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A Household Medicine

That stops coughs quickly and cures colds is Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Mrs. Anna Felzer, 2526 Jefferson St., So. Omaha, Neb., says: "I can recommend Foley's Honey and Tar Compound as a sure cure for coughs and colds. It cured my daughter of a bad cold and my neighbor, Mrs. Benson, cured herself and her whole family with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Everyone in our neighborhood speaks highly of it." Chas. I. Clough Co.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets do not sicken or gripe, and may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate woman or the youngest child. The old and feeble will also find them a most suitable remedy for aiding and strengthening their weakened digestion and for regulating the bowels. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

For pains in the side or chest dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Liniment and bind it over the seat of pain. There is nothing better. For sale by Lamar's drug store.

HUNTED BY A WALRUS.

The Big Bull Got Quite Sociable Before He Was Done For.

In George Borup's "A Tenderfoot With Peary" appears an exciting incident of walrus hunting. During a raid upon a herd of fifty walrus asleep on a pan "it was blowing some, and the choppy waves made the shooting look as if the guns had spiral barrels." The ineffective target practice produced these hair raising developments a few seconds later: "Suddenly a giant bull rose out of the water just along side of Wesharkoups. He threw his harpoon, but as the barb came off he might as well have heaved a lead pencil. The walrus gave a derisive grunt, dived, and a second later shot out of the water on the other side, deluged us with liquid and came down slap bang on the gunwale of the boat opposite me.

"By this time Wesharkoups was high in the air and out for an altitude record. Instead of throwing his harpoon he threw his soul into his yells and just spat in the brute's face. The other huskies were trying to back water or hit him over the head with the oars, nearly sideswiping me and incidentally short circuiting their cussing at Wesharkoups, the walrus and everything in general.

"All this time the walrus was sitting alongside of me, asking if there were any more at home like Wesharkoups. It was easier to pull his whiskers or smash his mug with my fist than shoot. If I held the gun to my shoulder the muzzle would stick beyond his head, so, firing from the hip, I gave him the entente cordiale."

GETTING THE FACTS.

His Second Story Probably Differed From the First One.

Long experience as a consulting attorney has given Mr. Mooney a judicial habit of mind. He never accepts the facts at par value, but always leads those facts into the rear office and drops acid in their eyes. The other day a friend rushed in, warm and red.

"Mooney," said the friend excitedly, "I've been insulted. Hinks just met me and called me all sorts of names. We've had trouble over that partition matter, you know. He said I was a pettifogger and a thief and a scoundrel and a perjurer and a wire haired thug."

"Um!" said Mr. Mooney, sitting farther down in his chair and looking at the speaker over his glasses. "Um! And what do you propose to do about it?"

"What do I propose to do about it? Why, I was so astounded at the moment that I could make no reply at all. But, now that I have somewhat recovered myself, I have determined to go down to Hinks' office and knock his block off. I'll beat him to a quivering froth."

"Um!" said Mr. Mooney, slipping down a notch. "Um! So would I if any one called me the names that Hinks called you. But before you go suppose you sit down with me for a moment."

The indignant friend took a chair. "Now," said Mooney, dangling his eyeglasses, "what are the facts in the case?"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

No Caste In Snores.

The cause and cure of snoring concern all classes, says the London Chronicle. We have record that both the house of lords and the workhouse have suffered from it. There was a former Duke of Norfolk who fell into the habit of sleeping audibly in the lords, and it happened that he was hard at it on one occasion when a bill concerning the parish of Great Snoring, in Norfolk, came before the house. The roar of laughter with which the bill's title was greeted awakened the duke and relieved his fellow peers. At the other end of the social scale we have the poor law commission minority's commendation of the ingenious workhouse master who divided the old men at night so that the snorers and the deaf men slept in one ward and the rest in another.

Johnnie Knew.

A teacher in an uptown school was giving her small charges a lesson in politeness the other day. "Now, when," said she, "should you say 'Excuse me, please?'" There was a moment's silence, then a very small boy put up his hand. "Well, Johnnie?" "Please, ma'am, you should say 'Excuse me, please,' when you sneeze at the table and don't turn away your head quick enough."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fish and Brain.

