

KIDNAPED.

There was to be a double wedding between Donald Syphax and May Southworth, parties of the first part, and Pembroke Hughes and Deila Hickox, parties of the second part. The parties of the first part had sent out their cards and made all preparations, when they were astonished to learn that the parties of the second part had determined to postpone their share in the ceremony. What was the occasion of this sudden change of program? The truth was (and the parties of the first part learned it) that the parties of the second part, having heard that both couples were to be given a hot time on the wedding night by their friends, concluded they would not only escape the intended attentions by delay, but have an opportunity to join in what was in store for the Syphax-Southworth pair. The latter couple had no choice but to be married on time or receive the invitations. They decided to come to the scratch, but to put in practice a plan for outwitting the others. Miss Southworth's wedding took place in her father's home, situated at the end of a long block of stone front houses on one of the principal dwelling streets of the city. The ceremony was to take place at 10 o'clock, and the bride and groom gave out that they would take an 11 o'clock train for parts which they declined to mention to any one whatever. An automobile was to be in waiting to take them to the station with a chauffeur they could trust implicitly, for he was a brother of the groom. An enthusiastic number of friends attended the wedding, including Mr. Hughes and Mrs. Hickox. The ceremony had been performed, the bride's health had been drunk in the supper room, and the couple went upstairs to get on wraps preparatory to their departure. A dozen automobiles stood ready without, armed with tin horns. The lower hallway was crowded with guests, holding old slippers and rice, waiting for the couple to come down and pass out. Considerable time elapsed, and some one became suspicious. A committee went upstairs and after a prolonged search came back with the information that the bridal pair were not to be found. The merry crowd were not to be cheated entirely of the sport they had anticipated. Bob Southworth, a brother of the bride, suggested that a couple personate the one that had escaped and asked the Hughes-Hickox couple if they would make the ride to the station in the automobile intended for the bride and groom. They willingly accepted the part and, accompanied by Bob Southworth, who had made the suggestion, and his sister Lucia, came down the staircase, received the shower of slippers and rice, went out and got into the automobile. Then the mock bridal party rolled away, followed by the other autos, the attendants tooting the horns and firing roman candles. Now, it appeared from the first that the bridal auto was stronger and faster than any of the others and possessed a chauffeur who was bent on leaving them behind. He threaded his way skillfully through the streets, not to a railroad station, but to the outskirts of the city, and from the outskirts on a country road. The mock bridal couple enjoyed the ride immensely, but soon noticed that the fun was over, for not one of the following autos was in sight. Then they began to think of returning, but the proposition was received with a burst of laughter. "You're in the hands of the enemy," said Bob Southworth. "Lucia and I have you in charge, our brother Ned is chauffeur, and we're going to make this a double wedding after all." "What do you mean?" cried Deila in aghast. "Why, we're making for the Buckingham House. There's no way of going away from it after 11 p. m. A no-train to get back to town on you could leave the hotel. We're going to leave you there together, and you can stay or not, as you like. We'll give you a parson to hitch you—he's provided for and waiting—and if you don't use him there'll be the biggest scandal our set has known in years." "And you were in league with Donald and May?" they concurred the scheme. They crept through the scuttle in the roof came down and out through an alleyway in the block. "I were going like a hurricane in an hour pulled up at their station. Meanwhile the pair had fled, invented plans of escape and threw them aside and at last came to the conclusion that since they were laughed at it would be better to be laughed at without a scandal. When they reached the goal they found a parson waiting and all ready for a ring. Those in the auto were pretending to return without them when consented and were married, in their abductors to be their wedding guests. After further deliberation they decided to face the crowd of merry-makers had left and spent the bridal night at the Buckingham. The party in the automobile re-arrived at the house, where dancing was in progress, and at the second half of the double wedding the house was made to ring with the proposed to take automobiles to the Buckingham, but they would not consent. DELAIDE RUTH HILL.

