

Editorial Snap Shots.

Mr. Hammond will have to hit the high places if he can keep at a distance of six miles from Tillamook City.

Keep young people from committing meanness and crime and they are not liable to become criminals after they reach the age of 21.

Even if Mr. Hammond does give Tillamook City the go-by, there is this consolation that his railroad will be a blessing to other parts of the county.

Look out for the electric cars coming down the Wilson river. It is confidentially whispered around that it is a sure thing. Will wonders ever cease in Tillamook?

Don't be a knacker! But get in and help swell the subscription list for a free right of way for the railroad. By all pulling together and doing their share it will be accomplished.

We wonder whether they are going to stop navigation in Hoquartion Slough with salmon heads? Did the city dads have to hold their nasal organs when they made an investigation?

The boys or young men who have been smashing windows in this city, if they are allowed to continue their depredations unchecked, will turn out jail birds and criminals. Therefore, we say, for the future good of the young men, put a check on them right now.

No wonder, after reading Mrs. M. J. Cone's adventure with the bear, that Geo. Coffman, when that lady mopped the floor with him, concluded that he had had enough and did not want any more upper cuts and jabs, and he ought to thank his lucky stars that he didn't get the same persistent licking that the bear received.

Something like \$7,000 or 8,000 is still to be raised for the free right of way. There ought not to be any trouble in raising this amount, for a railroad will enhance the value of property all over the county. Those who have not subscribed should do so at once and help get this part straightened out at once. How much will you subscribed towards the best railroad proposition ever made to Tillamook people?

We see that the Oregon Press Association is going to meet at Salem when the state legislature is in session next January. This is very significant. We think the Brethren ought to advocate a bill to make it a penitentiary offence for lobbying, but probably they will be able to get in their own work before that comes a law. Please, don't lobby, gentlemen, for that is bad kind of legislation, which the Oregon Press Association ought to do its best to stamp out. But, probably, the editors are going to Salem to wage war on the lobbyists, such as the pilot's ring, the railroad ring, the normal school ring, the Portland and Salem political rings, the wholesale and retail liquor dealers' rings, and numerous other rings, which infest Salem when the legislature is in session.

If Mr. Hammond intends giving Tillamook City the go-by with his railroad, that is something which cannot be helped. He could have obtained the right of way many years before Mr. Lytle was even heard of, had he made the people of Tillamook a railroad proposition to extend his road from Seaside. He did not do so, and year after year he made no move to do so, thus throwing away the opportunity to be the first to give this county railroad connections. There is no sense in trying to punish Tillamook City by giving it the go-by. It was the old adage, the early bird caught the worm, and as Mr. Hammond intended being the early bird, he was altogether too slow and allow Mr. Lytle to occupy the territory which was at his feet for many years. If he has lost part of it he can only blame himself, and to give Tillamook City the go-by won't help matters any. We sincerely hope that Mr. Hammond will build into Tillamook and that the people will welcome him as gladly as they did Mr. Lytle, for no one railroad company can expect to handle all the lumber that will be manufactured in this county.

We notice that the Oregon editors have come out square footed for Equal Suffrage, but we notice also that the Wholesale and Retail Liquor Dealers' Association are not courting the woman's cause and Mrs. Duniway has not converted her brother and the Oregonian and succeeded in getting them to the mourner's bench. As Equal Suffrage in Oregon appears to have slumbered down to where the liquor interests will throw its strength against it every time it comes up to be voted on, it is surprising to us that the Woman Suffragists don't retaliate by going into the "wet" counties and advocate that they vote them "dry" on account of the opposition of the liquor men to their cause. As the women have a hard, uphill fight, they should attack the liquor men in the "wet" counties, and in that way we think they would eventually win out, and it is good politics, now they are in for a scrap. If we can urge the women on and induce them to carry on the war in the enemy's country, we will do our best to get the fight started. We

don't claim to be a politician, but it is claimed that it is all fair in love and war and politics, so here is an opening that the Woman Suffragists ought to take advantage of, as well as make the most of.

