

A TRIBUTE.

The hero came. The wondering crowd drew near. And with their plaudits shook the hemisphere. The red fire burned; the music loudly played. And cavaliers rode forth upon parade. And from the towns and farmlands swift there came Great multitudes to swell the vast acclaim. And one and all in that exultant band Stepped up and tried to shake the hero's hand. And still to show his patriotic love, He strove, too proud to wear a boxing glove. He welcomed all, nor gave of pain a hint, But swathed his fist in arnica and lint. Write it with chisel on enduring stone! Write it where names of men revered are shown! Write it, that all may read who pass the spot, "His hand was swollen, but his head was not."

WHAT JOACHIM, THE CAT, DID.

His Influence in Securing an Un-suspecting Husband for a De-signing Old Maid.

Christopher Melville was deaf; yes, very deaf. He could not hear a word without his ear trumpets, of which he had a good many, long ones and short ones, and he was always leaving them around, to the great annoyance of the lodgers. If any one sat down on a chair, like as not they sat on one; or one would be found on the dining table.

He was a rather short, stout man, with very little hair on his head and no whiskers or mustache. He was very pleasant, and when he smiled he smiled all over his face, so that he seemed to beam on one.

He had a large maltese cat named Joachim that he thought the world of. And often when he came home at night he brought some little tidbit for Joachim, rushing up to his room at once to see his pet. Of course, in a lodging house he was obliged to keep the cat in his own room, where during the day it would lie in the sun on the broad windowsill, and at night it slept with him.

Now, no one had ever paid Mr. Melville any attention until Miss Abigail Manning came up from Somerset to spend the winter in London.

Miss Abigail Manning was a spinster of that uncertain age not mentioned by the fair sex. She was short, with dark hair and gray eyes. She had a little property; enough to live on comfortably, but she had always been looking for a man, and not finding one in Somerset shire had come up to the capital, determined to take the first eligible one that was presented.

The truth was, she had not dreamed at first of catching Mr. Melville, but seeing that the poor man was left absolutely alone, she overcame a dislike to the queer-shaped trumpets and talked to him half an hour at a time.

Mr. Melville was delighted. Here was someone that he could talk to. And, not hearing half that was said, he thought Miss Abigail Manning agreed with him in everything.

"Do you like cats?" was one of the first questions he asked her, and he understood her to say that she liked them, when what she did say was that she could not endure them.

"You can have Joachim, then," said Mr. Melville, "whenever you please, down in your room."

Now, it was about this time that Miss Abigail, having questioned Mrs. Jenkins the landlady, and found that Mr. Melville had quite a little property, decided with herself that said Mr. Melville was the very man she had been looking for. It was also about this time that Mr. Melville found that in a couple of weeks business would necessitate his going to Paris for sometime.

What should he do with Joachim? Mrs. Jenkins had refused once before to take care of him, so he could not ask her. All at once a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would ask Miss Abigail to take care of the cat. She had said that she was so fond of cats. He would ask her that very day and have it off his mind.

But it happened Miss Abigail did not come home to dinner that night, and in the morning did not come down until after he left, so Mr. Melville decided to write a note and leave it with the maid when he went out. He wrote and carefully directed the following: "Dear Miss Manning:

"I am going to ask a great favor of you. You know I love Joachim, and as you are fond of cats I am going to ask you to take care of him for a few days. I shall be obliged to go to Paris on business the 28th of the month, and shall be gone four or five weeks. I would not ask you to keep him the whole time, but my brother James is coming to town about the first of next month to attend to some business in Picadilly, and he will take Joachim home with him, if you will kindly see to all arrangements in regard to his departure. The basket he travels in and the pillow and the bottle for milk are all in my closet. If you will kindly consent to do this for me I

shall be most greatly obliged. Most respectfully yours.

"CHRISTOPHER MELVILLE." This note the maid promised to deliver to Miss Abigail, but, alas, it slipped down through her dress lining and was lost and forgotten, so that Miss Abigail never received it.

