

BOTTLE GOODS.

- Pebbleford, bottled in bond, per bottle \$1.50
Clarke's Pure Rye, bottled in bond, per bottle 1.25
G. Crow, bottled in bond, per bottle 1.50
Hermitage, bottled in bond, per bottle 1.50
Cyrus Noble, 3 Crown 1.50
O. T. O., bottled in bond, per bottle 1.25
Kentucky Dew, 1/2 gal. bottled in bond 2.15
Kentucky Dew, full pint, bottled in bond 75
John Dewar & Sons, Old Scotch Whiskey 1.50
Black & White, Old Scotch Whiskey 1.75
V. O. P., Old Scotch Whiskey 1.50
Sandy Macdonald's Old Scotch Whiskey 1.75
Hunter Baltimore, Rye Scotch Whiskey 1.50
Canadian Club 1.50
I. W. Harper 1.00
Harvester Old Style 1.00
Monogram 1.00
Kentucky Dew 1.00
Billie Taylor, full quart 1.25
Coronet Dry Gin, per bottle 1.00
A. V. H. Gin, per bottle 1.75
Gordon Sloe Gin, per bottle 1.75
Gordon Dry Gin, per bottle 1.25
Rock and Rye, per bottle 1.40
El Bart Gin 1.25
Virginia Dare Wine, per bottle 75c
Port Wine, per quart 35c.

- Sherry Wine 35c
Angelica Wine 35c
Zinfandel Wine, per quart 35c
Tokay, per quart 40c
Claret, per quart 25c
White Grape Juice 75c
Local Beer, quart, 3 bottles for 50c
Domestic Beer, qt., 3 bottles for 75c.

Special Prices for Family Trade.

- Keg Beer, 15 gallons \$5.75
Keg Beer, 10 gallons 4.00
Local bottle Beer, 6 doz. quarts 10.00
Local bottle Beer, 10 doz. pints 11.00

Domestic Beers.

- Budwiser Beer, 6 doz. quarts \$15.00
Budwiser Beer, 10 dozen pints 18 10
Old style Lauger Beer, 10 doz pt 11.00

WINES.

- White Port, Old Monk Brand, \$1.00 per gal
Port Wine, 1.00 per gal
Sherry, 1.00 per gal
Claret, 75c. per gal
Angelica, 1.00 per gal
Zinfandel, 1.25 per gal
Tokay, 1.25 per gal.

WHISKEYS.

- Monogram, per gal. \$5.00
White Corn Whiskey, per gal. 4.00
Harvester Old Style, per gal. 4.25
McBrayer, 13 years old, per gal. 6.00
Echo Spring, per gal. 4.25
Chestnut Grove Rye, per gal. 2.75
Kentucky Dew, per gal. 2.25
Alcohol, per gal. 4.00
Cornet Dry Gin, per gal. 4.00

BILLY STEPHENS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER, COR. 1st and 1st AVENUE E

SIDNEY E. HENDERSON, President. JOHN LELAND HENDERSON, Secretary-Treas. Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.

Tillamook Title and Abstract Company (INCORPORATED).

Law: Abstracts: Real Estate Surveying; Insurance.

BOTH PHONES. TILLAMOOK, OREGON

When you ask for Cyrus Noble the dealer knows that you know good whiskey.

It costs you the same as any other good whiskey. W. J Van Schuyver Co., Portland, Or

THORN & PARSONS Are now open for Business.

SIGNS--SHOW CARDS--DECORATING HOUSE PAINTING. ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN. Both Phones.

Make the Home Look Cheery. A 15 Watt Mazda Lamp

On your front porch can be lit every night until midnight and registers not over fifty cents per month on the meter. TILLAMOOK ELECTRIC LIGHT AND FUEL COMPANY. WILL SPALDING, Manager.

Tillamook Baker's Bread Sold at All Grocers.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County. Department No. 2.

B. Hill, Plaintiff, vs. Frederick Briody, John Krebs, W. G. Willett, Geo. G. Willett, Oscar Lion, Carl Johnson, Chas. P. N. Ison, W. G. Dwight, E. R. Beale, H. C. Ellis, J. J. Gee, Louise P. Lockwood and H. B. Lockwood, J. F. Jenkins, Defendants.

To the defendant, J. J. Gee: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause, on or before the Sixth day of March, 1913, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint herein, to wit:

That the mortgage described in plaintiff's complaint be foreclosed and that the premises described in said complaint be sold to satisfy the same, and that the proceeds of sale be applied in payment of the amount unpaid and owing to the plaintiff on said mortgage and the notes secured thereby, to-wit: the sum of Sixteen Hundred Forty (\$1,640) Dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of Seven per cent per annum from the 14th day of May, 1911, and that you be barred and foreclosed of all rights, claim, or equity of redemption in said premises and every part thereof; and that plaintiff recover his costs and disbursements incurred herein.

