

ALTTED THE FIGHT.

mor Proved the Victor In the Duel at the Spout.

TALE OF OLD TIME POLITICS

Colonel Fitzhugh's Chivalry in Scoring with Whigs and Democrats Won Him Challenge, and the Weapons He Selected Averted the Meeting.

A book long out of print a contributor to the New York Sun has had a tale of old Maryland politics which shows that, the knight of La Mancha to the contrary notwithstanding, an almost extravagant ideal chivalrous conduct is not incompatible with a keen sense of humor.

Colonel Fitzhugh of Calvert county was a pattern of generosity and nobility of character. He was once a candidate for office. In those days it was the custom for rival candidates to camp the county together and speak on the same platform.

On a certain occasion Colonel Fitzhugh and his opponent were to speak at a joint debate. When the day came the rival did not appear. The people assembled and grew impatient. Finally Colonel Fitzhugh, taking out his watch and glancing at it, got up and delivered his speech. In it he took the liberties that a gentleman of the Democratic party might take with big principles and closed amid prolonged cheers.

As he was concluding he received a message that the rival candidate was critically ill. Colonel Fitzhugh looked up for a representative of the Whig party who might take the place of the sick man, but could not discover one.

Finally the colonel rose again with an announcement that he believed in the play. He said that as his opponent could not be there to reply to the arguments that he himself had advanced and as there was nobody of political faith to take his place he would himself deliver a speech for the sick man. He added that he would keep his watch open before him to see that he gave just as much time to his opponent's cause as he had given to his own.

He then began. If he had scored the Whigs he now sacrificed the Democrats. If the Whigs had been men of spoken promises, of smirched reputations, tricksters and rogues, the Democrats were now liars, thieves and murderers.

From the Whig point of view the address was masterly. But among his partisans there were some who refused to see that the colonel was doing anything chivalrous and who were unable to appreciate the real humor of the situation.

One Democrat in particular, whose name tradition has not handed down, was much offended. The next morning he sent his seconds to the colonel with a challenge. As no explanation would satisfy him, the colonel reluctantly named his seconds, who accepted the challenge. The Spout—a team of water that gushed from the side of a hill on St. Leonard's creek—was selected as the place of the duel. The time appointed was the following morning at 8 o'clock.

When the challenger and his seconds came up to the Spout a little before 8 o'clock they found the colonel and his seconds, but could see nothing that looked like weapons of any kind. On the beach near the Spout, however, there was a big iron kettle steaming away over a fire that was being industriously fed with cordwood by two of the colonel's darkies.

"Where are the weapons?" demand one of the challenger's seconds. "Colonel Fitzhugh, as the challenged party, has the right to select the weapons," was the reply. "They will be produced at the proper time." When the seconds agreed that the place for the duel had come Colonel Fitzhugh approached the pot, holding his hands behind him. The challenger, advancing in turn, demanded to know what the weapons were to be.

"Mr. Blank," said the colonel, "the ammunition is in the pot. The weapons are behind my back. This pot contains boiling pea soup. Here are two ladies. I propose to give you one of them, and I will keep the other. I propose that you take your stand on the other side of the pot and that you eat hot pea soup at each other until you or the other has had enough."

"But this is ridiculous, sir, ridiculous," exclaimed the other. "Not more ridiculous, sir," gently reiterated Colonel Fitzhugh. "than our quarrel with me!" The other saw the point, and they shook hands.

Father Was Neglected. At first David did not like to have his teeth brushed. His father said to him one evening when the three-year-old struggled more than usual against the sanitary performance of his mother: "David, I wish my mamma had brushed my teeth when I was a little boy. I would not have lost any then." "Don't you wish your mamma had brushed your hair?" was David's thoughtful reply, with a look toward papa's bald head.—Exchange.

A Delicate Compliment. "My new gown received a very strong compliment the other day." "How was that?" "The proprietor of a restaurant I went into asked me to sit near the window; said it would tend tone to his new."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

High aims form high characters, and great objects bring out great minds.—Toward

A POET'S GUARDIAN.

Paludan-Muller's Fierce Little Wife Kept Him Secluded.