That night Mr. Melville waited until dinner was over, and then, retiring to the dining room, found Miss Abigail alone. Walking over to the window where she sat he said:

"Miss Manning, I am glad to find you alone, as I want to talk with you. As you know, I always have the interests of those dear to me at heart. Of course you received my note?" he asked. "Oh, dear, where are my trumpets?"

"I have received no note," said Miss Manning, but Mr. Melvin was meanwhile looking all over the room for a trumpet.

"There is one," said Miss Abigail, coming to the rescue, "on the plate warmer."

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Melville. "Please be seated," drawing up a chair, "and I will explain all my plans. It is so unfortunate that the house has no private sitting room."

"Yes, indeed," replied she, "it is awkward at times."

"I will repeat what I said, that whatever I love I have the greatest possible interest in." Miss Abigail blushed.

"And now I know," continued Mr. Melville, "that it is asking a great deal of you to devote your time to an animal."

"Oh no, oh no!" said Miss Abigail, depreciating his calling himself an animal.

"You must not say such things," "Then you will accept," said Mr. Melville, radiantly beaming on her, for now he said to himself Joachim's comfort is assured.

"Yes," said Miss Abigail, in as low a tone as she could well make him hear, for she had heard something in the hall. "I accept, Mr. Melville, but I am afraid I am not worthy the trust you have in me."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Melville, "I will trust you. I would trust you with anything—Miss Abigail—with myself even," he added, little knowing how his words were applied.

"The twenty-eighth," said Mr. Melville, settling back in his chair and looking at Miss Abigail.

"Oh, dear," she said, "so soon as that? Well, I will try and be ready."

"And Joachim must not know that I am going away. It would break his heart. You can bring him down stairs after I leave him in the morning."

"Yes," said Miss Abigail, "I will see to the cat," but she looked surprised. Why should Mr. Melville mention the cat at such a time?

"And now," said Mr. Melville, "I want to leave all arrangements in your care."

Miss Abigail felt that she was perfectly capable of attending to everything, but it did not seem exactly the proper thing for her to do. "Do you mean that I shall attend to everything?" she shouted through the trumpet.

"Yes," he replied. "I leave all in your hands, as I explained to you in my note."

"Very well," said Miss Abigail, "I will do the best I can."

"And you are sure, dear Miss Abigail, that you will not regret it? It will be very inconvenient for you."

Miss Abigail blushed, but replied: "Oh, not at all." She was afraid that there might be some one in the hall listening, so she rose to terminate the interview, and just then some one came in.

Mr. Melville was very busy for the next two weeks, and if Miss Abigail herself had had not been so busy with making all the arrangements for the wedding she might have thought that he wasn't a very ardent lover.

When Miss Abigail had occasion to ask questions in regard to the ceremony, which was only once or twice, she had to wait until everyone was out of the dining room to get a chance to speak to him. He had expressly stated that she was to attend to everything. It was to be a quiet wedding with only Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. Smith-Jones and Potter present, and Mrs. Jenkins was to have a lunch for them afterwards.

She had ask him if 3 o'clock in the afternoon would answer, and if it should occur at St. James, Picadilly. He had repeated the word—James, Picadilly, and said yes, wondering why Miss Abigail referred to his brother's business in Picadilly.

In due course of time the 28th arrived, Miss Abigail's wedding day. After Mr. Melville had departed for the city Joachim and all his belongings were, according to instructions, carried down to Miss Manning's room.

Now, it happened that on reaching the city Mr. Melville found that there was not much for him to do the last day, so he returned early to the house, determined to have a nice rest until it was time for the night train to Dover.

It being a warm day, and he having had a hearty lunch, it happened that when Mr. Smith-Jones, dressed and ready for the momentous occasion, knocked at the door at 2 o'clock, and no amount of knocking and pounding having the least effect, had opened the door, had found the bridegroom-elect fast asleep in a chair with his feet in another and a handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies.

"Scandalous!" said Smith-Jones to himself, who imagined that Mr. Melville had been partaking of something stronger than cold tea. "Wake up Melville, do you know what time it is? You will be

late for the wedding," he shouted.

"Wedding," repeated Mr. Melville; then seeing Mr. Smith-Jones was in full dress, a smile broke over his countenance. "Oh, you sly dog," he said. "And so you are to be married and want me to assist?" Mr. Smith-Jones stared.

