

PHYSICIANS AND FEES.

Medical View of the Doctor's Charge For His Services.
 The who discuss the physicians' frequently miss the essence of it. In a matter of fact, under present conditions the charge made to the patient and well to do is the normal and proper fee; the lowered fee is made to those less fortunate ones. The tremendous field of the physician's charity is therefore underestimated, for it extends to the great majority of his patients. In olden times, when medicine was an art and not a science, the physician was unknown. Like other arts, the leech received an honorarium, the amount of which depended upon the resources of the patient. The popular impression that physicians make the rich pay for the poor is not correct. They extend their services to the poor, and all are supposed to pay as they can afford for services. The price is so low and so inadequate that it is impossible to repaid adequately in money values. An attempt made to establish standards by law is sure to work in to the physician. The "standard" would have to be much higher than the average fee at present and would have to be some method of forcing its sure payment. Only the standard fixed, as now, by the wealthy is it possible for the poor to receive the benefits of the best professional skill without their self respect.—New York Journal.

POWER OF MUSIC.

Awakening That Came to Stephenson on Hearing Ole Bull.
 Hornemann Bull, who was one of the most wizards of the violin in the nineteenth century, had little difficulty in swaying an audience by the force of his wonderful performance of his favorite instrument. A great violinist was greatly admired by Stephenson, the inventor of the phonograph, although the latter had little appreciation of music in his own mind. One day he called on Stephenson to Ole Bull's home. The business on hand had been explained to the inventor and he went upon the master pressed him to hear and hear the tones of a famous violin which had lately come into his possession. Bull began to explain the marvellous construction of the violin, the exactness required in each part. The inventor became interested in the subject. Finally Ole explained how the sound waves were produced and the relation of the parts to their production. He still explaining, he drew his bow across the strings in a way that produced an exquisite music. Stephenson listened, spellbound. Ole played on. When the music finally came to an end, Stephenson burst into tears and sobbed. "There has been nothing in my life that was lacking at last I've found out what it is."

Escaped the Bullets.
 James Craik, who was Washington's family physician, was with the army of His Country in the expedition against the French and Indians and the next year he attended Braddock in his fatal campaign. Fifteen years later, while on a journey to the west, he was captured by a band of Indians led by an chief, who informed the physician through an interpreter that he was to be taken to a long journey to see Col. Washington, at whom in the battle of the Clouds he had fired his rifle and ordered all his young men to do the same. In fact, Washington had two horses killed under him that day, and his coat was pierced by bullets, yet he left the battle unscathed.

A Chemical Experiment.
 The genial Quaker, Isaac T. Hopper, met a boy with a dirty face and he would stop him and inquire if he ever studied chemistry. "Yes," with a wondering stare, answered, "No."
 "Then, I will teach thee how to do a curious chemical experiment," said Friend Hopper. "Go and take a piece of soap, put it in a tub and rub it briskly on thy hands. Thou hast no idea what a lather it will make and how white thy skin will be. That's the result of the experiment. I advise thee to try it."—Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

Ancient History.
 "Satisfied," said the young man just home from college, "that the use of electricity was understood before the flood."
 "Be a fool," snorted the old man.
 "Pardon, but Noah must have used some kind of an ark."

Warned.
 "Man—Love me? Why, she counts the kisses I give her! Friend—That's bad. She may be up after your marriage.—Boston Transcript.

of Those Crazy Questions.
 "Great guns, Jones! I see you wearing glasses. What for?"
 "I sprained my knee, you darned fool. What do you suppose?"—Toledo Blade.

Another Trouble.
 "I hold all indulgence of sadness that has the slightest tincture of discontent to be a grave delinquency."—Boston Record-Herald.

PERFECT HEROISM.

Rare Courage of Dr. Franz Mueller in His Tragic Death.
 Heroism has been defined as "the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh"—that is to say, over fear—fear of suffering, of sickness, of isolation and of death. An instance of this dazzling and glorious concentration of courage is given in Mr. Frederick Rowland Marvin's book, "The Excursions of a Book Lover."
 Dr. Franz Mueller of Vienna, who fell a victim to the bubonic plague when that disease was first under bacteriological investigation in that city in 1897, contracted the malady from bacilli in culture tubes. When he became certain that he was infected, he immediately locked himself in an isolated room and posted a message on a window pane:
 "I am suffering from the plague. Please do not send a doctor to me, as in any event my end will come in four or five days."
 At once a number of his associates, all of them young physicians, with much to live for and with full knowledge of the chances to which they would expose themselves, stepped forward and not only offered their services, but in some cases begged to be sent to Dr. Mueller. The patient refused to permit it and died alone within the time predicted.
 At the end he wrote a farewell letter to his parents and placed it against the window so it could be copied from the outside and then burned the original with his own hands, fearful that it might be preserved and carry out the mysterious and deadly germ.

