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PROSPERITY FOR FARMERS.

IN THE campaign of 1896 the farmers were given special attention by the managers of the silver party. All who tilled the soil were assured that low prices were the direct result of the treatment of silver and that values must inevitably continue to drop until the government consented to coin at the old ratio all the silver that could be carried to the mints. This view of the case was backed up by an avalanche of literature, to say nothing of an earthquake of gabble. Farmers know now that the prices of their products advance without the slightest regard to silver. In 1896 the value of domestic animals was certainly low and demagogues charged the fact upon their great catchall, the alleged crime of '73. A chance is now presented to consider the subject freed from political absurdities. The annual report of the department of agriculture states that the value of horses in the United States has increased \$32,000,000 within a year, an average increase of more than 10 per cent. This has taken place in spite of the talk of a coming horseless era. Cattle other than milk cows, increased 10 per cent in value. Milk cows were worth \$39,500,000 more at the end of the year than at the beginning. Sheep which could hardly be given away under the last Democratic tariff, increased in value \$14,000,000, and in number 1,460,000. Mules also increased in value. The total increase in a year in the value of domestic animals is placed at \$108,345,481, a gain of 5.74 per cent. The party that promised prosperity, and was taken at its word, has abundantly fulfilled the pledge, but the measure of its good deeds and beneficial influences is still piling up.

A LONDON critic complains that the American soldier is not attractive in personal appearance. Perhaps not, but just think how the other fellow looks when the American soldier gets through with him.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY has taken the first steps toward establishing merchant marine to take care of the industries of Cuba. The island will make more progress under four years of Republican rule than it did under four hundred years of Spanish rule. The anti-expansion Democrats would have Cuba remain as a poverty-stricken country for all time before they could be broad enough to adopt the policy that is being put into effect by President McKinley.

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FROM THE PLAINS.

Tonight, Tom, I danced with a Princess!
She'd a diamond tiara that gleamed
And shone in the lights of the ballroom;
And yet, for an instant, I dreamed—
While the Princess, her silks and her roses
Out of sight and of mind seemed to fade
Till I found myself twirling and whirling
With a far different sort of a maid:
The violins, hidden by palm trees,
Struck a note—ah, I know it was false!
But it suddenly called up a memory
Of a long-time-ago little waltz;
And I saw, Tom—don't deem me de-
mented—
A cabin that stood low but stanch,
In the midst of a prairie out West there—
Where I danced with Sue Brown at
Gay's ranch.

How old Bill scraped his fiddle and
rosined
His bow 'till it grunted and squeaked!
Then grumbled, "Now hand out yer
partners,"
When the timid, like cowards, rose and
"sneaked";
To come back again, full of Dutch courage
To that simpering line 'gainst the wall,
And with scarcely a please, by your
leave, Miss,
Grabbed comrades and pranced down
the hall;
How I, with the cowboy's rough ardor—
Unthinking of Kate or of Blanche—
Took Sue and was off like a whirlwind,
The happiest chap at the ranch.

There were quite twenty couples a dan-
cing;
Pretty girls and the stalwart, sound
sons
Of the prairie—all "rigged for the
"social."
(But among them, Tom nary a gun!
For there's etiquette where there are
women;
And out West 'twas a mammoth eyesore
To be clothed in the ballroom for killing;
so
The guns were just stacked 'hind the
door!)
Those cowboys! They twisted like pop-
lars
That sway in the storm, root and
branch,
In their efforts to show off their angles
To the girls they danced with at Gay's
ranch.
But Sue, Tom! Of all the fair women
I'd seen in that rough round of days
She alone seemed to play on my heart-
strings;
She alone had the grace to amaze
By her coquetry born of the freedom
That comes with the life of the plains.
Oh, the glad life, whose memory saddens
The intervened years with their pains!
But, Tom, why is retrospect gloomy
Should I bore you by all that is blue?
In those days I didn't own cattle
Nor "promote" much—except love for
Sue.

Yet to-night, as I danced with the Prin-
cess
And the violins got out of tune,
And I saw for an instant the ranch-
house
Standing back in some far-away June
And you, and the cowboys—and Sue,
Tom—
I wished that time's sands in the glass
Hadn't run quite so swiftly for me, and
Brought in the gray hairs and harass.
But I'm glad for this breath from the
prairies—
For the thought of the boys that were
stanch;
And didn't joke me on my failure
The night Sue said, "No," at Gay's
ranch.

