

A Critical Shave.
John Hays Hammond once paid \$5 for a shave, and he did it at a time when he was not worth much money. He was married in a small town in Maryland and arrived there the morning before the ceremony after a dash across the continent. One of the things he carried with him into the town was a thick but unromantic growth of whiskers, and one thing he did not have was a razor.

His search for a barber resulted in the discovery of the only one in town, an old negro who had been limbing too freely for several days. As a result of intemperance the tonsorial artist was shaking like an aspen leaf in a gale.

"Look here!" said Hammond. "You are going to shave me. If you do so much as make a nick in my face I'll cut your throat! If you don't cut me I'll give you \$5."

The barber, after much effort, agony and tremor, finished the shave successfully. But the strain was too great for him. Just as his hand closed on the five dollar note he fainted away.—New York Tribune.

The Taste For Music.
Public taste in America has progressed in no direction more rapidly than in music. Not only opera, but instrumental music of many kinds, is now thoroughly entrenched in the public interest. An amusing contrast can be found in a letter which Bret Harte wrote to his wife in 1879. He had been to see "Tannhauser," which he deemed the "most diabolically hideous and stupidly monotonous performance" he ever heard. The orchestra to him was "like a power factory at work in the next street." The singing was a multiplication table, he claimed, lugubrious, ponderous and monotonous. Bret Harte executed the idea better than most of the others. Not long ago the newspapers were full of jokes about Wagner. Now he and all other great composers are accepted simply as great writers or great painters, and Bret Harte, if he were alive today, would scarcely produce the same joke.—Collier's.

An Attentive Class.
The College of France, founded in Paris by Francis L., offers at the present day not only strictly academic instruction, but opportunities for the higher education in general. The following anecdote from the *Colour of Paris* shows how far the college carries its scrupulousness. Every scientific subject, even the most abstruse, will continue to be taught there as long as one solitary individual in all Europe desires to pursue it. Certain courses are followed by two or three persons only. They tell the story of a professor of mathematics. This professor, who was extremely absent-minded, had lectured for a whole year to only one pupil. He was perfectly satisfied that it should be so, but it occurred to him one day that he ought to congratulate his rare disciple, and he accordingly did so.

"Monseur does not recognize me," replied the pupil. "I am monseur's coachman, and I always wait here until monseur has finished his lecture."

As They Used to View the Plague.
An old work, a little book published in Cologne in 1665 under the title of "Geistliche und Leibliche Artzney Wider die Pest," gives a crude explanation of the plague and its ravages. We learn that it is due to the eccentric movement of the planets, eclipses of the moon or sun, inundations, earthquakes, famines and wars. Often also it follows the bad effluvia set up by pigs, ducks and geese. It is frequently attributable to the anger of God for man's sins, such as injustice in the law courts, the oppression of subjects by their rulers, the dearness of goods, the dance and gaming.

The Bath in History.
Hygiene, even cleanliness, is a modern notion. "It is not necessary," says Miss Margaret Macmillan in "The State and the Child," "to go back to Queen Elizabeth, who bathed twice a year and always in fear and with a call of two physicians, or to Queen Anne, who lost eighteen children, in order to find people who set a bad example. The children of the worst slaves today are, after all, no dirtier than were the court ladies of yesterday."

It Was Tough.
A man was at breakfast at a hotel and encountered a piece of tough beef-steak. Having failed to make an impression on it, he quietly laid down his knife and fork and remarked to the company, "Ladies and gentlemen, it's my opinion that this steak is an infringement on the Goodeney patent."

Not the Little Things.
"It is the little things in this world that cause us the most trouble."
"Not in my business," replied the shoe clerk. "It's the big things the owners of houses want to put into little shoes."—Houston Post.

In Trade.
"Our host is rather a dreadful person. He doesn't even know how to speak correctly."
"No, he speaks with a pronounced business accent."—Life.

Making It Easy.
Doctor—Take this medicine after each meal. Patient—But my meals come unregular, doc. Doctor—Well, take it before each meal.—*Toledo Blade*.

Literally So.
"I hear that poor Harriet has a gambler for a husband."
"Yes; he is literally her better half."—Exchange.

The Skeleton at the Wedding.
A. G. C. Liddell was once best man at a wedding at which one of the presents was, to say the least, unconventional. This is his story in "Notes From the Life of an Ordinary Gentleman": "Considerable excitement was raised among the spectators when it was rumored that a tall oak box placed against the wall contained a skeleton, and all sorts of rumors were rife as to the significance of such a curious wedding gift. The real explanation was simple. An eccentric old gentleman had once found the bride, who was fond of drawing, making a study from a skull and had vowed that he would give her a whole skeleton when she was married. The result was that after protracted negotiation he secured the framework of an Austrian grenadier, which, I believe, it was found most difficult to import. This was not the sole trouble connected with the gift, as when the young couple set up house the servants shied at this strange inmate of the establishment, and he had to be presented to a hospital."

