

NEW FIRE MAP of Tillamook City Received.

INSURANCE SURVEYOR VISITS OUR TOWN.

On Thursday C. P. Baudin, insurance surveyor of the Pacific Department of the Sanborn Map Co. arrived in the city for the purpose of making a complete revised map of Tillamook City, which will be the forerunner of a reduction in the insurance rates for Tillamook County, and will save thousands of dollars annually to our citizens. Mr. Baudin, who will be here about three weeks, will make his headquarters at the office of Rollie W. Watson. Mr. Watson has been endeavoring for some time past to have the fire map of Tillamook City revised and it has been through the earnest solicitation of Mr. Watson that Mr. Baudin was sent to our relief.

(Editorial from TILLAMOOK HERALD, October 18th.)

THE DETAILS OF THIS FIRE MAP.

An up-to-date Fire Insurance Map of Tillamook City has been received at this office. The purpose of this map is to locate correctly all risks that Fire Insurance Companies assume. The map of this city contains to full page sections, shows all buildings, giving data in each instance covering class of construction, location, height and outside plans, construction of flues and chimneys, exposures of buildings and distance between each. There is also complete information covering the water pipe lines, hydrants, stand-pipes, connected hose in buildings, location of Fire Apparatus, condition and character of the apparatus. The source of water supply and etc.

We will be pleased to show you this new map and explain any other detail in regard to Insurance.

Fire Insurance Rates on Application.

ROLLIE W. WATSON,

"The Insurance Man."

Both Phones. TODD HOTEL BUILDING. Both Phones

TESTED HIS NERVE

A Blind Struggle For Life In the Depths of the Earth.

LOST IN THE DARK IN A MINE.

Thrilling Experience of a Workman Who Found Himself After an Explosion Alone and Without a Light in the Suffocating Coal Hole.

To be lost in the woods or on the plains is a fearful experience, but there the victim has the heavens above him and can at least see his way about. The terrors of a similar adventure in the utter blackness of a gas filled coal mine are thus described by a correspondent of the Youth's Companion:

I was working alone in a "room" on the second south entry of the mine. It was 5 o'clock, the time for firing the afternoon blasts. The man who was "driving" the entry lighted his fuse and came back through the entry calling out "Fire!" One after another the other miners set off their blasts and came along the entry until they reached my room. I lighted my fuse, watched it sputter for a moment and went out into the entry to wait for the blast. Several seconds passed, and there was no explosion. My fellow miners passed out of the entry and left me alone. I went back into the room and found that the blast opening was clogged so that the fire could not reach the powder. I had to remove the tamping and recharge the drill hole. By this time the mine was filled with dense gas laden powder smoke from the other blasts.

In the stifling smoke I recharged the hole, tamped it, inserted the fuse, lighted it from my head lamp and hurried to the mouth of the room. The work was hastily done. When the powder exploded the rush of air extinguished my lamp.

The darkness was absolute, and there is no darkness so dense as that of a mine. To my consternation I found the matches in my "jockey box" so damp that they would not ignite. Then I became really alarmed. I was two miles under ground without a light in an atmosphere so heavy with gas that it would not sustain life for any length of time.

I dashed into the entry, ran against a pillar and was knocked nearly senseless.

I staggered to my feet and groped down the tunnel. In a coal mine great wooden valves or doors close the entrances to the various tunnels. The air enters through the main entry and is sucked out of the mine by great fans at the opposite end of the mine after it has been distributed through the workings by means of these valves and crosscuts situated near them.

I reached a door, pulled it open and passed through. Beyond it two tunnels came together at a right angle. One led toward the open air, the other into the depths of the mine. My sense of direction was entirely gone and I could not tell which to take. It was all chance. I went ahead and after a time reached another valve.

If I only had a light! One glimpse of the number painted on the door would tell me where I was. I tried to feel the number with my fingers, but in vain. I pushed through the door and entered another tunnel, down which I walked for hours, as it seemed. My head was bursting with pain from the gas.

