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Tillamook Baker's Bread Sold at All Grocers.

Sewer Pipe for Sale. For Sale all sizes of sewer pipe and sewer connections. See L. H. McMahan.

United States Civil Service Examination

RURAL CARRIER.

At Bay City, Oregon, for Tillamook County, Saturday, May 24th, 1913. The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination on the date and at the places named above, as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a vacancy in the position of rural carrier at Bay City, Oregon, and other vacancies as they may occur on rural routes at post offices in the above named county unless it is found to be in the interest of the service to fill any vacancy by reinstatement, transfer, or promotion. The usual entrance salary for rural carriers is from \$600 to \$1,100 per annum.

Age, 18 to 35, on the date of the examination. The maximum age is waived in cases of persons honorably discharged from the United States military or naval service. An applicant must have his actual domicile in the territory supplied by a post office in the county for which the examination is announced. The examination is open to all male citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements. Application Form 1341, and full information concerning the requirements of the examination, can be secured from the secretary of the local examining board or the postmaster at any of the places above named, or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Eligibles on registers established prior to March 1, 1912, can be considered for appointment only at the office for which they were examined. Such eligibles may be examined within one year from the date of their former examination upon filing applications showing that they meet the requirements of the new examination, their old eligibility for their home offices not being canceled. Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington. As examination papers are shipped direct from the Commission to the places of examination, it is necessary that applications be received in ample time to arrange for the examination desired at the place indicated by the applicant. The Commission will therefore arrange to examine any applicant whose application is received in time to permit the shipment of the necessary papers.

An eligible register for the position of rural letter carrier for each county will be maintained. A person must be examined in the county in the postoffice that supplies his home is situated. As a result of such examination he may become eligible to appointment as rural carrier at any post office in such county. A letter carrier after one year's satisfactory service may be transferred to the position of clerk or carrier in a first or second class post office, to the position of railway mail clerk, or to other positions in the classified service, subject to such examination as may be required by the civil-service rules.

JOHN C. BLACK, President.

How's This?

We offer ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD or any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Call for City Warrants.

All Warrants issued on the General Fund to and including Number 1319 Series "A," endorsed on or before October 8th, 1912, also all warrants issued on the Road Fund endorsed prior to October 1st, 1910, will be paid on presentation. Interest ceases after this date. A. H. GAYLORD, City Treasurer.

Eggs-Duckings.

English Penciled pure white egg strain Indian Runner Duck eggs \$1 per setting of 11. White Indian Runner eggs \$2 per setting. Five day old ducklings 25 cents each, also mated stock for sale. Eggs delivered free. Miss Anna Roenicke, Woods, Oregon.



with the problem of buying Harness you will find it distinctly advantageous to come and do your selecting here. You will get the best quality, 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

SAVED A DOUGLAS.

Sir William Ramsay's Quick Wit at the Battle of Poitiers.

In the battle of Poitiers (1356) a number of Scottish soldiers fought on the side of the French, and several of them were taken prisoners by the English. Among them was Sir Archibald Douglas. Being dressed in a suit of splendid armor, the victors thought they had captured—as indeed they had—some great nobleman. Several of the English were about to strip off his armor when Sir William Ramsay of Colluthie, who was also a prisoner, happened to catch Sir Archibald's eye, gave him a meaningful look.

Pretending to be very angry, he cried out: "You rascal, how is it that you are wearing your master's armor? Come here and pull off my boots!" Douglas, seemingly thoroughly cowed, went humbly forward and drew off a boot, with which Sir William began to beat him. The English onlookers at once interfered on Douglas's behalf, saying that he was a person of great rank and a lord.

"What?" shouted Ramsay. "He a lord? Why, he is a base knave and, I suppose, has slain his master. Go, you villain, and search the field for the body of my cousin, your master, and when you have found it let me know, that I may give it decent burial." All this was acted so naturally that the English allowed Ramsay to ransom the pretended manservant for 40 shillings. The money having been paid, Sir William gave Douglas another thrashing and then bade him begone. Sir Archibald lost no time in effecting his escape, which he owed solely to the ingenuity of his friend.

