

A BORDER LAMENT.

The hostile red men are no more, their yells no longer tear the fringes from the feathery wings of the astonished air, their snaky eyes no longer gleam with eagerness to twine their fingers in our hair as in the days of ol' lang sene. Around the reservations now they loaf and take their ease, their bronze legs hid in paleface pants quite baggy at the knees; they while the happy hours away in frequent lazy naps, an' keep their cash in motion playin' poke or shootin' craps. The tenderfoot now strolls about no longer fearing that lead protests hot from smokin' guns may ventilate his hat for usin' water on the side to make his whisky set, in violation of the rules of border etiquette. It's come to such a painful pass that men in tailor clothes are held in jes' as high esteem an' full respect as those that wear wool shirts an' canvas duds, with pistols on the side! I swear it nearly breaks my heart! knocks out my honest pride! The courts o' law have downed the rope, Judge Lynch has taken legs, an' left the field to starchy chumps with heads like ostrich eggs. An' if a feller pulls his gun an' downs another gent it costs a pile o' cash to square the trial event. An', jes' to think! a funeral is now put up to be a sad an' serious affair, while in the ol' days we would chuck his lateness underground without a sigh or sob, an' leave him there to rest in peace while holdin' down his job. It makes me sore to gaze upon the ruin of a land that once in makin' life a joy could play a winning hand, to see pale tenderfeet come in with cranky eastern views of mixin' fancy bitters with the purity of booze. I feel as lost an' out o' place an' short o' nery sand as any painted Injun would up in the Promised Land! An' I would hit the trail, but where in thunder could I go, since all the west is ruined by this progress circus show.

DON'T WORRY A BIT.

If your plans should fail and your schemes go wrong, Don't you worry a bit, Face every care with defiant song, Don't you worry a bit. Don't list to the whisperings of despair, But have the courage to do and dare, And you'll distance Eli in getting there— Don't you worry a bit. If you spring a pop and the girl says no, Don't you worry a bit, Just laugh and say you had reckoned so, Don't you worry a bit. She'll soon relent and will call you back, Your hat will hang on the same old rack, And your lips will meet in the same old smack— Don't you worry a bit. If your wife is crabbed and sour and cross, Don't you worry a bit, If she even sets herself as boss, Don't you worry a bit, She'll soon be needing a new spring hat, A new shirt waist and a new dress pat., And'll be demure as a pussy cat— Don't you worry a bit. View life with a philosophic eye, Don't you worry a bit, If your cards are low try to play them high, Don't you worry a bit. Keep your cup of energy brimming full, And you'll some day have an old fortune bull By the shaggy tail, with a down hill pull— Don't you worry a bit.

ONE DAY IN THE TRENCHES.

We lay among the rifle pit, above our low heads streaming bullets, like sleet, with now and then, near by, the vicious screaming of shells that made us hold our breath, till each had burst and blasted its ghastly circle hid in smoke—here, there—and while it lasted, That murderous fume and fusillade, our hearts were in our throats; For hell let loose about us raged, and in those muddy moats The rain that fell was shot and shell, the splash it made was red. And all about the long redoubt was gar- risoned with dead. Upon my right a veteran in rasping whis- pers swore; Upon my left an Irish lad breathed Ave Marys o'er. And I? Well, well, I won't aver my lips no murmur made; A prayer, long, silent, half forgot, stirred them; but something stayed The sacred word; I locked my lips. "No, no, ah, no!" I thought; "Not so I'll pray, let come what may" I held my heart and lips And nerved afresh, I gripped my rifle stock—when—something clips Snagly my temple (that long lock con- ceals the bullet's mark)

And sharply stinging, with ears loud ringing, I dropped into the dark. When I awoke the sultry smoke had gone, and o'er me, Faint as a cloud against the air, a sweet face tenderly, A mother-woman's face, was beading, in the evening beam— That touched her good gray hair to gold— with eyes that made me seem, Mid all the fever's burning wholly safe— since they were there, Well—oddlly, sir—in that dim peace, I let my lips breathe prayer.

LENT.

Is this a fast—to keep The larder lean and clean From fat of veals and sheep? Is it to quit the dish Of flesh yet still to fill The platter high with fish? Is it to fast an hour, Or ragged to go—or show A downcast look, and sour. No! 'Tis a fast to dole Thy sheaf of wheat and meat Unto the hungry soul. It is to fast from strife, From old debate and hate, To circumsise thy life. To show a heart grief-rent; To starve thy sin, not bin— And that's to keep thy lent.

BURDEN OF THE POETS.

O, God! give back our childhood, Our isolated days; Though lightly proffered laurels And easy, ungrudged praise; And not with sword and cannon, But moral might and main, We'll seek another's profit And work another's gain. Oh, poet of the ten-inch gun! you've taught us to be great! That love and home and wife and child are sadly out of date. Perchance we had not read our books nor heard your bugles bray We'd have no dead in Cuba and the Phil- ippines today. 'Tis kind of you to come to us crude peo- ple of the west And teach us that our Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow and the rest Of our poor, peaceful poets all deserve the name of "mud," For, oh! they never wrote like you, of barrack-rooms and ber-lud!

