

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 paratus. 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

SIGNS OF SICKNESS

Symptoms That May Alarm and Yet May Not Be Serious.

CAUSED BY SIMPLE AILMENTS.

Spots Before the Eyes, For Instance, May Mean Brain Disease, but the Chances Are Thousands to One That They Arise From Some Slight Cause.

A doctor, writing in London Answers, says:
"People often come to me nowadays in very great dread, because they hear ringing in the ears, see spots before the eyes, or suffer from some other symptom which they suppose to signify serious disease."

Nearly always I find that something very slight, or nothing at all, is the matter; but I do not always succeed in so convincing my patients.

These groundless fears make a great many people so nervous and miserable that an explanation of a few of the commonest symptoms of ill health may be of some service.

Noises in the ear, as of bells ringing, whistles blowing, hooters sounding, etc., most commonly arise from nervous exhaustion, slight increase of the blood supply of the brain, caused by a fit of flatulent indigestion, temporary thickening of part of the ear and nervous strain. All these are not of the least account and should cause no alarm.

No doubt some really serious disease, such as enlargement of the heart muscles does sometimes exist. But every one who feels alarm about his health should remember that almost any dangerous illness will show itself unmistakably, not by one, but by half a dozen symptoms.

Spots before the eyes may signify brain disease, but the chances are one hundred thousand to one that only some very slight cause is responsible, such as a torpid liver, weariness of the nervous system, insufficient sleep or some little congestion of the brain.

Flashes in the eyes from another source of anxiety, and they are really very startling. But, while sometimes due to eye disease, one of the commonest causes is catarrh of the stomach.

Another little eye trouble is blurred vision, which makes a nervous person think he is becoming blind. It may, of course, be due to bad sight; but, happening now and again, it is usually caused by a sluggish liver or nervous dyspepsia.

Shortness of breath gives rise to extreme distress, for the first thought is of consumption. But this is an effect of a multitude of disorders, great and small. Congestion of the liver, anaemia, obesity may cause it. It is common in chronic bronchitis—a troublesome, but by no means dangerous disease.

Sometimes, of course, it signifies more serious maladies. But then there are many other symptoms to tell the tale.

Dizziness nine times out of ten results from a disordered digestion, catarrh of the stomach especially, or from sluggishness of the liver, jaundice or temporary decrease of the blood supply of the brain. I find my patients who thus suffer turn their thoughts at once to something very grave, such as locomotor ataxia or Meniere's disease.

Confusion of mind and sleeplessness give rise to the fear of approaching insanity.

It is really wonderful how people always seize on the most fearsome explanation. But sleeplessness may be due to a hundred and one trifles and is most commonly the result of some very innocent cause.

It may be occasioned by nervous dyspepsia or catarrh of the stomach, torpid liver, excitement of the brain from overwork, tea or coffee taken late in the evening, too much smoking, too heavy bedclothes, cold feet, a badly ventilated room. I could go on for an hour writing the common causes of this trouble.

Confusion of mind may result from too little sleep, a torpid liver, indigestion, too little or too much blood in the brain and other minor things that are of no real consequence. Drowsiness makes some people think they are in for softening of the brain or some other dreadful disease. It most often arises from slow digestion, an inactive liver or from temporary decrease of the blood supply of the brain. The commonest cause of all these, though, is an oversensitive nervous system.

Occasionally, no doubt, confusion of the mind or drowsiness may be a symptom of diabetes or other serious disease, but such cases, it may be said, are the exception.

In all these cases the only sensible rule is to put an isolated symptom down to some simple and harmless cause. If there is anything seriously wrong it will make itself known by many symptoms.

"No doubt any of the things enumerated above may be the first sign of something of real gravity; but the chances are thousands to one that the cause is a mere trifle."

Which?
"If you feel chilly," said he as they strolled, "remember I have your shawl here on my arm." "You might put it around me," she said demurely.—*Philadelphia Press.*

I'll not confer with sorrow till tomorrow, but joy shall have her way this very day.—*E. B. Aldrich.*

ROSSMORE'S BANSHEE.

Its Terrifying Wail Heralded the Death of His Father.