BULLS IN PARLIAMENT.

The Welcome Sound That Cheered Lord Balfour of Burleigh. It would be hard to say which of England's two houses of legislature "takes the cake" for committing howlers, and still more difficult to pick out the member who has taken pride of place in this respect during recent years. But perhaps for simple effectiveness Lord Balfour of Burleigh would be hard to beat when he said, "The noble lord shakes his head, and I am glad to hear it!"

Another noble lord during a debate on Indian affairs exclaimed: "Talk of this as a loan to India! It is a sea bite in the ocean!" Nevertheless it stands to reason that the lower house is more prolific in quantity, if not in quality, in its stock of howlers than the upper, seeing that it has so many more opportunities. Captain Craig, the fiery Ulsterman, cooked the following oratorical stew: "The naked sword is drawn for the fight, and never again will the black smoke of the Nationalists' tar barrels drift on the home rule wind to darken the hearts of Englishmen." If anything could kill home rule one would think that would.

Sir W. Hart Dyke was criticizing the standing order forbidding peers from speaking during general elections. Some one had quoted Lord Halsbury as doing so, and Sir William solemnly said, "I must admit that the honorable gentleman has gone to the top of the tree and caught a very large fish."—London Tit-Bits.

Easy.

"Henry," she said, "I wish I could organize a society of some kind. It seems to be the only way to secure social recognition in this town." "Well, why don't you go ahead and organize one?" "I can't think of anything that I'm authority on. If I should organize a drama club some other woman who knew more about the drama than I would butt in and get herself elected president. It would be the same way with suffrage, ethical culture and child study and music. I'm unfortunately not an authority on any of these things, and if I got up a society I should, of course, want to be the head of it."

"Well, why not organize a Browning club? You can pretend to know all about Browning, and the other women who pretend to know all about him won't know whether you're fooling them or not."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Five Varieties of Salmon.

Kamchatka has five varieties of salmon—chavitcha (king salmon), krasnala (red salmon), keta (dog salmon), gorbusha (humpback salmon) and kishutch (sockeye salmon). The run of chavitcha begins about May 10 to 20 (old style) during the period of spring rains and the overflow of muddy water. They run in large schools, and the run continues for several days. The fish, which weigh twenty to twenty-five pounds, is purely a Kamchatka fish and is not found in the Okhotsk and other districts.—Consular and Trade Reports.

He Didn't Hush.

"Mamma," queried little Willie, "what is 'hush'?" "Why do you ask, dear?" said his mother. "Because," explained the observing urchin, "when I asked sister what made her hair all mussed after her beau was here this afternoon she said, 'Hush, dear.'"—Chicago News.

Deadlier and Safer.

"Let's send the czar a bomb concealed in a plum pudding." "Why not merely send him a plum pudding?" suggested the other callous plotter. "If he eats it our work is done and we run no risks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If you would raise others live yourself as a mountain.—Farrar.

SELECTING A JURY.

Methods of the Prosecution in a Great Criminal Case.

In his book "Courts, Criminals and the Camorra" Arthur Train, once an assistant district attorney in New York, tells how juries are drawn for a great criminal trial. For a month before a trial, says Mr. Train, every member of the jury panel has been subjected to an unseen inquisitorial process. The district attorney knows a good deal about every prospective juror and perceives his difficulty in restraining a smile when he meets with deliberate equivocation in answer to an important question as to personal history.

"Are you acquainted with the accused or his family?" mildly inquires the assistant prosecutor. "No, not at all," the taleman may blandly reply. The answer perhaps is literally true, and yet the prosecutor may be pardoned for murmuring "Liar!" to himself as he sees that his memorandum concerning the juror's qualifications states that he belongs to the same "lodge" with the prisoner's uncle by marriage and carries an open account on his books with the defendant's father.