The saying that fish is the best brain food comes of an old long tongue windbag years ago saying: "Thought is impossible without phosphorus." So a Swiss chemist, knowing that fish contained phosphorus, put two and two together, and brought forth a saying that will never die.

She Knew All Right.

"You don't know what that's a picture of, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lapsing in a tone of reproach. "You ought to read your ancient history more. That is the temple of Diah at Emphasis."—Chicago Tribune.

Usually the Case.

The husband may be boss of his own house, but his wife usually conceals the fact from his knowledge until he forgets about it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, the last duty well done.

LAUGHTER.

How It Has Been Defined and Some Folks Who Never Tried It.

What is laughter?—An American humorist has called it "an undignified widening of the human mouth, accompanied by a noise resembling a cough in the effort to avoid swallowing a chestnut."

"Laughter," says Professor Sir Charles Bell, "is a convulsive action of the diaphragm. In this state the person draws a full breath and throws it out in interrupted short and audible expirations. This convulsion of the diaphragm is the principal part of the physical manifestation of laughter."

"But there are several accessories, especially the sharp vocal utterance arising from the violent tension of the larynx and the expression of the features, this being a more intense form of the smile. In extreme cases the eyes are moistened by the effusion from the lacrimal glands."

There are some people who cannot laugh, who are wholly unable to enjoy either the physical or the mental luxury of a laugh. Thus it was said of William III, that he was utterly at a loss to understand what could be got out of laughter except loss of dignity. There are many persons in history who have been, according to common report, incapable of laughter. Queen Mary I, John Knox, Robespierre and Maitke are examples. The Iron Duke himself rarely, if ever, went beyond a grunt.—Strand Magazine.

STRENUOUS MUSIC.

A Story They Tell of Strauss' Ability as a Conductor.

"The late Thomas Wentworth Higginson," said a Harvard instructor, "loved music, but not the extremely technical music of Richard Strauss, Ravel and others of that type."

"Concerning Strauss and his banging, crashing music, Colonel Higginson used to tell a story."

"He said that Strauss went one summer on a hunting trip in the mountains. It chanced that on a certain afternoon a terrific thunderstorm descended on the hunting party. Amid ear-splitting thunder and blinding lightning, amid deluges of rain whipped by a roaring wind, the huntsmen all sought shelter."

"Where, though, was Strauss?"

"Three friends set out in alarm to look for him. They feared that in the wild chaos of the storm he had fallen down a precipice. After a long while they found him. They found him doing—what do you suppose?"

"Strauss stood bareheaded on the summit of a lofty crag. The lightning played about him in vivid violet flashes; the rain deluged him; the thunder rolled and rumbled around him; the roaring wind flapped his coat-tails about his head, and the musician, a ramrod in his hand, was busily engaged on his high crag in conducting the thunderstorm!"—Washington Star.

Wanted—Two Good Murderers.

Some curious letters passed between Garrick and a man named Stone. The latter was employed to get recruits for the low parts of the drama, and one night he wrote to Garrick, "Sir, the bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear and swears he will not play tonight."

At first sight this seems peculiar conduct for a bishop, but it should be explained that the communication only refers to the man engaged to take that character in the play of "Henry VIII."

On another occasion Garrick wrote to Stone: "If you can get me two good murderers I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple stall on Tower hill. The cut in his face is just the thing. Pick me up an alderman or two for 'Richard' if you can, and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely mayor."

All Broke.

"Is your father in?" the man with the raised asked.

"No," the boy at the front door said; "he's away somewhere breakin' a yearlin' colt."

"Is your mother in?"

"No; she's out in the barn breakin' an old hen of settin'."

"You have an older brother, haven't you?"

"Yes, but he's layin' down upstairs tryin' to break up a cold."

"Well, can't I sell you some patent clothespins?"

"Me? No; I'm broke."—Chicago Tribune.

Strangely Interesting.

"What a strangely interesting face your friend the poet has," gurgled the maiden of forty. "It seems to possess all the elements of happiness and sorrow, each struggling for supremacy."

"Yes, he looks to me like a man who was married and didn't know it," growled the cynical bachelor.—Philadelphia Record.

Agreed.

"I'd give anything almost if I had Mrs. Toner's savoir faire."