The Tillamook Headlight, a journal that has advocated prohibition, for publishing a double column advertisement of a Portland liquor house, is severely criticized by that class of prohibition people who borrow their home paper and send abroad for some stinking little 10-cent nuisance to the postal department, which carry swindling and luno advertisements that no respectable newspaper would take. Truly consistency is a rare jewel.—Sherman County Observer.

We would like to raise the Observer and other Oregon editors that the Headlight is not "a journal that has advocated prohibition." The great sin that the Headlight man is guilty of, and for which we never expect to be forgiven by some few persons, was for waging war on a gamblers' den, a low down saloon and robbers' roost, which was a curse to Tillamook City, morally and commercially, and which was the real cause of Tillamook County going "dry." And one thing more that we may add right here, dozens of farmers who were robbed of their money and witnessed the drunkenness and debauchery that was going on, can't be made to vote for saloons, so on that account Tillamook is liable to remain "dry" as long as there is a possibility of the robbers getting back into the saloon business for no other purpose than to get men to frequent the gambling rooms, and after making them the worse for drink, rob them of money that was intended for provisions and clothing for the home and family. We plead guilty to being a prohibitionist if prohibition prohibits a lot of gamblers from robbing the people, and as that is the kind of prohibition that Tillamook is enjoying, and which, to quote an expression hurled at us, "that Headlight man, the derved son of a gun," helped bring about, we'll let it go at that, and hope in the future the Press of Oregon will not get all muddled up and twisted up and go off half cocked that those who support the local option law are prohibitionists and that it is a prohibition law—only in the sense that it leaves it to the people whether they want saloons in their county or not. It is the low down saloons, with their rooms for prostitution, where girls are deceived and eventually become prostitutes, and the rooms for gambling, which are the principal causes of so many counties in Oregon going "dry," and if the saloon people still persist in violating the law, it would not surprise us much to see eight more counties go "dry" before many more years.

Persons when traveling should exercise care in the use of drinking water. As a safeguard it is urged that every traveler secure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy before leaving home, to be carried in the hand luggage. This may prevent distressing sickness and annoying delay. For sale by Chas. I. Clough's Drug Store.

We understand it was the intention of John Latimer to marry Miss Emma Owens yesterday near Hillsboro, but no news of the wedding had been received up to the time of going to press.

This is to give notice that hunters will not be permitted to hunt in the future on the Elmore ranch, as all hunting rights have been leased to H. B. Adams, of Portland. M. F. LEACH.

We hereby wish to thank our many friends for their kindness and sympathy during our late bereavement. ERWIN HARRISON AND WIFE.

Results from chronic constipation, which is quickly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills. They remove all poisonous germs from the system and infuse new life and vigor; cure sour stomach, nausea, head ache, dizziness and colic, without griping or discomfort. 25c. Guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough, Druggist.

Lines written by a friend in memoriam of little Elmer Harrison. Yesterday, out of our home We carried it light and cheer; While darkest grief wild did roam In hearts which scarce knew a fear. Out to his dusty bedroom We carried his little bier; Out from the hearts and the home Which he filled with light and cheer. For o'er the silent river With grim visaged Death he went, The Lord of the Forever For the little one had sent. Then thro' the mist of our tears, We'll look o'er the river in love, To the God who assuages all fears, Who will yet unite us above.

"My mother has suddenly been made young at 70. Twenty years of intense suffering from dyspepsia had entirely disabled her, until six months ago, when she began taking Electric Bitters, which have completely cured her and restored the strength and activity she had in the prime of life," writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick, of Danforth, Me. Greatest restorative, medicine on the globe. Sets Stomach Liver and Kidneys right, purifies the blood, and cures Malaria, Emissions and Weakness. Wonderful Nerve Tonic. Price 25c. Guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough's Drug Store.

Ship your cheese direct to J. D. Agen, Seattle, Tacoma or Bellingham, Wash., and by doing so you get the highest price and save the middle man's commission.

HAMMOND LEAVES TILLAMOOK CITY OUT.

Compelled to Avoid Coast City, He Says, by Lytle Right of Way.

(Evening Telegram)

Tillamook City will have but one railroad, unless the Oregon Coast & Eastern persists in keeping the town on its map, for A. B. Hammond has abandoned his intention of extending the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad through the town. Instead, he will swing to the west about six miles and connect down the coast to connect at Newport with the Corvallis & Eastern.