Cheese Love.
In a delicatessen store one night when everything was still
Two cheeses lingered side by side upon the window sill.
He had no arms to hug her with, nor had she lips to kiss.
Yet these two cheeses nestled in a state of cozy bliss.
A freckled Gorgonzola, with hair of moldy hue,
With dimples where the rats had been, her rind was baby blue.
Young Edam was a healthy chap, his cheeks were fat and red,
Survivor from the cheese mart where his ancestors had bled.
Said he: "I'm strong for you, my dear. I don't suppose you care.
I know you're strong for some one, for your fragrance fills the air.
I think you're sweet enough to eat." The rest is untold yet,
For some one came into the store and both of them "was et."
—George W. Sutton, Jr., in Puck.

Professional Advice.
"I declare," says the housewife, "I don't know what we are to do when round steak costs as much as porterhouse. It is outrageous."
"Yes, mum," agrees the marketman. "What's a body going to do if this keeps on?"
"I would advise you, mum, that bein' the case, to eat porterhouse."—New York Life.

The Tired Bard.
When I have naught to write about,
As will occur at times,
I find it quite the thing to write About a dozen lines.
I likewise find it well enough To use a little galle,
'Tis no disgrace to fill up space In good old staircase style!
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Girl and the Gurl.
There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl,
Which hung in the middle of her forehead.
When the weather was cold
It was lovely, I'm told.

But when the mercury in the thermometer got to flirting with the 98 mark it took on a resemblance to a wet dishrag, and the other little girls who were not partial to curls declared it looked perfectly horrid.—Chicago News.

Clothes Wanted.
We're asked to give, to clothe the very poor,
Yet when one sees society's display
At opera or social rout one's sure
The very rich need clothes far more than they!
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Kind of Her.
The Caller—I called in answer to yer ad, fer a first class cook, mum.
The Lady (eagerly)—And you want the position?
The Caller—Not at prisint, mum. There's three other parties ahead of yez, but I'll accept a three months' option on the job widout any consideration.—Puck.

The Stand's Reply.
The Umbrella unfolded to me
And said, "Keepin' lent I will be."
Said I, "That old job's
Ought to make you go choke."
And it made him shut up, as you see.
—Baltimore American.

Very Adaptable.
"The automobile is a great institution."
"For instance?"
"You can sit up in it as you pass a friend and crawl under it when a creditor heaves into sight."—Washington Herald.

The Boarding House Fish Cake.
I hail you, dear, familiar friend,
Nor use a single dash.
Till Lent has come unto an end
You'll drive away the hash.
—New York Telegram.

The Earners.
"I never read of any millionaire who can afford to be recklessly and foolishly extravagant," says Mr. Tankaway, "without thinking what a lot of people must work for him for less than they ought to get."—Kansas City Times.

Have You?
We've seen at times the model wife
And the model husband, too,
But these models to each other wed
We've never seen. Have you?
—Boston Transcript.

On Flight.
Boy—I want to buy some paper.
Salesman—What kind of paper, my lad?
Boy—Fly paper. It's for a toy aeroplane.—St. Nicholas Magazine.

Where is One At?
To lose one's heart when one's in love
Must make one feel forlorn,
And then to lose one's head as well,
One's pretty much all gone.
—Boston Herald.

Har Way.
Grace—How do you manage to make your husband spend all his evenings at home?
Maud—I manage to spend all his money.—Town Topics.

The Organ Grinder.
You find, though every one assaults,
He's one among the many,
Despite his most annoying faults,
He turns an honest penny.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Willing to Be Tardy.
Sunday School Teacher—Don't you want to be an angel, Tommy?
Tommy—I ain't in no hurry; the baseball season's comin' pretty soon.—Judge.

In His Glory.
Just now, when chilly breezes blow,
It's always safe to bank,
Upon the fact, where'er you go,
You'll meet the fresh air crank.
—New York Times.

Its Sphere.
May a thing be said to be in literary circles when it is going the rounds of the press?—Browning's Magazine.

At Cedarcrest.
When the robins pipe in the morning breeze and the beets hang ripe on the pumpkin trees, when the chickens squall in their chilly shed, then I hate to crawl from my nice, warm bed! When a snowy shroud is on dune and tarn and the mules bray loud in the shabby barn, when the snowbirds flit in the leafless grove and the fire's unlit in the kitchen stove, when the hy-drant's froze, like the babbling creek, then I'd like to dose for about a week! —Wait Mason in Emporia Gazette.