That this summons is served upon you by publication in the Tillamook Headlight, by order of Hon. Wm. Galloway, the Judge of the above named Court, dated on the 13th day of January, 1913, the first publication to be on the 2nd of January, 1913, and you are required to appear and answer on or before the sixth day of March, 1913.

JAS. G. HELTZEL, Attorney for Plaintiff.

OLD I.W. HARPER WHISKEY. "Tall Oaks From Little Acorns Grow" Fifty years ago I.W. HARPER was but little known outside the Old Kentucky State. Today its fame is world-wide. You find it everywhere. SOLD HERE BY E. F. LAUGHLIN, Tillamook, Ore.

HARNESS with the problem of buying Harness you will find it distinctly advantageous to come and do your selecting here. You will get the best qualities, the most thorough and conscientious workmanship and be charged the most reasonable prices. We can supply single or double Sets or any single article that you may be in need of. W. A. Williams & Co. Next Door to Tillamook County Bank

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REUNITED

A Kidnaping Leads to a Happy Christmas.

By ANDREW D. MORTON.

I have a faint recollection of stockings hanging to the mantel, a lovely face over my crib and a lady taking me up and kissing me passionately. I remember distinctly that she was weeping. Then she put me down on my pillow, and I went to sleep.

This is all I remember of a Christmas for many years. I was brought up by my father and had no knowledge of my mother. The Christmas season, which was so enjoyable to other children, never brought happiness to me. As it approached my father grew gloomy, and I was sent away to spend Christmas day at some other home.

When I became old enough to wonder why I did not have a mother like other boys I wished to know, yet dreaded to ask.

One day—it was the last day of study before Christmas, when I was eight years old, coming from school—a carriage drew up at the curb beside me, the door opened and a lady beckoned to me to come to her. I did so, and, taking my hand, she gave me a very sweet smile and drew me into the carriage. Then she shut the door and ordered the coachman to drive on. Her expression was so lovable and loving that I had no fear.

The streets were full of shoppers making their last purchases before Christmas. There were children peering into the windows at the display of toys, which were already beginning to be lighted artificially. Sitting by the lady, remembering the many dull Christmas days I had spent and another dull one before me, I felt a comfort, a pleasure, I had never experienced before. How I wished that she could go home with me to make a Christmas for me! She, too, seemed to me to be thinking of the same thing. She said nothing to me, only held my hand in hers, I longed to throw my arms about her neck and ask her if she would not be my mother.

It was between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon when I was taken up, and as it was winter, when the days are short, it soon began to grow dark. "I'm afraid," I said to the lady, "that papa will be worried about me. He always expects me to go home direct from school."

The only response I received was a pressure of the hand she held. In a few moments I said again, "I think I will get out here and go home."

She replied to this by putting her arm about my waist. There was something in the act that indicated an intention on her part to prevent my leaving her. For the first time it occurred to me that I was being kidnaped. I thought of my father waiting for me and wondering why I did not come home, and this troubled me, but it did not occur to me that I should meet with any harm at the hands of the lady.

Presently the carriage drew up in front of a dwelling house. The lady got out and, still holding my hand, drew me after her. She took me up to the house and into a pretty room where a bright fire was blazing on a hearth.

"You are very kind," I said, "to take me to ride and bring me to your home, but I'm sure papa will be troubled about me. Unless I'm to go home at once I think you had better let me send a message to him. Have you a telephone?"

She thought a moment, then said: "Certainly. Telephone by all means."

She took me to the telephone, looked in the address book, found my father's number and instructed the central office to call it up. Then when the connection was effected she placed a stool before the phone and handed me the receiver, standing beside me as I talked.

"Is that you, papa?" I asked. My father was evidently relieved to hear my voice and asked me at once what had happened and where I was. I told him that a beautiful lady whom I had never seen before had taken me to drive and then to her home.

"Tell him," said the lady, "that you are to spend Christmas with me."

I did as she bid me and added, at her request, that she intended to make us some slight atonement for the many Christmas that I had been deprived of the pleasures common to other children.

There was silence for a few moments. Then my father asked me to describe the lady. I did so, and he asked me if I could give him the street and number, but I could do neither. Then the lady told me to say to him that she was Cornelia; that I would be carefully guarded and he needn't worry about me at all. Then she hung up the receiver and led me back into the room with the fire on the hearth.