This decision has been reached as a result of the maneuvering of Mr. E. E. Lytle, president of the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company, who has secured the only entrance into the town from the north.

Through private purchase and by virtue of the right of way concessions granted by the residents of Tillamook, the P. R. & N. has undisputed possession of the route down the coast, swinging around Tillamook Bay by way of Bay City, with a branch to Garibaldi. The citizens will provide a 100 foot right of way from Tillamook to Nehalem, and from the latter point to the Washington County line. The land from Nehalem to the line is not to cost the citizens more than \$10,000, and in return for these concessions Mr. Lytle is to bind himself to build 15 miles of road from Tillamook during 1907, and to have the entire road finished from Tillamook to Buxton, the present terminus, by December 31, 1908.

Guy W. Talbot, general manager of the A. & C., today stated that the fact Mr. Lytle's possession of the right of way precluded any attempt on his part to occupy the same territory, did not mean the abandonment of the Seaside extension, but instead that the A. & C. would follow a route six miles to the west of Tillamook, skirting the hills, and join the C. & E. at Newport, as originally planned. Mr. Hammond is reported to hold about 60,000 acres of timber land in Tillamook County, and this is expected to provide considerable traffic and revenue for the road, despite the loss of the Tillamook trade.

Hammond Route Longer. One feature that is said to have operated against the Hammond line is the fact it will be over 150 miles from Portland to Tillamook, by its proposed route, against 100 miles by way of the P. R. & N. to Hillsboro and the Southern Pacific to Portland. The distance will again be cut down when Mr. Lytle secures an entrance into Portland by way of Oswego, as he first intended.

A longer route will not only mean that passengers would lose more time in traveling, but the fare would be higher. Estimating the passenger tariff on the mileage basis of 3 cents fixed by the state, the A. & C. would charge about \$4.50 one way, while the P. R. & N. tariff would be \$3. With the same difference applying on the shipment of commodities, the merchants of Tillamook fastened their faith to the latter system, and they attribute their action in favoring the Lytle proposition to the prospect for a more direct line to the metropolis, and to the saving in transportation.

George Davis, chief engineer of the P. R. & N., has arrived in the city with the agreement to be signed between President Lytle and the committee of Tillamook citizens, and it is expected that in a few days the matter will be closed. Mr. Lytle has contracted for over 200 Japanese and a number of Greeks, and it is proposed to begin work on the Coast end just as soon as the preliminaries regarding the right of way are settled. Men will be shipped in by water and overland but the equipment will have to go by steamer, also the first rolling stock which will be used on the Coast end until the connection is made between the Washington County line and Buxton.

Railroad talk on the Coast has given impetus to general commercial lines, and a number of big real estate transfers are reported on the tapis. Netarts is one point said to be under consideration as a watering place that will probably be popularized, while the line of ocean beach extending from Tillamook Bay north to Garibaldi is expected to prove attractive. The A. & C. extension will reach Cannon Beach, and in spite of the fact the line will leave the beach in passing Tillamook, it has not been decided to traverse the inland country the entire distance to Yaquina Bay.

[As six miles west of Tillamook City would be about in the Pacific Ocean, it must be that the Telegram means six miles east of Tillamook City.]

An Awful Cough Cured. "Two years ago our little girl had a touch of pneumonia, which left her with an awful cough. She had spells of coughing, just like one with the whoop, coughing and some thought she would not get well at all. We got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. She stopped coughing and got stout and fat," writes Mrs. Ora Bussard, Brookaker, Ill. This remedy is for sale by Chas. I. Clough's Drug Store.

DO YOU KNOW

That Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine sold through druggists for women's weaknesses and peculiar ailments that does not contain large quantities of alcohol? It is also the only medicine, especially prepared for the cure of the delicate diseases peculiar to women, the maker of which is not afraid to take his patients into his full confidence, by printing upon each bottle a paper of all the ingredients entering into the medicine. Ask your druggist if this is true.

