

INITIATING THE CUB.

Stunts the New Boys in Some Banks Have to Face.

Now, when a tyro goes to work in a machine shop he is sent to the tool room for a left handed monkey wrench. A foundry wag will send the new boy in search of "core holes." A printer's devil is sent to the typefounders with a wheelbarrow for a hair space. Humorists in certain Kansas City banks have a revised code, says the Times of that city.

Here are six things the beginner probably will be required to seek—at drug stores, in stationary shops, even at the county courthouse, where one trustful youth went the other day to inquire diligently for a "speed ball" to assist him in his work:

There is the "speed ball," then, and there is the "check stretcher," presumably used to increase the size of checks that do not conform to the filing cases; the "discount board," supposed to be checked in a manner to facilitate the handling of discounted paper; the "clearing house key," in search for which half a day easily may be consumed, and for the red and black lines that lie artistically on the fair pages what could be more appropriate than "striped ink," and lest the ink becomes too thick should not an "ink strainer" be procured?

Ask the new boy.

THE FIRST ASTOR.

A Daring and Resourceful Operator in the Fur Trade.

John Jacob Astor was born in the little village of Waldorf, in Germany, in 1763, just as France at the close of the Seven Years' war was ceding Canada to England. He sailed to our side of the Atlantic in 1783, when George III. in the treaty of Paris was acknowledging our independence and when the merchants of Montreal were establishing the Northwest company.

He became a fur dealer, gradually gained control of the trade south of Lakes Huron and Superior, except that which was in the hands of the Mackinaw company, and won a reputation as a daring and resourceful operator, which made his name known in Montreal, St. Louis, London and Canton.

He had a dozen vessels afloat, representing a capital of \$1,000,000, carrying furs to England and China in 1800, and at the time that the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 pushed our boundary to the Rocky mountains he was the wealthiest and most successful merchant in the United States.—North American Review.

The Man of Leisure.

Most of our rich men work very hard—not always because they want to, but in many instances because they have to. The husbandry of a big estate in itself may be a task for the whole of the time and thought, not of one man, but of several. As a general thing it is fair to say that our only man of leisure is the tramp. The social pariah, the mutineer against the rule of work, is the only one who can be sure of a care free, sybaritic existence, and even he lives in constant danger of rock salt from the farmer's gun or the onslaught of the watchdog around the corner as the hobo knocks at the kitchen door or pauses at the water trough to drink. The poor tramp is certainly a more frequent social phenomenon than the rich one.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Earl and the Angler.

One of the earls of Minto had a kindly nature. One day a Hawick angler was throwing his line on the river near Minto when a tall gentleman came up to him and inquired what kind of sport he was having. The fisher replied that it was not very good and that he could do better if he were at the other side of the water, adding, "I'll give you sixpence if you'll carry me across." The bargain was struck, and the gentleman, getting the angler on his back, carried him through the water to the other side. True to his promise, the angler produced the sixpence, which he proffered to the stranger, who, however, smiled and remarked, "Give it to the first beggar you meet and tell him it is a present from the Earl of Minto."

Why She Worried.

"But, mother, why do you object to my being pleasant to the young men? You can't hope to keep me with you always, you know. One of them will take me away from you some day."

"Take you away from me? Well, if that happens I shall not complain. It is the certainty that none of the young men who have been coming here so far would take you away that has worried both your father and me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Only Wanted the Chances.

Emperor—I do not care to hear your proposition, sir. Everything that is submitted must first be put through the prime minister. Subject—Nothing would please me better. I wanted to show you the new layonet which I have invented for army use.—London Answers.

Willing, but Cautious.

"Yes, my daughter eloped."
"I suppose you will forgive the young couple?"
"Not until they have located a place to board."—Washington Herald.

Tough Combination.

Probably there is no combination on earth harder to live with than an artistic temperament soused in a bad cold.—Galveston News.

It is always safe to learn even from our enemies, never safe to instruct even our friends.—Colton.

CANINE HUMOR.

More Marked in Mongrels Than in Dogs With Pedigrees.

I generally find, writes a well known English scientist, that mongrel dogs when they happen to be sociable have a keen sense of humor. An aristocratic dog with a pedigree may have some inherited smartness, but has no originality. A common yellow dog with no ancestry to speak of, who has to gain his living by his wits, could give him cards and spades at his own tricks in two lessons.

