

NEHALEM VALLEY BANK

OF NEHALEM OREGON

FRANK A. ROWE, President.

NEHALEM, OREGON, OCTOBER 23, 1911.

TO HERALD READERS:

Do you know where the bulk of the cost of transporting your produce goes?

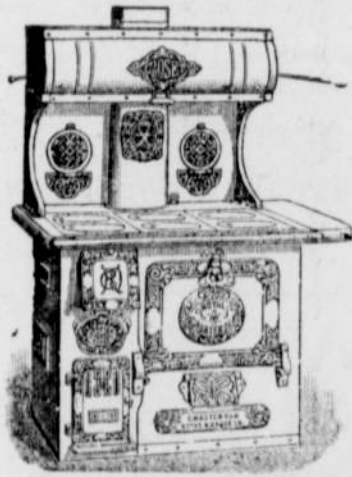
It is spent in hauling the produce from the point of production to the point of shipment.

Good roads reduce this initial cost by allowing heavier loads to be hauled at less expense.

The wagon roads in this county can be made the means of lowering our transportation charges by putting our roads in fine condition so that heavy loads of produce can be hauled over them at a minimum of cost.

Respectfully,
FRANK A. ROWE.

HEADQUARTERS FOR DAIRYMEN'S SUPPLIES AND STEEL STOVES & RANGES.



We carry a Large Stock of Hardware, Tinware, Glass and China,

Oils, Paint, Varnish, Doors, Window Sashes,

Agents for the Great Western Saw.

ALEX McNAIR CO

The Most Reliable Merchants in Tillamook County.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.

Chas. I. Clough, Tillamook.



HARVESTER OLDSTYLE WHISKEY

the highest type of a pure straight whiskey blend. aged in wood. complying with both the United States and State Pure Food Laws

straight whiskey—all whiskey—old whiskey

AMERICAN IMPORTING CO.

San Francisco

Distributors

Astoria

W. J. STEPHENS, Distributer for Tillamook, Ore.

BULLFIGHTS IN PORTUGAL.

The Battles Are Bloodless and the Contestants Rarely Hurt.

The distressingly cruel treatment of animals so common in the Latin countries is almost entirely absent among the Portuguese, and for this reason their great national sport, the bullfight, is really an enjoyable spectacle to an American, writes Mrs. C. R. Miller in Leslie's Weekly.

In the Portuguese version the bull is never killed. The horrible goring of horses—a feature of the Spanish fight—does not occur, for if a horse was injured in a Portuguese performance the rider would be hissed from the ring and very likely mobbed afterward. The men taking part are rarely hurt, although the skill displayed is much greater than that shown in the Castilian style of the sport.

Occasionally they have a burlesque Spanish bullfight in Lisbon with the cruelty eliminated. The horses ridden by the pleader are armored and cannot be gored, and when the bull is to be killed the matador strikes him at the particular spot on the back of his neck, which in Spain means almost instant death to the animal. Instead of killing the bull, however, the Portuguese matador's sword doubles up after the fashion of the ones used by the sword swallows in our side-shows, and a red mark appears where it has touched the animal's skin, thus showing the audience that the matador has been successful. The horses and bull then run out of the ring uninjured.

THE TEREDO.

Curious and Destructive Worm That Digs Tunnels in Wood.

It was in 1731 that Holland narrowly escaped inundation along its coast because the timbers of the sea dikes in many parts were discovered to be quite unsound. The timely discovery of the real condition of the dikes saved the country from an awful catastrophe, the full extent of which was comprehended by only a few Dutchmen.

The timbers had been honeycombed by the teredo, or shipworm. This creature burrows into any wood immersed in sea water. It makes an entrance when young and digs channels along the grain of the wood, living and often dying in the timber. The worm grows in some localities to a length of twelve inches, its girth being one and a half inches, and the curious thing about its whiplike body is its exceeding tenderness. It cannot bear its own weight. It will break if subjected to any strain.

It will burrow straight along the grain of the wood unless turned aside by a knot or nail, and, no matter how many of these worms may be burrowing in the same piece of wood, they never run their channels into one another. By some marvelous instinct they keep clear of each other's preserves. We have seen a cross section of a log eighteen inches in diameter, and we counted no fewer than 800 distinct burrows.—Exchange.

His Wrong Lead.

Some forty years ago at Aldershot the camp was commanded by Sir James Yorke Scarlett, a Crimean veteran. On the occasion in question he was directing some sham fighting. In a manner then usual he was leading a line of skirmishers of one force against another many yards in front, as in earlier times he had led the heavy brigade at Balaclava against three times its numbers. To a soldier of the younger school it seemed a preposterous proceeding, and Sir Evelyn ventured to criticize it.

