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Advertisement for Monk's Studio, featuring an illustration of a group of people and the text 'Now is the time to have that group picture made'.

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A Cold, La Grippe, then Pneumonia is too often the fatal sequence. La Grippe coughs hard on, weakens the system, and lowers the vital resistance. R. G. Collins, Postmaster, Barnegat, N. J. says: "I was troubled with a severe La Grippe cough which completely exhausted me. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound soon stopped the cough spells entirely. It can't be beat." Lamar's Drug Store.

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DENIED HIM A KISS

And Rubinstein Repaid Her With a Torrent of Melody.

MOODS OF THE GREAT MASTER

The Climax to an Evening With the Composer in His Home in St. Petersburg, When His Efforts at the Piano Left Him Ashen Faced and Exhausted

In her "Recollections of Rubinstein," published in Harper's Magazine, Lilian Nchia throws some new lights on the character and temperament of one of the famous composers of the last century. Her earliest acquaintance with Rubinstein was when, as a child, she resided with her parents in Dublin. She afterward traveled with him during an English tour that the composer made and met him again in St. Petersburg at a rehearsal, when the great master invited her to dinner that same evening. The author says:

"I spent the rest of the afternoon practising, and a little before 6 o'clock found myself at last in Rubinstein's study amid all his intimate associations, touching the books and music that belonged to him, sitting before the piano he played on, glancing over the pages of manuscripts that he had just finished—in short, at home with him. I found then that he was no longer the sphinx man of the concert platform, but a genial, gracious host, asking after the friends I had recently left in Frankfurt and making inquiries after those in Ireland and England, especially after all young artists, for whom he had a heart flowing over with kindness and sympathy. Possibly his own student days in Vienna, when he had literally starved, had something to do with this. At the dinner table I found out he was thoroughly a bon vivant.

"After dinner I had to go through the ordeal of playing for him, and when I had finished, his manservant brought in a card table, and we sat down to a game of whist, a difficult sort of whist, much like present day bridge. Rubinstein and I were partners and lost shamefully—scarcely to be wondered at, for I had just learned whist, but he insisted on playing again and again.

"Matie, the servant, then brought in tea in the long Russian glasses with their silver holders, lemon, not cream, being served, and one of the ladies present, knowing I was a newcomer and ignorant of the fact that it was an unwritten law as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians that his guests should not ask him to play, whispered to me to make him go to the piano. Cheerfully and innocently I went up to him and, running my arm through his, said coaxingly:

"Do come and play something!" "His face changed in a moment. An ominous silence fell on those present. Even the culprit who had led me into the trap looked disturbed. As for Rubinstein himself, he gave me a scowl and fairly flung my hand away. "No," he said shortly, "I never play. Don't forget this. "The sudden change in his manner overrode me, for the tears started to my eyes, and I stood gaping at him. As a matter of fact, I was thoroughly disconcerted and taken aback. As soon as Rubinstein saw this his face changed again, and, laughing, he held out his hand to me apologetically. "Well, come; give me a kiss and I will play for you!" "I had just reached the age when my kisses were not lightly given. Besides, I was cut to the heart's core, and I turned my head away in denial. "What?" cried one of the women present. "Could you refuse Anton Gregoriewitch?" "Yes," cried Rubinstein, "and just for that I am going to play for her anyhow, for she is the first that ever did!"

"Rubinstein was in one of his rarest moods, and those of us who were present will never forget the ineffable beauty of the Chopin F major ballade as he started the opening theme, one of the wonder pieces of that composer whom Rubinstein had designated 'le Sevee des Fortepianos.' When he had finished the ballade he passed, almost without a pause, to the prelude, four of which he played. Then he dashed into his favorite mazurka and ended with the heroic F sharp minor polonaise. Across the room I could see some figures huddled, as if were, in fear and terror. The thunders of that music rang through the room. It was as if the Polish legions were marching, swords outstretched, banners flying, hastening to die like heroes for faith and country, singing their love songs gallantly, although the funeral dirge was to follow.

"When Rubinstein had finished his face was ashen white, his breath was coming in gasps, and he was laboring under the excitement caused by that music which, alas, a few years later was to carry him off! None of us guessed it then, for, brawry of build, manifest of sympathy, scoring all bodily weaknesses, he hid his sufferings from those about him till too late. He had almost reached his sixtieth year for fifty years subjecting himself mercilessly to the fierce and absorbing joys and sorrows of the artist, and the hour of reckoning was not far away. After he had puffed at his cigarette for a few minutes he stood up—the signal that it was near 11 o'clock and time for us to go."