SPRING PROBLEMS.

De Hoppergrass, he hop ter win—
He say: "Dis spring, fer sho!"
De Mockin'bird, he twitch him in,
En he never hop no mo!
Dat des de way it go—
He never hop no mo!
De Mockin'bird,
He heah his word,
En he never hope no mo!
De Lizard say: "It's a holiday,"
En crawl out fum de snow;
De Blacksnake mouth stretch north en
south,
En down de Lizard-go!
Dat des de way it go—
He sees de sun no mo!
De Blacksnake say:
"Des come his way,"
En down de Lizard go!

THY FATE.

The whimsical plaint of the kicker
Kept echoing, day after day.
Men were often amused while they
listened
To things that the kicker would say,
And they vowed he was waggish and
merry,
For many, of course, couldn't see
That he was as deeply in earnest
As a kicker could possibly be.
But one day the trouble was ended.
This earth moved along all serene.
Each mortal was good to his neighbor
And we never raised kine that were lean,
The rumors of war remain silent,
The men as they toiled day by day
By mutual help were encouraged
And no one complained of his pay.
Yet there sounded one small note of dis-
cord
It was deeply pathetic and strange
As it murmured unheeded, in protest
'Gainst this very remarkable change.

AT THY SOUL'S WINDOW.

It came from a dark distant corner;
This dismal, dissatisfied sob
That told of a grief beyond curing,
The kicker was out of a job.

When a Feller's Packing Up.

When a feller's packin' up to leave he
whistles don't you know;
Or tells you it's the weather that afflicts
his feelin's so!
Or ef from jest one corner of his eyes a
tear may ruin,
He says he's "jest perspirin'!"—but he
don't fool anyone!
Fer that 'ere packin' up ain't what they
crack it up to be;
You never pack yer heart in with the
other things, you see!
That's the letters that she wrote you—
that you've kept an' loved for years;
An' some of 'em looks blotted—but I
reckon it's yer tears!
An' the last sweet letter, mebbe, is the
one that give the pain,
An' made yer eyes run over like rivers
swelled by rain.
But thar it is amongst 'em, an' you sigh
an' understand
You're only keepin' of it 'cause she writ
it with her han'.
When a feller's packin' up to leave he'd
better keep apart.
Or he'll have a sad time in tryin' for to
whistle off his heart!
That laugh o' his rings hollow, an' his
jokes air feeble, too—
He's a funeral procession 'spite o' all that
he kin do!
I never did like packin'. When the leavin'
time comes on
I allus give intruction: "Ship my things
when I am gone!"
An' that's jest what I've tol' 'em!
(Never think I'll shed a tear!—
But it looks as ef 'twuz rainin' ten or
twenty miles from here!)

Prattle of the Youngsters.

Teacher—The sentence, "My father
had money," is in the past tense. Now
Mary what tense would you be speaking
in if you said, "My father has money?"
Little Mary—O, that would be pre-
tense.
Minister (to naughty boy)—Tommy,
you should be good—like my little boy.
Tommy—Oh, people donate you so
many slippers he don't dare to be bad.

The examiner wished to get the chil-
dren to express moral reprobation of
lazy people and he led up to it by asking
them who were the persons who got all
they could and did nothing in return.
For sometime there was silence, but at
last a little girl, who had obviously rea-
soned out the answer inductively from her
own home experience, exclaimed with a
good deal of confidence: "Please, sir, I
know—it's the baby."

A little boy I know went to church
last Sunday morning with his mother,
says the Washington Post. The service
was somewhat long and utterly incom-
prehensible to the child. Consequently
he fidgeted. His mother reproved him
several times. At last she leaned toward
him.
"Bobby," she whispered, "if you act
badly I'll never bring you to church
again."
A gleam of hope dawned in Bobby's
weary eyes.
"Mamma," he said eagerly, "how bad
will I have to be?"

A little boy was taken to church for
the first time a few Sundays ago. He had
been repeatedly cautioned to sit still and
keep quiet. His obedience was most
commendable, and when it was time to
pass the contribution box he was en-
trusted with the family donation. In-
stead of silently placing the money where
it belonged he held it before the eyes of
the officiating collector that he might
plainly see it.
"That's good my little fellow," came the
response with a view to passing the in-
cident over without embarrassment.
"Course it's good, but I'm payin' for
all three. Is there any change comin'?"