The famous poet of Denmark, Paludan-Muller, was closely guarded in his later years by an eccentric wife, greatly his senior. Of her preposterous oddity, writes Edmund Gosse in "Two Visits to Denmark," stories were everywhere current in Copenhagen. She kept him as much as she possibly could from all intercourse with the outer world. During a visit to Copenhagen the host of Mr. Gosse decided to invite the poet to dine, and his daughter and guest were sent on a mission to invite him.

If we could secure him for a night convenient to him, writes Mr. Gosse, all that was brightest and best in Copenhagen was to be constrained to come too. But fortune was against us. If we had found him alone it is possible that success might have crowned our efforts. When we arrived with our dinner invitation on our lips we were damped by being told the poet had gone out for a walk, but that Mrs. Paludan-Muller would receive us. The fierce little lady, in fact, closed our retreat by peeping round the edge of the door and commanding us to enter. Miss Aline Fog, overwhelmed by the event, lost her presence of mind and blurted out the invitation, which it would have been wiser to suppress.

The answer came at once: "Impossible, my dear lady, impossible! I could not sanction it. Mr. Paludan-Muller is weak; he is good natured; he is only too ready to go into society. It is my privilege to prevent it. I say to him: 'You are too delicate, my dear, to mix with others. You must positively consider your health.'"

Miss Fog feebly asked whether the poet might not himself be appealed to, "such old friends; so small a party; so early an hour!" The lady was quite obdurate, however. "I could not trust him with your message. He is so weak, so good natured. His place is at home with me. I do not wish to dine abroad. Why should he?"

MONSTER ICEBERGS.

One Five Miles in Length Grounded at Cape Race in 1884.

The first glimpse of icebergs is likely to bring disappointment to one who has feasted his imagination upon descriptions of their ponderous bulk and imperturbable demeanor. The glistening white, marble-like blocks dotting the blue expanse to the horizon seem too small to be guilty of the disasters charged against them. They do not seem capable of causing the shipwrecks and suffering that lie at the bottom of the universal homage paid them by the mariner.

As one approaches them they gain in grandeur and impressiveness. They range from 50 to 300 feet in height, and one that rose above the water to an elevation of 836 feet has been recorded. They vary in length and breadth, bergs a mile long and a quarter to a half mile wide being not uncommon. It is reported that one which was five miles in length ran aground in 1884 on Cape Race, and persons from the headlands of St. John's saw one three miles in length pass that point in 1893. One nearly five miles long was seen off the coast of Labrador in 1905, and in April, 1892, observers in the neighborhood of Notre Dame bay, on the northeast coast of Newfoundland, saw one which is said to have been nine miles long and more than half a mile in width and 200 feet high. A similar one is reported to have been passed by the steamer Portia off Cape Fogo, Newfoundland, five years later.

Curious characteristics are seen sometimes when approaching an iceberg in the neighborhood of the gulf stream. It will be bearded with icicles formed from the dripping of the monster itself, and occasionally a cataract will be seen pouring from its crest into the sea, the source of which is a small lake formed on the top by the sun's rays and fog.—New York Tribune.

Only Made It Worse.

Harry was taken out to dinner for the first time in his life. His mother kept him at her side because his mother is a wise woman. But he acted like a perfect little gentleman until the dessert course. Then his mother found occasion to reprove him. "Harry," she exclaimed in such a loud whisper that everybody at the table could hear it, "what do you mean by wiping your spoon on your napkin? You never do that at home." "No, mamma," answered Harry in an even louder whisper, "but at home we always get clean spoons."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Alexandrite.

Don't think that your knowledge of wonder gems is complete till you have seen in all its beauty an alexandrite, green by day and red by night. And such a green-olive bronze, with a potent suggestion that red is there; green when held in the sunlight; in a darkened room with artificial light a ruby where the emerald was a moment before—a tawny wine red of exquisite tone.

Quite Satisfactory.

An old colored barber is responsible for this gem: When asked if he favored the abolition of capital punishment he replied: "No, sah, I don't. Capital punishment was good enough fo' my fo'fathers, an' it's good enough fo' me."—Boston Transcript.

Shut.

"Willie, didn't I tell you to shut that shutter?" said Mrs. Hoggas. "The shutter's shut," replied Willie, "and I can't shut it any shutter."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PICTURES IN THE CAPITOL.