The gifted man is he who can be the essential point and leaves all the rest aside as superfluous.—Caryta.

STAGE ILLUSIONS.

Not the Least of These Are the Gaudy-quests on the Boards.

Nothing is so deceptive as the stage meal, although the art of the property man makes such repasts appear deliciously appetizing.

A favorite stage substitute for meat is sponge cake, which cut into the shape of cutlets or steaks and judiciously browned with sauce, presents a most genuine appearance. The advantage of such material is that it is easy for the actors to consume and does not present any difficulties to the carver.

Cutlets composed of soft toast are also popular in stage culinary circles, and when decorated with dainty paper frills and parsley look quite the real thing.

Do not let your mouth water at the sight of those dainty slices of ham reposing on lettuce leaves on the baron's festive board. Ham is invariably represented on the stage by strips of lino-lem, the reddish under side of which makes a convincing substitute for the real article. As to the surrounding lettuce, that is generally represented by white leaves from the humble cabbage.

The larger and more impressive the stage edible, the greater the fake. Huge piles which when cut produce a cloud of realistic steam are absolutely uneat-able. The crust is merely colored paper mache, which incloses a dish of hot water and sometimes a few boiled potatoes, which supply the necessary steam. The big sirloin of beef, which apparently weighs pounds, has about six ounces of eatable meat about it. The joint is a wooden affair, over which a few thin slices of genuine beef are placed, giving the impression of a really fine piece of meat.

Were you to obtain a peep behind the scenes just before a banquet scene was to be staged you would find a number of stage hands busily slicing up tomatoes and bananas. You would see those slices being laid out on plates surrounded with parsley or white cabbage leaves. Under the glare of the limelight this dish assumes an astonishing resemblance to lobster salad, and in similar fashion sliced banana is a general substitute for fish, entrees and hors d'oeuvre.

One of the most astonishing illusions with regard to stage food, however, is where soup is concerned. This is invariably sawdust, which when ladled out of a tureen has all the appearance of a thick liquid.

No banquet would be complete without a turkey. A loaf of bread delicately browned and decorated with pegs covered with browned dough, saves the management the expense of running up a poultry bill. Moreover, the comedians can with comparative safety sling this asset to the feast about the stage without damage to life or property.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Government Printer.

When it comes to printing your Uncle Samuel takes first rank among the nations. He has a \$15,000,000 printing office that is the best equipped in the world. Although certain private publishing houses in this country exceed the 1,000,000 copies of printed matter sent out weekly from the United States government printing office, no plant approaches the multitude of different publications that it prints and mails. Over a thousand publications are issued from the presses in the course of a year, appearing daily, weekly, monthly, annually or at irregular intervals. For the purpose of mailing them more than a thousand different mailing lists must be kept in the file room.—New York Sun.

Who Would 'a' Benn 'Er!

Some hundred years ago a small boy, one of four brothers, heard a visitor say to his mother, "What a pity one of your boys had not been a girl." Dropping his game, so the story runs in Woman's Work in America, he called out: "Well, I'd like to know who'd 'a' benn 'er! I wouldn't 'a' benn 'er; Ed couldn't 'a' benn 'er; Joe wouldn't 'a' benn 'er; Jim wouldn't 'a' benn 'er, and I'd like to know who would 'a' benn 'er."

Campaign Material.

Political Boss—Well, did you discover anything in Stump's past life that we can use against him? Detective—Not a thing. All he ever did before I came here was to sell awnings. Political Boss—Why, that's just what we want! We'll say that he has been mixed up in some decidedly shady transactions.—Judge.

Hasty Conclusion.

Beautiful Maiden—You think I'm an angel, Geoffrey, but some day perhaps you will find out that I am an exceedingly trivial, ill-natured, commonplace mortal. Disconsolate Lover (with trembling eagerness)—Then you do intend to marry me, do you, Lillian?—Chicago Tribune.

Expensive.

"She says she thinks she could learn to love me." "Yet you do not look happy." "It is going to be expensive. Had her at the theater last night, with a little supper afterward. The first lesson cost me \$25."—Kansas City Journal.

Turned Down.

Young Man (whispering to jeweler)—That engagement ring I bought of you yesterday— Jeweler—What's the matter with it? Didn't it fit? Young Man (cautiously)—Sh! It didn't have a chance. Gimme studs for it.—London Telegraph.

