

A TALE OF WOE.

Teardful Plaint of a Women Born Under a Country Star.

So nobody absolutely must listen to my "tale of woe." My husband won't; he's a tyrant. My children won't—or don't—or if they do, they pay no heed because they hear it so often.

Now, you see, the trouble is just this; I'm a misunderstood creature; one of those unfortunate born under a country star. I learned all about it in a book called "Solar Biology," and it's a scientific fact that I've got to go through life being misunderstood.

To begin with, I had to apologize to my father when I was born, for not being a boy. He already had quit a stock of boys of all ages, sizes and dispositions, but he felt insulted that Providence should dare to thrust a girl upon him. I soon found out that my father did not love me; I was to him as naught because I could not carry in the coals and split the kindlings, and the boys had grown up and ran away.

Then I went to school, and I was neither brilliant nor bold. If I said, "four times four is sixteen," the teacher thought I said, "four times four are sixteen," and she accused me of trying to be smart. Then I should never know what the word "smart" really meant, she laid the ruler across my shoulders to give me a forcible illustration of the word.

Then I had a boy sweetheart who gave me a bed ring. I took it in my fingers and smiled ecstatically at it. I was persuaded it was the most beautiful thing that had ever come from the bargain counter of a clearance sale, but my sweetheart thought I was laughing at his gift and he angrily snatched it away and gave it to Mollie Morris—the ugliest girl in the school.

I had another sweetheart—or thought I had. He hung around me constantly, and he flattered me until I began to think the Queen of Sheba couldn't have been so favored a mortal as I, for she had never seen my Tommy. What was Solomon in all his glory compared to Tommy in his red necktie and ox-blood, bulldog shoes.

The misunderstanding between Tommy and me was mutual. I thought Tommy was in love with me, and he thought I would give him my amethyst ring. That was all he wanted; for this he warmed over all his old compliments; to obtain my ring he learned to walk with his toes turned out, and pasted down his hair with diluted muceilage. When Tommy found that I wouldn't give him the ring, he said I had a pug nose and red hair, but I haven't, and I can prove it.

Finally I had a really, truly, sure enough lover. We got along splendidly for about six months; then he actually, jilted me because he thought I was too pious to make a good practical wife. I'm sure I never tried to give him this impression, and I don't know what ever made him think I was so devote unless he came around sometime when I didn't know it, and heard me say something when I was mad. I suppose he thought I was saying my prayers in broad daylight.

Well, I finally got married, and that was simply through a misunderstanding. The young man thought I was pining for love of him. Whenever he came to see me I was sad and quiet, for I was always sleepy, therefore he decided I was breaking my heart for him. He proposed and I accepted him just to have a change. (By the way, I don't have any more change than I did before I was married.)

Now my latest trouble is this: My husband brought a friend of his to spend the evening with us. This gentleman, whom I will call Mr. Livingstone, although his real name was only Smith, is a great politician. He believes in expansion; I don't. I don't want to see any expansion unless it is in my husband's heart, or my own pocketbook. My husband always tells me I don't understand politics when my point of view does not coincide with his. Mr. Livingstone grew weary of the discussion between my husband and myself; we always take these occasions to have a discussion because it is a safer time for me, and an easy way to entertain our friends, Mr. Livingstone said:

"I wish I knew all the ins and outs of this business, but just as I think I have mastered the subject a new difficulty arises. How do you understand it, Mrs. C—?"

"I was flattered, of course, to think a man would consider my opinion worth consulting on a political question and I thought it was so good a chance to say something smart that I replied:

"According to my idea the whole question in a nutshell is this: Uncle Sam cracked a nut with Spain, and now he wants the island for a philopena."

Now if any other woman had made that remark when we were out visiting my husband would have chuckled and laughed over it for weeks, and he would have said:

"Mrs. B— is so brilliant. Wasn't that pun about the philopena (Filipino) funny? I think she is a very brilliant woman, don't you, my dear."

Then if I should say, "Yes, of course I do," he would say I meant to be sarcastic, and if I should say, "Oh, I don't know as that was so much," he would say:

"My dear, you are allowing yourself to become very slangy. I wish you would quit it."

tic and I don't want to be slangy, although I must confess that I often find the classical language of the street very expressive.

