

THORN & PARSONS
Are now open for Business.

SIGNS--SHOW CARDS--
DECORATING
HOUSE PAINTING.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN.
Both Phones.

The rougher whiskey tastes
--the stronger it is.
The stronger it is--the more
harm it will do.
But then--you don't have
to drink it rough, strong
or high-proof.

There's Cyrus Noble, pure, old and palatable--
Bottled at drinking strength.
Costs no more than any other whiskey.

W. J. Van Schuyver Co., Portland, Or.

BOTTLE GOODS.

- Pebbleford, bottled in bond, per bottle \$1.50
- Cherry's Pure Rye, bottled in bond, per bottle 1.25
- O. A. Crow, bottled in bond, per bottle 1.50
- B. Mitage, bottled in bond, per bottle 1.50
- Cyrus Noble, 3 Crown, per bottle 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 1.50
- V. O. P., Old Scotch Whiskey 1.75
- Sandy Macdonald's Old Scotch Whiskey 1.75
- Hunter Baltimore, Rye Scotch Whiskey 1.50
- Canadian Club 1.50
- L. W. Harper 1.00
- Harvester Old Style 1.00
- Monogram 1.00
- Kentucky Dew 1.00
- Baile 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 1.00
- El Bart Gin 1.25
- Virginia Dare Wine, per bottle .75c
- Port Wine, per quart .35c

- Sherry Wine .35c
 - Angelica Wine .35c
 - Zenfeld Wine, per quart .35c
 - Tokey .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 18.00
 - Old style Lauer 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
 - Zenfeld, 1.25 per gal
 - Tokey, 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. 5.00
 - Echo Spring, per gal. 4.25
 - Chestnut Grove Rye, per gal. 2.75
 - Kentucky Dew, per gal. 2.25
 - Alcohol, per gal. 4.00
 - Coronet 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-Treasurer.
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.

Tillamook Title and Abstract Company
(INCORPORATED).

Law : Abstracts : Real Estate
Surveying ; Insurance.

BOTH PHONES. TILLAMOOK, OREGON

KEEPS OUT ALL THE RAIN.

You don't know how much real comfort you can take out of a rainy day until you have seen it.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND REFLEX SLICKER

The only slicker with the famous Reflex Edge (pat'd) that prevents water from running in at the front. Made for hard service. Two colors--black or yellow.

\$3.00 Everywhere.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON
Tower-Caplan Limited, Toronto 1913




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

Tillamook Baker's Bread
Sold at
All Grocers.

GOOD OLD I. W. HARPER WHISKEY

Famous The World Over

For its exquisite flavor. The choice of all men who know good whiskey.

FOR SALE BY
E. F. LAUGHLIN
Tillamook, Ore.

Electricity and Food.

The French physician and scientist, M. Bergonie, some time ago advanced the theory that applications of electricity could be made to supply the place of food to a certain extent, which discovery he called diathermy. By the application of electricity it was his claim that the human body is able to make up for a part of the alimentation of the system by furnishing a large amount of heat to the body, instead of producing the heat from food materials, which need not be consumed, or, indeed, burned in the system, "this giving rise to overwork of the physiological organs of the body."

For the purpose of experiment, he recently picked out a man who was a notable example of ill nourishment. The man weighed 110 pounds and could not walk 300 feet without assistance. After undergoing the treatment for a short period the man became normal in every respect. He gained 30 pounds in weight, was enabled to resume his business and could take long walks without experiencing fatigue and was unaffected by changes of temperature. The doctor considers that the time is not far distant when all troubles due to insufficient nutrition will disappear under a series of electrical treatments by high-frequency currents.

Tradition and example speak through the statement just issued by President Wilson outlining the attitude which the United States will maintain toward the Latin-American republics. Mr. Wilson's course was marked out for him by a long line of predecessors. It was clearly and emphatically emphasized by Mr. Taft. After condemning "disorder, personal intrigue and defiance of constitutional rights," the president adds: "We can have no sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambition. We are the friends of peace, but we know there can be no lasting or stable peace in such circumstances."

Mr. Bryan has been for free wool but an official position may temper his free trade wind to a lamb not entirely shorn of protection.

