was the danger of being pushed or knocked down. Then there was the danger of tripping among them or of stepping on their tails, for many of them would lie down and roll over and reminded of an amusing incident that over as a preliminary to the performoccurred in connection with the stay ance, and if he were not struck by their feet he was just as likely to be struck across the face or body with

> In getting them into their places there was also considerable danger. for in such a crowd it is difficult to treat each animal according to its pecultar idiosyncrasies, and a flick of the whip intended for one ilon who would be fairly indifferent to it is likely to be caught by another to whom it will mean instant revolt. In any sort of revolt the whole number will always side with the one that caused it.-Ellen Velvin in McClure's.

NAPOLEON'S POLICE.

An Incident That Shows How Closely They Were Watched.

During the reign of Emperor Napoleon i. at a dinner in Paris the conversation turned upon the emperor and his government. One of the company remarked that he was a great man, but was too fond of war. When the to the person who had made that obwith me to the police."

"Why?" said the other in the greating against the emperor but what every one must acknowledge, that he is harm in that."

"With that I have nothing to do. You must go with me to the police." The other now began to show the strongest symptoms of fear. He enpathetic language to have compassion The other, however, stood on him. suddenly the man rose from his knees astonishment of the police agent.

"You think you have caught me," said be. "You are a spy of the police. choosing machinery. In such an as-So am I, and I was put over you to see whether you would do your duty."

Imbeciles' Marvelous Memory Some imbeciles are endowed with excellent memories and thus are enabled to acquire a great wealth of experience. But, the intelligence of the imbecile being defective, the memory is all lopsided. It works mechanically, most insignificant trifles are treasured just like the most important facts. Owing to their marvelous memori many superior idiots are not recog nized as such in school, but, on the contrary, are considered to be very gifted pupils. The mistake occurs especially when they are good natured and agreeable. A close examination shows that such talented idiots have learned everything like a phonograph and reproduce other people's thoughts. opinions and judgments. Where such imbectles are fiving in simple, primitive, idville surroundings their soft spots may pass unnoticed, but in the severe mental strains of life in modern great cities they may become the most dangerous elements of society .-

A Tribute to Garrick's Acting. David Garrick had a brother in the country who was an idolatrous admirer of his genius. A rich neighbor, a grocer, being about to visit London. this brother insisted on his taking a letter of introduction to the actor. Not being able to make up his mind to visit the great man the first day, the grocer went to the play in the evening and saw Garrick in "Abel Drugger." On his return to the country the brother eagerly inquired respecting the visit he had been so anxious to bring about. "Why, Mr. Garrick." said the good man, "I am sorry to burt your field." feetings, but there's your letter. I did not choose to deliver it. I happened to see him when he did not know me, and I saw that he was such a dirty, low lived fellow that I did not like to have anything to do with him."

Where Licerice Grows. On the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates the ficorice plant is chiefly grown. These great rivers flow through dat, treeless prairies of uncultivated and nearly uninhabited land. For three months of the year bot winds blow, and the temperature reaches 104 degrees. For six months of the year the climate is moderate and salubrious. and for three months bleak and wintry, the thermometer going down to 30

Something In the Filling.
"Do you know you can tell a man's disposition by his teeth?" asked the girl who believes in signs, bumps and palm reading.

degrees at night.

"Bow interesting!" said her companion, who did not believe in anything. Then Jack must have a golden dispo-

He is a poor substitute for the truth, but what other is there?

CHOOSING A PRESIDENT.

Early Methods That Paved the Way to

History records that George Washington was chosen president of the United States without first having been nominated and even without an opposing candidate. So was his suc-National Conventions. opposing candidate. So was his successor in office, John Adams. In the language of the street the presidency was in the case of each of these disfew minutes when the crowd of lions tinguished patriots "handed to him on a sliver platter." The presidency went, as it were, by common consent to the founders of the republic, to whom a grateful people looked for continued service and guidance.

In the early days president choosing, according to the primitive way, was as simple compared to modern methods as a kindergarten exercise beside a course in four dimension mathematics. Since then the changes, though gradual, have been marked and have led up to our present complicated convention nominations that make the electoral college but a mechanical device for registering the popular decision as between rival party organizations. It was the fluke that almost installed Aaron Burr as president instead of Thomas Jefferson that forced the initial modifications of the plan of president choosing agreed upon by the framers of the constitution.

Originally members of the electoral college were to vote for two persons, the one receiving the highest number of votes to be president and the next highest to be vice president. The danger of a succession that would pull the political lever each time from one side to the other made imperative the change by which the electors should vote for only one person for president and for another for vice president. Two or three object lessons, too, of irresponsible and haphazard action by party broke up a gentleman who was the electoral college, throwing the present requested to speak in private choice of president to the house or of vice president to the senate, because servation. "Sir," said he, "I am sorry no one had a majority of the votes for it, but I must request you to go cast, showed the necessity of centering the efforts of the newly aligned political parties each on a single presidenest apparent alarm. "I have said noth- tial ticket and-of imposing on the members of the electoral college a moral obligation to cast their ballots too fond of war. There can be no uniformly for the nominees of the

party which had elected them. The forerunner of our national nominating convention was the caucus or conference of members of congress of the same political faith who got totreated the police agent in the most gether on their own initiative and without any mandate from their constituents assumed to advise as to who, unmoved by all his solicitation, when in their judgment, was entitled to be recognized as the party standard bearand burst into a laugh, to the utter er. This caucus must necessarily have proved to be too crude and unsatisfactory to serve long as the president semblage only those states and districts represented in congress by members of one and the same political party had a voice, and all the others were left without representation. . It was to remedy these defects and to enable the rank and file of the parties. wherever they might be, to exercise at least a nominal control of the prestdeutlal nomination that the national convention, meeting every four years, Victor Rosewater in American Review

> Davy Crockett at the Play.
>
> John Quincy Adams used to occasionally attend the theater, and he was especially pleased with Hackett as Falstaff. When Mr. Hackett bad a benefit it was announced that at the particular request of Colonel David Crockett of Tennessee the comedian would appear in the play called "The Kentucklan." This brought out a house full to overflowing. At 7 o'clock the nel was escorted by the manager th the crowd to a front sent refor him. After a short time main rose, and Hackett appeared ing costume, bowed to the sudi ence and then to Colonel Crockett. The compliment was reciprocated by the colonel, and then the play went on.

> > To Star and to Starve.

-From "Perley's Reminiscences."

Charles Mathews, the English actor. once went to perform at Wakefield. where, owing to the depressed state of trade, the drama received no support. He was afterward asked how much money he had made at Wakefield and replied, 'Not a shilling." a shilling?" repeated his questionen "Why, I thought you went there to star," "So I did," replied Mathewa star." "But they spell it with a 've' in Wake-

But It Didn't. "When the officials visted the prison a convict knocked against the governor accidentally, and what do you think the man said?"

"He said, 'Pardon me.' And the governor answered. 'That lets you out.' "-Baltimore American.

The Spiritualist-Is that the spirit of Lady Montague? The Medium-No. ma'am. I'm the spirit of 'er indyship's maid, an' I'm to say that she's not at 'ome.-Toledo Blade.

The Wings Are There. Heax-The man who backs a theatriat all. The wings are on his money .-Philadelphia Record.

Vaporized Cash "Mr. Chuggins ought to save a lot of meney. He doesn't smoke." "No, but he has a motorcar tha does."-Washington Star.

A mun's task is always light if his stallions. heart is light.-Wallace.

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