Now I've heard of old maids dying and leaving their money to found an asylum for cats. Why can't some philanthropic soul leave their money to found an asylum where unappreciated genius could be sheltered from the cold world, while it airs its opinions without fear of conflicting with the humdrum ideas of ordinary mortals?

If such an institution is to be founded, according to my valuable suggestion, please see that fire escapes are put on the building. There is no more inflammable material in the world than the smouldering flame of misunderstood genius.

A. CITIZENESS.

Secular Shots At The Pulpit.

Rev. Dr. Hillis said, in a recent sermon: "The industrious poor will become well-to-do; the thrifty well-to-do will become wealthy; the leisure classes are certain to increase. By 'the leisure classes' does Mr. Hillis mean the millionaires and the tramps?"

Several clergymen of Massachusetts have petitioned the legislature to revoke the sentence of banishment passed against Roger Williams in 1635 on account of his alleged heresy. There is no suggestion in the petition as to how Roger is to be notified of the legislature's decision.

With the decision of the general assembly at hand that smoking is not unchristian, Presbyterians ought to indulge in rejoicing. For if you smoke in this sphere it should not follow, brother, that when your days are ended here you'll still smoke in another.

The Benedictines of St. Vincent's monastery in Pennsylvania have given up their profitable business of beer brewing owing to the assaults of the Catholic Total Abstinence union. If they feel any remorse for the past they can lighten it with the reflection that they at least made an honest and excellent quality of beer.

A Brooklyn minister has made things lively in the church club of that city by denouncing Sunday schools as an invention of the evil one. One member was so shocked that he could not deliver the address he had prepared. When a minister is struck dumb it is a sure sign he has sustained a severe jar.

Told Out Of Court.

Referring to a photograph as a disposition of the "unimpeachable sun," a Missouri judge says: "To me it is a very comforting thought and pleasing reflection that amid all the vicissitudes and pressing exigencies of railroad damage suits they have never yet attempted to impeach 'Old Sol.' Perhaps they were deterred by his shining reputation. At any rate, from his serene seat in the heavens, 'from his cairn on high,' he still looks down on the pigmy population of earth with the same burning eye wherewithal erstwhile he gazed down upon Ananias that time he went in before the apostles, and 'shed to the Holy Ghost.'"

When I graduated from the law school," said the old lawyer to a New York Sun man, "I took Horace Greeley's advice and went west. I located in a little town that then was on the frontier and waited with the confidence of youth for clients.

"Before I had fairly opened my office I was retained to defend a man for stealing a horse. This elated me very much, for I was not aware at the time that the case had been refused by all the other lawyers in town, as defending a horse thief was not a thing to be desired if a man valued his life.

"The case came to a trial before an old judge and a jury composed of bewhiskered ranchers. There was no doubt that the man was guilty, but he had a number of friends who were willing to swear to anything, and I thought it was my duty to make the best possible use of them. They were all willing to swear that the defendant was forty miles away from the spot where the horse was stolen, and the prosecution was unable to break down their testimony. I saw I was going to free my client, so it was with a satisfied air that I saw the jury leaving the room to prepare their verdict.

"They were back in five minutes, and the old judge asked them if they had succeeded in arriving at a verdict.

"'We hev,' answered the foreman, as he shifted the gun he carried on his hip. 'We find the defendant not guilty, an' recommend the defendant's lawyer, owin' to his youth an' innocence, to the mercy of the court.'"

"While I was gasping for breath the judge fined me \$500 and suspended sentence long enough for me to get out of town. It wasn't law, but I didn't stop to argue the matter."

A SHERIFF'S WARNING.

To all bicycle owners: Section 5 of the bicycle law reads as follows, to wit: "The absence of the proper tag from any bicycle shall be considered prima facie evidence that the tax has not been paid; it shall be the duty of any and all peace officers, deputy sheriffs and bicycle tax collectors to seize and safely hold all such bicycles until the levied tax and \$1 additional has been paid, as a fine for such non-payment. The above law will be fully enforced, and any person found riding a wheel after the 15th day of June without the proper tag, will be dealt with in accordance with said section 5, as I have absolutely no discretion in the matter." H. H. ALDERMAN, Sheriff. By B. C. LAMB, bicycle tax collector for Tillamook county.

REBELS ON THE RUN.

American Troops Whip Them Out of Cavite Province.