"Favorite Prescription," too, is the only medicine for women, all the ingredients of which have the unqualified endorsement of the leading medical writers of the several schools of practice, recommending them for the cure of the diseases for which the "Prescription" is advised. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free booklet, and read the numerous extracts from standard medical authorities raising the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are made, and don't forget that no other medicines put up for sale through druggists for domestic use can show any such professional endorsement. This, of itself, is of far more weight and importance than any amount of flattery or testimonials so conspicuously flouted before the public, in favor of the alcoholic compounds.

The "Favorite Prescription" cures all women's peculiar weaknesses and derangements, thus banishing the periodical headaches, backaches, bearing-down distress, tenderness and dragging-down sensations in lower abdomen, accompanied by weakening and disagreeable catarrhal, pelvic drains and kindred symptoms. Dr. Pierce and his staff of skilled specialists have been consulted free by addressing as above. All correspondence is treated as sacredly confidential. By consulting in this way the disagreeable questions and personal "examinations" are avoided.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser contains some very interesting and valuable chapters on the diseases peculiar to women. It contains over one thousand pages. It is sent post paid, on receipt of sufficient one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing, or 21 cents for a copy in flexible paper covers, or 31 cents for a cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce as above.

Dr. Pierce's Pills regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. One laxative, two or three cathartic.

R. T. BOALS, M.D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, TILLAMOOK.

Office: Olson Building. Residence: Mrs. Walker's.

CLOUGH'S PLAIN TEAT BISTOURY For Cutting Obstructed Teats.

Illustration shows instrument both open for cutting and closed for inserting. This obstruction may be a stricture or other growth of a tumorous nature, which is often the result of the bite of a dog, a kick or a bruise caused by going over a fence or through a dense underbrush; or the cow may have had some trouble with that quarter of her bag, and in milking and forcing the thickly curdled milk out, a small rupture had resulted, so that when the scar tissue formed, the opening became smaller. I also carry of German silver milking tubes, four different lengths. Improved Instruments for opening obstructed teats without cutting. Teat Probes or Souds.

Clough's Drug Store.



See Dr. Henry E. Morris. Office: Palace Hotel.

Did You Ever Try HARRIS'S NEW FEED AND LIVERY BARN.

If not, give him a call. Everything first-class. Second block South of P. O.

W. G. HARRIS, Prop.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook. Samuel C. Tomlinson, Plaintiff, vs. George W. Cox and Florence D. Turner, Defendants.

To George W. Cox and Florence D. Turner, in the name of the State of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit by the first day of the next term of the above entitled Court following the expiration of the time prescribed in the order for publication of this summons, which day will be Monday, the 12th day of November, 1906, and if you fail to so appear and answer, for want of due diligence, you shall be held to be in default and the relief demanded in his complaint.

The relief demanded is the removal of a cloud from plaintiff's title to certain real property in Tillamook County State of Oregon, described as Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8 and the Northeast quarter of the Southwest quarter of section 27, Township 3 North of Range 9 west of the Willamette Meridian, by the cancellation from the record of deeds of Tillamook County of a certain lease and option executed by plaintiff to defendants on the 21st day of January, 1904, and defendants having caused the same to be entered of record on the 5th day of May, 1904. And for a further decree forever barring you George W. Cox and Florence D. Turner from any and all right, title and interest in or to said real property and every part thereof.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable H. F. Goodspeed, Judge of the County Court of the County of Tillamook, State of Oregon. W. H. COOPER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Pitawitan's Nightmare

By Katherine Yates.

"If one apple costs two cents, what will six apples cost? Let me see; if one apple costs two cents, six apples will cost six times two, which is—oh, dear! I always get just so far, and then I can never do the rest," and a very large frown puckered Dorothy's forehead until it looked like the crinkly pink liberty silk on her own Sunday hat. Then she tipped back in the big rocking-chair in the bay window, where she, an arithmetic and a tablet had been having a sort of wrestle, and, making a fine, large paper wad, she threw it at Pitawitan, the canary, who hung in a gilt cage in the window. Pitawitan did not even dodge, but only craned his yellow neck a little, eying the bit of paper with beady black eyes, and then began to trill pretty little notes and whistles, finally breaking into such a volume of song as threatened to burst his little throat.

