

**DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA.**

Ring out, ye bells, your sweetest chimes;  
Sing, all ye poets, dulcet rhymes;  
Shout loud, ye crowds, in strongest praise;  
Shine out, fair sun, in softest rays,  
And dance ye rippling waters,  
For Freedom's sons will sing a song,  
That in a chorus, high and strong,  
Shall sounding ring, from sea to sea,  
Whose theme of harmony shall be,  
America's true daughters.

Oh! they are loyal, brave and true,  
And fair the red, and white, and blue,  
That in a nation's colors rise,  
Shine in their cheeks, and brows, and eyes,  
And glow upon their banners,  
From ocean shore to mountain crest;  
From north, and south, and east, and west;  
From all the bright and beautiful land,  
They come, a blessing-laden band,  
And singing sweet harmonies.

With cheering words from such a mouth,  
As thine, oh! daughter of the south!  
And love from such a loyal breast,  
As thine, oh! daughter of the west!  
The sons can never falter,  
And while in north and east shall stand  
The earnest, helping, stater hand,  
Sweet Freedom's day shall know no night,  
But ever shall the flame glow bright  
Upon the country's altar.

—W. L. Visscher, in Chicago Times-Herald.

**STARS.**

By RANN KENNEDY.

ALL the morning people were busting about the house, this way and that, "up to the eyes" in work. The maid and a temporarily engaged assistant superintending operations over a steaming tub; Mrs. Jameson and her sister Caroline lent them an occasional hand, devoting the remainder of their time to cooking, scouring, cleaning and the hundred and one matters of domestic necessity; tradesmen, with that unerring instinct of their kind which always prompts their visits on the most convenient day, made frequent demands upon the door; the children, home for awhile, were busy too, for this was washday in the house of Jameson.

The baby sat solemn and silent in his tiny chair, securely tied thereto by a disused pair of his father's braces. Scattered on the floor around him were toys and picture-books, on his lap lay a slice of bread and jam, a broad trail of the latter indicating a direct path over bib and chin toward his mouth. He turned a large and listless eye upon the surrounding bustle.

"Baby is quiet to-day," said Mrs. Jameson once, glancing casually toward him.

"Yes; he's thinking of something—not even eating his bread and jam." "Did um sit and fink-a-fink?" This to the child, with a seductive waggle of finger.

But baby sat motionless, gazing cow-like with his eyes. He did not even say "Goo-goo!"

At that moment the maid came in from the scullery, bearing with her a steamy atmosphere and an unwholesome odor of soap. In her arms was a ponderous basket of damp linen fresh from the wringing; this she deposited with a thud upon the floor.

"I've done this lot, ma'am," she said, "an' I'm almost ready to start on the coloreds. I'll put this here a minute while I go and get my line out. Hope it'll be a fine day for the drying."

Mrs. Jameson stood at rest for a moment and surveyed the bulky basket before her. She sighed. It was the dream of her life that at some happy far-off day her good man should earn just that little more-than-enough which would warrant her in putting out her washing. But now she was middle-aged, and the dream had not yet come; when it came—years later—it had lost its value, for her good man was gone.

"No, don't put the basket there," she said, "it's in the way. Put it where baby is, and move him into the corner."

"Did ums have to be put in a corner like a bad boy?" said the maid, as she followed out her mistress's instructions.

The baby remained as impassive as ever.

Suddenly a miracle occurred. The lamp-oil man having arrived and delivered himself of his odoriferous burden, it became again necessary for Mrs. Jameson to pause from her labors to pay him. For this purpose she went to the cupboard, wherein she kept the sundry little boxes that served her for bookkeeping, and drawing one forth, she presently poured into her hand a tiny shower of change. This comprised several coins of the smallest sort, but one of them stood out royally from the rest—a bright coppery beauty flashing with the sunshine. It was a new halfpenny.

The child's eyes glistened desirously.

"Gi-gi!" he said, which, being interpreted, is "Give."

But this remark remained unheard amid the bustle; and it was not until the lamp-oil man had received his due, and the coins—bright halfpenny as well—had been restored to their little box and cupboard that Mrs. Jameson became aware of the child's restlessness.

"Halloo, little mannie! What 'oo want now?"

"Gi-gi!" This with an imperious wave of hand.

"Gi-gi? Oh, he wants his picture book. Give him it, Caroline."

And Mrs. Jameson, turning away, began to scour a saucepan.

But baby had no joy of his picture book. On top of his bread and jam it lay unheeded, its crude, gaudy illustrations seeming as naught beside that golden glorious something he had momentarily seen flash across his cosmos.

