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"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN"

In the February number of McClure's Magazine is printed the latest poem of Rudyard Kipling. It is an appeal to the United States to begin a colonial policy. Mr. Kipling invests the earth-hunger of nations with a halo of civilization instead of the inspiring motive of commercialism, but does not veil the trials and hardships, the cost in blood and treasure which such a policy involves. He is the poet laureate of British imperialism and his voice re-echoes the truism: "Misery loves company."

The poem reads as follows:

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threats of terror,
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit,
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for other sought)
Watch sloth and heaten folly
Bring all your hopes to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things,
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of host ye humor
(Ah, slowly!) towards the light—
"Why brought ye from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness,
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Have done with childish days—
The lightly-proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise;
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold edge with dear-bought wisdom
The judgment of your peers.

EUGENE FIELD ON THE GRIP

Eugene Field, on recovering from the grip, wrote:
The gods let slip that fiendish grip
Upon me last week Sunday—
No fiercer storm than racked my form
E'er swept the Bay of Fundy;
But now, good-by
To drugs say I—
Good-by to gnawing sorrow;
I am up today,
And, whoop, hooray!
I'm going out tomorrow!
What aches and pain in bones and brain
I had I need not mention;
It seems to me such pangs must be
Old Satan's own invention;
Albeit I
Was sure I'd die,
The doctor reassured me—
And true enough
With his vile stuff,
He ultimately cure me.
As there I lay in bed all day,
How fair outside looked to me!
A smile so mild old Nature smiled
It seemed to warm clean through me.
In chastened mood
The scene I viewed,
Inventing, sadly solus,
Fantastic rhymes
Between the times
I had to take a bolus.

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

The Betting Doctor and the taking Lawyer—Massachusetts Lore.

The Brooklyn doctor has been visiting the Detroit lawyer. They were college chums, relates the Free Press, and when thrown together again they were the same jolly pair they had been at Yale.

"Remember the bet I won of you," laughed the doctor. "I'll never forget it. You wagered that the sun moved about the earth from east to west. Took you in good, old man. Trouble is that you leaped before you thought. I was always a lucky better. Have the same mania for it yet. Not in a sporting way, you know, but just among friends. Great joke, wasn't it?" and the doctor laughed loud and long. "Always said you'd get even, but I'll see that you don't, chummie."

A little later the two were talking about the litigation over a big estate in Michigan, the doctor being acquainted with one of the principal interests.

"How much do you think I made out of that case?" asked the lawyer.

"A good round sum. I'll warrant."

"What would you say to a thousand?"

"I'll bet fifty it was nearer ten thousand," and the doctor had the money on the table in a twinkling. It was covered just as quickly.

"Got you again," chuckled the doctor.

"Honest now, old man how much did you get?"

"Nothing. I wasn't employed in that case at all."

The doctor took it very hard for an hour and then grew more cheerful as he laughed over the prospect of working a similar joke on a friend at home.

A WINTER TRAGEDY.

Forth on the wings of the North Wind
Went the Frost King,
The icicles hanging to his beard,
He stretched his wand out o'er the land,
And everything froze tighter than a drum.
The wolverine dug deeper down into
Its hole, and the affrighted mercury
Did likewise.

He traversed rivers and they turned to
skating rinks.
He waved his wand again—
A cold, cold wave—
And in his wake the plumb came.
The oldest inhabitant woke up and smiled
A clammy, scornful smile, and said
It wasn't to be mentioned in comparison
With '63 On, on,
Strode the Frost King.
And the night fell.

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed, with fiendish
glee.
With stealthy steps he entered the great
city.

He prowled about a cellar—
A North Side cellar—
And found an opening.
And then he did a most unkingly thing,
A dastardly, burglarious, plebeian thing.
He crawled inside that cellar,
And groped about.

He found a case of beer!
Three dozen bottles of imported beer!
He looked upon the beer when it was pale
He breathed his icy breath upon it,
And it froze.

It froze to death, * * *
And the wild North Wind moaned,
And howled, and sobbed its requiem.

THE INFALLIBLE MAN.

The man who never makes mistakes
Is never popular.
His cursed infallibility
To friendship is a bar.
Its maddening, when things go wrong,
To hear him calmly say:
"You might have known you'd botch it,
when
You went to work that way."

The man who never makes mistakes
Is numerous, alas!
His chief delight is to admire
His image in the glass.
For those who try, but fail, he has
No sympathy at all—
And everybody scowls at him,
And hopes to see him fall.

The man who never makes mistakes
Is a confounded bore.
He never would be missed, if we
Should never see him more.
The feeling at his funeral
Would be relief sincere,
And no one on his weed-grown grave
Would ever shed a tear!

HOW THE ROW BEGAN.

'Twas just a little photograph, a face ex-
ceedingly fair,
Framed in a pretty, fluffy mass of comic
op'ra hair;

Two lustrous eyes that seemed to glow
with living emphasis,
And ripe lips coyly pouting as if pleading
for a kiss.