Sir James replied: "Young man, have I not ordered you twice to hold your tongue? If I like to lead my skirmishers, what the — is that to you?" Sir Evelyn replied, "Ten thousand pardons, sir, but it is the enemy's line in retreat you have been leading for the last ten minutes." He was shortsighted and did not wear glasses, so was unable to see the distinguishing mark, a sprig of heather worn in the shakos of the troops he was attacking.—Westminster Gazette.

Keeping on the Safe Side.

"Here," she said when they met after the judge had granted the decree for which she had prayed, "is the engagement ring you gave me. You may wish to use it again some time. Perhaps you would like my wedding ring also. It, too, may come in handy in the future."

"No; keep them," he replied. "I am afraid to accept them."
"Afraid! Why should you be afraid?"
"If I took them back I should not have to buy rings for the next lady, and the courts may find us guilty of combining in unreasonable restraint of trade."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Phenologist Right.

"This large bump running across the back of your head means that you are inclined to be curious to the point of recklessness."

"Right you are. I got that by sticking my head into an elevator shaft to see if the elevator was coming up, and it was coming down."—Houston Post.

Game For Her.

Mr. Knox—You don't want to meet Mrs. Gaybird, you say? Mrs. Knox—No; I pick my friends. Mr. Knox—Well, she's just the sort of woman you and your friends would like to pick to pieces.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Not Curious.

Doctor—What made that male kick you? Patient—I may look foolish, but I am not fool enough to go back and ask him.—Toledo Blade.

CALLED IN THE DOCTOR.

Then He and the Patient Found They Were Two of a Kind.

In the Metropolitan theater the house physician has a seat given him for each performance. He is supposed to be there every evening. Naturally there comes a time when the play begins to pall on him. One evening not long ago the stage manager of a local playhouse rushed down the aisle to the doctor's seat and whispered: "Come back at once. The leading lady has had an attack."

In the lady's dressing room all was confusion. "What'll we do, doc?" cried the stage manager.

"Have you poured water on her head?"

"Yes, a whole bucket, out of the one that says 'Not to be used except in case of fire.'"

"Then don't pour any more. I fear you have made a fatal mistake. Run out to the drug store and get this filed."

When they had run out the lady opened her eyes. "Doc," she gasped, "you're a good fellow, ain't you? I know you know there's nothing the matter with me. I want a day off, and I don't want to go on in this act. Can you fix it?"

"I sure can," he answered, wringing her hand sympathetically. "I ain't a doctor. I came in on his ticket. We'll fix it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ARMLESS PAINTERS.

Sarah Biffen, For Instance, Who Made Remarkable Miniatures.

Miss Sarah Biffen was a conspicuous example of the skill which armless people sometimes acquire in spite of their affliction. She was miniature painter to Queen Victoria, and her work was widely known for its beauty and delicacy.

She was born without arms, but as a girl, having a great wish to become an artist, she worked earnestly for years until she could paint by holding the brush in her teeth. In 1821, according to the Raja Yoga Messenger, the judges, without any knowledge of the means she was compelled to use, awarded her the gold medal of the Society of Arts, a prize sought by hundreds of others.

M. de Mentholon and Bertram Hiles were other artists who were deprived of the use of their arms. The former had only one foot, which he used to paint with.

Mr. Hiles lost both his arms in an accident, being run over by a street car when he was only eight years old and when he was just beginning to acquire skill in drawing. He spent two years in patient toil learning to draw by holding the pencil in his teeth, at the end of which time he won a first class certificate from a local art school.

An Antidote Handy.

The woman was the author of a cookbook that had been published at her request with wide margins and occasional blank pages for notes and additional recipes. Often she had expressed a wish to see an old copy of the book and find out to what use the blank spaces had been put. One day in a secondhand bookstore her husband unearthed an old volume. Noticing that it had been annotated freely, he bought it. After a day or two he said:

"How about the notes in that cookbook? Were they interesting?"

"No," she said curtly; "they didn't amount to anything."

When he got a chance he looked through the book himself. Every note the book contained was a remedy for dyspepsia and stomach trouble.—New York Times.

A Regular Sherlock Holmes.

Under the caption "A Triumph of Sense" "Jugend" tells this story: "In the lower court of a small town in Saxony William had served faithfully and well as attendant to the presiding judge for many years without ever having received any reward aside from his legal stipend. On the day of adjournment for the season, when visitors had retired, the judge, who was about to leave, asked, 'William, do you smoke? Seeing a square box under the judge's arm, he answered respectfully, 'Yes, your honor.' 'I knew it by the smell of your coat,' said the judge as he walked out."

First Title of "Vanity Fair."

Brighton, England, holds memories of Thackeray. It was while staying at the Old Ship that he commenced a novel which was to be called "Pencil Sketches of English Society." One night as he was lying in bed a better title suddenly occurred to him.