"Mamma," said the 8-year-old South
Side maiden, "has Uncle George gone to
heaven?"
"I hope so, dear," replied mamma.
"And will he play on a harp?"
"Why, we are taught that the good
people who get to heaven play on harps,
my child."
The terrible infant gave a sniff.
"Well, 'twon't be no good," she scorn-
fully said. "Cousin Willie says Uncle
George couldn't even play on a jewsharp
or shucks."

FLASHES OF FUN.

"No," said Hungry Higgins, thought-
fully. "I can't exactly be called a shop-
lifter, though I do think I have likely
hoisted a whole brewery in my time."

"It was my good fortune that my an-
cestors came over in the Mayflower,"
said Miss South Church.

"May flour," replied Miss Hennepin,
who did not quiet understand. "Our folk"
made their fortune in September wheat's

"Is he a person of much refinement?"
asked the young woman.

"Necessarily," replied Senator Sorg-
ham; "his family is in the sugar business
and owns at least half a dozen refineries."

"Men are so stupid."
"Why do you say that?"

"We paid \$300 for our parlor furni-
ture and my husband wants me to keep
the window shades pulled down at
night."

"What's the matter with you?" asked
the friends.

"I haven't the least idea," answered
the very cynical invalid. "The surgeons
are going to operate for appendicitis."

"There's a good bit of mystery about
this proposed coffin trust," said the lean
boarder.

"Shrouded in doubt, as it were," chuck-
led the one who always chimes in first.

"When I see some men," he said thought-
fully, "I am prepared to believe that we
are actually descended from monkeys
and that in certain cases it has been con-
siderable of a descent."

Mr. Brewt—Not one woman in three
can see the funny side of life.

Mrs. Brewt—No; most of them have
been married too long.

"Mr. Perkins is a good business man,
isn't he, daughter?"

"I think so, mamma; ten minutes after
he was presented to me he told me he
was a widower."

"And you say his wife drove him to
drinking?"

"No, I didn't say that. The place was
just around the corner. He walked."

"No, I shall never marry again," said
the woman who had made two unlucky
experiments in matrimony. "Men have
such flinty hearts!"

"That's all right," responded her op-
timistic friend. "Pick your flint and try
again."

Mabel—Are you going to return the
poor fellow's ring?

Florence (who has just broken her en-
gagement)—I haven't decided. I suppose
he'll propose to you now, and I thought
I'd just hand it over to you to save
bother.

"Please get me a match, dearest," said
Mrs. Newwed.

"It would be hard to find a match for
you, my darling," replied Mr. Newwed,
admiringly.

"Brute!"
"Wretched woman!"
The wife flings herself sobbing upon the
divan; the husband, cursing her, flees
away to the town.

Is it that they are incompatible? Or
is it a clever play to get the cook inter-
ested in them and thus keep her from
leaving.

"I see they are making an attempt to
stop the use of the flag for advertising
purposes."

"Oh! The politicians want a monopoly
of that sort of thing themselves, do
they?"

It has been suggested that Nero per-
haps fiddled while Rome was burning
with the idea of giving the affair the
color of a sacred concert, thus forestall-
ing police interference.

"Have you got any embalmed beef?"
asked the joker of his butcher.

"No," replied the butcher of his guard;
"but we have something just as good."

"Er—what class is the 'Black Diamond'
fighter in?" asked the coal dealer.

"You ought to know by his name,"
said the unspecified citizen. "He is a
light-weight, of course."

Pointed Paragraphs.

The life of a cloak model is a trying
one.

When birds sleep on the wing they use
feather beds.

Unless the hotel guests put up the land-
lord must shut up.

An apt quotation is sometimes better
than an original remark.

Codfish balls are not barred in Chicago
social circles during Lent.

A poet and a stove form a prastinal
example of the manufacturer and con-
sumer.

Women are foolish if they believe the
fool things men say when they are in
love.

It takes a genius to compel himself to
like the disagreeable tasks he has to per-
form.

From an actor's standpoint an encore
indicates that one good turn deserves
another.

Happiness may resemble either a moun-
tain or a molehill. It depends on the dis-
tance you are from it.

We are told that nothing in the uni-
verse is wasted; yet about nine-tenths of
the efforts spent in literary work are un-
accounted for.