Then I heard the sound of running water. I knelt down, dipped in my hand and found that I was going up stream and consequently deeper and deeper into the mine. So I turned back, reached the valve and felt along the pillar until I found the other tunnel opening. The gas had by this time begun to affect my brain, and I reeled and staggered as I walked. I left the track and walked in the "sump" water up to my knees, keeping one hand on the wall to steady myself.

I passed through valve after valve and tried to keep count, but my brain refused to perform that simple task. At last I pushed through a valve and felt a blast of fresh, cold air. With that breath of oxygen my reason returned. With renewed courage I pushed forward. Many times in following that life giving current of air I plunged through narrow cross cuts, stumbled over masses of slate, fell into water holes and bruised myself by striking against the sharp corners of the coal vein, but I was steadily creeping nearer to the surface.

Suddenly I stumbled against a loaded coal car. That meant that I was in the main entry, but how far from the entrance I could not tell. I worked my way along the string of loaded cars and began to ascend an incline. The fresh air swept down the tunnel in a gale. I kept peering ahead, in the hope of seeing daylight, but none appeared. I wondered why. I broke into a run, and in another minute I had emerged from the mine and stood gazing at the stars. It was almost midnight, and I had left my room shortly after 5 o'clock.

The Greedy Opa.
Traveling through South Africa, Mr. Dudley Kidd, the author of "The Essential Kaffir," once accused a native of being greedy. The native turned eyes of reproach upon him.
"Me greedy, heas?" he said. "I takes two Kaffirs to eat a sheep in a day, but only one Hottentot. Hottentot greedy not Kaffir."

The question every morning is not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing.—John Ruskin.

HIS SELF CONTROL

He Proved It to His Own but Not His Family's Satisfaction.

Mr. Brown was excitable by nature, but he often prided himself audibly upon his self control. One night while the family were gathered at the tea table the chimney began to roar. The furnace draft had been opened and forgotten. Straightway a panic ensued. "Don't lose your heads—keep cool!" cried Mr. Brown. "It's nothing serious."

He dashed up the stairs, discovered that the metal cap over the only unused stovepipe hole was already red hot, and dashed down again faster than he went up.

"Keep cool!" he gasped as he passed through the room where the family had gathered in nervous apprehension. "I'll be back in a minute."

He was back in less than that time, having observed that the flames were spouting several feet high from the chimney and that a shower of sparks was falling upon the roof.

"Wh-where's the stepladder?" he panted.

He was gone before any one could answer the question and presently was heard bellowing from the roof of the wood shed. He presented a heroic figure in the glare of the blazing chimney.

"I've got one end of the hose," he called. "Some one attach the other end and turn on the water—quick!"

Two long minutes passed.

"Why doesn't some one do as I ordered?" he thundered. "Do you want the place to burn up?"

"We can't, Henry," called Mrs. Brown tremblingly. "You haven't got the hose. You've got the cow rope. It was hanging next to the hose in the shed, and anyway the roof is covered with ice, and I don't think there's any great danger outside. You'd better go and watch the chimney from the inside."

A half hour later the family were again at the tea table.

"If this had happened in some homes," remarked Mr. Brown, "the family would have lost their heads completely and sent in an alarm. Self control is an excellent thing and far from common."

"Indeed, it is," agreed Mrs. Brown emphatically.—Youth's Companion.

FREAKS OF NATURE

A Tree That Throws Somersaults and a Waterfall Reversed.

A tree gone mad and a waterfall that falls up instead of down are among the strange things to be seen in Hawaii, as described by John Burroughs in the Century Magazine:

"Nature in the tropics, left to herself, is harsh, aggressive, savage; looks as though she wanted to hang you by her thorns or engulf you in her ranks of gigantic ferns. Her mood is never as placid and sane as in the north. There is a tree in the Hawaiian woods that suggests a tree gone mad. It is called the hau tree. It lies down, squirms and wriggles all over the ground like a wounded snake. It gets up and then takes to earth again. Now it wants to be a vine; now it wants to be a tree. It throws somersaults, it makes itself into loops and rings, it rolls. It reaches, it doubles upon itself. Altogether it is the craziest vegetable growth I ever saw."