Once I took into the house out of pity a mongrel yellow dog who insisted on installing himself at my doorstep and always came back, no matter how often he was chased away. I had at that time a pedigreed water spaniel, and I tried to teach him some tricks when I took him out along a quiet road at times. The yellow dog, who made friends with him, always came along and beat the water spaniel at his own tricks without training. Then he began to play tricks of his own on the spaniel. When he had a bone he looked out for his comrade, and when he saw him loping along he would lay the bone in his path and disappear. The spaniel always made for the bone, but the yellow dog, just as he was about to grab it, would dart from his hiding place and, seizing it, run off with it. This happened over and over again, but the high bred spaniel never tumbled to the joke.—New York World.

LAST OF THE YAQUIS.

Passing of a Once Famous Tribe of Mexican Indians.

All the world has heard of the famous Yaqui Indians of the state of Sonora, Mexico. They are for the most part dwellers in the hills, crudely armed with primitive weapons, but terrific fighters who have more than once decisively beaten the soldiers of Mexico.

Peaceable when undisturbed, fully alive to the richness of their mines and the value of their fertile valleys, they sought only to defend that which was theirs from the grasping hands of those who desired their mines and their lands. Like most aborigines, however, they were doomed from the first. What was at the time of Cortes a tribe of 5,000 strong, able to defy the warriors of Montezuma, has dwindled until there are now not more than 500 souls in the valley of the Yaqui river and in the mountain gorges which wall in the source of this stream.

The bulk of the Yaquis have been wiped out in sanguinary wars or taken prisoners and shot, and those for whom no excuse for death could be found have been deported to the fever stricken vales of Yucatan. The Yaquis as a race are no more, but their passing has been made complete only during the past few years.—Wide World Magazine.

TESTING A PICTURE.

Tissot, the Famous French Painter, and His Critic.

An interesting story is told of Jacques Tissot, the great French painter. While in England he painted a beautiful religious picture and, meeting a countrywoman, asked her opinion of his work. "It's a chef d'oeuvre," she replied, giving a remarkably just and detailed appreciation of the various merits of the really splendid painting.

"Are you satisfied?" asked a friend. Tissot answered in the negative. He entirely repainted his picture, working night and day.

When finished he sent again for his fair critic, who pronounced it admirable and remained silently admiring it with smiling criticism.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the friend again when the lady had departed. "No," replied the artist, and he set to work for the third time.

When the Parisienne saw the new painting she gazed at it for some moments with evident emotion and then without a word sank softly to her knees and began to pray.

"Are you satisfied now?" whispered the friend, and Tissot said "Yes."—London Saturday Review.

Hannibal's Downfall.

The fate of Hannibal turned upon the result of a promenade. It was after he had crossed the Alps and entered Italy, with winter quarters established at Capua. His residence was one of the best houses in the city, and while walking in the garden he heard a female voice singing not far away. Struck by the tones of the voice, he issued an order that the singer should be brought before him. He was so greatly impressed by her charms that he at once attached her to his household, disposing of the husband by beheading him. Retribution followed closely upon the cowardly perpetration of the outrage. The balance of the winter was devoted to pleasure, discipline and drills were practically abandoned, and with the advent of spring the Carthaginian army was so demoralized by the dissipation of the city that its prestige was lost, and with it came the downfall of Hannibal.

The Sara-Kabbah Fashion.

The Sara-Kabbah people of central Africa adopt the hideous fashion of wearing large wooden disks in the lips, the one in the upper lip about three inches in diameter and that in the lower six inches. "These ornaments," says Mr. Karl W. Kumm in "From Hausaland to Egypt," "restrain the wearers from prolonged conversation. One of the chiefs, when I asked him the reason why they disfigured their women, informed me that their forefathers had developed this habit in order that the women might exercise no attractions for the Moslem slave raiders."

Warning a Serpent.

Down in Bermuda Mark Twain made a speech about snakes to a group of little girls. The speech was great. The only trouble was that the little girls could not appreciate it. It flew over their heads. This was the humorist's conclusion:

"Never warn a serpent in your bosom. It is far easier to warn it by placing it under the pillow of an intimate friend."—Harper's Weekly.

Recklessness.

Singleton—Wigwag seems frightfully despondent. He says he doesn't care what happens to him. Henpeckke—The first thing you know that fellow will be going off and getting married.—Philadelphia Record.

Bungalow.

The word bungalow is an Anglo-Indian version of the Hindu bangla, which primarily means Bengal, or of Bengal, and is also applied to a thatched hut.

Fitting Trait.

"Young Bittins' infatuation for pretty Miss Gladys is merely puppy love."
"I suppose that accounts for his dog-like devotion."—Baltimore American.

Idleness is the sepulcher of a living man.—Holland.

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