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plicitly as the family physician. It con-
tains no opium or other narcotic, and
may be given as confidently to a baby
as to an adult. Price 25c; large size 50c

Handling a Haddock.

"There is no better place than a fish
market to pick up queer supersti-
tions," said a restaurant proprietor.
"The other day I held up a 'bhe spec-
men of haddock. The dealer, who was
an Italian, nearly choked on the bunch
of Neapolitan epithets that rushed
into his throat.

"'Nevaire, no, nevaire take up had-
dock so,' he said.

"'How? I asked.

"'By the head, so your fingers touch
those dark spots on each side of the
head,' he said. 'The curse fall on you
if you do.'

"'Whose curse? said I.

"'St. Petrale's,' said he. 'St. Pe-
trale gave the haddock those dark
spots. They are his finger prints. He
catch haddock just so in the sea of
Galilee, and every haddock born since
then has shown those same marks.
Let go.'

"And I did let go. Of course I did
not believe it, but when I found that
half the fish dealers in that market
did believe I deemed it prudent to
handle haddock by the body or tail."—
New York Sun.

A Maniac's Poem.

Probably the mass of prison poetry
which has been written on stools and
bedposts and scratched on prison walls
far exceeds that which has found ex-
pression on paper, and many a "mute,
lugubrious Milton" has begun and fin-
ished his poetical career with these
"lost to sight" productions. There is
in existence a short poem, said to have
been scratched by a maniac on the
wall of his cell, which runs thus:

Could I with ink the ocean fill,
Were all the world of parchment made,
Were every reed on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God alone
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

The authenticity of this being the
work of a maniac has often been ques-
tioned because of the beauty of its ex-
pression and its sound reason, but the
story stands.—London Saturday Re-
view.

Bird Stories.

A German scientific journal publish-
ed in 1897 a story to the effect that
a golden eagle shot in that year at Es-
zeg, Slavonia, was found to have a
ring about its neck engraved on which
were the arms of a Slavonian family
and the date 1646.

In 1793 the Gentleman's Magazine
told about a hawk, captured when fly-
ing in the vicinity of the Cape of Good
Hope and taken by an Indian ship to
England, which wore a gold collar in-
scribed:

"This goodlie hawk doth belong to
his Most Excellent Majesty James,
King of England, A. D. 1610."

If this bird really escaped from
England in the reign of James, 183
years elapsed between its escape and
its recapture, and it had flown a dis-
tance of 6,500 miles away from its
former owner.

A Boy Once Himself.

The principal of a village school in
Kansas one afternoon detected a boy
cutting the letters of his name in the
desk in front of him. As the novels
would put it the principal rushed to
the spot, angrily put forth his hand
intending to grasp the boy by the col-
lar, when to, and also behold, close
by the newly formed letters were the
initials of the principal's own name
written by himself when he was a pu-
pil in the same school. His grasp
upon the boy's collar loosened itself,
and he returned to his desk a sadder
and a wiser teacher. That principal is
today judge of an important court in
one of the greatest cities of the world.
We often wonder whether or not in
the administration of justice the judge
ever thinks of the incident in the vil-
lage school.—Western School Journal.

Parental Tactics.

A worried parent is sometimes oblig-
ed to do something like this:

"Pa, what is a transcendentalist?"

"Have you chained up the dog as I
told you?"

"Not yet, pa."

"Well, do that, and when you come
back I will tell you what a transcen-
dentalist is."

While Bobby was gone his astute
parent dug the needed information out
of a dictionary.—Birmingham Age-
Herald.

Beethoven's Fits of Rage.

Beethoven's behavior was often atro-
cious. In giving lessons to young la-
dies he would sometimes tear the
music to pieces and scatter it about the
floor or even smash the furniture.
Once when playing in company there
was some interruption. "I play no
longer for such hogs!" he cried and
left the piano. He once called Prince
Lobkowitz an ass because a bassoon
player happened to be absent.—Dole's
"Famous Composers."

Queer Human Nature.

"Man's a funny proposition!"

"What now?"

"When he reads a medical book he
fancies he has every disease described,
but let him read the work of a moral-
ist and all the faults pointed out he
sees not in himself, but in his neigh-
bor."—Boston Transcript.

Stunted Maples.

Stunted maple trees, grown in moun-
tainous regions of eastern Austria,
where the winters are long and severe
and the snowfalls considerable, yield
excellent wood for the manufacture of
violins.

How They Would Sound.

Mrs. Galey musings:—Suppose I
should publish your love letters?
Mr. Galey: Why not simply make a
public acknowledgment that you mar-
ried an idiot?