Former Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson has been so long going that he is practically barred from coming back.

WORK WITH DEATH

Perilous Callings Where Life Is Always In Danger.

HOW MEN LOSE THEIR NERVE

Sudden Peril Often Causes Them to "Drop Their Goats," and Then Their Courage Never Returns--A Loss of Heart and a Race For Life.

Human nature becomes callous to the daily association with peril. But now and then something tears away the callous spot and leaves the raw, naked nerve exposed.

Structural steelworkers run many chances of losing their nerve--"dropping their goats," they call it. Only the other day one of them who had never known fear was standing on the outer edge of a lofty steel framework and chanced to look down into the street. He saw a trolley car run over a newsboy. Instantly his mind was swamped with thoughts of death. He stretched himself flat on the beam and crawled to an island of planking. When a man once does that on top of a skyscraper he has finished his high work.

"They never come back," said an old foreman. "It's a pity, too, for they can never get a quarter the pay at another job that they did at this before they looked down and saw death."

Much of the world's work is done by men who have to keep their nerve in the face of peril. Sometimes a man will not go to pieces until after a long run of danger. Primarily the cause may be fatigue or bad liver or bad nerves, but when it is all over he decides he has had enough and seeks another vocation.

In the places where high explosives are manufactured the men are subjected to a constant nervous strain. They get used to it, like everything else, but when an accident comes there is sure to be some one among the survivors who drops out of the ranks of the workers.

In a plant where more dynamite, nitroglycerin, gun cotton and other pentup destruction are made than anywhere else in the world nearly a thousand lives depend more or less on a thermometer.

In one step in the manufacture of nitroglycerin it is a quivering, sullen fluid in a big cauldron brilliantly lighted by electricity. Glycerin is continually stirred on the tons of heated acids within. As it mixes the glycerin seizes the available nitrogen from the acids, and the mass becomes nitroglycerin. Round the cauldron a man moves swiftly, noiselessly, dividing his attention between the contents and a thermometer that extends down into the hot acids. The temperature of the mass must not rise above 80 degrees.

Glycerin has many vagaries that have been never explained. If, through one of them, the temperature rises toward the danger point the first thing the man on watch does is to send more cool solution through the pipes that coil snake-wise round the giant cauldron. If the mercury in the tube continues to rise he shuts off the inflow of glycerin. If this does not have the desired effect he turns on compressed air, so as to throw the mass into violent agitation. If this fails he has only one more card to play. He opens a valve and empties the charge into the "drowning tank." Then he makes a dash for safety.

Only a few men who have ever been immediately exposed to explosions have lived to tell about them afterward. Those who have escaped and have continued in their hazardous employment are thereafter known only by their first names. There are only a few of these. The other survivors have sought other work where the risks are less. Said one of them:

"You can't trust the stuff any more than you could a sleeping cobra. I was at work one day around the mixing tank and things were going as usual when I suddenly noticed that the mercury in the thermometer was creeping up toward 80. Quick as a flash I saw that something had gone wrong, and one after another, I turned on the cold, shut off the glycerin and turned on the air. No one ever watched anything more anxiously than I did that thermometer. But the mercury kept on climbing. Then I made a grab for the quick opening valve so as to drown the stuff. One of the officers of the company was in the room. I had yelled at him to run. But he stood there as cool as a cucumber, saying that he didn't think there was much danger. As soon as I opened the valve to let the stuff off I made a jump through the window. There were plenty of emergency doors, but I didn't want to take an extra step. The boss went out by a door. The fraction of a second that I saved by taking the window probably added a good many years to my life. I landed on the ground and was running with all my might when I was lifted off my feet and hurled at least 100 yards. I escaped with a broken leg. The boss, who had run in the opposite direction, was picked up dead. There was hardly a mark on him."

The explosion started in the drowning tank. The stuff settled at the bottom, where agitation was impossible. What sort of a noise did it make? Like the roar of a dozen tornadoes and a score of crashes of thunder all combined. I've lived on a farm ever since, and when the Fourth of July comes around I jump every time a cannon firecracker goes off, no matter how far away it is.--Thaddeus S. Dayton in Chicago Record-Herald.