"It was near Pali that I saw what I had never seen or heard of before—a waterfall reversed, going up instead of down. It suggested Stockton's story of negative gravity. A small brook comes down off the mountain and attempts to make the leap down a high precipice, but the winds catch it and carry it straight up in the air like smoke. It is translated; it becomes a mere wreath hovering above the beetling crag. Night and day this goes on, the wind snatching from the mountain in this summary way the water it has brought them."

Lucky Thirteenth.

A woman who sets particular store by the thirteenth superstition surprised her friends by accepting an invitation to a luncheon where there were to be thirteen guests.

"I will be late," she said, "for I shall make it a point to be the thirteenth person to enter the room. That is a funny thing about thirteen. Many accidents have happened to parties thirteen in number, but investigation has shown that while the other twelve persons suffered more or less the thirteenth person who joined the company always escaped unharmed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Twentieth Century Definitions.

A Boston witty of the municipal court of Boston stoutly declared that "a patriot was a man who refused to button his wife's finger waist."

"A martyr," he went on, "is one who attempts and fails, while a hero tries and succeeds."

"Then what is a coward?" asked a curious bystander.

"Oh, a coward," replied the judge, "is a man who remains single so he won't have to try."—Youth's Companion.

Not Unlikely.

"Well, my boy," said the visitor to Bobby, "I suppose some day you expect to step into your father's shoes?"
"Oh, I suppose so," said Bobby gloomily. "I have worn 'em out every thing else he wears—since mother learned how to cut 'em down for me."—Harper's Weekly.

Information Wanted.

"Pop, I want to ask you something." "What is it, my child?" "Do they make airplanes go with fly wheels?"—Baltimore American.

WELCOMED A KICKING.

Odd Incident That Proved the Popularity of Dumas.

In "My Autobiography" Mme. Judith, the great French actress, writes of Alexander Dumas the elder:

"This giant of a mulatto, with his big, black, mocking eyes, his wide nostrils, thick lips, heavy chin, his crisply curling hair and his forehead with its strange bumps, like that of some unruly child who is always fighting with his comrades, was truly a representative personage, a type reflecting all the passion of the romanticists. There would have been something wanting to his time if this grandson of a negro had not been seen striding along the Parisian boulevards, if his laugh had not been heard on the terraces of the cafes or if he had not appeared playing his part with naive self satisfaction in official ceremonies and at the Tuileries ball, or walking about behind the scenes at the theater with his arm around the waist of some actress, or eating and drinking enough for four in the merry suppers at which authors and artists used to meet."

"His popularity was simply unequalled. There was a story current in my time of a singular wager made by Mery of Marseilles. Walking one day in some public garden with a friend, he suddenly said to him: 'Do you see that big, ridiculous looking fellow? I bet you 100 sous that if I kick him, no matter where, instead of flying into a rage he will make me a polite bow.'"

"The bet was taken, and Mery, creeping stealthily behind M. Prudhomme, gave him a tremendous kick in the small of his back. The man turned red with indignation, but Mery cried: 'Oh! I beg your pardon, sir; I took you for Alexander Dumas, with whom I have an account to settle.'"

"His victim, only too proud to be taken for such a great man, at once recoiled and taking off his hat in the most amiable manner, he said, with a bow: 'There is no harm done, monsieur.' The hundred sous were won."

ANSON SCORED LAST.

The Old Chicago Captain Made Two Plays to Dahlen's One.

Tim Hurst, the veteran umpire, told this one on Bill Dahlen when Bill was a youth toiling under Cap Anson in Chicago. Said he:

"Anson called Dahlen good and hard in a game I was umpiring in Chicago. Dahlen took it without saying a word, but a few minutes later Bill remarked to me: 'Watch me bark that old fellow's shins.' 'An's' was not as agile then as he was in his younger days, and he stooped with much effort. All through that game Bill made great stops, only to throw the ball a few feet in front of the bag, and it was up to Anson to stop it with his shins."