Was Good Once.

A certain well known composer now
in the full vigor of his established rep-
utation was at one time when he was
comparatively unknown engaged in
writing the music for a production fa-
thered by two managers who knew
exactly what they wanted, in addition
to knowing next to nothing of the mu-
sical classics. After having burned
much midnight oil and worked himself
into a state of semicollapse in a vain
endeavor to produce a finale which
would please them the composer tore
up page after page of rejected manu-
script and in despair took to the the-
ater an entire section of "Faust" to
which he had somehow managed to
fit the words assigned to him. He
played it over, and one of the man-
agers said quite unfeelingly, "Well, Gus,
the others were pretty bad, but this
one is the rottenest of them all." "So?"
remarked the weary musician dryly.
"It was considered good when Gounod
wrote it!"—Metropolitan Magazine.

One Story Eclipsed.

"Hot in Brazil?" said the young man
who had just returned from a trip
to South America. "Well, I should
say so. Do you know, for days at a
time we couldn't take our after dinner
siesta on account of the peculiar
noises."

"What noises?" asked the blond ste-
nographer innocently.

"Why, the coffee popping on the
trees. You see, the sun was so hot
the grains just roasted before they
were picked."

The old traveler yawned.

"Rather warm down there, bub," he
rejoined laconically, "but when I was
down there you couldn't sleep at night.
Every once in awhile there would
sound the most extraordinary crack-
ling noise that ever fell upon the hu-
man ear."

"What were the sounds, Mr. Rings?"

And Mr. Rings yawned again and
replied, "The rubber trees stretching
themselves."—Chicago News.

Where One's Breath Falls as Snow.

Verkholansk, a small village in the
northeast of Siberia, is the coldest
place in the world. It is a convict
station. No precautions against es-
cape are needed, for Verkholansk is
guarded by the wind. Though the
average temperature of the three
worst winter months is 85 degrees of
frost, intense cold like this is easy to
bear in calm weather. But a strong
breeze at that temperature or within
20 degrees of it will kill every living
thing not under shelter. In the icy
cold of Verkholansk an iron ax head
dropped on the ground smashes like
glass. A board of unseasoned wood,
on the other hand, freezes as hard as
steel. Frozen nicotine blocks the
stem of tobacco pipes, while one's
breath falls at one's feet in a fine
white powder.

Going Too Far.

Along a country road walked a man
and woman. The latter, a gaunt, stern
faced female, was bullying the meek
little fellow, who trudged just in front
of her with downcast head. Suddenly
the woman, turning, saw a bull racing
down the road behind them. She
quickly took refuge in the hedge, but
her companion, unconscious of aught
but his woes, kept on his way. The
bull caught up to him and sent him
spinning into a muddy ditch, then con-
tinued on its wild career. As the wee-
begone figure crawled out of the mire
he saw his better half coming toward
him. Plucking up a little spirit, he
whimpered, "M-M-Maria, if you hit me
like that a-g-g-gain you'll really get my
temper up, so I warn you."

More and More.

The gravedigger in "Hamlet" was
a very witty man, wittier far than
many of the epitaph makers who have
adorned headstones with their jingles.
A sample of the punning rhymes
which are cut on tombs follows. It
comes from the grave of William
More, at Stepney, near London:

Here lies one More, and no more than he.
The More and no more—how can that be?
Why, one More and no more may lie here
alone.

But here lies one More, and that's more
than one.

Curiosities of Etymology.

It is extraordinary how words for
the same thing differ in even so small
a country as England. Take "left
handed," for example. In Gloucester-
shire such a person is described as
"scrammy," in Staffordshire he be-
comes "craggy," the phrase for a left
handed Yorkshireman is "gawkrod-
ger" or "calckit handed," and in the
next county, Durham, he is "cuddy
paw."—London Telegraph.

Experience Teaches.

"I wonder what has happened to Mr.
Green?" said Mrs. Brown to a lady
friend. "He seems so dismal now, and
he used to be a practical joker!"

"Ah," was the response, "he pro-
posed as a joke to his present wife.
She accepted him, and he says he will
never indulge in a joke again."

A Prank of the Types.

A sentimental novelist, describing his
heroine as one who "always kept mod-
estly in the background," was horri-
fied to find it recorded in print that she
"always kept modesty in the back-
ground."

As Usual.

"So your Shakespeare club is a great
success?"

"Yes. We have accumulated enough
lines for nonattendance to take us all
to a musical comedy."—Washington
Herald.

Naturally.

A girl feels flattered when told she
looks well in anything, but a wife
thinks such a compliment only a ploy
to get her to wear old clothes.