STAGE FRIGHT.

Not Even a Veteran Is Wholly Free From the Disease.

It is said that there are really few public personages who are free from liability to stage fright. The veteran is as likely to be affected as the novice. Frequently the attack comes when least expected, and, no matter how often the speaker or the artist may have faced an audience, he can never feel quite certain that he will not undergo the tortures of this form of nervousness.

It is a curious fact nevertheless that stage fright sometimes stimulates instead of hopelessly confusing the speaker or performer. There is a story to the effect that a friend of Canning once observed to him just as that great man was about to address the house of commons on an important measure: "Why, your hands are cold and clammy. You are nervous."

"In that case," Canning is reported to have replied, "I shall make a good speech." And the prediction was fully verified, since the orator was at his very best on that occasion.

For obvious reasons musicians are among the worst sufferers from stage fright. One artist trembles, another perspires excessively, a third suffers from headache, and a fourth is consumed with a terrible thirst. Its most embarrassing manifestation, chiefly among those performing upon stringed instruments, lies in the nervous trembling of the bow when sustained notes are attempted.

Pianists, too, have their troubles in this respect, and many artists have told of cases wherein "their fingers ran away with them." Singers experience a "catch in the throat" that is deadly, to say nothing of a twitching of the lips, fatal to clear enunciation.

It is related that Rubinstein, in the height of his powers, gave over the profits of a lucrative engagement for no other reason than that he suffered an attack of this curious malady.--Harper's Weekly.

ANCIENT MONOPOLIES.

A Corner In Corn In the Early Days of the Egyptians.

The evil of monopolies and rings was known to ancient, Aristotle referring to them in his "Politics," and then, as now, it was found necessary to hold them in check by legislation. The monopolist was in Roman law called a *cardianarius* and punished under the *Lex Julia de Annona*. Monopolies of clothing, fish and all articles of food were prohibited by the Emperor Zeno under pain of confiscation and exile, so that it is certain that the rings of the ancient days were as mischievous as they are now. At Athens a law limited the amount of corn a man might buy. The earliest recorded instance we have was a corn ring.

There is an ancient tradition that the king who made Joseph his prime minister and committed into his hands the entire administration of Egypt was Apepi. Apepi was one of the shepherd kings and ruled over the whole of Egypt as Joseph's pharaoh seems to have done. The prime minister during seven years of remarkable plenty bought up every bushel of corn beyond the absolute needs of the Egyptians and stored it. During the terrible famine that followed he was able to get his own price and bartered corn successively for the Egyptian money, cattle and land and, taking one-fifth for pharaoh, made him supremely wealthy. It was not merely a provident act, but a very politic one, his policy being to centralize power in the monarch's hands.--London Answers.

Dangerous Golf.

One of the rules of the Weston super Mare (England) Golf club reads, "A ball may be lifted and dropped with the loss of a stroke when played with in the railings surrounding the powder magazine." There appears to be an element of danger in this kind of golf which reminds a London writer of a certain golf course on the West African coast, where the eighth and ninth holes are always optional, as several golfers are said to have been lost there owing to the proximity of the jungle, which is known to be a favorite lair of the lion.

A Dish For the Gods.

Liver and onions, artistically blended, produce a fragrance that, wafted to the summit of Olympus, would cause the jovial Jove to kick over the ambrosia kettle and come thundering down the craggy steeps in quest of a new dish for the gods.--Kansas City Star.

Cause For Worry.

"I feel very uneasy," he pouring with rain, and my wife went out without an umbrella."
"No doubt she'll take refuge in a shop somewhere."
"Yes; that's just what's worrying me so."--Pele Mele.

Safe.

There are a thousand ways in which a man can make a donkey of himself, but he can never go wrong by telling the young mother that the baby looks like her and is beautiful.--Galveston News.

Tide and Tied.

Some one says, dad, that there's a tide in the affairs of men which leads to fortune. What kind of tide is that? Practise Father--Tied down to business.--Boston Transcript.

Piling on the Agency.

Editor to artist who hasn't had a square meal for a month--Your cartoons are too serious; we want funny ones that make people laugh.--Lith.