"Take up the White Man's burden" With vigilance to hide, To veil your secret purpose Lest all the world deride, By trick and innuendo, Philanthropy made plain— To seek a party's profit And work your petty gain.

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

Newspapers report that an Ohio lawyer dropped dead while shoveling snow. Wonder if he will have another chance? "Gentlemen of the jury," said the pompous lawyer, assuming his most impos- ing mien, "I once sat upon the judge's bench in Iowa. "Where was the judge?" quickly in- quired the opposing attorney, and the pompous gentleman found the thread of his argument hopelessly entangled. That suicide is a "pernicious habit that obviously tends to shorten life" is the defence set up by a life insurance company in a recent action on a policy which ex- pressly excluded liability for such reprehensible habits.

Lawyer—I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation. I want to know every- thing that passed between you and Mr. Clapper. Reluctant Witness—I've told you every- thing of any consequence. "You have told me that you said to him: 'Clapper, this case will get you into court some day.' Now, what did he say in reply?" "Well," he said: 'Dapper, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snoopin' little yee- hawin', four-by-six, gimlet-eyed lawyer with half a pound of brains and sixteen ounces of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'

A suit was brought in the United States court, in Springfield, against a citizen, for an infringement of a patent right, re- lates a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Mr. Lincoln was employed to defend it. Mr. Lincoln went to the most skilled archi- tect in the city, inquired how he spent his winter evenings, and received the reply: "If times are brisk, I sometimes work; other times I have no special business." Mr. Lincoln said: "I have a patent right case in court; I want you as a partner, and will divide fees. I know nothing about mechanics—never made it a study. I want you to make a list of the best works on mechanism, as I don't suppose they can be purchased here. I will furnish the money, and you can send to Chicago or New York for them. I want you to come to my house one night each week and give me instruction." In a short time he had witness to meet him, and they were thoroughly drilled. When the trial commenced Mr. Lincoln put his questions at the cross-examination so scientifically that many witnesses were

put on the stand, so skillful were his questions that the court, the jury, and the bar all wondered how "Abe" Lincoln knew so much about mechanism. His witness could reply promptly. He gained the suit and a reputation such that Mr. Lincoln was retained in every patent- right case brought into that court, up to the time he was sent to Washington. He went to Chicago, St. Louis, Iowa, Ohio, Kentucky and Michigan to try patent- right cases, and the last year of his prac- tice did little else.

CONNUBIALITIES.

The extent of the business done by Milwaukee justices and marrying par- sons may be imagined from the fact that the practical certainty of the passage of the license law by the legislature has in- duced a lake transportation company to consider the advisability of taking off one of the boats used in its Milwaukee service.

Frank R. Fisher, a traveling salesman for a clothing company of Utica, N. Y., disappeared from Waterloo, Ind., on the night of the 13th, the time appointed for his marriage to Miss Jennie Showalter, a well known belle of that city. The couple had been engaged for some months and last evening was the date set for the wedding, the immediate family only to be present. Shortly before the time set Fisher called on the bride and said he would return at the appointed hour. The bride was then attired in her wedding gown and the clergyman on hand to per- form the ceremony. But Fisher failed to show up.

A millionaire clubman, representative of an iron manufacturing firm known all over the country and the owner of one of the finest country houses in the region just north of New York city, took for his wife on the 7th ult, the beautiful young woman who had been the gover- ness of his children. James W. Quintard, a member of the family that found- ed the Quintard Iron works, and Miss Hedwig Johannes Ballenberger, former- ly of Switzerland, were married in the Second Presbyterian church at Paterson N. J., by the Rev. Dr. Charles D. Shaw. The wedding was a very quiet one. Mr. Quintard has been married three times previously.

Sarah Grand, writing to the Gentle- woman on "At What Age Should Girls Marry?" says: "It has come to pass that the modern girl marries later in life than her predecessor. She feels that there is no hurry and takes time to look about her. The healthy minded would generally prefer to marry, but just at what age it is sometimes hard to determine. It seems to me that the only possible answer to the question is also the most obvious, namely, when she ar- rives at years of discretion. This hap- pens at various ages, according to the character and capacity of the girl. Some girls are sensible women at 19; some are never sensible women at all. The Amelia Sedley sort of girl is a survival of the chattel period, and as she never acquires the sort of discretion which is a safe con- duct through life it makes no difference at what age she marries. She is a cling- ing sort of creature who looks about for a man to lean upon and generally finds one. For men in theory still prefer her. They sentimentalize on the subject of their youth and talk about the ivy and the oak. When they are captured, if they do not suffer the fate of the oak smothered by the ivy, but survive to tell the tale, they still cling to their theory; but they spend the leisure hours of their middle age at their clubs."

Tombstone Testimonials.

