

FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

An Englishman's Address at a Ladies' Seminary in Siam.

The influential Englishman in Siam sat down to write a letter to his wife and was ready to do great things. He had already ordered coffee from his hotel waiter with success and asked the boy to bring up his boots.

Now, influential Englishmen in Siam are not as common as cockroaches, and that afternoon the distinguished visitor was requested by a friend to deliver an address on "England" at the only ladies' seminary in the country. Confidently he accepted.

He began famously. Every one applauded and smiled. But gradually as he proceeded he noticed consternation overspreading the countenances of his listeners.

"What's the trouble?" he whispered in English anxiously to his friend on the platform.

"Trouble!" exclaimed the friend hotly. "Why, the trouble is what you are saying."

"But," protested the speaker, "I am saying, 'I am delighted to see so many young ladies rising to intellectual heights, with fine brains and large appreciation.'"

"Oh, no, you're not," corrected the friend. "You're saying, 'I am pleased to see so many small illnesses growing large and fat, with big noses and huge feet!'"—London Tit-Bits.

WHEN YOU WEEP.

The Way That Tears Act Upon the Human Organism.

Professor Waynbaum, M. D., of Paris publishes some queer facts regarding the nature and purpose of tears, coming to the conclusion that they are not the human organism like chloroform, ether or alcohol.

"When a human being gives way to sorrow," says Dr. Waynbaum, "the blood pressure in the brain decreases, he feels heavy in this process, which numbs the brain for the time being, using passiveness of the soul almost approaching indifference."

"Tears are blood, changing color by their passage through the lacrimal glands. One can drown his sorrow in tears as one can numb his senses with the use of alcohol or drugs. When person cries the facial muscles contract and the appearance of the face changes, which action facilitates the blood letting, driving the blood from the face into the lacrimal gland, on which they issue in the shape of tears."

"Children whose nervous system is particularly tender derive great benefit from crying occasionally. The act of crying relieves their brains. The same may be said with respect to women."

The professor likewise explains why children sometimes produce tears, the explanation is too technical reproduction.

The Only Safe Way.

No, I can't stay any longer," he said, with determination. "What difference does an hour or so make now?" asked a member of the party. "Your wife will be in bed and up, and if she wakes up she won't know what time it is."

"Quite right, quite right," he replied. "I can fool my wife almost as long as I get home before three. Why, I've gone home when she was up, kept the blinds shut, he goes and made her think that it was a little after 12. But, gentlemen, don't fool the baby. I can make the sun as dark as I please, but it won't fool the baby sleep a minute later than usual, and when she wakes up she'll come pretty close to being angry, and my wife knows it. Gentlemen, be added as he bowed himself out. "I make it a rule to get home before the baby wakes. It's the only safe way."

A Dog Story.

A farmhouse at which we have been staying a traveler, rough, shares his master's first breakfast, bread and cream accompanying a of tea. Three corners he breaks all given to rough, who eats the two. Off the third he licks the cream, then carries the crust to a who each morning comes across the field where the fowls are kept at the gate waits his friend's arrival. Should others of the hens approach, he turns them off while he savors his portion. —The Spectator.

A Tremendous Task.

you are going to study law?" "I'm going to make a specialty of criminal law."

Position Held?

How are you too easy. What I want is to be accurately and reliably and to be what months in the end days to the week it is possible to have a certain game in the end of the country. —The Spectator.

A Picture of Art.

you are reading all the extraneous things printed about that picture?" "Mr. Cumrox. "It is a picture to feel that maybe it is worth what I paid for it." —The Spectator.

Poor Jones!

Can you give me any information about Jones, who has been in the hospital for three years? Well, the last I heard of him was that he had gone into consumption. —The Spectator.

THE MISSING MISSIVE.

One Romance of Uncle Sam's Dead Letter Office.

Something like 2,000,000 letters annually fail of delivery in the United States owing to insufficient postage or incorrect addresses. The dead letter office at Washington employs a large force of clerks to handle these. The packages that have been received at the dead letter office have contained false teeth, glass eyes, brass keys and thousands of other things that one would never expect to find in the mails.

It would be interesting to know how many engagements have been broken, how many friends have been estranged, how many fond hearts have not been reunited, how many deals have fallen through, how much money has been lost and how many quarrels have been prevented by letters that never came.