"I think it much more patriotic to own an American made car."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Like Unto It.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" and also stop talking about yourself now and then and say a few kind words about him.—Norfolk Ledger Dispatch.

Natural Class.

"The man who makes such an allegation against me is a reptile."

"Well, naturally he is an alligator."—Baltimore American.

Ignorance is the primary source of all misery and vice.—Quintan.

TOMB IN A TOWER.

A Remarkable Edifice, the Whim of a Wealthy Tea Planter.

Near the well known seaport of Southampton, England, there is a remarkable edifice known as Peteren's tower. The erection is all the more singular because it marks the burying place of a certain John Peteren, a wealthy tea planter.

The man appears to have been rather an eccentric individual, and in order to prove to the world his belief in concrete as a building material he about the construction of this great tower. The building took many years to complete, but is entirely of concrete and by the time the final layer had been placed had reached an altitude of more than 200 feet. It is almost forty years since the tower was erected, and its present condition is certainly a justification of the faith of the builder.

As has been indicated, Peteren left instructions that his body should be placed under the tower, and this was accordingly carried out. Another desire that the chamber at the summit should contain a light was defeated by the firm stand which Trinity House, the lighthouse authority, took on the matter. Such an illumination would have been visible for miles to sea and would naturally have proved very misleading to sailors.—Scientific American.

PULLING THE COURT'S LEG.

A Practice the English Judge Did His Best to Discourage.

The following remarkable judgment was delivered some years ago by a magistrate in one of the English colonies:

"Pachua is hereby charged with having on the 11th of January followed the court on its rising and while said court was in the act of mounting into its buggy came from behind and, pulling the court's dangling leg, the other foot being on the step, forcibly pulled back the court, frightened the horse and nearly caused an accident. The reason alleged for this by accused is that he wanted to hear the result of an application of his. The practice by petitioners of pulling the courts by the legs is one that should be discouraged. Accused only says he is a poor man, admitting the truth of the complaint. He is sentenced to one month's rigorous imprisonment."

Strange to relate, the lieutenant governor of the province on reading this sentence felt it necessary to intimate to the magistrate that neither the sentence itself nor the peculiar phraseology in which it was couched was calculated to meet with approval from minds running in legal grooves.

Berne and Its Bears.

Berne is surrounded by the blue green river Aare, and seven bridges cross into the picturesque suburbs; the view of the Alps is one of the finest to be had. One may walk through the streets of Berne, writes an American visitor, and find constant surprises. The odd fountains will be observed with interest. They were mostly built in the sixteenth century. There are a number of public institutions worth a visit—the historical museum, museum of industry and the museums of art and nature; several libraries and the public gardens, which contain the grand bear pit so universally known, to say nothing of the quaint gates and the headquarters of the Postal administration. Bears have been kept on public exhibition in Berne since 1480 in commemoration of the killing of one by the Duke of Zabrigen on the site of the town.

When the Guitar Arrived.

The advent of the English guitar in the eighteenth century caused the disappearance of bandorees, polipiantas and similar wire strung instruments, rather, it supplanted them, for, owing to the use of fingers, the English guitar, though smaller, could be used for accompanying the voice as well as for solo performances. The instrument, which had a decorative appearance, frequently depicted in the portraits of the eighteenth century. It was made in various sizes, two of the smaller "to be managed by young ladies from seven to ten years of age, the other by ladies of ten and upward."

Fish Delusions.

There are two popular delusions about fish—one that they cannot get out of water and the other that they can live in any pure water. As a matter of fact, there are fish in abundance which, having to exist in absolutely dry rivers for a portion of the year, have developed lungs, while in water an amateur's aquarium fish cannot live in the water provided owing to lack of food.

Suspicious.

"Very suspicious man, they say."

"Very. Bought a dictionary every week, and now he's counting the words to see if it contains as many as the publishers claim."

True Courage.

True courage has so little to do with anger that there lies always the strongest suspicion against it when this passion is highest. True courage is cool and calm.

Cheerful.

"She's of a very cheerful disposition, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed. She even sings while washing dishes."—Detroit Free Press.

There are few things more common than to cover with so much verbiage a simple case as its own insufficiency.—Quintan.

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