MANILA, June 11th, 8:10 p.m.—The Filipino occupation of the province of Cavite has been broken, and, as the result of the present movement, the Americans now control the important coast towns of Paranaque and Las Pinas, while a long line of insurgent trenches facing our south lines has been cleared.

The insurgents have again proved their ability as dodgers. Between 3000 and 4000 warriors who seemed destined to be captured, have disappeared, the majority sliding away under cover of the night after fighting the Americans all day. Some others came to meet our troops protestations of friendship.

The Thirteenth infantry lost one man killed and six wounded; the Ninth infantry one man killed and five wounded; the Fourteenth infantry three wounded and the First Colorado volunteer regiment 11 wounded.

Yesterday's work was the hardest our army has seen. The battlefield stretched out across the entire isthmus from Laguna de Bay to the harbor. While the troops were advancing, the army gunboat Napidan, in the river near Taguig, shelled the enemy, killing several of them. The monitor Monadnock and the gunboat Helena shelled Paranaque and Las Pinas all day with the full power of their batteries.

The rebel sharpshooters kept in hiding until the American lines had passed, and then attempted to pot stragglers from the trees. Thanks to their poor marksmanship, this was without result. The whole country proved to be a succession of small hills, with boggy ground between the high, thick grass and bushes in the hollows, which greatly added to the difficulty of the advance, but gave shelter that saved many from the enemy's bullets. Our men threw away their blankets, coats and even haversacks, stripping to the waist and trusting to luck for food. Water could not be obtained, and there was much discomfort after the centens were emptied.

At the outset the Colorados, the Ninth infantry and the Twenty-first infantry forced the line of insurgent trenches, wheeled to the left and drove the enemy toward the lake. During this maneuver the Filipinos in concealed trenches on the right opened an enflading fire, but the brigade, partly owing to the high grass, had few hits. The Ninth infantry crossed around to the right, flanking the trenches, driving the Filipinos out, and killing many of them.

The Colorado regiment advanced to the lake. Two companies encountered trenches on top of a knoll, where the Filipinos stood waist high above a trench, pouring a volley upon the advancing Americans. The Colorado troops charged and drove them out. Lieutenant-Colonel Moss was wounded in the arm as he jumped into the trench.

General Lawton a Target. In the meantime, General Wheaton's column advanced 1 1/2 miles toward Paranaque, where the Americans found a strong trench on a ridge, out of which they drove the Filipinos by hard fighting. The enemy tried to flang the dismounted troops of the Fourth cavalry, accompanying Major-General Lawton, and at the same time they made their advance, throwing a skirmish line to flank the Fourteenth infantry. But they were easily repulsed, the American artillery coming to the crest of the hill and shelling them.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon General Wheaton's brigade, headed by General Lawton, who, in his white clothing and helmet, on a big black horse, was a shining mark for the enemy's sharpshooters, circled to the south of Las Pinas, encountering a large force of Filipinos in the shelter of the trees. General Lawton had a narrow escape. In the first volley of the enemy the horses of three of his staff officers were shot from under them. The Colorado regiment bore the brunt of this attack, and dispersed the Filipinos. Hardly had they finished off that lot, when a large force appeared in the rear, which the Ninth infantry and a part of the Colorado regiment drove away. By this time nearly the whole division was around Las Pinas. The Americans camped for the night south of the town, and in the midst of a heavy rain.

White Flags Flying. At 6 a.m. to-day, General Wheaton advanced upon Las Pinas with a troop of cavalry, the Twenty-first infantry, the Colorado regiment, part of the Ninth infantry, and two mountain guns, crossing two streams and entering the town without firing a shot. He then advanced upon Paranaque. The women and children, and, for that matter, many men, remained in the town. No houses were destroyed, though many were torn by the shells from the warships. Everywhere the Americans found white flags flying. So far as can be ascertained, the Filipinos' loss is about 50 killed, about 350 wounded, and 20 taken prisoners. The whole country is networked with trenches and the enemy scurried from shelter to shelter.

Today long trains of commissary wagons are carrying provisions to the United States troops along the road which only yesterday was the stronghold of the enemy, and the natives who yesterday were probably carrying guns are today doffing their hats and groveling before the Americans with effusive greetings of welcome.

The Colorado regiment returned to barracks in Manila tonight. As the ragged and dusty men marched past the Luneta, the fashionable gathering place for Manilans, they were heartily cheered.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Whisky straight makes crooked paths. Every married woman travels under an assumed name.