LURE OF THE CIRCUS.

Sometimes I think that...

Sometimes I think that there are two distinct varieties of humanity, said an old circus man, one of which we might call the rovers and the other the stay at homes. With my own taste for roving it was hard for me to understand that ninety-nine persons in every hundred are content to stay in one place most of their lives and even are unhappy if taken out of it, but there are such people, and they are the vast majority. The rover, who is one man or woman in a hundred, likes to wander and is unhappy if confined to one place. Probably if it were not for him there would be no circus. Love of the road has a strong hold on all the circus people, from performers to canvasmen and drivers. "When you hear the band play you join out!" is the way they put it themselves, and once I had a striking illustration of this.

I was checking window paper in a small town and came to a fine plate glass front. It was the best lighting establishment there and ordinarily would have been passed by the lithographer as unobtainable, but it had a single sheet of our paper and I went in to take up the order. It developed that the tailor's brother was a rover and had tramped with circuses as a bandsman--a windjammer, in the vernacular. His influence had put that lithograph there, and he chatted with me.

"You won't catch me round here tomorrow, Mike, while that show is in town!" he said. "If I saw as much as a side wall half a mile off I'd be joining out again! No, sir! I'm going up into the country tonight. My brother pays me good wages here, and there's nothing in trouping."

A week later I dropped back to the show. It was 10 in the morning, and the parade was just leaving the lot. Somebody shouted, "Hey there, Mike!" from the big band wagon, and on going nearer I saw the tailor's brother, seated among the other windjammers, with a red and gold coat, a plumed hat and his cornet.

"I thought you were going up into the country!"

"Forget it!" he replied. "I didn't go." He had heard the band play.

Circus people are of all sorts--old and young, Americans and foreign born, well paid performers and bosses and ne'er do well hostlers, canvasmen and razorbacks. From time to time they will turn and denounce their calling, just like other people. In fact, I never knew a man in any line who would not occasionally scold about his occupation and regret that his talent had been frittered away in such an unpromising field when he might have done so much better in something else, but that is no indictment that he doesn't like his job, and that he doesn't like theirs. They love the smell of saw dust, horses and animals, the rattle of the big band, the peculiar rattle of circus wagons, the daily jumps and the little knot of curious stay at homes who seem always to be round to watch whatever a circus man does. They are born rovers.--Saturday Evening Post.

The Blow a Train Can Strike.

The force of the blow struck by a modern train going at high speed is greater than that of the shot from a modern gun. At least such is the statement of a scientist who has been looking into this question. He estimates that a modern passenger train will weigh about 400 tons and that it moves at a velocity of seventy to seventy-five miles an hour, or about 100 feet a second. A mass of 400 tons propelled at this velocity will strike a blow twice as great as that delivered by a 2,000 pound shot fired from a 100 ton cannon. This, he states, accounts for the tremendous destruction caused by collisions.--New York Press.

A Fish Story.

A fisherman caught seven bass in the Potomac river above Washington at one time.

This is how he did it: The bass were caught and strung on a line and kept swimming in the water alongside the boat. When the last fish was being placed upon the line the entire bunch slipped away from the fisherman. Hot imagine his wonderment when at his next cast the last fish strung upon the line took the bait and the whole seven were safely landed.

The gentleman who vouches for this story is without doubt an honest and truth telling man.--New York Tribune.

Astronomer's Work.

The popular idea of the astronomer, says a writer in the World's Work, as one who spends his time in sleeping by day and peering through the small end of a telescope by night must be dismissed. "The greater part of the modern astronomer's time," says the article, "is spent in studying photographs, often with a microscope. Paradoxical as it may seem, an astronomer today gazes more often through a microscope than a telescope."

Correcting Him.

"When I try to talk to you, Maudie," faltered Algy, "my heart comes up into my mouth!"

"That shows how little you know of anatomy," said the lovely girl. "It isn't your heart, Algy. It's your diaphragm!"--Chicago Tribune.

Liberty.

Liberty may be defined as that condition of things which does not permit us to take liberties with others.--Puck.

Good only is great and generous and fruitful.--Bailey.