A pretty romance was revealed at the dead letter office the other day when a young woman called there to see if a wrongfully addressed letter had been received. It had, and she was greatly relieved. "I heard that Jack was untrue," she said, "and wrote him breaking our engagement. The day after I wrote I found out that I was wrong. My heart was almost broken, but Jack kept right on coming to see me and never mentioned the letter. I began to think I must have misdirected it and find that I did. It must have been fate. Now he will never know."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

ALL THE WAY ROUND.

An Odd Sort of Dinner and the Reason of It.

Lord Polkemmet, a Scottish lord of session, usually retired to his country residence during the part of the year when the court does no business. John Hagart, the Scottish advocate, equally idle from a similar cause, went to shoot, and, happening to pass Lord P.'s property, he met his lordship, who politely invited John to take, or, as he said, to take, a family dinner with himself, his wife and daughter.

John accepted the invitation, and they all assembled at the hour of dinner. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table and stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, calf's head on one side of the soup and veal cutlets on the other, calf's foot jelly between the soup and roast veal and calf's brains between the stewed veal and the soup.

"No," said his lordship in his own blunt way, "Mr. Hagart, you may very likely think this an odd sort of dinner, but you'll no wonder when you hear the cause of it. We keep nae company, Mr. Hagart, and my daughter here caters for our table. The way we do is just this: We kill a beast, as it were, today, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail and just gang back again by the other side to where we began."

The Year Without a Summer.

The year 1816 has a remarkable cold weather record and is known as "the year without a summer." In that year there was a sharp frost in every month, and the people all over the world began to believe that some great and definite change in the earth was taking place. The farmers used to refer to it as "eighteen hundred and starve to death." Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. During the month snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts and ten inches in Maine. There were frost and ice in July in New York, New England and Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. Ice half an inch thick formed in August. A cold north wind prevailed all summer.

Taking a Mean Advantage.

Once a thrifty Scotch physician was called to a case where a woman had dislocated her jaw. He very soon put her right. The woman asked how much was to pay. The doctor named his fee. The patient thought it too much. He, however, would not take less, and as the woman refused to give him the fee he began to yawn. Yawning, as every one knows, is infectious. The young woman in turn yawned. Her jaw again went out of joint, and the doctor triumphantly said, "Now, until you hand me over my fee your jaw can remain as it is." Needless to say, the money was promptly paid.

An Easy Problem.

Prove that 9 taken from 6 and 10 taken from 9 and 50 taken from 40 when all added together is only 6. Easy when you know how. Take IX (9) from SIX and you have S left; take X (10) from IX (9) and you have I left; take L (50) from XL (40) and you have X left, and when you add S and I and X together you have SIX, haven't you?—Pathfinder.

She Knew Them.

Miss Dubley—She was bragging about how successful her dinner party was. She said it wound up "with great eclat." What's "eclat" anyway? Miss Mugley—Why, I guess that was the desert. Didn't you never eat a chocolate eclat?—Catholic Standard.

Ill Bred Scenery.

"Mamma, the scenery abroad must be very ill bred." "Scenery ill bred, child! What do you mean?" "This book on Alpine climbing says, 'A terrible abyss yawned before them!'"

Thimbles made of lava are used by women in Naples.

FOOD FOR THE SEINE.

An Incident of Whistler's Student Days in Paris.

The early scenes in "Tribby" have shown us the hilarious squalor of the student life in Paris when Whistler joined the studio that Gleyre carried on in succession to Delacroix. It was the Bohemia, barely modernized, of Murger's novel, and the shifts to which these raw recruits in art descended furnished Whistler for life with some of his raciest stories. Once when an American friend unearthed him Whistler was living on the proceeds of a wardrobe. One hot day he pawned his coat for an iced drink. Invited once to the American embassy, he had to borrow Poynter's dress suit. But the best story of these frolicsome days arises from the eternal copying in the Louvre, either on commission or on "spec," which kept them alive between remittances. Whistler's chum, Ernest Delannoy, had done a gorgeous replica of Veronese's "Marriage Feast at Cana" that took when framed the pair of them to carry it. They tried it on every dealer up and down both sides of the Seine until the first price of 500 francs had dropped with several thuds to 100, then 20, then 10, then 5. Suddenly the dignity of art asserted itself.

On the Pont des Arts they lifted the huge canvas. "En," they said, with a great swing, "deux, trois—vlan!" and over it went into the water with a splash. Sergeants de ville came running, omnibuses stopped, and boats pushed out on the river. Altogether it was an immense success, and they went home enchanted.—Fall Mall Gazette.