Yarmouth's Herring Feast.
The blonter is not generally considered to be the acme of style where a dinner is concerned, and as an article of diet it is generally believed to be almost exclusively used by the lower classes of society, yet Yarmouth, "the home of the herring," has its annual herring dinner, when the whole menu from hors d'oeuvres to cheese consists of herrings and sprats—the latter herrings in their infantile stage—served up in various ways. It must be said that some of these ways are so ingenious and wonderful that it is very difficult to recognize the familiar silvery fish to which Yarmouth owes so much of its prosperity, yet there is no doubt that the ubiquitous herring in every dish served up at its famous meals is present in some shape or form. Thus for once the herring is honored in accordance with its true value, for the dinner is presided over by the mayor of the borough and is attended by all the leading men of the town.—*London Tit-Bits*.

The Ancient Oracles.
Herodotus mentions between seventy and eighty oracles of one sort and another. There is no reason for thinking that the people who patronized the oracles had other than the liveliest faith in them. The two great oracles were those at Delphi and Dodona, though there were several others that stood well with the people. The predictions were, of course, nothing but predictions, since it is now generally understood that the promoters of those famous institutions were only ordinary human beings like those who patronized them. The deliverances of the oracles belong to one of two classes—first, those founded on secret information and, second, those in which the oracle had absolutely no ideas on the subject and took refuge in sheer vagueness. It was the faith of the people rather than the infallibility of the oracles that kept them up so long.

Albrecht Durer's Tankard.
One of the quaintest of drinking vessels is to be seen at the Bratwurstglocklein, a Nuremberg inn which has remained unaltered since it was built in 1400. Sausages, sauerkraut and beer are the only commodities obtainable, and the limit of accommodation is reached when ten customers are present. Yet several fortunes have been made out of the house, for it was the favorite haunt of Albrecht Durer, and the pewter he drank from is still treasured. This is a double vessel, one tankard sitting neatly into the other, and was reserved for Durer and his wife. According to tradition, when the artist was in a good humor he used to fill the inside tankard for his wife, and they would drink lovingly together. When domestic storms were brewing he kept the tankards together and let his wife go thirsty.—*London Graphic*.

Black Chocolate Icing.
When a black chocolate icing is wanted and there happens to be no chocolate in the pantry, cocoa can be substituted for it in the following manner: Mix together six even tablespoonfuls of cocoa with five of sugar, one of butter and three of hot water. Cook the mixture until smooth and in the right condition for spreading. Test it by putting a little in a saucer and setting the saucer on an outside window ledge or where it will cool quickly. This icing is rich and dark and not very sweet.

The Tailor's Chance.
"Weel, Tam, are ye gaun hame wi' your work?" was the invariable greeting of a doctor to a tailor of his acquaintance when he met him carrying a bundle. Once the tailor saw the doctor walking in a funeral procession.
"Weel, doctor, are ye gaun hame wi' your work?" he asked.—From "Reminiscences," by Sir Archibald Geikie.

Not at His Best.
"I was surprised," said the Rev. Mr. Goodstein sternly, "to see you pay big golf last Sabbath. I should think you'd do better."
"Oh," replied Hardcase, "I usually do much better! I was in wretched form last Sunday."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

Lying in Wait.
"I've been sent down town to buy a taboret. What's that?"
"Don't you know? It's one of those things that stand around about shiny Meb in the dark."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.—*Drummond*.

Whitewash Brush in Spain.
In Spain, where the ruins of Moorish towers are seen upon the crests of many hills as the express train crawls along at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, the evidences of surviving Moorish influence upon the people and customs of Andalusia make an interesting study. In the city of Ronda it is plain that the ideas of home building which the Arabs brought into the Iberian peninsula remain vital today. The whitewash brush is the great leveller of distinction between the rich and the poor in Spain. The exteriors of homes—great manor houses upon the haciendas, huts of mountaineers clinging to the sides of the almost perpendicular hills, handsome homes of rich merchants in the cities and humble tenements—are nearly all of plaster. A few of them are calcimined in blue or brown or pink, but the majority are pure white. Ronda is a white city with a few patches of blue and pink and looks as if the whitewash brush had just been applied.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Got Right Down to Business.
James Russell Lowell when ambassador to England contributed liberally to a London society and one day sent a deserving young American there to be assisted home. But the American was told that, though his case was eminently deserving, the society was just then short of funds.