VANILLA BEANS.

They Are Not Beans at All, but Pods Filled With Tiny Seed.
 The vanilla plant is the only orchid of any industrial value. As orchids go, the plant is not unattractive, for the foliage is much greener and more enduring than in the case of most of the species. It is a climber, and when the leaves are fresh it brightens a small tree trunk wonderfully. The Vanilla planifolia, to give it its full name, is a terrestrial parasite. It climbs from the ground, but once established has feeding stations on the bark all along the line. The leaves—long, very smooth and light green—are alternate, and at the axil of each is a sucker a few inches in length that fastens itself securely to the tree, lying flat against the bark.
 The blossoms are inconspicuous. It is the resultant pods that are the vanilla of the industrial world. They are slim pods six to eight inches long and when dried for the market are of a rich, deep reddish brown. These are called vanilla beans, but without warrant. They contain no bean; the seed in them is as fine as dust. These seeds are the black specks that are usually found in the finest grade of vanilla ice cream, the best chefs of the world over preferring to grind the "bean" rather than use the extract. Vanilla is found growing wild in the Bahamas, West Indies and Central America. In Madagascar and some of the neighboring islands it has been introduced and now forms an important article of export. But American vanilla is the best.—Harper's Weekly.

Played No Favorites.

John Addison Porter, once secretary to the president, overdraw his account on one occasion, when he went off on a vacation, and Comptroller Tracewell disallowed it. When Secretary Porter returned to Washington he told the president about it, and President McKinley telephoned to Tracewell to come to the White House. On his arrival there Tracewell was asked why he had disallowed that account, and he replied:
 "I disallowed it, Mr. President, because it is my duty as comptroller of the treasury to protect the money of the people from every kind of misconstruction of the law. If you should draw one month's salary in advance I should certainly disallow it."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Into the Next State.

A disheveled citizen rushed into the police station and shouted for vengeance.
 "The motorcar that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41144," he sputtered. "I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I want—" "You want a warrant for his arrest?"
 "Warrant, nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Ready Romancer.

"Clamsy of you to fall overboard," said the critical friend.
 "I didn't fall overboard," replied the man who never confesses to a mistake. "The biggest fish I ever saw swam alongside, and I couldn't resist the temptation to dive for him."—Washington Star.

Reprehensible Absentmindedness.

"Why are you so very angry with Walter?"
 "He proposed to me last night."
 "What of that?"
 "Nothing. Only I accepted him the night before."—London Stray Stories.

Discounted.

Man With Wooden Leg—Your charge for cremation is exorbitant. Porter at Crematory—Well, we will throw off 10 per cent in your case on account of your wooden leg.—Mergendorfer Blatter.

I hold all indulgence of sadness that has the slightest tincture of discontent to be a grave delinquency.

—Boston Record-Herald.

EARLY DAYS OF COACHES.

When Complaint Was Made That "the World Runs on Wheels."
 John Taylor, an English poet, known as the "water poet," who died in 1634, had this to say about the use of coaches:
 The superfluous use of coaches hath been the occasion of many vile and odious crimes, as murder, theft, cheating, hangings, whippings, pillories, stocks and cages, for house-keeping never decayed till coaches came into England, till which time those were accounted the best men who had the most followers and retainers. Then land about or near London was thought dear enough at a noble the acre yearly, and a ten pound house rent now was scarce 20 shillings then. But the witchcraft of the coach quickly mounted the price of all things except poor men's labor and withal transformed in some places 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60 or 100 proper serving men into two or three animals—vide licet, a butterfly page, a trotting foot man, a stiff drinking coachman, a Cook, a Clark, a Steward and a Butler, which hath enforced many a discarded tall fellow (through want of means to live and grace to guide him in his poverty) to fall into such mischievous actions before named, for which I think the gallowses in England have devoured as many lusty valiant men within these thirty or forty years as would have been a sufficient army to beat the foes of Christ out of Christendom and, marching to Constantinople, have plucked the great Turk by the beard; but, as is aforesaid, this is the age when whereln the "world runs on wheels."

KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT.