Dorothy looked ashamed and turned back to her arithmetic. "If one apple costs two cents—"

"Cheap, cheap," called the canary. Dorothy laughed. "Of course they are cheap, Pitawitan."

"Well, didn't I say so?" answered Pitawitan.

Dorothy pursed up her lips. "Oh, you needn't expect me to be surprised to hear you speak for if Pusskins and the Guinea pig talk, I suppose that there is no reason why you should not. I have been expecting it for some time."

"Glad it didn't give you a shock," said Pitawitan, sarcastically.

"And it's funny," went on Dorothy in an aggrieved tone, "that you furry and feathery folk are so good-natured until you begin to talk, and then you are as cross and snippy and ill-tempered as can be. Here you have been singing as happy as anything all morning, and now—"

"Singing! Who said I was singing? Who said I was happy?"

"Why, I heard you singing my own self," exclaimed Dorothy, "just as cheerful and jolly even after I threw that paper wad at you."

"Singing!" repeated Pitawitan again disdainfully. "Singing! Do you call that singing, when I was just sitting here telling you what an ugly, disagreeable, ill-natured, glib you are to throw things at me, merely because you couldn't get your lesson? You call that singing, do you?" Dorothy looked disturbed. "Were you really talking to me like that? Why, I thought that you were always happy when you were singing."

"It is not singing, I tell you," cried Pitawitan, angrily; "it is just talking, and a lot of good it does to talk to folk in this house, too."

"Why!" exclaimed Dorothy, indignantly; "I think that you have a lovely home. I'm sure I'd like to live just the same way; in a beautiful gold house hung on a spring, so that it sways all the time just like a hammock; no lessons to get, and lovely things to eat; there's a big lump of sugar in your cage all the time, and that is just the same as big as if I had a chocolate drop when I was a child to nibble whenever I chose. I've seen them as large as that and always just longed for one. And then there is your seed; that's just the same as nuts—walnuts and pecans—and then there's the little fish, and that's just the same as—well, we'll call that bread; and then there's always fresh fruit, and water, and a lovely glass bathtub, and a swing where you can swing whenever you wish—oh, I'd just love to live in a place like that—and no lessons at all," she added again.

Pitawitan looked disgusted as well as he could. "Oh, yes, a lovely life!" he exclaimed. "And how would you feel if folk sometimes forgot to give you food all day?"

"But there's the sugar," said Dorothy.

"Well, how would you like to have nothing but chocolate drops to eat for five days at a time, and not a drop of fresh water, when they made you so thirsty that you were fairly choked? And then suppose that when you began calling for some one to bring you food because you were nearly starved, folk would say: 'Do just listen to that dear little bird sing. Isn't he quite the happiest little fellow that you ever saw?' And then when you grow desperate and screech so loud that you nearly split your throat some one says: 'Bless his jolly little heart; hasn't he the most joyous song? But it is just a trifle too shrill. Marie, will you please throw a towel over Pitawitan's cage; he is a little too noisy.' How would you like that?"

Dorothy looked grave. "But, Pitawitan, how are we to know what you are asking for, when we can't understand what you say?"

"Merely by coming to see what I need. But, anyway, how would you like to be shut up in a prison the whole time, even if it were a gold one? It isn't much fun, I can tell you; and I think that you must see me free in your room for a few minutes once in awhile, just to try my wings and get a little exercise."

"Why, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Never thought of it! When I have coaxed and begged and pleaded on my bended knees! I'm sure—"

"But," interrupted Dorothy, "I never saw you get down on your knees. I didn't know that you had any."

"No?" sneered Pitawitan. "Well, I have, even if you didn't know it. Just because they bend backward instead of forward you didn't give them credit for being knees, but I can assure you

they are a lot more comfortably ranged that way, and it doesn't wear the toes of your new shoes when they kneel down, either."

Poor Dorothy felt discouraged at the conversation and was about to turn to her arithmetic, but decided to try once more to turn the talk to pleasanter channels, so she said gently:

"Oh, by the way, Pitawitan, how do you happen to come to this country? You were not born here, were you?"

"No," said Pitawitan; "I came on a nightmare."

"On a what?" exclaimed Dorothy.