Germinitis Kissinitis.
SWEETHEART'S KISS
DELIGHT OF GERMS,
PHYSICIAN ASSERTS.
Woman Doctor of Philadelphia Sees Them Chasing in Gleeful Abandon From Lip to Lip—Grave Diggers Observed In Lov-er's Soulful Smack.—Press Clipping.

Take back the germs that thou gavest.
What are their antics to me?
Take back the creatures thou cravest,
Each that belongeth to thee.
Perish pernicious profusion
Of microbes that mingle with glee!
Love's dear, delicious delusion
Quite hygienic must be.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Wise Woman.
"Mrs. Frost always chooses a cross eyed nursemaid."
"Why is that?"
"So when the girl has one eye on the policeman she can have the other on the children."—New York Life.

I Wonder.
I wonder where the thoughts come from,
The sudden little thoughts that come
And pop into my head!
They're not a part of me at all.
They won't come sometimes when I call,
But sulk away instead.
And then sometimes when I don't care
All of a sudden—pop!—they're there.
I don't know how they came.
Papa says p'raps I'll know some day,
But grown folks always talk that way.
I wonder just the same.
—New York Herald.

Tragedy.
Mamma—Oh, George, George! Our daughter has eloped with the chauffeur.
Papa—Great heavens! Now, who's going to drive me to the office this morning?—Cleveland Leader.

Not Ever.
When saucy eyes look into yours,
And rose red lips look teary,
And a wee hand is near your own,
A little hand and squeaky;
And a pink tinted little ear
Peeps out through golden tresses,
Then what's a man supposed to do?
No true man needs two guesses.
—Houston Post.

Its Advantages.
"Yes," remarked the beauty doctor contentedly, "there are some good features about my business. For instance, I always take people at their face value."—Baltimore American.

Br'er Sparrow Exonerated.
Who killed Cock Robin?
"Not I," said the Sparrow,
"For my bow and arrow
Is far out of date.
But a wireless, they say,
Hit poor Robin today,
And that's how he met his fate."
—Detroit Tribune.

Generally Led.
"You act as your wife's leading man, I believe," began the interviewer.
"Yes," replied the husband of the star. "But," he added, "only on the stage."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Suffragette.
Each suffragette
This thought should get
Into her head's interior:
"My equal, she
Can never be
Till no more his superior."
—Detroit Free Press.

Bargains.
Scott—I suppose you are saving up something for a rainy day?
Mott—I try to, but my wife mistakes every bargain sale for a shower.—Boston Transcript.

Hair Shirt Dramas.
Don't shun the theaters for your sins,
But go quite often during Lent.
Sit through the whole and watch the stage
And you'll be more than penitent.
—New York Press.

One's Shortage.
"Yes, he is my ideal of a perfect man."
"Perfect? But he isn't. He has no appendix."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Explorers.
Explorers in the arctic seas
Phases inhuman about enroll.
Because, you know, with perfect ease
They go from pole to pole.
—Kansas City Times.

Its Similarity.
"Can you tell me why poverty is like a policeman?"
"Not unless it is because it pinches people."—Baltimore American.

The Unlucky Oyster.
The oyster is cool and clear and calm,
Admired by the many and not the few,
Yet, sorry to see, possessed a way
Of getting himself in a stew.
—Boston Herald.

Assumed.
"Clothes don't show a man's real character."
"No; they're just put on."—Cleveland Leader.

Comparative Values.
The hot pursuit of money breeds
Ideas most unsound!
Till one cares less for noble deeds
Than those to plots of ground.
—Houston Post.

Last.
Knicker—All the world's a stage.
Bocker—Then there will be two end men instead of one.—Puck.

So Talking.
A lady with a camera
Once met a bull—ah, me!
She did not take his picture, but
Instead, she took a tree.
—Judge.

Other Men's Wives.
"What a pretty party this is!" she said as she looked around the beautiful room at the pretty women sitting on the long divans against the wall. "And these are your wives? Aren't they sweet? Isn't it lovely?"
"Yes," he admitted, "but you ought to have been at our party last month when we had a lot of other fellows' wives. It was a whole lot lovelier."—New York Press.