In "Things I Can Tell" Lord Rossmore relates that he himself was born in Dublin in 1853. His father was the third Baron Rossmore, who married Miss Josephine Lloyd of Farrinrory, County Tipperary, and whose death was duly heralded by the banshee:

"Robert Rossmore was on terms of great friendship with Sir Jonah and Lady Barrington, and once when they met at a Dublin drawing room Rossmore persuaded the Barringtons to come over the next day to Mount Kennedy, where he was then living. As the invited guests proposed to rise early they retired to bed in good time and slept soundly until 2 o'clock in the morning, when Sir Jonah was awakened by a wild and plaintive cry. He lost no time in rousing his wife, and the scared couple got up and opened the window, which looked over the grass plot beneath.

"It was a moonlight night, and the objects around the house were easily discernible, but there was nothing to be seen in the direction whence the eerie sound proceeded. Now thoroughly frightened, Lady Barrington called her maid, who straightway would not listen or look and fled in terror to the servants' quarters. The uncanny noise continued for about half an hour, when it suddenly ceased. All at once a weird cry of 'Rossmore, Rossmore, Rossmore' was heard, and then all was still.

"The Barringtons looked at each other in dismay and were utterly bewildered as to what the cry could mean. They decided, however, not to mention the incident at Mount Kennedy and returned to bed in the hope of resuming their broken slumbers. They were not left long undisturbed, for at 7 o'clock they were awakened by a loud knocking at the bedroom door, and Sir Jonah's servant, Lawler, entered the room, his face white with terror.

"What's the matter—what's the matter?" asked Sir Jonah. "Is any one dead?" "Oh, sir," answered the man, "Lord Rossmore's footman has just gone by in great haste, and he told me that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half past 2 this morning his own man, hearing a noise in his master's room, went to him and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the servants his lordship was dead."

LOST IN THE LAST LAP.

He Queered Things Just as the Winning Post Was In Sight.

There lived in Detroit a man who was the champion letter writer to the newspapers and to the heads of all public enterprises. One of his fads was to write every day to President Ledyard of the Michigan Central railroad and tell Ledyard wherein he was failing in the conduct of his road.

There was a letter for Ledyard every morning. They annoyed him, and he sent for his general counsel one day and said: "Russell, I'm getting tired of these letters. I will give you \$3,000 more a year if you will find that man and stop him for twelve months."

Three thousand dollars more a year appealed to Russell, and he went out to find the letter writer. He found him and made a business proposition. "Now, see here," he said, "I want you to stop writing letters to Mr. Ledyard. If you will quit for a year I will give you \$1,500."

The letter writer consented gladly. Things went along swimmingly for eleven months. Ledyard was happy, and Russell was happy. Then there was a wreck on the road. The letter writer could not resist the opportunity, and he wrote to Ledyard and told him what he thought about the road and its president and its management.

Ledyard sent the letter to Russell with this indorsement: "This is where you lose \$3,000." And it was.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Two Reasons For Not Reporting.

General Nelson A. Miles, during active service, one day received a telegram from a subordinate who was on a furlough but was expected back that day. The dispatch read:

"Sorry, but cannot report today, as expected, owing to unavoidable circumstances."

The tone of the message did not please the general, and he wired back: "Report at once, or give reasons."

Back came the answer from a hospital: "Train off, can't ride; legs off, can't walk."

Disraeli's Marriage Doctrine.

Disraeli's doctrine of marriage was admirably simple: "All my friends who married for love and beauty either bent their wives or live apart from them. I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for love," which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity.—*Contemporary Review.*

Squaring Himself.

"She—Surely, Mr. Curtis, you cannot be serious. I have heard that you have told your friends that you wouldn't marry the best woman in the world. He—When I said that I had no idea that you would listen to a proposal from me."

In Alcohol.

"How old is Bobby Van Lush?" "Bobby's about thirty five." "Deared well preserved, Bobby is. He doesn't look a day over fifty!"—*Puck.*

He who is feared by many fears many.—*German Proverb.*

CHECKMATING JUSTICE.

An Inside View of the Way Criminal Cases Are Handled.