"I think we will excuse Mr. Ananias," politely remarks the prosecutor. Then in an undertone he turns to his chief and mutters: "The old rascal! He would have knifed us into a thousand pieces if we'd given him the chance!" And all this time the disgruntled Mr. Ananias is wondering why, if he didn't "know the defendant or his family," he was not accepted as a juror.

QUEER SPORT IN CHINA.

Dropping a Pheasant With a Twenty-four Pound Gun.

Foreign sportsmen in China always observe with curious interest the maneuvers of native hunters. An English sportsman tells of an incident he witnessed at the well known Shaba, or lower barrier, of Nadoo creek, in north China. A native shooter had his ginsal with him—a most uncanny looking weapon. That there might be no question as to its length, it was placed upright alongside the Briton. It exceeded his height by two feet two inches, making the piece of ordnance over eight feet in length. Englishmen sometimes complain of the weight of their own guns—six and a half to seven and a half pounds. So it is astonishing to behold a Chinese hunter carrying a twenty-four pound gun all day long.

This particular native was accompanied by a small, odd looking animal, which the foreigner was assured was a dog. Observation of the hunter and dog at work made a deep impression upon the stranger. A hen pheasant happened to drop into a furrowed field at feeding time. The native took her bearings, crept up as closely as he safely could, put down his gun on a bit of higher ground, and kept it trained on the bird. Meantime the dog lay down across the barrel of the gun, thus serving as a screen for his master. When the proper moment had arrived, the man fired, the bird was killed upon the ground, and the dog remained on the barrel until his master took up the gun to reload.—Youth's Companion.

When Join Rimed With Vine.

Some mispronunciations of today once enjoyed the highest standing. We must not think that Shakespeare was sinning when he rimed gron, swine, indeed, of, like long i (as in ice), survived regularly through the eighteenth century. When a countrywoman of our time watches the kettle bile or jines the church she has behind her Cowley's join, vine; Gray's shine, join; Pope's join, divine; Dryden's join, design; Addison's find, joined; Coleridge's joined, mind; Wordsworth's joined, kind, and Byron's aisles, tolls. Indeed, so late a writer as Bulwer gives us mixed as Gray's toll, smile. It is no wonder that Joel Barlow, the author of our own great typographical epic, "The Columbiad," jined join and divine.—Yale Review.

Absentminded La Fontaine.

La Fontaine, whose fables are the delight of adult Frenchmen and their children's earliest task, was very absentminded. He went to the court of Louis XVI. to present a copy of his fables to the king. And he forgot the book. Fortunately, the king knew La Fontaine, his fables and his foibles and gave him a thousand pistoles (about \$250). Unfortunately, though, La Fontaine left the money in his hired carriage on his way back to Paris.

The Dear Friends.

"You should not talk about that girl in that fashion." "Why not?" "The Bible says we should love our enemies." "She ain't no enemy; she's a friend of mine."—Houston Post.

Shakespeare on the Road.

Hamlet had just been bit by a cold storage egg, whereupon he turned gravely to his audience. "How truly spoke the good Marcellus!" quoth he. "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark!"—Harper's Weekly.

Inquisitive.

"Could you learn to love me?" "I don't know," replied the girl. "What is your particular system of instruction?"—Washington Herald.

It is always easier to stand off and criticize than it is to rush in and help.—Sydney Smith.

ASKED BUT ONE FAVOR.

And Mme. Carnot Shunned Politics While M. Carnot Was in Office.

Under the title "The Women of the Elysee" the Independence Belge in a recent issue relates a number of stories pertaining to the wives of various presidents of the French republic and gives to Mme. Sadi-Carnot the place of honor. She was twenty years old when she married the young engineer, who was then receiving a salary of \$500 a year. She had been a student and had assisted her father, Dupon-Witthe, in his economic researches.