"On a nightmare. Didn't you ever hear of a nightmare?"

"Why, of course, I've heard of them, but how could you come here on one when it is only a bad dream?"

"Well, I did, anyway; and I've got it yet. I'll tell you about it."

"I was born on an island far, far away, and for some months I lived very happily with my father and mother and brothers; and in those days I really did sing. One afternoon while I was still quite young my eldest brother found a large piece of red fruit cake by the roadside and called us all to come and share it. It was the most delicious thing that I had ever eaten, and I am afraid that I made a regular little pig of myself in my greediness. My mother warned me not to eat lightly of such rich food, but I would not heed her, even when she said at last:

"If you eat any more of that you will certainly have a nightmare."

"What is a nightmare, mother?" I asked, for I had at that time never heard of one.

"Why, it is a dreadful dream," she answered me. "Perhaps you will dream that wicked men catch you and carry you away, away off, and shut you up in a cage and keep you there, hungry and lonely."

"However, I only laughed and said that I was not afraid of any dream, and went on eating."

"Well, when I awoke in the next that night I had a headache and felt heavy and miserable and wished that I had taken mother's advice."

"During the first part of the night I did not sleep well, and kept waking in a fright, but at last I went to sleep soundly, and dreamed this dream:

"I thought that I had slept all night, and when I awoke in the morning the sun was just beginning to show above the horizon. I hopped out of the nest with my little brothers and flew down to the spring for a fresh drink and a bath, and then out to the meadow to pick up a breakfast. As we flattered about, picking seeds from the grass heads or picking at strawberries, I flew to a low bush to rest for a moment; when I would have flown down again I felt my feet held fast by some sticky substance, and I called to my brothers to come quickly and help me. They came at once, but alas! no sooner did they alight upon the bush than their feet also stuck fast, and, although we fluttered and screamed, it was all to no purpose.

"And then suddenly I saw coming toward us two rough-looking men carrying wooden cages, and I thought at once of what my mother had said would happen if I ate too much of the fruit cake, and I knew that this was a nightmare. I struggled and fluttered and shrieked, in the hope of waking up, but I could not; and one of the men took hold of me roughly, and as he loosened my poor little feet said, carelessly, to his companion:

"We made this birdlime a bit too stiff this time. It's liable to injure their feet." And then he put me into a little wooden cage and did the same to my brothers, although of course I knew that they were not really suffering, since this was only a nightmare of my own; but I screamed and called to them just the same.

"They took us to a town near by, tied many cages together and packed them on a boat which carried us across the water, while I sat quietly in my cage and mourned and longed to wake up."

"Well, when we had reached land once more we were packed on a train—oh, I was so frightened—and brought many, many miles to this great city. I never spoke or cried. I would scarcely eat or drink, I was so weary and lonely and heartsick. I was taken to a store where were many birds of all colors and there at last I found my voice again, for we all began to tell each other our troubles and our misery in the other kept in cages as prisoners, and our fear of the future, and everyone who came in exclaimed:

"How beautifully and joyously these birds all sing! One would not think that they could be so happy in those tiny cages."

"Then one day your mother came looking for a bird for your birthday gift, and she chose me because of my particularly brilliant color—and here I am." Pitawitan stopped and stood mournfully on one foot.

Dorothy looked puzzled. "But, Pitawitan, you said it was a dream, a nightmare. When did you wake up?"

"Didn't wake up," said Pitawitan.

"But you are not asleep now," argued Dorothy.

"Yes, I am. This is all my nightmare—the cage and you and everything."

"It isn't so!" cried Dorothy. "I am a real girl! I am not just a part of your old dream!"

"Yes, you are, too," said Pitawitan, emphatically. "I say you are, and it is only a nightmare, for that is what my mother said, and I guess she knows."

Dorothy jumped up with flashing eyes. "I'm not a dream girl—I'm just a real girl, and you are not a nightmare. I care what your mother says. I'm just as real as you are, so there!"

Pitawitan's eyes flashed back. "Well, you'll see," he cried, angrily. "You are nothing but a horrid, ugly little dream girl; and just you wait until I wake up. Where will you be then?"

And then one of them did wake up. I wonder which it was.—Chicago Daily Record.