

**A WOMAN'S REVENGE.**

**National Incident of the Civil War in Mexico.**  
 In the civil war in Mexico, which resulted in the downfall of Diaz, a sensational incident took place—the capture of Colonel Chiapas by an avenger. At the beginning of the insurrection Chiapas had command for the government of the Sonora district, and he quickly became known for his severity. Among those who suffered was a rich resident named Talamantes, who, with his two sons, was arrested in the charge of sympathizing with the insurgents.  
 After a brief hearing the three were condemned to death. Mme. Talamantes pleaded with Chiapas for the life of her husband and sons, offering everything they possessed, but the colonel replied to her entreaties only with sneers, refused her request, had the three men taken to the grounds of their own hacienda, forced Mme. Talamantes to remain within hearing of the shots and had them executed.  
 The widow changed from a retiring, demonstrative woman to a vigorous avenger. Having ample financial resources, she first offered \$20,000 to anyone who would deliver Chiapas alive into her hands. Then she organized a troop of armed men, put herself at their head and joined the insurgents. Soon the Talamantes became one of the strongest and most effective forces among the rebels. Her avowed purpose was to capture Chiapas. When the federalists evacuated Agua Prieta the widow ambushed a detachment led by Chiapas, who in the fight was wounded and delivered to her. Within two hours of his capture she compelled him to dig his own grave. He stood at its edge, and she personally gave the command to fire to her twelve troopers who faced him. — London Family Herald

**AFRICAN RHINOS.**

**They Are Nervous and Cowardly Rather Than Ferocious.**  
 Instead of being a savagely ferocious animal, the African rhinoceros is a cowardly, shortsighted creature, according to John T. McCutcheon in "Hunting Adventures in the Big Game Country." He says:  
 "After the rhino has taken his dirt wallow and looks fine in his new red coat he then slowly and painstakingly proceeds to kill time during the rest of the day. If danger threatens he becomes exceedingly nervous and excited. His anxiety is quite acute. In vain he tries to locate the danger, rushing one way for a few yards, then the other way and finally all ways at once. His tail is up, and he is snorting like a steam engine.  
 When he rushes toward you in this attitude it looks very much as though he were charging you with the purpose of tramping you to flinders. As a matter of fact—or, rather, opinion—he is merely trying to locate where you are in order that he may run the other way. He looks terrifying, but in reality is probably badly terrified himself. He would give a good deal to know which way to run and finally becomes so excited and nervous that he starts frantically in some direction, hoping for the best. If the rush happens to be in your direction you call it a charge from an infuriated rhino; if not, you say that he looked nasty and was about to charge, but finally ran away in an other direction.  
 In most rhino charges it is my opinion that the rhino is too rattled to know what he is doing, and instead of charging maliciously he is merely trying to get away as fast as possible. And in such cases the hunter blazes away at him, wounds him, and the rhino blindly charges the flash.  
**No Making Up Just Then.**  
 The curtain lecture had finished and Mrs. Garrill, feeling that perhaps she had overdone the matter, began to read little items from the newspaper.  
 "Ha!" she said. "That's funny, isn't it, George? Here's a man advertising for a silent partner with a thousand dollars."  
 "Yes," said Garrill. "It's terribly funny. If he'd married you he'd have been darned glad to get a silent partner even if she hadn't a cent."  
 Whereupon the thermometer got such a sudden jar that it fell from the man's table to the floor. — Harper's Weekly  
**Explained His Mistake.**  
 "The more I think of it the more I am convinced that I made a mistake when I married you," he exclaimed. She drew herself up proudly.  
 "You can undo it," she replied.  
 "Alas, it is too late!" he said. "I suppose the organist has already spent the \$10 I intended to give the minister and the minister has excommunicated me for the \$2 he got." — Exchange.  
**Truth Will Out.**  
 The Candidate shoving quoted the words of an eminent statesman in support of an argument. — And mind you, these are not my words. This is not merely my opinion. These are the words of a man who knows what he is talking about. — London Sketch.  
**Above Water.**  
 "The times are hard, my dear," said a man to his better half, "and I find it extremely difficult to keep my nose above water."  
 "You could easily keep your nose above water," returned the lady. "If you didn't keep it so often above brandy." — London Answers.  
**When Pain Was Felt.**  
 Ashley—Until the last I was confident that the painless dentist was absolutely truthful in saying he would cause me no torture. Seymour—What did he do at the last? Ashley—Gave me his bill. — Chicago News.