Powder magazines ought to be classified as flash literature. Plagiarism is merely a lack of skill in effacing coincidences.

Probably nothing dispels girlish illusions as quick as marriage.

The cost of experience is never fully realized until one goes to law.

The chairman of a meeting uses his gavel when he wants rapt attention.

Through a man's tongue we get a glimpse of his brains—or his lack thereof.

Faint heart often win fair lady—with a little artful assistance on her part.

Women seldom take back their unkind words unless they want to use them over again.

A man knows but very little of the happenings in the neighborhood when his wife is away on a visit.

An enterprising Chicago man has established a night school of wood carving. Situations will be secured for graduates in boarding houses.

O.R.&N.

Union Depot, Sixth and J Streets.

TWO TRAINS DAILY FROM ALL POINTS EAST.

"FAST MAIL ROUTE."

Leaves for the East via Walla Walla and Spokane daily at 2:20 p.m. Arrives at 10:15 a.m.

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 9 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 8 p.m. For San Francisco Geo. W. Elder sails October 4, 11, 20 and 29; Columbia sails October 9, 16 and 23; State of California sails October 8, 17 and 26.

COLUMBIA RIVER SUMMER SCHEDULE DIVISION.

PORTLAND, ASTORIA AND THE COAST.—Steamer R. K. 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 6 a.m. Returning, leaves Salem Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7:15 a.m.

YAMHILL RIVER ROUTE.—Steamer Madoc, 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 Almota leaves Riparia Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:45 a.m., a ter arrival of train from Spokane and Portland Leaves Lewiston, returning, Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6 a.m.

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

W. H. HURBERT, General Passenger Agent. V. A. SCHILLING, City Ticket Agent. Telephone (Main) 712.

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 course branches, THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the whole course.

Plain Sewing and Fancy Work free to the pupils on Saturday afternoon.

Latin, French and German included in the Senior Grade. Private lessons in those languages Ten Dollars a term.

Board and Tuition including plain and fancy needle work, THIRTEEN DOLLARS a month.

When there are four pupils in one family attending, the last one is free.

Sewing school, free to pupils, will be held 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.

DO YOU KNOW THE NEWS?

You can have it all for PER . . . 50c PER . . . MONTH

In The Evening Telegram, of Portland, Oregon. It is the largest evening newspaper published in Oregon; it contains all the news of the state and nation. Try it for a month. A sample copy will be mailed to you free. Address

THE TELEGRAM, Portland Or

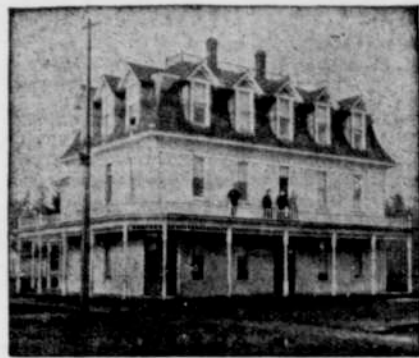
Centrally Located. Rates, \$1 Per Day.

LARSEN HOUSE,

M. H. LARSEN, Proprietor.

TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

Stage and Express Office. The Best Hotel in the city. No Chinese Employed



Allen House.

J. P. ALLEN, Proprietor.

First class accommodation at second class rate.

BEST MEALS IN THE CITY. Tillamook, Ore

Headquarters for Forest Grove Stage Line.



STEAMER LUELLE

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 APRIL 13th AND EVERY 10 DAYS AFTER.

For further particulars apply to

TRUCKEE LUMBER CO.,

No. 3 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO; or to A. W. BEADLE & CO.



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.

PACIFIC LUMBER CO.,

Manufacturers of

All Kinds of Fine Merchantable Lumber.

TILLAMOOK, OR.

Fine Dressed Flooring and Finishing Lumber a Specialty.

Local Orders Promptly Filled. Well Stocked Lumber Yard near Court House.

CHAS. COOPEY, Civil and Military Tailor, PORTLAND, ORE.

Rooms 1, 2, 3, 12, 13, Up Stairs, N.E. Corner Third and Stark Streets. Entrance 88 1/2 Third Street.

FRED SAPPINGTON, TILLAMOOK, OREGON,

Painter, Paper, Hanger and Decorator.

All work done on the Shortest Notice and at Reasonable Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.