"Although she exercised great influence over her husband," the writer says, "she never asked to meddle with and never was known to meddle with affairs of state. Once in the course of her seven years' residence at the Elysee she asked a favor at the hands of a cabinet minister. Delcasse was secretary of colonial affairs, and after a dinner at the palace Mme. Carnot told him she had a favor to ask. He was surprised when he heard that she wanted some postage stamps for a poor boy collector in whom she had become interested.

"When after Carnot's tragic death a fund was created for a charity to bear his name Mme. Carnot gave a large sum and then sold the jewels which she had worn on state occasions and gave the proceeds also. The government's steps toward voting her a pension were halted by Mme. Carnot, who said she would accept none."

YOUR USELESS CHIN.

What Mechanical or Physiological Purpose Does It Serve?

"What is your chin for?" is the odd query raised by Sir Ray Lankester, the scientist, who says he is unable to find any mechanical or physiological purpose which the chin serves. "The fact that modern races of mankind have chins and most primitive men whose remains have been found did not have them naturally leads to speculation as to why this is so," he said.

Dr. Forbes Ross agrees with Sir Ray that the chin is useless in itself, but gives the following explanation of the reason for it: "All animals that browse have no chin at all. Their teeth slant forward to allow them to reach easily things that would otherwise be beyond their reach. The moment man gave up browsing on green things and became erect and less an animal his teeth grew erect, and his jaw had to accommodate itself. Erect teeth prove man to be far removed from ruminants, and therefore a man with a well marked jaw is further removed from ruminants than a man without. That's why we are inclined to regard a man without a definite chin as possessing a mind rather like a sheep, without determination, without character."—New York American.

Changing a Name.

How a patronymic may be transformed out of all recognition is shown by an instance quoted by Cosmo Innes in his work on surnames: "James Halfpenny, a Dublin citizen, threw in trade, and his children induced him in his later years to change the name, which they regarded as undignified. This he did chiefly by dropping the last letters. He was buried as James Halpen. The fortune of the family did not recede, and his son after renouncing retail dealing looked about for a euphonious name. He made no scruple of dropping the unnecessary "h," and, that being done, it was easy to go in for the Celtic rage, which Walter Scott had just raised to a great height. Consequently he who had run the streets as little Kenny Halfpenny came out at the assemblies of the day as Kenneth McAlpin."

Tom Thumb and the Iron Duke.

The Duke of Wellington called frequently to see the little general at his public levees. The first time he called the general was personating Napoleon Bonaparte, marching up and down the platform and apparently taking snuff in deep meditation. He was dressed in the well known uniform of the emperor. I introduced him to the Iron Duke, who inquired the subject of his meditations. "I was thinking of the loss of the battle of Waterloo," was the little general's immediate reply.—P. T. Barnum's Life.

Pictures on the Rocks.

Art dealers who go to picture sales have a curious expression which they use when the bidding for a picture stops at a price much lower than it was expected to bring. They look at one another and remark, "It's on the rocks already." When they utter that cryptic remark a wreck usually follows.—New York Press.

The Caller.

"Mary, has any one called while I was out?" "Yes, ma'am; Mr. Biggs was here." "Mr. Biggs? I don't recall the name." "No, ma'am; he called to see me, ma'am."—Strand Magazine.

Grateful to Him.

She—Oh, Jack, I'm awfully glad you proposed. He—Then you accept me? She—Well, no; but, you see, your proposal puts me even with Kitty Cobb who had the most of any girl in our set.—Boston Transcript.

Meant It Kindly.

Aunt with her two nieces at a concert—Oh, but this is tedious! Let me take your fan, Ida, so I can hide my yawning behind it. Olga—Take mine, auntie; it's bigger.—Fliegende Blätter.

CORK TREE BARK.

If Carefully Removed a New Supply Grows in a Few Years.