In "Courts, Criminals and the Cziorra" Arthur Train, the author, once an assistant district attorney in New York City, says that our present system of administering justice offers no deterrent to the embryonic or professional criminal. The administration of justice is a clever game between judge and lawyer in which the moves are made with a view to checkmating justice, not in the trial courtroom, but before the appellate tribunal two or three years hence.

"My young feller," said a grizzled veteran of the criminal bar to a young years ago after our jury had gone out, "there's lots of things in this game you ain't got on to yet. Do you think I care what this jury does? Not one mite. I got a nice little error into the case the very first day, and I've set back ever since. S'pose we are convicted? I'll get Jim here [the prisoner] out on a certificate, and it'll be two years before the court of appeals will get around to the case. Meantime Jim'll be out makin' money to pay me my fee. Won't you, Jim?"

"Then your witnesses will be gone, and nobody'll remember what on earth it's all about. You'll be down in Wall street practice'n' real law yourself, and the indictment will kick around the office for a year or so, all covered with dust, and then some day I'll get a friend of mine to come in quietly and move to dismiss. And it'll be dismissed. Don't you worry! Why, a thousand other murders will have been committed in this county by the time that happens. Bless your soul, you can't go on tryin' the same man forever! Give the other fellers a chance. You shake your head? Well, it's a fact, I've been doin' it for forty years. You'll see."

And I did. That may not be why men kill, but perhaps it may have something to do with it.

PAINTING A HORSE.

The Scheme That Delighted Detaille Upset Meissonier.

In other days, on the Boulevard Malesherbes, Edouard Detaille and Meissonier, his master, lived in adjoining houses. Their workshops almost touched each other. It happened that Detaille was painting some cavalrymen furiously charging the enemy. He found it necessary to excite the horse posing as a model to give the appearance of a frenzied gallop. But it was in vain that the jockey, who held the bridle, smacked his tongue; the animal drowded.

Detaille then ordered another domestic to strike upon a Chinese gong. For fully five minutes the horse was terribly frightened, and the painter was delighted. But the animal soon became accustomed to the tontou and drowded again. To draw the valiant steed from his torpor it was necessary to strike the bronze disk with greater force. This was done. It was as if a cannon was being fired.

On the other side of the wall Meissonier was painting, quite gently, Napoleon I. mounted upon a white horse, in repose, observing in the distance the catastrophes of an immense battle. He had mounted a horseman in a gray redingote upon the beast that served as a model. As the blows were struck on the gong in the atelier of Detaille the imperial mount shook and snorted in a fiery way, which was far from pleasing to Meissonier.

So he visited his pupil, and an arrangement was effected. Detaille was to paint his galloping horse in the morning and Meissonier his unmoving steed in the afternoon. It was in this way that Napoleon I. was enabled to keep a firm seat in the saddle.—*Cris de Paris.*

Advertising Overlooked.

It was shortly before the funeral of a well known person, and a certain manager had just placed a wreath in as conspicuous a position as possible. But he didn't like the look of the very small card attached thereto, and so he fastened on one considerably larger with "From the — theater" on it.

"How does that look now?" he said to one of his company who stood near. "Oh, it's all right," responded the actor, whose sense of humor is just as great as his unquestioned dramatic ability, "but why not add, 'Every evening at 8?'"—*Pellican.*

A Mighty Nimrod.

An Arkansas hunter fired one shot at a flock of ducks and brought down three. They fell in the river. He ran downstream to where there was a log and, holding to it, caught the ducks as they floated down. As he stood in the water fish wedged into the legs of his trousers so tightly that as he waded ashore a button flew off and killed a rabbit that was sitting on the bank.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

No, He Wasn't Full.

"I wouldn't shave myself today," said she quietly. "Want to insinuate that I've been drinking, eh?" he stormed. "Not at all, but that isn't a cup of ither you brought in from the kitchen just now. That's a Charlotte ruelle."—*Washington Herald.*

In Different Divisions.

"The man who runs that store has got the right idea, all right." "How so?" "He advertises 'Ragpipes and musical instruments'!"—*Houston Post.*

One Kind of a Compliment.

She—I envy Miss Payne. She plays so well that one forgets how she looks. He—But you look so well that one forgets how you play.—*London Opinion.*



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