"I jumped out of bed," he told Miss Perry afterward, "and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, 'Vanity Fair; 'Vanity Fair; 'Vanity Fair.'"

Protection.

"I understand that you don't speak to your neighbors."

"Not any more than necessary," replied Mr. Groucher. "Of course they are the neighbors, but we also have a fine cook, and we don't care to have them get acquainted with her."—Washington Star.

Recompense.

Miss Passay—You have saved my life, young man. How can I repay you? How can I show my gratitude? Are you married? Young Man—Yes; some and be a cook for us.—Woman's Home Companion.

Chilly.

"Meet any icebergs on your way across?"

"No, but several of us tried to flirt with a Boston girl who was on board."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HIGH PRICED PEACHES.

The Ones They Had in London, Perhaps, but Not in New York.

They walked into the breakfast room at one of the big New York hotels on other day—flicky, precise and cautious. They had just returned from a tour of Europe and gave that agent the big talk at every chance.

"Have you no South African peaches?" they asked plaintively. "We have been stopping at the Savoy in London, and there were plenty of South African peaches."

The hotel manager was found. He hastened to the complaining ones. Certainly the hotel had South African peaches. They were imported especially for the hotel guests; came from the same peach orchard that the Savoy's peaches did. The faces of the traveled persons did not light up with joy and appreciation, as one would think.

"How much are they?" they asked with a singular timidity.

"Three dollars each," said the hotel manager. The traveled persons promptly protested. "But we only paid—\$2.50 for them at the Savoy," said they. The hotel manager expressed his regret at the overcharge. He said they might have them at the same price that they paid at the Savoy in London, and how many would they like to have?

"How, Alfred," said one of the plaintive traveled persons to the other plaintive traveled person, "let us buy—haw—one of those dear old fashioned breakfasts of ham and eggs."

"Right, old dear," said Alfred. The hotel manager went away grinning softly to himself. He had never had any peaches from South Africa.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

POSTAL PUZZLES.

They Were Easy Reading For Uncle Sam's Clever Officials.

A letter with the addressee's name roughly drawn on the envelope and the words "Baltimore, Md.," following, wasn't too great a puzzle for the man who decipher mail addresses for Uncle Sam. The letter was sent from Clarksburg, W. Va., by J. M. Crouch. When it reached the Baltimore post office the postmaster said it had to be delivered. Several of the experts were puzzling over how that trick could be turned when the mail carrier in west district a big hotel is walked up to a group around the mail holding the letter and said, "Why, that's Sam Hoover, chief clerk of the — hotel." And it was for Sam, who opened it and learned that his friend wished to engage a room for that night. Was Crouch arrived at the hotel the room was ready for him.

About twenty years ago a European peasant mailed on the other side of the Atlantic a letter the envelope of which bore this sort of address:

HANS SIEGLICH,
First House in America.

It was easy for New York postoffice men, the first house in America to immigrants being Castle Garden, when they were then received. In Castle Garden Hans was found without delay.—New York Press.

Soluble Glass.

In 1818 a German professor stumbled upon the discovery of soluble glass, which he made from silica with soda and potash combined. This is now extensively used for rendering wood work incombustible and marble and plaster secure against atmospheric agents, as a vehicle for mineral colors, in a kind of fresco painting to be exposed to the weather, in the manufacture of artificial stone and in the composition of fireproof cements for stoves, etc.

About thirty years ago it was discovered that glass might be rendered exceedingly hard by dipping it in acid when at a certain degree of temperature. The particles, however, seem to be put in a state of high tension, and the whole may suddenly fly into a thousand pieces.

The Romany Rye.

The first notice of gypsies which occurs in European literature is from the pen of an Austrian monk about 1122. They are described by him in very uncomplimentary terms as "maelices and brasiers, who go peddling through the wide world, having neither house nor home, cheating the people with their tricks and deceiving mankind, but not openly." Having got a bad name, they seem to have been in the middle ages treated everywhere with systematic harshness. In England the most barbarous decrees against them were issued, even as late as the days of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.—London Globe.

Well Qualified.

Father—Well, my son, you have got your commission and are prepared to join your regiment and fight for the glory of our country. Do you think you have the necessary qualifications? Young Officer—Well, I should think so. I am the champion long distance runner of our club.—London Mail.

Virtue.

Virtue consists in making desire subordinate to duty, passion to principle. The pillars of character are modesty, temperance, chastity, simplicity, self control. Its method is self denial.

Too Risky.

"We should close our eyes to the snail things in life."
"Too risky. I tried that once and slipped on a banana peel."—Washington Herald.

A man should be upright, not bent to be kept straight.—Marcus Aurelius.