"Gi-gi!" he cried plaintively.

"Perhaps it's his gee-gee he wants,"

said Mrs. Johnson, picking up a dilapidated horse from the debris of toys on the floor.

"Na-na," dissented the child, waving it aside.

"Look at the pretty tail wagging." But no, the horse was not wooden. It could not glitter like a little disk of sunshine.

The buccolic-looking doll, the tin engine, even the railway truck—more dearly loved for its lack of wheels—could not compensate for the vanished half-penny. They were but the companions of earth, the well-known common joys of every day; the half-penny was vision, miracle, no earthly thing.

"I'm afraid he's not very well," said Mrs. Jameson, anxiously; "I don't like him to look so heavy about the eyes."

"Yes, and don't you remember he looked like that just before he had the measles?" added Caroline.

"He's been so quiet all the morning," said the maid, "it's not like him."

"Gi-gi!" cried the child.

At this point Mr. Jameson entered, and attention was diverted toward dinner. This was of the usual wash day order—a discomfortable spread of remnants, eaten haphazard to a scent of soap suds. The hungry man glanced impatiently around, a slight shade of annoyance passing across his features. The male mind cannot readily grasp the inwardness of wash day, and Mr. Jameson was no exception. "Why cannot these things be altered somehow?" he thought. "Never mind; one of these days!"

The dream brightened his face once again. He bent affectionately and kissed his wife.

Sister Caroline, poor, ugly, helpful old sister, looked on and sighed quietly. She, too, had had her dream.

After dinner the busy wash still continued, but by now its back was well broken, and signs of its eventual subsidence were in the air. The white linen was all out on the line, drying as fast as a steady breeze and fair sun could manage; the "coloreds"—that distressful after-dribble of wash day's tide—were well on to completion; the tradesmen were less frequent, and, surest sign of all, there were hints of potato cake for tea. Even wash day can find compensation in potato cake.

"And the little mannie shall have a wee brown cake all to himself!" crooned Mrs. Jameson, imparting to baby's dumpty body an affectionate wriggle only known of mothers!

"Gi-gi!" The glistening eyes still held the dazzle of that sometime glory they had caught.

"I'm sure he is sickening for something," said Mrs. Jameson; "I don't like this flush on his poor little cheeks."

The child moved restlessly. His head ached and there was a hot sense of discomfort about his eyes. All day he had felt ill, but not being able to correctly sort out his little sensations he had lapsed into that pathetic abstraction which seems to be the refuge of babyhood under such circumstances. Then had come the glittering coin—an incarnate thing of desire, giving point and form to his distress; and now, amid the feverish restlessness that was growing upon him, it still shone out indeterminedly upon his imagination as the thing hoped for, the dream goal, the resolution of his suffering. Child epitome of grown mankind, he little guessed his kinship with every woman that bore babe, every poet that ever sang from breaking heart, every weary worker, man and woman, that ever lived, and desired and struggled and seemed to lose; nay, he did not know that at the portals of his tiny heart were beating the strong wings of the Son of God Himself.

Presently the woful wash subsided; all the clothes were gathered in from the drying, ready for the mangle; the kitchen, freshly cleaned and sanded, became cheerful once again, and the long looked for tea time arrived—potato cakes and all.

But baby by now was ill indeed, and the doctor had been sent for. It was not a very serious ailment, only one of the tiner tragedies of babyhood, which mean a few days' hectic cheeks, a cough, a tired mother's sleepless nights—little things, yet these little things press sorely upon the heart.

"Gi-gi!" Still the plaintive cry.

It was a short time after this that Mrs. Jameson, having occasion to go once more to the small box of change in the cupboard, brought out the very half penny of the child's desire. In the lamplight it shone like a star. Baby had refused every other offering intended to divert him; with motherly craft Mrs. Jameson made one other venture.

"See, baby," she said, holding up the gleaming treasure, "see, a pretty half penny!"

The child turned a slow, large eye upon the brightness; lifting up his hand he took it feebly; for a moment he seemed to waver between desire and weariness, then, with a petulant gesture, he put it away from him.

"Na-na!" he said.

The evening drew on. The hurry-scurry of wash day was over, and the household had sunk to rest, but through the long hush of night an anxious mother sat watching over a restless child. The freight flicker half illumined the room, showing around the cot wherein tossed the tiny sufferer, a few scattered toys and picture books, whilst in their midst, untouched, unvalued, no longer desired, lay a pathetic little coin.—London Weekly Sun.