"What a joker you are, Melville—but come hurry up or you will not be ready in time."

"I was never at a wedding," said Melville, "and do not know just what you want me to do."

"Never mind," replied Smith-Jones. "You put yourself entirely in my hands. I will tell you what to do. Do you understand?" he shouted. "You are to do just what I show you; I will see that you get through all right."

At last Mr. Melville was ready, and they descended to the dining room, where Mrs. Jenkins and Miss Abigail were waiting. As five could not ride in one carriage, it was thought best for Mrs. Jenkins and the bride and Mr. Potter, who now made his appearance, to go in one carriage, the bridegroom and Mr. Smith-Jones followed in another. After they got started Mr. Melville discovered that he had left his trumpet.

"Do I need a horn?" he asked.

"A what?" replied Smith-Jones; then thinking he meant a whisky horn, he said, "No, I don't think you need another."

"My horn, my trumpet, I mean," said Melville.

"No," said Smith-Jones, "you do not need one; you only do just what I show you."

At the church door all alighted, where a small group were waiting for the wedding party.

Mr. Melville seemed dazed and did not know what to do until his mentor stepped up and put Miss Abigail's arm in his. Mr. Smith-Jones went on ahead as a sort of usher, and Mrs. Jenkins on the arm of Mr. Potter, followed.

The church was so dark coming in from the sunlight, that Mr. Melville could not at first see anything. He thought to himself it must be natural for the best man to take in the bride.

At the altar, the minister, and old and deaf man, was already waiting. He was in a great hurry to get through so as to take a train for the country, and began the services before the wedding party knew what they were about.

Poor Melville did not notice anything until Smith-Jones was poking at his elbow, and finally put Melville's hand into Mr. Abigail's, and Smith-Jones, who had the ring was also obliged to put that on the bride's finger. Then they were all hustled into the vestry to sign the register, where the old clergyman was already out of his surplice and the door at the same time.

As they turned to leave Smith-Jones exclaimed: "If the man hasn't signed as witness! Where is he?" for the bridegroom had disappeared.

He was out in the church examining some of the ancient tablets, while the blushing bride was waiting in a corner of the vestry. Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. Potter were looking amazed, while the perspiration was beginning to run down Smith-Jones' face.

"It is my fault," he said. "I told him I would show him what he must do," and grasping Melville's arm, he hurried him back to the vestry, where again he was attached to his bride. In some way they all got into the street, when presently Mr. Melville found himself alone in a carriage with Miss Abigail. Then he began to be alarmed and turned first white and then red. The bride was frightened.

"What is the matter, my dear Christopher?" she said, for now that they were married she considered it proper to address him by his Christian name.

Mr. Melville gasped! She had called him Christopher! What had happened? Was he mad? Had he lost his reason?

"I am afraid madam," he said, "that some dreadful mistake has happened?"

"Dreadful mistake?" she replied.

"What do you mean, sir? You are married," she shouted above the roar of the street and noise of the carriage.

"Married?" he said. "Impossible!"

"Why, Mr. Melville, you proposed and I accepted."

"When did I propose, madam?"

"Why, two weeks ago in the dining room at Mrs. Jenkins'."

Mr. Melville happened to think of the note he had written; could that have anything to do with the matter?

"You received my note?" he asked.

Miss Abigail said no, and shook her head very decidedly. Mr. Melville sank back into the carriage. It all came to him at once how Miss Abigail had misunderstood him and he not hearing her replies, she had thought he proposed.

And now they were married. What a dreadful situation? What should he do, and here they were back at the house, and Joachim, the unwitting author of all the trouble, was sitting on the top step, having escaped from Miss Abigail's room.

Smith-Jones and Potter were astonished to see Melville jump out of the carriage and, leaving his bride, rush up the steps, leaning audibly at his pet and kicking the poor cat down the steps.

Of course there was a scene and the bride retired, to be comforted by Mrs. Jenkins. Mr. Melville did not go to Paris that night, but it finally ended in their both going a few days later, while poor Joachim was never seen afterward.