**MYSTERIOUS MEKRAN.**

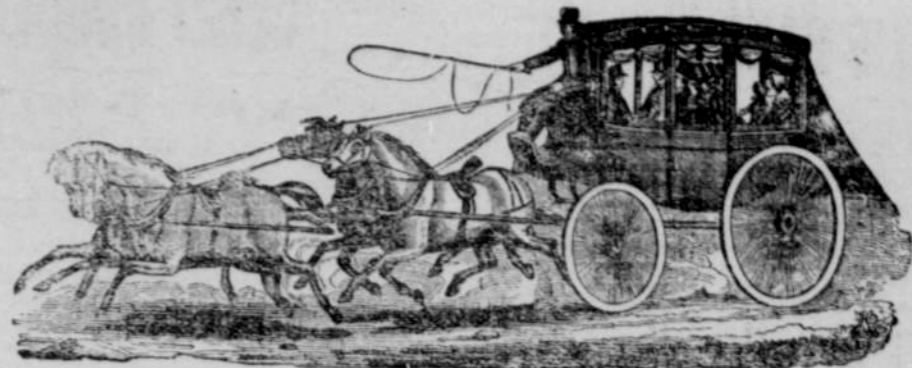
**A Desolate Land, Desolated by Nature and Shunned by Man.**  
 "A mysterious veil has always hung over the land of Mekran," says the London Times. "Mekran is the name given to the long coastal region stretching almost from the Indus to the entrance to the Persian gulf. Sailors have coasted along its white shores from time immemorial, but few in modern days have ever penetrated the ranges of hills which lie beyond. The greater part of Mekran is desolate and forsaken, a land desolated by nature and shunned by man. The few tribes which linger there are the jetsam of history, stray wreckage which has drifted into this obscure corner of the world in the backwash of great events. It is even believed that the Dravidians passed through Mekran on their way to southern India and left stragglers, whose descendants have dwelt there ever since. There are patches of Mongols from the days of Jenghiz Khan; colonels of half breed Arabs from the time when an Arab dynasty held Sind; unmistakable Rajputs, who were there before Alexander; African negroes, the offshoots of medieval slavery, and traces of still older peoples whose origins are lost in the mists of time.  
 "Yet Mekran cannot always have been either so dry or so deserted. Many of its hills are closely covered with little stone houses, mostly square at the base, narrowing upward like truncated pyramids, and with dome-shaped interiors. They are tombs, and among the rubbish found within them are fragments of light green pottery of fine quality, which no one seems able to identify. Then there are vast masonry dams, obviously built to catch the water in the hills, just as engineers are making dams in the Indian ghauts to-day.  
 "Sometimes the hills are terraced for cultivation, after the fashion of hills in southern Japan and elsewhere, only in Mekran the terraces are dry and bare, and not even a blade of grass remains. The crumbling ruins of whole cities, the very names of which are forgotten, lie concealed between the serrated ridges."