THE WRONG NOTE.

Mozart's Outbreak at an Opera Performance at Marseilles.

Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went incognito to hear the performance of his "Villanelle Rapita." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied till in the midst of the principal aria the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase and obscured the sentiment of the composer.

Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently and from the middle of the pit cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?"

The sensation produced in the theater may be imagined. The actors were astounded, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor subsided and was succeeded by shouts of applause from all sides.

It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the superior effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

The Thirteen Chicks.

How difficult it is to pick out truth or fiction from apparently straightforward recitals of the actions of animals is well shown in a communication sent to one of our foreign exchanges by a man who lays claim to long experience in breeding game birds. He stated in all seriousness that only two of his pheasant hens had hatched out seventeen of the eighteen eggs placed under each one in the nests. "It is a curious fact," he continues, "that both hatched off on the same day, and each hen immediately killed thirteen out of her seventeen live chicks by pecking their brains and laid them in a row in front of her, each exactly in the same way. I shall be glad to know whether such a singular case has ever been noted before."

So shall I; but, at any rate, in this case at least, thirteen was an unlucky number for both the chicks and their owners.—Forest and Stream.

Her One Ambition.

She wanted a job, she told the manager of the big store, and everything about her, from drooping eyelashes to neatly molded instep, indicated that she would draw enough trade, or ought to, to cover her salary.

But the manager told her that for one of her inexperience she would command only about \$6 a week.

She accepted this, if it was the best he could do, but as she was about to turn away she hesitated and asked demurely, looking at him through the drooping lashes, "Do you suppose you could make that \$7 a week, so I could have a little laundry done once in awhile?"—St. Louis Republic.

Long Love.

The word "love" in one of the Indian dialects is "chemlendamoghknagagag." Fancy a sweet forest maiden telling her copper colored brave that she "chemlendamoghknagagag" him. The conjugation of the verb "to love" in that dialect must take at least a year to recite.—Pathfinder.

Reason For Worry.

"Men worry more than women." "Yes; they not only have everything to worry about that the women have, but they also have the women to worry about too."—Smart Set.

There are few persons who would not be ashamed of being loved when they love no longer.—Rochefoucauld.

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BOULDER CREEK.

Carl Jensen came home last week for a few days visit, as his teacher is sick and unable to have school.

Mr. Johnson and his son, two Chicago home seekers who came in over the trail with Mr. Blalock, went out to the county seat with Mr. Blalock, to look at that part of the country.

Henry Smith went to the city twice the past week. Looks as though there might be an attraction in that direction Henry.

The directors in our district were fortunate enough to secure Mr. Myers, who has just closed his school at Cloverdale, to teach two months in our school. He takes up the work this morning, thus finishing out the last week of Mrs. Dunstan's term, as she wants to get home.

R. Y. Blalock reached home last week, after several months absence visiting relatives in South Carolina, Tennessee, and other Atlantic coast points.

E. L. Kinnaman and family, of Beaver, visited relatives at Blaine from Friday until Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Borba and Mr. T. E. Epplert spent last Sunday at H. A. Chopard's.

W. N. Bays went to Tillamook Friday to bring home his wife who has been visiting in that city for the past week.

O. W. Kinnaman made a trip to Beaver Sunday.

H. A. Chopard and R. Portman have been sawing their stove wood for the coming summer, in partnership.

E. P. Mills and family visited Dee Moon and family at Blaine Saturday and Sunday.

SANDLAKE.

Hello, hear we are again all alive and doing fine, and according to the old negro story perhaps we will live the rest of the year. He said he had always noticed if he lived until the first of March he had lived the rest of the year. Mr. M. Karr has bought the Elmer Webb place and will move on to it this week.

Ira Dimond and daughter, Mable, went to the city of Tillamook Monday. H. M. Farmer, of Hebo, was in the lake Friday and Saturday and returned home Sunday.

E. R. Hayes has rented the Eugene Atkinson place and will move on to it this week.

R. Cross passed through here Sunday on his way to the Yellow Fir mill.

Quite a surprise party gathered at E. R. Hayes last Thursday night to listen to the phonograph. There being 29 in all. All went away happy at a late hour.

Thomas Shillinglaw will move on to his place at Hemlock this week.

How long is it going to be before that weather man Dawson can tell us when the sun is going to shine.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Cures backache and irregularities that if neglected might result in Bright's disease or diabetes.—J. L. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

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