The Lady Guaranteed Silence, and She Made Good.
 Unexpectedly an uptown pastor who encouraged congregational singing gained a new parishioner. Keen though his delight in hearing his people sing, there was one member of his flock whose endeavors he never encouraged. But the man sang without encouragement, much to the discomfort of pew holders anywhere near him, who claimed that his loud, unmusical voice threw them out of time and tune.
 Repeated complaints convinced the minister that somebody would have to assume the responsibility of silencing the ambitious singer. He decided that the man's wife was best fitted for the job. Owing to a difference in religious views husband and wife attended different churches, but the minister knew her, so he called and explained his predicament. She was genuinely surprised.
 "Do you mean to say he sings?" she said.
 "Tries to," amended the pastor.
 "She thought a minute. 'I shall have to come there to church,' she said.
 "I shall be glad to see you," said the minister. "But what effect will that have on your husband's singing?"
 The look she gave him was more significant than words, and they meant a good deal.
 "John will never open his mouth when I am around," she said.
 And John never has.—New York Times.

Easy to Identify.

A Chinese prince in this country visited police headquarters in New York and was much interested in the thumb mark records preserved there as a method of identification for criminals.
 "We have used thumb marks for several thousand years as seals on mercantile and other papers," the Chinaman told the man in charge of the thumb mark bureau, "but we do not use them in any other way."
 "How do you identify your criminals?" asked the thumb mark man.
 "Oh, we have a very simple method of identification—we cut off their heads."—Saturday Evening Post.

Newfoundland.

In spite of ease and swiftness of communication we break down over the pronunciation of names that lie outside our front door. There is Newfoundland. Our earliest speculation in American settlers. But you can't pronounce it so as to satisfy everybody. A visitor has protested. The name has three solid syllables. One must win. In English mouths the accent is generally put on the second syllable, for the dogs found their day. That is wrong, quite wrong. But do you know whether you should say "New-fain" or "N-faland"?—London Chronicle.

Wasted Effort.

"Sorry, Bill, I can't come to the theater with you tonight. Now, don't look so cross. You ain't cross, really, are yer, Bill?"
 "No, I ain't exactly cross, like, but still it is a bit aggravating for a chap to find he's washed his face and hands for nothing, ain't it?"—London Telegraph.

Mistaken.

Witness—He's a dirty, mean little stretch, yer honor, a low—
 Magistrate—Silence, witness!
 "Well, yer honor, it's the truth."
 "Doesn't matter. We want none of it here."—London Telegraph.

Sounded Ominous.

"Dad, can I take a post graduate course in biology?"
 "That depends, daughter," replied the old man cautiously. "What do you want to buy first?"—Pittsburg Post.

It is easy to take a joke in the spirit in which it is intended if it is on the other fellow.

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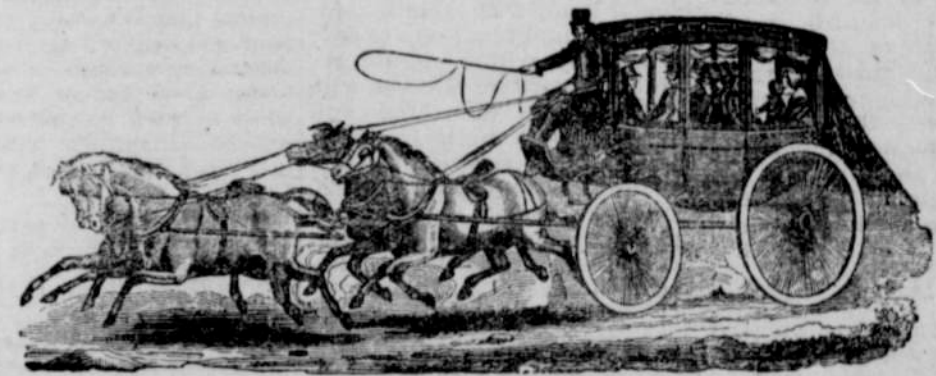
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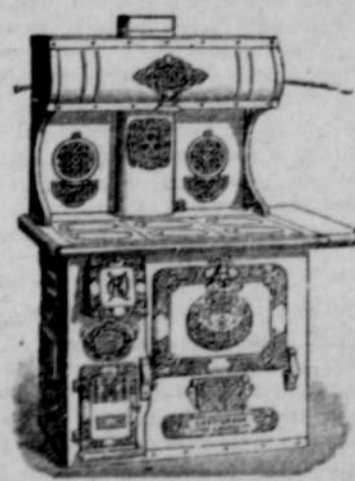
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