When Lowell heard this he sat down and wrote the society a terse and vigorous letter.
"Dear sirs," he began, "for the last seven years I have contributed annually 25 guineas to your organization. I regret to learn you were unable to assist the young man I recommended to you a few days ago. If you will kindly return to me one of my contributions I will send him to America at my own expense, as I am convinced the case is a most deserving one."

The society did not return any of Mr. Lowell's cash, but it found means somehow to dispatch the young man home by the next boat.

She Could Threaten Too.
"Tickets," said the wiry little conductor as he confronted a 300 pound German woman.

"Ach! I haf lost my ticket vhat I should come back by voice."
Conductor—I am sorry, madam, but you will be obliged to pay your fare again.

Woman—Nein, nein. I paid you this morning already. I vill nicht.
Several times the conductor returned to reason with her, but each time was met with a more decided refusal than the last. Finally, losing patience, the conductor said:

"Madam, if you do not pay your fare at once I shall have to stop the train and put you off."

The woman, half rising and shaking her fist at him, said: "Vhat! Put me off, you say? Vhen you say dat some more by me I make you the train off and no stop it either!"

A Waiter as a Tipper.
Two years ago a guest at a hotel in Frankfurt-on-the-Main which has many American patrons became a prime favorite with the waiters in the dining room because of the lavish tips he gave to the man who served him, the boy who helped him on with his coat and the various other employees. Where old customers gave 50 pfennigs he would give a mark and more, besides extras in the way of cigars. In explanation he said one day that when he was at home in St. Louis he was a waiter, and, being far away, he wanted to test the extravagant tip system.

"And how does it work?" he was asked.
"Fine. The boys think me a fine gentleman, and I think they are fine waiters."—*New York Tribune*.

A Sight Unseen.
"I guess I'm just an impressionable woman," she smpered. "I gave a beggar a quarter this afternoon."
"How did he work you for it?" he asked.

"He said, 'Won't this beautiful lady help me a bit?'"

"Well, you can't help giving something to these blind men."
And he can't figure it out yet why the girl is mad at him.—*Boston Traveler*.

A Literary Life Preserver.
Bookseller—This, sir, is an excellent book on swimming and a very useful one too.

Customer—Useful?
"Yes, sir. If ever you find yourself drowning you have only to turn to pages 88 and 89, and there you will find full instructions how to save yourself."—*London Sketch*.

Equal to the Occasion.
"Doctor, I am feeling worse today."
"Then stop taking the pills I prescribed for you."
"But I haven't taken any yet."
"Then take them."—*Paris Sourire*.

Doubled Pointed.
Bess—I'm at a loss to understand just what Mr. Blank meant when I told him my age was twenty-five. Tess—What did he say? Bess—That I didn't look it.—*Lippincott's*.

C. O. D.
Tommy—Mamma had a lot of things sent home C. O. D. today. What does C. O. D. mean? Tommy's Pop—C. O. D., my son, means "Call on Dad."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Always the Case.
"Take away woman and what would follow?" shouted the orator.
"We would!" cried a man on a back seat.



From left to right—Mrs. W. N. Vaughn, Leonard Bales, Mrs. W. H. Hoskins, Above, Mrs. Emmett Bales

Four generations are shown in the accompanying photograph, all of whom are now living in Tillamook County. They are Mrs. W. N. Vaughn, the second white child born on Clatsop Plains; her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Hoskins, Mrs. Emmett Bales, daughter of Mrs. Hoskins, and Leonard Bales, son of Mrs. Bales.

Mrs. Vaughn (nee Trask) daughter of Elbridge Trask, was born in 1843 and came to Tillamook County in 1852. She was married to W. N. Vaughn in October, 1858. Fifteen children were born to them, twelve of whom are still living, all except one in Tillamook County. They are Mrs. D. Martiny, Amos Vaughn, Mrs. W. H. Hoskins, Mrs. J. Woodard, Mrs. E. Jacoby, Warren Vaughn, Mrs. Edwes Carry, Guy Vaughn, Mrs. W. D. Bodyfelt, Mrs. Egbert Goodspeed, Mrs. Verner Holden, and George Vaughn.

Mrs. Vaughn has 17 grandchildren living, and one great-grand child, and still lives on the donation land claim which her husband took up before his marriage. This is the only donation land claim in Tillamook County which is still in the hands of its original owners.

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Next to the Post Office.

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I have an up-to-date grinding plant there and will attend to all repair work promptly.

Henry E. Morris,
I will make trips to Tillamook about every two months.