Now, the name Cornelia at once arrested my attention. A year before when I had entered the third grade at school my father had brought down a desk from the garret for my use. I was to keep my books and papers in it, and it was to be my study desk in the evening. In clearing it out I had looked over several old papers that were in it, and in one I had seen this name Cornelia. More than this, the contents of the paper had impressed me. I could not remember the name signed to it, but it was a woman's name. She was

evidently very ill and very patient about some sin she had committed.

Now that my father knew I was safe I sat down on a sofa beside the lady and before the cheerful fire. She put her arms about me and rested her cheek against mine. I was very happy.

"So you are Cornelia," I said. "What do you know about Cornelia?" she asked quickly. "Have you heard your father speak of me?"

"No, papa never mentioned the name. I saw it on a paper—a letter, I think."

"What paper? What letter?" "One I found in a desk papa had the butler bring down from the garret for me to use for a home school desk."

"What was written on the paper?" "Somebody was very sorry for something she had done to Cornelia. She said she was very sick."

"Who was very sick?" "Why, the person who wrote the letter."

"Who wrote it?" "I can't remember the name."

The lady asked the last few questions feverishly. She eagerly asked another. Would I know the name if I heard it? I replied that I thought I would. Then she asked if it was Amy.

"Yes," I replied; "that's it, Amy."

The lady gave me a fierce hug, then asked tremblingly what I had done with the letter. I told her that I had put all the papers I had found in the desk together and given them to the housekeeper to put away.

"Come with me," said the lady. "I wish you to tell your father something." She drew me to the telephone, called up my father, then, placing me in position to talk, told me what to say.

"Papa, ask Mrs. Crimmins for the papers I took out of my desk. You will find one among them signed Amy, with something in it about Cornelia. I will hold the wire till I hear from you."

I heard a click and knew that my father had gone to do as I had indicated. Cornelia awaited another call with feverish anxiety. Ten minutes had not elapsed when there was a ring. Then I heard my father's voice saying: "I have read Amy's letter. Since all is explained I see no reason why your location should remain a secret. Tell the lady that if you give it to me I will come to join you immediately."

I received permission to give the street and number, and within twenty minutes there was a sharp ring at the doorbell. My father entered. He and the lady stood, regarding each other for a few moments; then he knelt before her and said: "Forgive me."

He rose, and they were clasped in each other's arms.

But I, having no mind to be left out of these transports, running up to them, said: "Won't you take me in too?"

My father took me up and held me in his arms, while the lady put hers about me also, covering me with kisses.

"To think," she said, "that you should have been the means of bringing this matter to light!"

"I have been a fool," said my father, "to believe anything that she said;" then to me: "My boy, this is your mother. Prompted by a malicious woman who wrote a confession which she had not either the courage or sufficient time before her death to give to me, I treated mamma very cruelly."

"Are you the lady," I asked of my mother, "whom I remember taking me up from my crib one night when you were crying and kissing me?"

"That was a goodly, though you were too young to know it. I left you suddenly on Christmas eve."

"And I have a faint remembrance of stockings hanging from the mantel!"

"Everything was ready for your first Christmas—that is, the first you could appreciate—when—when?"

"I listened to a she devil," said my father angrily, "and caused all this suffering."

"It is all past now," my mother interposed. "Another Christmas is before us. When I kidnaped my boy I did not dream I was to bring about a reunion for us all."

At that moment dinner was announced, and my mother proposed that we should all sit down together. But father would not hear of it. He had a carriage at the door and insisted that we should go to the home from which mother had been driven a decade before and make the reunion complete under our own roof-tree.

Never can I forget that Christmas. My mother in a short time made great preparations, but it was not these that were a delight to us all—it was that we were a reunited family.

The Little Corporal, Las Cases, the biographer of Napoleon Bonaparte, thus describes the origin of the title "Le Petit Caporal." A singular custom was established in the army of Italy in consequence of the youth of the commander or from some other cause. After each battle the oldest soldiers used to hold a council and confer a new rank on their young general, who, when he made his appearance in the camp, was received by the veterans and saluted by his new title. They made him a corporal and hence the surname of "Petit Caporal," which was for a long time applied to Napoleon by the soldiers. How subtle is the chain which unites the most trivial circumstance to the most important events! Perhaps this very nickname contributed to his successful success on his return in 1815. While he was haranguing the first battalion, which he found it necessary to address, a voice from the ranks exclaimed: "Vive notre petit caporal! We will never fight against him!"

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Morning Reminds. You awake with a nagging taste in the mouth, which tells you that your stomach is in a condition. It should also remind you that there is nothing so good for a disordered stomach as Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They build up the system, restore natural conditions, and are gentle in their action that one can take a medicine was taken. Chamberlain's Tablets are sold everywhere. Price 25c.