**FEATHERED POLICE.**

**Birds Do a Wonderful Amount of Work For the Farmer.**  
 Birds work more in conjunction with man to help him than does any other form of outdoor life, according to an article in Success Magazine. They police the earth and air, and without their services the farmer would be helpless. Larks, wrens and thrushes search the ground for grubs and insects. The food of the meadow lark consists of 75 per cent of injurious insects and 12 per cent of weed seed, showing it to be a bird of great economic value. Sparrows, finches and quail eat a large amount of weed seed. Practically all the food of the tree sparrow consists of seed. Examinations by Professor F. E. L. Beal of the biological survey of the department of agriculture show that a single tree sparrow will eat a quarter of an ounce of weed seed daily. In a state the size of Iowa tree sparrows alone will consume more than 800 tons of weed seed annually. This, with the work of other seed eating birds, saves the farmer an immense amount of work.  
 Nuthatches and chickadees scan every part of the trunks and limbs of trees for insect eggs. In a day's time a chickadee has been known to eat hundreds of insect eggs and worms that are very harmful to our trees and vegetables. Warblers and vireos hunt the leaves and buds for moths and millers. Flycatchers, swallows and night hawks are busy day and night catching flies that bother man and beast. Hawks and owls are working silently in daylight and darkness to catch moles, mice, gophers and squirrels.  
**Insulted.**  
 A traveler relates a story illustrative of life in Spain. Alighting at the door of an inn, a man extended his hand, and, naturally supposing him to be a porter, the traveler offered him his valise.  
 The man stepped back, tossed his head and frowned scornfully.  
 "Do you take me for a porter?" he demanded. "I would have you understand that I am no porter."  
 "Indeed!" said the traveler apologetically. "Then may I ask, señor, what you are?"  
 "I am a beggar, sir, and asked you for alms!"  
**Making Sure.**  
 An electric wire had fallen under its heavy weight of snow. The linemen found a crowd around the grounded copper and an inquisitive Irishman lifting one end from the ground.  
 "Man, alive, don't you know what a risk you're taking? That might be a live wire!" he ejaculated.  
 "Sure an' Oi thought of that meself, an' Oi filt of the wire good before Oi picked it up at all." — Everybody's.  
**Making Him Happy.**  
 Marks—I know your wife didn't like it because you took me home unexpectedly to dinner last night. Parks—Nonsense! Why, you hadn't been gone two minutes before she remarked that she was glad it was no one else but you. — Boston Transcript.  
**A Gifted Barber.**  
 "The barber told me a very interesting story as he shaved me."  
 "Indeed?"  
 "Yes, and also illustrated it with cuts." — Washington Herald.  
**Use of Water.**  
 "There's no use talking," said Dr. Dustin Stax, "this corporation of ours will have to dissolve."  
 "How will you go about it?"  
 "I don't know. The only way I know of to dissolve things is to keep putting plenty of water into them." — Washington Star.

**WRECKED THE PIANO.**

**Rubinstein Proved His Ability and Secured His Pass.**  
 When Rubinstein, the composer, was a youth he left Russia, his native country, to study music in France and Germany. He finished his studies when he was twenty years old and then returned to St. Petersburg. But before he could begin to give public recitals it was necessary that he should have a pass from the police authorities. It was true he was a Russian subject and a very inoffensive young man, but then he had been absent from his native land some time. He might have fimbled revolutionary ideas when abroad, and it was best not to take any risks, but have him registered and kept under surveillance.  
 Rubinstein applied to the police for a pass, but, probably because he was shy and mild mannered every official bullied him and gruffly passed him to another official equally rude and overbearing. Finally he became so tired of the indignities that he went to see the governor general. He had just begun to tell his story when that dignitary roared:  
 "You a musician? Pah! I'll put you in irons and send you to Siberia! That's the only fit place for such as you!"  
 Rubinstein nearly fainted from fright, but he got away as best he could. The days went by, and still no pass came to him. Some of his friends, however, knew of the treatment he had received. One day Rubinstein was summoned to appear before the chief of police, General Galichoff. He had to wait three hours. At last he was called into the great man's presence and addressed as follows:  
 "Well, young man, I have been spoken to about you. I am told that you are some sort of musician, but I don't believe anything of the kind. Go to my chief secretary, Schesnok, and play for him, so that we can tell if you really are a musician—that is, a man who understands music."  
 All this was said in a contemptuous tone. Rubinstein was taken to the secretary, who was the possessor of the most wretched piano Rubinstein ever had heard, much less played on. He was angry and disgusted, and a thought flashed across him. Here was an opportunity to be revenged for the insults heaped upon him. He would vent his indignation on the piano. And so he did. He pounded and hammered the poor instrument until it seemed to shriek. The discordant notes which came from it, falling upon his delicate ear, served but to increase his rage and frenzy. It was as if a cyclone was at work. String after string snapped, and the unhappy secretary stood by, expecting every minute that his beloved instrument would fly into splinters. At last Rubinstein stopped from sheer exhaustion.  
 "Come with me," said the secretary. And the pianist followed him into the presence of the chief of police.  
 "It is true, your excellency," he said. "Rubinstein is a great musician."  
 "Then give him a pass," replied the general. — Philadelphia Inquirer.  
**Australia's Flame Flower.**  
 Waratah is the name of the national flower of Australia. The traveler who passes through the Australian bush sometimes comes suddenly on a burned out ridge, the undergrowth of which has been destroyed by fire. Among the charred trees tongues of fire still seem to rise. These are the waratahs, each stem of which is about six feet high and bears a flame red flower, heart shaped and the size of a man's closed hand. This flower is difficult to cultivate in a garden, but some people have succeeded in growing plants from seed that has first been roasted.



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