Only a little photograph, yet what a
lively scrap
It brought with lightning fierceness to
the very careless chap
Who on the pretty features pictured there
so loved to dote—
His young wife found it nestling in the
pocket of his coat!

Prattle of the Youngsters.

A well known clergyman of Chicago, addressing a large gathering of children on the occasion of the last Christmas festival, thought to impress a certain truth on their minds by the employment of a familiar figure of speech. "Children," he said, "when you are having an enjoyable and happy time we will call that a silver time, and when you are having a very tiresome and disagreeable time we will call that—let me see—we will call that a copper time. Now, children, will one of you tell me what kind of a time you are having at present?"

"Please, sir," answered a little girl, "we are having a copper time."

"Johnny, what is the name of the Australian weapon that returns when it is thrown violently forward into the air?"

"The boomerang."

"Is there anything else known to science that has that peculiar property?"

"Yes'm. The cat."

If the idea of the teachers of Christian ity is to bring the deity into the daily life of the pupil they have been eminently successful in the case of a little girl living on the South Side, Chicago. She had taken her Sunday school lessons most literally.

"Jessie," she said to her elder sister a few days ago, "you ought to turn your toes out."

"I do," replied the other indignantly, and then she qualified her assertion by adding, "most of the time."

"Well, you ought to do it all the time," said the younger. "God doesn't like to see you walking 'round with your toes turned in."

All clergymen regard talking to children as one of the most hazardous functions of the ministerial office, though many of them are apparently unaware that the colloquial and interrogative method, which they often adopt for the sake of more effectually holding the juvenile attention, vastly increases the liability of catastrophe.

"I will tell you," said a visiting clergyman, addressing a Sunday school, "of an adventure I once had in Colorado. I was going through a forest and I came face to face with an immense panther. What do you suppose I did?"

"You killed him," suggested one.

"You runned," shouted another.

"No, children, there was no chance to run. I just stood perfectly still and looked the fierce, snarling beast steadily in the eye."

"Which eye?" anxiously inquired a breathless little boy, and the man who had faced the panther fell gloriously before the question of an infant.

Scrap of Fun.

"These are splendid biscuits, Maria. You made them with your own fair hands, didn't you?"

"No. These are buns from the bakery. My fair hands simply paid over the money for them. You've been drinking again, John."

"You say the question is not whether he will marry her?"

"Not if you wish to be technically correct. The question is whether she will let him escape."

The drummer looked across the aisle. The seat beside the pretty girl was vacant. Going over to the girl, he said: "Is this seat engaged?" "No," said the girl, "but I am; so it wont do you any good."

Harry Newed—I cant believe my little wife made this cake all by herself.

Mrs. Newed—Why, dearest?

Harry Newed—Because, darling, it seems to me that someone much more vicious than you must have been particeps criminis.

"When Bilford went west he told me that as soon as he had settled down and pulled himself together he would write to me, but I have never heard from him."

Bilford was blown up in an explosion of dynamite three months ago. He may have settled down, but I dont think he has pulled himself together yet."

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Sewing school, free to pupils, will be resumed on the first Saturday in October.

REGULATIONS.

Students are entered at any time during the session. No deduction will be made in either the Academic or Music Department for the before the expiration of the term or absence, except in case of dismissal or prolonged illness.

Those who finish a complete course in the Academic or the Commercial Department and pass a satisfactory examination in the branches prescribed are entitled to a Diploma.

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Leaves for the East via Pendleton and Huntington daily at 8 p.m. Arrives via Huntington and Pendleton at 7:20 a.m.

Dallas accommodation leaves daily except Sunday at 8 a.m. Arrives daily except Sunday at 6:30 p.m.

THROUGH PULLMAN AND TOURIST SLEEPERS.

Water lines schedule subject to change without notice.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE.

OCEAN DIVISION. Steamships sail from Astoria dock at 9 p.m. For San Francisco: Geo. W. Elder sails October 4, 11, 20 and 29; Columbia sails October 5, 14 and 23; State of California sails October 5, 17 and 26.

COLUMBIA RIVER SUMMER SCHEDULE DIVISION.

PORTLAND, ASTORIA AND THE COAST.

Steamer R. R. Thompson leaves Portland daily, except Sunday, at 8 p.m., on Saturday at 10 p.m. Returning, leaves Astoria daily, except Sunday, at 8 a.m.

WILLAMETTE RIVER ROUTE.

PORTLAND AND SALEM

Steamer Ruth, for Salem and way points leaves Portland Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 a.m. Returning, leaves Salem Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7:15 a.m.

YAMHILL RIVER ROUTE.

Steamer Modoc, for Dayton and way points leaves Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 a.m. Returning, leaves Dayton for Portland and way points Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 a.m.

Steamer Almoita leaves Riparia Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:45 a.m., after arrival of train from Spokane and Portland. Leaves Lewiston Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 a.m.

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