As most people know, cork is the outer bark of an oak. This tree, known to the botanists as Quercus suber, is an evergreen, native to the Mediterranean region, and is cultivated in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria. If carefully done removing the bark does not injure the tree, and a new supply may be obtained from the same specimen after a few years.

We are so familiar with the use of cork for the stoppers of bottles that we seldom realize its manifold other uses, though its connection with bottles dates back only about 500 years. We so commonly speak of the stopper of a bottle as a cork that we see no incongruity in the expression "a rubber cork." Just as our word for stopper has been derived from the word cork, so cork itself has probably been derived from the Spanish corcho, which in turn is derived from the Latin cortex, meaning rind. Some authors, however, would derive cork from quercus, the generic name of all oaks.

Cork is present in the bark of all trees, though in quantities too small to make it useful in the many ways in which cork from the cork oak is employed. The cork barked elm, the sweet gum and a few others have strongly developed cork.

BURIED ALIVE FORTY DAYS.

Queer Test a Hindu Fakir Is Said to Have Survived.

Dr. Koenigberger, a physician in the Punjab, doubting the frequently repeated stories of the Hindu fakirs who claimed to be able to sustain life for a considerable time after burial in the earth by the process known as "swallowing the tongue," determined to make the most rigid tests and exclude all possible fraud. One of these Brahman fakirs allowed himself to be buried by the doctor and his suspicious colleagues in a well fastened and sealed vault. The burial lasted such a long time—forty days—that some corn planted upon the soil above the vault sprouted before the unhappy fellow was released. Then the Hindu was freed, subjected by the doctor to restoratives and lived happily ever afterward.

Sir Henry Lawrence, an English scientist who assisted the German savant, substantiated the account. The chest in which the fakir was buried was firmly sealed, and when the fellow was brought out he was cold and apparently lifeless. Readers of Stevenson will recall the Master of Ballantrae's fatal attempt to escape from his murderers by this trick.—London Family Herald.

Burglars and the Law.

Remarkable that many members of the public feel some doubt as to the precise extent to which the law will uphold them in using violence to defeat or capture a burglar, the Law Journal of London says: "A peaceful trespasser must be requested to depart in peace, and only on his refusal can force be used to remove him, but a violent or an armed trespasser can be removed without such a request. As a general rule, however, it is not lawful to kill even a person assaulting one or stealing one's goods. Unless one's life is in danger such an act is at best manslaughter. Possibly in the defense of one's home the use of firearms is justifiable, even if no violence to the person is threatened, but this is very doubtful."

A Lost Chance.

Years ago a man named Saltzman owned an estate in Griqualand, South Africa, and adjoining his property was an old, rundown farm that had not been worked on account of its poor soil and lack of necessary water. The owner of the farm met Herr Saltzman one day and offered to trade the farm for an old waistcoat he had seen him wearing. As Saltzman did not wish to burden himself with a piece of worthless land, he kindly refused the offer. A few years later big, clear diamonds were found on this waste stretch, and now thousands of pounds could not purchase it.—London Mail.

Not Very Reassuring.

He—Your father called me a timber wolf. What did he mean by that? She—Oh, that's just one of pa's political expressions. He used to live out west, you know, and nothing ever pleased him so much as to shoot a timber wolf before breakfast. Of course, he didn't mean anything by it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Papa's Fault.

Father—I have just heard that that incorrigible son of mine has just married a well known actress. Daughter—Well, you have yourself to blame, father. Father—How do you make that out? Daughter—Haven't you often told him to hitch his wagon to a star?

All Over.

"Well, dear, I guess the honeymoon is over." "Why do you say that?" pouted the bride.

"I have been taking stock, and I find that I am down to \$2.65."—Washington Herald.

Wasted Advice.

Father—My son, remember this—no man ever accomplished much who talked at his work. Son—How about a lecturer, dad?—Boston Transcript.

The dread of ridicule extinguishes originality in its birth.—Blackwood.