There is no better ballast for keeping the mind steady on its keel than business.—Lowell.

STORY OF A FAMOUS SONG.

A Dismal, Rainy Day Moved Dan Emmet to Write "Dixie."

"Dixie" was written by Dan Emmet, both words and music. It was sung for the first time Monday, Sept. 18, 1859, on the stage of Bryant's minstrel at 472 Broadway, New York. There has been much controversy over the question of authorship and over the music. The known history of the song has been carefully compiled by Gustav Kobbé in his "Famous American Songs."

"On Saturday night, Sept. 18, 1859, after the performance one of the boys told Emmet that a new walk around was wanted in time for rehearsal on Monday. The minstrel replied that, while the time was very short, he would do his best. That night after he reached home he tried to hit upon some tune, but the music wouldn't come. His wife cheerily told him to wait until morning. He should have the room to himself so that he could work undisturbed, and when he had finished the walk around he could play it for her as a sole audience. If she liked it the Bryants would and so would the average listener.

"Next day was rainy and dismal. Some years before Emmet had traveled with a circus as a drummer. In white, with a southern circuit was a popular route with circuses people, and those who were obliged to show north would say when the cold weather would make them shiver, 'I wish I was in Dixie.' The phrase was, in fact, a current circus expression. On that dismal September day, probably the beginning of the equinoctial, when Emmet stepped to the window and looked out the old longing for the pleasant south came over him, and involuntarily he thought to himself, 'I wish I was in Dixie.'"

"Like a flash the thought suggested the first line for a walk around, and a little later the minstrel, fiddle in hand, was working out the melody which, coupled with the words, made 'Dixie' a genuine song of the people almost from the instant it was first sung."

LISZT AND HIS CIGARS.

Why the Great Musician Said He Would Quit Smoking.

Liszt was in the habit of smoking one cigar a day. But that one cigar was an exceedingly choice one. When he was starting on a journey he told his valet how many days he would be away, and his valet put into the valise a corresponding number of those cigars.

Once when Liszt was going to Italy the chief customs officer at the frontier post of Chiasso asked him if he had anything to declare. The musician, with his thoughts centered on his music rather than his cigars, made signs to the effect that he had nothing. The officer opened the valise without the traveler agitating himself over the search. Presently a number of cigars were brought to light. The whole lot was confiscated, and he was ordered to pay a fine of \$100.

When Liszt reached Milan he told his agent of his unpleasant adventure. The agent laughed at the whole affair, took a stroll to the Italian treasury and discovered the cigars and the fine. On returning to the artist he offered him, with a smile, one of his own precious cigars.

"No, my dear friend," said Liszt, "I have taken a vow never to smoke again so as not to expose myself a second time to such a humiliation."

Rigoldi says he kept his vow. Other authorities recall Reger's visit to the virtuoso in 1870. "Liszt smoked and offered me a cigar," said Reger, "and while I took my ease he walked up and down, sending out clouds of smoke in the direction of certain terra cotta figures."—New York Sun.

Superstitions on Crickets.

The cricket on the hearth is still a welcome guest in those English households that he deigns to visit. His coming is a harbinger of good fortune, while if he leaves the house that is an infallible sign of imminent disaster. A correspondent in Notes and Queries refers to a belief prevalent in Lancashire "that crickets are lucky about a house and will do no harm to those who use them well, but that they eat holes in the worsted stockings of such members of the family as kill them. I was assured of this," adds the writer, "on the experience of a respectable farmer's family."—London Spectator.

The Richest Street.

The Chandni Chowk, or Silver street, is the main bazaar of Delhi and one of the richest streets in the world. Many of its shops are occupied by jewelers, whose boards of precious stones are said to represent fabulous sums. Native princes enrich their collections of state jewels through the dealers in the Chandni Chowk, and some of the diamond experts who live in its dingy wooden buildings are known all over the world.

The Reply.

A woman of advanced age required the services of a page boy and advertised, "Youth wanted."

One of her dearest friends sent her by the next post a bottle of Blain's celebrated wrinkle filler and skin brightener, a pot of fairy bloom, a set of false teeth and a flaxen wig.—London Opinion.

Why It Was Flat.

"This story of yours is flat," pronounced the editor. "Well," expostulated the aspiring author, "I read a book called 'Advice to Young Writers' and the very first thing it tells you is not to roll your manuscript."—Judge.