**A LOYAL AMERICAN GIRL.**

Gladly Gave the Flowers from Her Hat to Remind the Boys of Home and Mother.

When the soldier boys left for the south there was one bright-looking girl standing on the depot platform, says the Denver Times. She wore one of the fashionable hats which appear like a garden of flowers. As she stood there, with the tears coursing down her cheeks, she saw the other girls burying the brave boys in literal forests of flowers. One of the soldiers stepping up to her asked:

"Please, may I have one of those flowers on your hat?"

She took his hand, and in a voice most womanly said: "Yes, sir, and may God bless you."

Then she told them all to come and select a flower from her hat. The boys, with hands grim and bronzed from camp life, carefully culled them from the straw frame until they were all gone. Then she put on what was left of it, and, stepping back toward the car, said with emotion:

"Boys, I wish there were more. I hope you will come back again, and that those flowers will remind you of the pleasant scenes of home, and guide you as your dear old mother would have taught you to go."

There were several girls standing close by who whispered: "I wouldn't ruin my hat that way," but the wiser heads remarked: "There is a loyal American woman—God bless her."—Denver Times.

**FUNERALS IN ARABIA.**

Their Extreme Dolefulness a Marked Characteristic—Waiting Extends to the Dogs.

"One of the strangest and most affecting sights in an Arab town," says a Tunis correspondent of London Sketch, "is that of the funerals, which may be met at any street corner. The corpse is merely wrapped in a mat of esparto grass and carried either on a bier or on men's shoulders. The mourners lounge along, some in front and some behind, crooning verses of the Koran in melancholy tones, which haunt one for days afterward."

"This wailing is, however, nothing to that which goes on in the house of the deceased. When I was staying in the country near Tunis I heard it kept up during a whole night in a neighboring village, and I can conceive nothing more desperately depressing than these strains of lamentation wafted through the darkness by the breeze. My dog stood it even less well than I did and felt constrained to join in the doleful chorus until I was half-tempted to put a bullet through his head. Perhaps the strangest of all the funerals I saw was at Bizerta. It was that of a baby, which was being carried to its grave in an esparto basket."

**JUMBLING THE SERVICE.**

Blunders in the Marriage Vows Made by Both Bride and Groom.

A Hampshire clergyman recently related some of the blunders he heard made in the marriage service persons of the class who have to pick up the words as best they can from hearing them repeated by others, says the Weekly Telegraph. He said that in his own parish it was quite the fashion for the man, when giving the ring, to say to the woman:

"With my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods, I, thee, and thou."

He said the women were generally better up in this part of the service than the men.

One day, however, a bride startled him by promising, in what she supposed to be the language of the prayer book, to take her husband "to 'ave and to 'old from this day forth" for better hearing them repeated by others, says the Weekly Telegraph. He said that in his own parish it was quite the fashion for the man, when giving the ring, to say to the woman:

"With my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods, I, thee, and thou."

He said the women were generally better up in this part of the service than the men.

**VERY NEAR TO DEATH.**

The Narrow Escape That a Chicago Family Man Had From a Premature End.

"What a narrow line divides life from death!" said the man that got on at Oak Park, reports the Chicago Times-Herald.

"Been reading something?" asked his seat mate, with a quizzical smile.

"No. Actual experience. Do I look like a man who nearly died last night?"

"Certainly not. You're the picture of health."

"Well, I did. After dinner I laid on the lounge for a few minutes' rest, when one of the children slipped a piece of candy in my mouth. I cracked it with my teeth and at the same moment coughed slightly. It was a little cough, but somehow I drew my breath, and down went a fragment of candy into my windpipe.

"The next instant I was strangling. My wife and children flew around in distraction, but could give me no relief. My throat puffed out in my efforts to draw a breath, my face grew purple, and knots of sweat stood out on my forehead. I suppose that's the way a drowning man feels. Anyhow, it was something awful and indescribable."

"And then the doctor came?"

"There was no time for the doctor. I held my head down and coughed, and the piece of candy was dislodged. I breathed again. Blessed breath! The revulsion was something wonderful, and in two minutes I was myself again, and I can't laugh over it yet. I will never be so near death again until my end comes, and then I pray to Heaven it will come some other way."

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

- B. L. EDDY,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.
- G. O. NOLAN,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Deputy District Attorney of Tillamook County, Office in Alderman Hotel Building,  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.
- T. H. GOYNE,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Office: Opposite Court House,  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.
- CLAUDE THAYER,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.
- W. J. MAY,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

**DALY & HAYTER,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
DALLAS, OREGON.

**ROBERT A. MILLER,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
Land Titles and Land Office Business a Specialty.