"However, that was not the end of it. A few days later the White Stockings had to make a trip to St. Louis, and Anson told Dahlen he would not be taken on the trip. Bill had been thought that several times and he thought 'An's' was fooling. The train left Chicago about midnight and Dahlen was with the rest of the team."

"When the train was about twenty-five miles out of Chicago the conductor told Anson there were sixteen men in the party and he had received only fifteen tickets. Anson said there were only fifteen men and named the benches they occupied."

"The man in berth No. 17 says he is a member of the Chicago team," said the conductor, who was referring to Dahlen. "He's straining you," replied Anson. "Poor Bill was asked to cough up and couldn't. The train was stopped and Dahlen was put off the train about thirty miles from Chicago. How he got back to Chicago only Bill himself knows, but he would not talk to anybody for a week."

Nothing to Worry Over.

"I heard something the other day that greatly surprised me, and I have been worried about it ever since."

"What was it?"

"I don't know whether I ought to mention it to you or not, but I was told that your daughter's husband was a free thinker. She's such a lovely girl, I hope it isn't true."

"Of course it isn't, or if it is it won't make any difference. Laura asks after you, and your husband was a free thinker too, when I married him. Now he never thinks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Inspiration and Sitting Tight.
George Eliot believed that her novels were the product of inspiration or genius. Anthony Trollope thought his was the result of "tobacco, wax, madam," or the faculty of sitting tight in his chair and turning out 250 words every fifteen minutes for two or three hours before breakfast. The method succeeded so far as to bring him a return of \$2,000 and the reading public a set of novels which are being more appreciated every day.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Not So Very Much.

"You've got nothing on me," said the cook.

"The mistress looked her over carefully."

"Only one hat, one skirt and two bunches of puffs," she retorted, "and you'll take 'em all off before you leave town."—Pittsburgh Post.

A Tale of Two Cities.

"I thought your minister was to have a call to Minneapolis?"

"He did expect it but he went up there to preach a trial sermon and took his text from St. Paul, so it's all off."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Take care of your thoughts and your words and deeds will take care of themselves.

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Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Forty Year Test.

An article must have exceptional merit to survive for a period of forty years. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was first offered to the public in 1872. From a small beginning it has grown in favor and popularity until it has attained a world wide reputation. You will find nothing better for a cough or cold. Try it and you will understand why it is a favorite after a period of more than forty years. It not only gives relief—it cures. For sale by all dealers.

HAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED

Liverpool, England, on the 31st day of December, 1912, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law.

Capital.
Amount of capital stock paid up. \$ 200,000.00
Income.
Premiums received during the year in cash. 729,965.11
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year. 4,680.28
Received from home office during the year. 470,466.98
Total income. \$1,224,512.32

Disbursements.
Losses paid during the year. \$ 418,369.94
Commissions and salaries paid during the year. 110,844.09
Taxes, licenses, and fees paid during the year. 22,290.14
Amount of all other expenditures. 27,291.90
Remitted to and paid out for account home office. 617,765.25
Total expenditures. \$1,196,522.42

Assets.
Value of stocks and bonds owned. 583,250.00
Cash in banks and on hand. 12,514.25
Premiums in course of collection and in transmission. 234,129.69
Interest and rents due and accrued. 3,318.75
Total assets. \$ 833,222.69
Total assets admitted in Oregon. \$ 833,222.69

Liabilities.
Gross claims for losses unpaid. \$ 182,157.09
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks. 108,282.52
Due for commissions and brokerage. 967.91
All other liabilities. 179,273.15
Total liabilities exclusive of capital stock. \$ 470,700.67
Total premiums in force December 31, 1912. \$ 179,105.84

Business in Oregon for the Year.
Risks written during the year. \$1,448,862.00
Gross premiums received during the year. 20,080.05
Premiums returned during the year. 170.31
Losses paid during the year. 1,532.07
Total amount of risks outstanding in Oregon December 31, 1912. 496,564.96

THE HAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED.
By LOUIS ROSENTHAL,
General Agent.
Statutory general agent and attorney for service, George Taylor, Portland, Or. Taylor, Young & Co., agents, 445 Sherman Bldg., Portland, Oregon.