Dogs in Harness in Belgium.

Dogs that work in Belgium are
bought and sold in the open market
like horses, and if strong and well
broken they bring from \$20 to \$25
each. In manufacturing towns there
is the usual number of horses, but for
every horse you will see two dogs in
harness on the streets. Early in the
morning market women drive them
blithely to carts loaded down with veg-
etables. The grocer, the expressman,
the butcher and baker, all employ
dogs to do the work of horses. They
are much quicker than the horse, and
size for size they can draw a heavier
load. It is said the dog in harness
will go twice as far as the horse with-
in the same time. They are driven in
wagons, single, double, treble and four-
in-hand. They are often kept in li-
very barns like horses, are fed generally
on black bread and horseflesh and cost
in board from 5 to 6 cents per day.
They are sleek and well kept and ap-
pear to enjoy their work.—Louisville
Courier-Journal.

A Drop of Water.

Figures are sometimes impressive
simply by being so stupendous that
the human mind grasps them with
difficulty. An instance in point is af-
forded by the illustration once offered
to his hearers by an eminent scientist,
who, in order to bring to their com-
prehension the idea of ultimate par-
ticles of water, stated that if he were to
empty a tumbler containing half a
pint of water, letting out each second
a number equal to 1,000 times the
population of the earth, it would re-
quire somewhere between 7,000,000
and 47,000,000 years to empty the tum-
bler. Lord Kelvin has assured us that
if a drop of water was magnified to
the size of the earth the particles
would be about the size of cricket
balls and footballs. If that statement
is correct the drops of water in all the
oceans are not many times so numer-
ous as the particles, or molecules, in a
single drop.—St. Louis Republic.

When Baronets Were Bold.

It was in the reign of good King
James that baronets first came into
existence. Today you could hardly tell
a baronet from a banker. But in the
year 1611, when James I. needed ready
money and created 200 "little baronets"
to supply him with cash, they swag-
gered about in their baldrics and sab-
res and behaved in the courtliest of
fashion. Each baronet in order to
justify his title had to maintain a
small army of thirty soldiers for three
years. In this way the crafty king
not only increased his revenue, but
actually lightened his expenses.

It is not generally known that the
title of "baronetess" has twice been
bestowed on women. One of these was
the mother of a Dutch general. The
other was a Nottingham lady named
Dame Maria Bolles, who won her way
into the good graces of Charles I. and
received the title from his hands.—
London Tit-Bits.

When He Was Bad.

It has been said that you never know
a man till you travel with him, and
certainly traveling has a tendency to
bring out all the depravity innate in
human nature. Out of this test, how-
ever, Benjamin Disraeli emerged with
flying colors. This is what was said
of him by Mrs. Austen, who with her
husband traveled with him when he
was quite a young man, as related in
Mr. Monypenny's biography:
"Your brother," she says, "the letter
was addressed to Disraeli's sister, 'is
so easily pleased, so accommodating,
so amusing and so actively kind that
I shall always reflect upon the dis-
tinct pleasure of our journey with the great-
est pleasure. Your brother has be-
haved excellently, except when there
is a button, or rather, buttons, to be
put on his shirt; then he is violently
out, and this happens almost daily."

Whales in Nets.

Just south of the Bay of Islands,
New Zealand, where in a land-locked
harbor beautiful Wangamumu nestles
in the shadow of Cape Frost, there is
established a whaling station, and here
is carried on the unique business of
catching whales by means of nets set
in a narrow channel between rugged
rocks. The cetaceans frequent this
passage, it is said, to rub off the ac-
cumulation of sea growing parasites
gained in long journeys through deep
water.

The Word Vaudeville.

The word "vaudeville" sprang from
Vaux de Vire, the name of a hamlet
in the picturesque town of Vire, in
Switzerland. In the fifteenth century
this town was the home of Oliver
Basselin, the author of witty drinking
songs. One of the best known of these
songs was a merry dissertation on the
author's red nose.

He Didn't.

The wife of a clergyman warned him
as he went off to officiate at a funeral
one rainy day:

"Now, John, don't stand with your
bare head on the damp ground; you'll
catch cold."

The Reason.

"Why is that man always grunting
so about his business?"
"I don't know, unless it is the force
of assimilation. You see, he deals in
pig iron."—Baltimore American.

He Was Immune.

Morrow—It makes me very uneasy
if I owe a dollar to any one. Morrow—
Great Scott! If I had that way about
I'd have St. Vitus' dance. Boston
Transcript.

The great soul that sits on the throne
of the universe is not, never was and
never will be in a hurry.—Timothy Ti-
comb.