**MCCAIN & SEVERANCE,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

**DAVID WILEY, M.D.,**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.  
All call promptly attended to.  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

**C. E. HAWKE, M.D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Office at Allen House, Tillamook, Oregon, Telephone No. 7.

**W. A. WISE,**  
DENTIST,  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.  
The Dekum Building, Third and Washington, Portland.

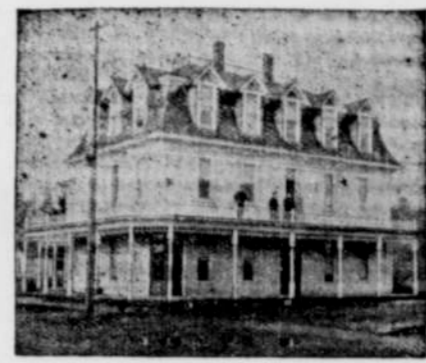
**BANK OF C. & E. Thayer.**  
General Banking and Exchange business interest paid on time deposits.  
Exchange on England, Belgium, Germany, Sweden, and all foreign countries.  
TILLAMOOK, ORE.

**G. W. KIGER,**  
DEALER IN EXCHANGE AND MONEY SECURITIES.  
Collections Receive Careful and Prompt Attention.  
BAY CITY, OREGON.

**C. A. BAILEY,**  
DEALER IN STUDEBAKER WAGONS, OSBORNE MOWERS,  
Buggies, hay rakes, plows, and other farm machinery. You can save money by dealing with me.  
Special Prices on Buggies and Spring Wagons.  
C. A. BAILEY, Tillamook, Ore.

**CHAS. PETERSON,**  
Barber  
SHAVING,  
HAIR CUTTING,  
SHAMPOOING,  
Hot and Cold Baths.  
EVERYTHING STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

**EDGAR LATIMER,**  
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER  
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING,  
SHAMPOOING, ETC.  
New Building, next door to Post Office



Headquarters for Forest Grove Stage Line.



**PACIFIC NAVIGATION COMPANY**

WILL RUN THE  
**Steamer W. H. HARRISON**  
or **R. P. ELMORE.**  
Will make trips every five days, the weather permitting, between Astoria and Tillamook City, carrying freight and passengers.  
ELMORE, SANBORN & CO., ASTORIA; or COHN & CO., TILLAMOOK, AGENTS.

ARE YOU THIRSTY?  
ARE YOU TIRED?  
WILL YOU TAKE SOMETHING?

**CLARK E. HADLEY'S New Saloon.**

IS THE PLACE TO GET IT.  
CLARK KEEPS THE BEST.  
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

**Tillamook Laundry and Dye House.**

STRICT ATTENTION GIVEN TO OUTSIDE ORDERS.  
DYING CLEANING AND RENEWING A SPECIALTY.  
WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.  
All work guaranteed to be first class.  
**J. W. Atwater,**  
Manager

**"My Kingdom For a Horse."**

WELL, WE'VE GOT IT AND MORE TOO  
If you Want to Drive  
A Nice Gentle Horse  
To a Nice Easy Buggy,  
Come to Our Stable and  
Get it.

**The Tillamook Livery and Sale Stable.**  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

**WHEN YOU WANT LUMBER,**  
Remember that we keep the best of everything in Stock and at prices as low as the lowest.

FOLLOWING IS OUR LIST OF PRICES:  
COMMON ROUGH LUMBER at \$8.00 per thousand feet,  
SHIPLAP at \$9.00 per thousand feet,  
SIZED LUMBER at 9.00 per thousand feet,  
FLOORING, No. 2, at \$12.00 per thousand feet,  
FLOORING, No. 1, at \$16.00 per thousand feet,  
RUSTIC, No. 2, at \$12.00 per thousand feet,  
RUSTIC, No. 1, at \$16.00 per thousand feet,  
No. 1, FINISH, at \$15.00 per thousand feet,  
MOULDINGS, 1/2" per foot, per inch in width  
ALL 3/4" PLANKING at \$7 per 1000 feet

**Tillamook Lumbering Co.**

GEO. COHN, PRESIDENT;  
JOHN BARKER, V.P. AND MGR.;  
B. L. EDDY, SECRETARY.

**FOARD & STOKES COMPANY,**  
ASTORIA, OR.

OUR MOTTO:  
**"We Buy and Sell Everything."**

Specialties for this week:  
Mola Roast Coffee—Royal Cream Flour—Maple Leaf Butter.