The Boston Transcript reproduces these bonafide epitaphs: My husband—God knows why. (From a lonely grave in Thomaston, Me.) Death caused by swallowing the tip of an umbrella rib into the lungs. He lived seven weeks and expired. (For a boy, aged 4 years, buried in Spencer, Mass.) In This World We Joggled Along Together. Betty and Sam (From a monument to Sam and Betty Watson in Oak Grove cemetery, Fall River, Mass) Here lies Dame Mary Page, Relict of Sir Gregory Page, Bart.; She departed this life March 11, 1728, In the 56 year of her age. In 67 months she was tapped 66 times, Had taken away 240 gallons of water, Without ever repining at her case, Or ever fearing the operation. (From Bunhill Fields burial ground, London, England.)

"You are the first girl I ever kissed," he said. "Your apology is accepted," she replied somewhat regretfully, for it is indeed an- noying to be always breaking people in. "Things seem to be coming my way at last," muttered Aguinardo as the Ameri- can gunners got down to work with their usual accuracy. Mrs. Secondtrip—You are just the meanest man alive! Mr. Secondtrip—Well, there is one consolation; I presume I may infer that the late lamented was meaner than I.

Sight is in the Mind, Not in the Eye.

It is necessary that we think upon what we see in order properly to appreciate what passes before the eye, otherwise the eye is a mere mirror reflecting objects but not comprehending them. We address ourselves to the eye of the mind and to the thought- fulness of the public. We do not seek to catch custom by mere glitter and tinsel, but by real enduring and substantial merit.

Our latest up-to-date Wheels are Beauties.

COLUMBIAS, Standard of the World.

The very latest improvements in High Grade Bicycles will arrive per steamer Harrison.

LOOK AT THE PRICES.

Here are reputation and quality.	Here are prices.
COLUMBIA CHAINLESS, '99 Pattern	\$75.00
COLUMBIA CHAINLESS, '98 Pattern	65.00
COLUMBIA CHAIN, '99 Pattern	50.00
COLUMBIA CHAIN, Racer	40.00

HARTFORDS, 2nd only to Columbias.



A High Grade Wheel at Low Grade Price.

HARTFORD, '99 Model	\$35.00
VEDETTES, '99 Model	\$25.00 and \$26.00

POPULAR BICYCLES. POPULAR PRICES.

Pope Mfg. Co. B. C. LAMB, Agent.



Reduced Fares!

6.00 ROUND TRIP.
3.50 ONE WAY.

ASTORIA AND TILLAMOOK.

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.



STEAMER RUTH

Direct From S. F. to Tillamook.

Freight handled with dispatch and at lowest rates. Fruit delivered in good order. Best Accommodations and Cheapest Route to or from Tillamook. Every attention paid to wants and conveniences of passenger. First-class table set. WILL SAIL FROM SAN FRANCISCO ABOUT OCTOBER 30th AND EVERY 10 DAYS AFTER.

For further particulars apply to **A. W. BEADLE & Co.,** No. 14 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO; or to TRUCKEE LUMBER CO.

FISHERMEN & CANNERYMEN ATTENTION!

Boat Sail Drill, Cotton Twine, Robert Stewart's Gill-net Twine, Tan Bark, Fish Boat Supplies, OR **Anything that is needed in the Fishing Industry in Great Quantities. At Low Prices.** WRITE **FOARD & STOKES Co.,** ASTORIA, OREGON, FOR PRICES AND CATALOGUES.

St. Alphonsus ACADEMY,

TILLAMOOK, OREGON. CLASSES WERE RESUMED ON THE FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER.

GRADED COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

ST. ALPHONSUS ACADEMY is divided into four departments, viz: Primary, Intermediate Grammar, and Senior. The year is divided into four terms of eleven weeks each.

TUITION FEE.

Tuition Fee for one pupil for a term of eleven weeks in the Primary Department, Two Dollars; in the INTERMEDIATE, THREE DOLLARS; GRAMMAR GRADE, FOUR DOLLARS; SENIOR GRADE, FIVE DOLLARS.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Instrumental Music on the Piano or the stringed instruments, for a term of eleven weeks TEN DOLLARS.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Vocal Music, EIGHT DOLLARS.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

In the Business Department: Stenograph, Book-keeping, and Type-writing included, if desired. The common branches, THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the whole course.

Plain Sewing and Fancy Work free to the pupils on Saturday afternoon. Board and Tuition, including plain and fancy needle work, THIRTEEN DOLLARS a month. When there are four pupils in one family at- tending, the last one is free. 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 Christmas or Easter Holiday for withdrawal 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.

CHAS. PETERSON,



SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING,

Hot and Cold Baths.

EVERYTHING STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

WHERE TO INSURE.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE CO. AGENT FOR TILLAMOOK, J. S. STEPHENS.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. AGENTS FOR TILLAMOOK, BIGGS & STEPHENS.

SCHOOL DESKS AND SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

J. S. STEPHENS is agent for the Northwest School Furniture Company for Tillamook co.