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Notice of Sale of Tide Land
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 Cap Building at Salem, Oregon, on July 11, 1911, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. of said day, all the State's interest in the tide and overflow 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 for nor any offer therefor accepted of 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 described as follows:
Tide lands fronting on Lot 2 of Section 23, T. 3 N., R. 1 W.
Beginning at the meander on bank of North Fork of River on line between Sections 23 and 24, T. 3 N., R. 10 W.
[Said meander corner being S. 1 45 E., 1.34 chains from corner to Sections 23, 14, 23, 24] thence (Low Water 3' to left)
S. 61° 51' W. 111.9 along H. W. Low Water 3' to left.
S. 61° 25' W. 500.0 along Low Water 5' to left.
S. 58° 38' W. 363.9 along Low Water 10' to left.
S. 52° 51' W. 216.2 along Low water 17' to left.
S. 62° 53' W. 277.7 along Low water 18' to left.
S. 67° 05' W. 169.4 along Low water 18' to left.
S. 08° 58' W. 269.0 along Low water 12' to left.
S. 63° 01' W. 205.4 along Low water 7' to left.
S. 56° 47' W. 238.8 along Low water 12' to left.
S. 54° 37' W. 192.5 along to corner on line between Lots 3 of Sec. 23, low water line to point of beginning, containing 0.78 acres.
Bid should be accompanied regular application to purchase and exchange for the full amount offered and 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 26th day of April, 1911.

Notice of Application for License to Sell Spirituous, Malt and Vinous Liquors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That a petition has been filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Tillamook, a true copy and transcript thereof and the whole thereof, in words, letters and figures as follows, to-wit: To the Honorable County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook, Oregon, in the presence and view of the undersigned, hereby alleg and show to you the following facts, and petition you as follows:

That we and each of us are residents and legal voters within Barnegat Precinct, in Tillamook County, Oregon, and have been such more than thirty days next preceding the date of this petition, having been and now acting as residents within said Precinct for more than thirty days next preceding May 20th, 1911.

That we are an actual majority of the whole number of the legal voters within said precinct:

That we hereby petition you to grant a license to sell, in less quantities than one gallon, spirituous and vinous liquors, for a period of one year from the said license, within said Precinct and at Bayocann, therein, to:

M. J. O'Donnell, Bayocann, Oregon.
J. E. Browne, Bayocann, Oregon.
R. E. Shreve, Bayocann, Oregon.
J. H. Rutter, Bayocann, Oregon.
A. Blazer, Bayocann, Oregon.
J. W. Vint, Bayocann, Oregon.
E. C. Lockwood, Bayocann, Oregon.
Wm. Graydon, Bayocann, Oregon.
A. E. Conroy, Bayocann, Oregon.
Carl B. Nelson, Bayocann, Oregon.
S. Ingraham, Bayocann, Oregon.
John Carlson, Bayocann, Oregon.
Henry Erickson, Bayocann, Oregon.
R. B. Teehan, Bayocann, Oregon.
M. Samien, Bayocann, Oregon.
J. Fleming, Bayocann, Oregon.
I. W. Simpson, Bayocann, Oregon.
F. Liehner, Bayocann, Oregon.
D. A. Blaw, Bayocann, Oregon.
Chris Olsen, Bayocann, Oregon.
C. R. Fleming, Bayocann, Oregon.
Leslie Fenwick, Bayocann, Oregon.
Con Johnson, Bayocann, Oregon.
H. H. Dickie, Bayocann, Oregon.
M. F. Webster, Bayocann, Oregon.
C. H. Blazer, Bayocann, Oregon.
B. B. O'Neil, Bayocann, Oregon.
E. L. Berg, Bayocann, Oregon.
A. C. Robinson, Bayocann, Oregon.
J. A. Bibby, Bayocann, Oregon.
D. E. Hardley, Bayocann, Oregon.
Bert Biggs, Bayocann, Oregon.
Wm. Holston, Bayocann, Oregon.

State of Oregon,)
County of Tillamook,)

I, the undersigned being duly sworn, say: That I am one of the petitioners within named, and that I circulated the same, and that each and all of the foregoing named petitioners signed the same with his own hand, in my presence, that each have stated his name, post office address and residing correctly, and that the same is a legal voter within and residing in said Precinct, and has resided as such therein for more than thirty days next preceding May 25, 1911, and that all of the facts set forth in said petition are true as I verily believe.

(Signed) J. E. BROWNE,
Address, Bayocann, Tillamook County, Oregon.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of May, 1911.
[SEAL]
(Signed) WEBSTER HOLTON,
Notary Public for Oregon.
NOTICE IS FURTHER HEREBY GIVEN, That said petition was presented to the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, on the 5th day of July, 1911, and In said County said J. E. Browne Realty Company said County Court for a license to sell to J. E. Browne, said J. E. Browne Realty Company, and at Bayocann, said Precinct, and at Bayocann less quantities than one spirituous, malt and vinous for a period of one year, date of said license.
Dated this 29th day of May, 1911.
T. E. POTTER, REALTOR,
A Corpora