Reed's Caustic Comment on His Portrait in the House Gallery.

Among the most interesting features of the capitol at Washington are the numerous paintings of departed statesmen and events of importance in our national history. In the wide gallery back of the house of representatives are portraits of the various speakers of the house. The likeness of each speaker is hung in this hall of fame upon his retirement from office.

The portrait of every speaker can be found there, with but one exception. The missing face is that of Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina, who was speaker from 1801 to 1807. Macon was a modest, unassuming man of simple manners, attired always in the coarse homespun of the day, although an exceptionally able official. A lover of horses and cattle, he entered the pedigree of his own blooded stock in his family Bible. Macon never posed for his picture. Although every effort has been made to discover a portrait of him, the search has been without avail.

A service of barely five minutes in the speaker's chair won for one man a space on the wall of this gallery. Schuyler Colfax, speaker of the house, was elected vice president and took the oath of office on the 4th of March, 1869. On the morning of that day Colfax resigned the speakership, and Theodore M. Pomeroy of New York was elected speaker for the remaining few minutes of the session.

The picture of Thomas B. Reed was painted during the last year of his term of office. When it was shown to him he looked at it closely. He noticed the protruding lips, the florid complexion, the heavy, flabby cheeks and massive neck.

His eyelids partly closed and his countenance grew cold. Slowly and with his inimitable drawl he commented:

"I hope that my dearest enemy is satisfied now."

Then with an expression of irony on his countenance he turned and left the room. Of the many portraits from life in the capitol the most valuable is one of the Gilbert Stuart pictures of Washington. There are two portraits of Washington by Stuart. One of these Stuart portraits of Washington cost the government \$5,000. This is the most expensive portrait in the capitol. However, other pictures in the building have been infinitely more expensive—for instance, the great "Battle of Lake Erie," at the turn of the senate staircase, showing Commodore Perry leaving his flagship at the height of the battle, cost \$30,000.

These pictures in the capitol are frequently cleaned, restored and re-framed. For this purpose the pictures are removed from their frames. Great pads of blotting paper are spread out on the surface prepared for the operation. These blotting pads are then thoroughly soaked with oil. The picture is laid with its back on the pads while weights are placed on its face. The oil is slowly absorbed by the picture, and the colors gradually brighten up.—Chicago Tribune.

Fully Assimilated.

Ray S. Baker, the author, in an argument on immigration cited the marvelous speed wherewith the immigrant family, be it German or French or what not, becomes assimilated into the national life.

"An instance of this assimilation occurs to me," he said. "I know a worthy Neapolitan, one Paoli Cenci, who came to this country three years ago. Paoli's little son, Francesco, an American citizen of seven, looked up from his schoolbooks the other evening to ask: "'Say, pa, what year was it you Italians discovered us?'"—Exchange.

A Blow to Carlyle.

When the first volume of Carlyle's masterpiece, "The French Revolution," was finished, it was sent to his great friend, John Stuart Mill, for him to read, but by some extraordinary accident Mill's servant used the manuscript to light the fire.

Carlyle had kept no notes and could scarcely recall a sentence of what he had written. Nevertheless he set to work again, although thoroughly disheartened, and after two more years of hard and laborious work the manuscript was for the second time completed.

Tam o' Shanter's Inn.

Every visitor to Ayr, Scotland, should see the little Tam o' Shanter inn, with its simple front and great lamp hanging over the sidewalk. Here opened the scene which Robert Burns has immortalized in his poem "Tam o' Shanter." Tam had spent a very convivial evening at the inn, and when he finally started home on his gray mare, Meg, he was in a rather foggy frame of mind. A terrific storm was raging, and on the way he was haunted by ghosts, who ended his earthly career.

Too Sensitive to Give Up.

"Will you promise," she anxiously asked, "not to do anything desperate if I say it can never be?" "Yes," he replied. "I think a man's a fool who goes to the bad because a girl refuses to love him." "Then I will be yours."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Make Use of Time.

Know the true value of time. Snatch, seize and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastinations. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.—Chesterfield.

Patience is bitter, but its fruits are sweet.—Romeo.

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