Priscilla Fasts.
The fair Priscilla fasts through Lent.
No devotee before a shrine.
Nor seeker on perfection bent
Shows such determination fine.
The fair Priscilla eats no meat.
She dines upon a crust of toast.
She does not drive along the street;
She walks more miles than she can boast.
And thus she goes her daily rounds
In patience fasting. What's the use?
Priscilla weighs two hundred pounds
And says she simply must reduce.
—Chicago Evening Post.

Dressed For the Concert.
Henrich Corried was telling how bad the old fashioned concerts were sometimes. "An old Chicago millionaire," he said, "called upstairs to his daughters:
"What a time you girls take getting ready for the concert! Look at me—a bit of wadding in each ear, and I'm all ready."—Success Magazine.

The Lenten Fast.
Madge but very seldom misses
Chapel services in Lent.
While in seasons such as this is
I must abide at home content.
Yet for one or two things, maybe,
Madge will credit me—at last
I have learned to hold the baby
And likewise the Lenten fast.
—Woman's Home Companion.

A Tip.
Dusty Rhodes—I wouldn't have to ask for help, but I've a lot of real estate on me hands that I can't get rid of.
Mrs. Rurall—Try soft soap and boiling water.—New York Life.

No Exaggeration.
"The dearest girl in the sleighing girl,"
Writes a poet, and by all power
We vow he's true—
She's "dear" to you
When a sleigh for two
Costs five cold plunks per hour.
—Chicago News.

Immune.
Tommy—You better look out if your mother's got the mumps; they're catching.
Bobby—Oh, she's only my step-mother; she wouldn't give me anything.—New York Times.

Not Inside, but Outside.
There was an old lady from Tyre
Whose auto got stuck in the mire.
Said the village's fool,
"If 'twas only a mule
You might start it by building a fire."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Real Season For It.
"In the spring a young man's fancy,"
The poet declares. But he ought to see
him in the summer down by the sea-
side on the hotel piazza! That's the
time a young man's fancy!—Browning's Magazine.

Winter Tale.
He thought that with precision nice
He'd hop the moving car.
But, ah, the step was caked with ice!
'Tis thought 'twill leave a scar.
—Kansas City Times.

Her Plea.
"I see," said the country girl at the department store, "that here on this sign it says this elevator is for 'hats, feathers and flowers,' but may I go up in it, too, if you please?"—New York Press.

Power In Small Things.
Little pens of metal,
Little drops of ink,
Make the grafter tremble,
Make the people think.
—Chicago News.

Poor Henry!
"Henry, sometimes I'm sorry you are not a sailor."
"But sailors are away from home so much of the time."
"Yes."—Smart Set.

Truth In a Nutshell.
No man you'll know by outward show
Even if he does attract.
You cannot tell what's in the shell
Until the nut is cracked.
—St. Louis Republic.

Ding!
Ee—Anna, dear, you're the belle of my heart.
She—Well, wouldn't you like to give your belle a ring, Gawgie, dear?—New York Herald.

There Are Exceptions.
Some necessary things, you'll note,
Can never be done by rule—
You can't learn how to milk a goat
At a correspondence school.
—Chicago Tribune.

Can't Borrow Everything.
Biggs—Shortleigh is a cheerful chap; never borrows trouble.
Diggs—Oh, well, I suppose he has to draw the line somewhere.—Detroit Tribune.

Rubbing It In.
Our shallowness is seen,
Is there anything on earth can rack
Your nervous system more
Than to lie awake for hours and hear
Some other fellow snore?
—Kansas City Times.

Price on Him.
"Know Jackson over there?"
"Yes; he is a marked man."
"What has he done?"
"Failed to remove the price tag from his hand-me-down suit."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Explained.
For springtime I can scarcely wait.
The winter seems so rocky.
I do not sleigh. I do not skate.
I do not care for hockey.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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THE POET SAYS
"Beauty draws us
by a single hair."
This seems like something of
an exaggeration on the part of the
poet, if at least does not apply to
men. The man with a single
hair would not draw worth a
cent, unless as a curiosity.
People to look their best need
hair, they need all they ever
have. If the hair begins to go it
is time to use
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turf again, and I've been well ever
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