QUALIFIED FOR HIS BUSINESS

Advice of a Young Lawyer Saved His Client from a Damage Suit.

"He's a natural-born lawyer," one said, talking to a group of professional men in Milwaukee, and then he told the story, reported by the Milwaukee Sentinel of how the mails that morning had made glad a young lawyer who has not been engaged in active practice very long, though admitted to the bar a number of years ago. When he opened the mail there fluttered out a check that had the figures \$250 in one corner and the name of a man at the business end that made the bit of paper as good as though it bore the certification of the cashier of the First National bank. It was the story of how one breach of promise case came to be settled out of court. The man whose name was at the bottom of the check was the one who would have been the defendant but for the young lawyer's advice, and this is the story as it was told:

The man in trouble had gone to the young lawyer because he had known him for some time and told his troubles; he had been indiscreet; he thought he loved her, but he found out several weeks too late that he was mistaken; no, he didn't want to marry her, but she persisted and he couldn't stand the ignominy of a threatened breach of promise suit; besides, he had written some exceedingly foolish letters. Her family was very respectable and all that, and really there wasn't any objection only he didn't like the girl. Her family stood high in church circles, were very religious and she was a model girl.

Then it was that the young lawyer's natural-born genius asserted itself.

"Let your beard grow for a week or ten days," said he. "Then put on some old clothes and muss them up. Go out and take a number of drinks. Eat a lot of onions and limburger cheese and then go up to the house. Don't wait for her to open the door, but rush in, or, better still, tumble in. Throw your arms around her and tell her she's the only girl you ever loved and insist on getting married without a moment's delay and then let me know the result."

The result was the \$250 check and the letter.

"Dear —," it read. "I am sorry to inform you that the wedding has been indefinitely postponed. After that little talk of yours I fixed up and carried out your instructions to the letter and a bit further. In place of a drink or two I am afraid I got gloriously drunk. I managed to tumble over a chair as I entered the room. She said I was a drunken brute when I tried to hug her and then she said she was glad she had found me out before it was too late. I don't remember very much more, excepting that I went down the front steps a great deal faster than I went up. I have had all my letters and presents returned to me. Inclosed find a little remembrance, to be followed up when I see you on my return."

"Prattle of the Youngsters."

"Papa," said little Harry, "when two people marry are the, made one?"

"Yes, my son," was the reply.

"Which one, papa?" asked Harry.

Little 4-year-old Mable was running down hill, holding her dress tightly.

"Be careful," called her mother, "or you will fall."

"Oh, no, I won't," replied Mable, "because I'm holding tight to myself."

The two boys came running to the house in the wildest excitement.

"Mamma," said John, "the dog's down under the back porch with six of the nicest little pups you ever saw! Two of 'em are bulldogs, two are pugs and the other two have got black and white specks all over 'em, and I don't know what they are!"

"Huh!" exclaimed Ben, with supreme contempt for the other's ignorance.

"There kittens!"

Once upon a time relates the Detroit Journal, there was a boy who had implicit confidence in his Father. The boy believed everything his father told him.

In the course of human events the Father had occasion to beat the boy with a barrel stave.

"It hurts me more than it hurts you!" protested the Father.

And the boy believed his Father, and, therefore, far from suffering any discomfort he enjoyed the beating very much.

This fable teaches that boys should always have confidence in their fathers.

"Now," said an English schoolmaster, as he displayed a bright five shilling piece between the tips of his finger and thumb, "the first boy or girl that puts a riddle to me which I cannot answer will receive this as a gift. Any more?" he asked as soon as silence was restored and no one had claimed the coin. "Yes, sir," sang out a little fellow at the further end of the school. "Why am I like the prince of Wales?"

"The prince of Wales?" said the master, thoughtfully. "The prince of Wales?" he repeated to himself. "Really, Johnny, I see no resemblance in you; I'll give it up."

"Because," said the lad joyfully, "I'm waiting for the crown."

A piece of money called a crown in England is worth five shillings.

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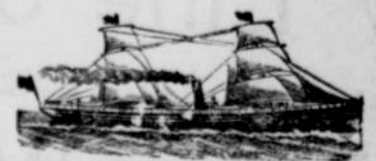
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