

She Earned Her Living

Not well satisfied with myself... interest in Mollie Jenkins. In place, she is but seventeen; fairly. In the second place, she is a cent in the world, being dependent upon her aunt, Miss Amelia Southworth. In the third place, I have a notion that she is a trifle too smart. Southworth has a little income which will die with her. I wonder if she isn't trying to get all she can into her own possession against the day of her aunt's demise. Lastly, it is to my interest as a clergyman that I shall marry, and my congregation are looking for me to take a suitable helpmeet. I shudder at the thought of announcing an engagement to them to a little child like Mollie. Miss Southworth is a maiden of seventy. Mollie lives with her, and Mollie's method of earning her living is to amuse her aunt. The aunt is only to be amused evenings by playing bridge, of which she is very fond. She was in her younger days an influential member of my congregation and is still an important member from the fact of her age and long connection with the church. Since it is necessary that I show her due attention I show it in playing bridge with her. It is in this way that I have become interested in Mollie, who always has a hand and sometimes plays dummy. Miss Southworth is a native of England, where old ladies don't think it a sin to play cards for money. She insists that bridge is but a poor game without a small stake, and on sitting down to the game I found myself in a position either to offend her or do what is with us in America an unclerical act—play for a tenth of a cent a point. Being expected to play with one of the oldest and most respected members of my congregation, I yielded. One evening Miss Southworth, Mollie and I were playing bridge. Mollie held a succession of good hands and was scoring points. Indeed, her luck ran so steadily that if the circumstances were otherwise I should have looked for trickery. Miss Southworth was beginning to get irritable. She had lost 67 cents, and there was no change of luck in sight. Mollie said a good deal about there being no fun in a one sided game, but went on winning. Presently Miss Southworth, while Mollie was dealing, said to her fiercely: "Go upstairs!" Mollie turned red as a beet, rose from the table and without a word left the room. Her aunt sat fanning herself angrily. I waited developments. They came in time. "Did you see what she was doing?" she asked me. "No." "Cheating." "Good gracious!" "Only seventeen, and she can deal a pack of cards to put a good hand wherever she likes." "But what was her object? She was having splendid hands." "H'm! She dealt them to herself." I settled up my score, paying 34 cents, and bade my hostess good evening. "You won't say anything about this?" she said. "Certainly not." Nor was I likely to tell that I had been playing cards for money and one of the players had cheated. For the next week or two I lived in dread lest the matter should leak out. I suffered in another way. Somewhere down in my heart there was a disappointment. One day I met Mollie on the street. If the act wouldn't have been noticeable I should have crossed before meeting her. She spoke to me smilingly and said: "Auntie is waiting for you to come in again and play bridge." "H'm!" I stammered. "Who is to take the other hands?" "I am the only one unless some one happens in." "Have you and your aunt made up that?" "Oh, yes. She has forgiven me." "H'm! Have you forgiven yourself?" She looked up at me with an innocent expression that would have gone to my heart except for the sin. "There's nothing to forgive." "Didn't you deal yourself good hands?" "Not intentionally. They came to me by luck. But you know auntie can't stand a loss. When she does she gets ruff'd and can't sleep. When she caught me I was dealing her a splendid no trump hand and she would have had everything her own way." "I see. What evening would your aunt like to have me call?" "Any evening; we're always at home." "Very well. I'll be there tonight." It's a dangerous thing for a man to think evil of a woman who attracts him and then find that he has been mistaken. Not only a great relief came to me, but there was something delightfully kind in little Mollie's trying to cheat her aunt into a night's slumber. Somehow I couldn't forget it. I was on my way to my study to write my next Sunday's sermon, but when I sat down to work my pen would write nothing but "Mollie."

In Hot Water. "Typographical errors," said a writer, "are continually cropping up. I called for a magazine editor the other day to take him out to luncheon. As he was getting gratefully into his coat a man entered. "Do you read your magazine?" the man asked. "I do," replied the editor. "Have you read the new number, the one that came out yesterday?" "I have." "Have you read my poem, 'To Gabrielle,' on page 117?" "N-no." "Not Well, in that poem I wrote the line, 'I love you better than I love my life.' " "A neat line—neat and well turned," said the editor soothingly. "And one of the professional humorists of your composing room set it up to read, 'I love you better than I love my wife.' " "How—er—" "Than my wife—precisely that. And my wife knows nothing of composing room-comedy, and she thinks the line was printed exactly as I wrote it."

China's Four Religions. China has four state established religions, and in each the emperor exercises sacerdotal functions. Twice a year the emperor as "son of heaven" worships before the tablet of Shang Ti or supreme heaven in accordance with the ancient imperial monotheism. Twice a year he burns incense before the tablets of his ancestors in accordance with Confucianism. Twice a year he sacrifices to the gods of Taoism and twice a year to the image of Buddha. The ancient and primitive religion of China is monotheistic, but this direct worship was regarded as too sublime for the people, so that it became reserved for the emperor alone as the "son of heaven" and as priest of the nation. The people on their part worshipped their ancestors, and it was this ancestral religion which Confucius identified himself with and reformed. The old superstitions rejected by Confucius were absorbed by Taoism, which is polytheistic and the religion of the populace. Then Buddhism came into China about 65 A. D. and, like the other three religions, became state supported and state endowed.

Squeezed the Squeezers. It is said that when Mr. Yerkes began to make money some of the banks from which he had borrowed thought to "squeeze" him by demanding instant repayment or a large consideration for further time. He was invited to call on one of these "bankers" and there met the others. Their demand was made, and their victim seemed at their mercy. They did not, however, know the resourcefulness of Mr. Yerkes, who retallied by remarking: "Well, I owe a lot to all the banks here, and I'll just publish a statement tomorrow in the papers, giving the full amounts and stating my inability to pay. This will make such a run on the banks that they will soon be as broke as I should, and therefore I shall not be the only sufferer."

The "squeezers" recognized the truth of this and so withdrew their demand. Mr. Yerkes, however, refused to withdraw his threat unless they lent him another \$50,000. They did so.

Making an Acquaintance. In illustration of the ways of the east side of London the following true story is told: A certain club for working girls in the east end of London had recently elected a new member, and one day the secretary happened to look out of the window and was surprised to see the new member rush up to a strange lad in the street, punch him violently on the head and then run away. The secretary remonstrated with her sharply, to which the new member made reply: "I'm very sorry, I won't do it no more if it's agin the rules, but perhaps you won't mind telling me, then, how am I ever to get engaged?"

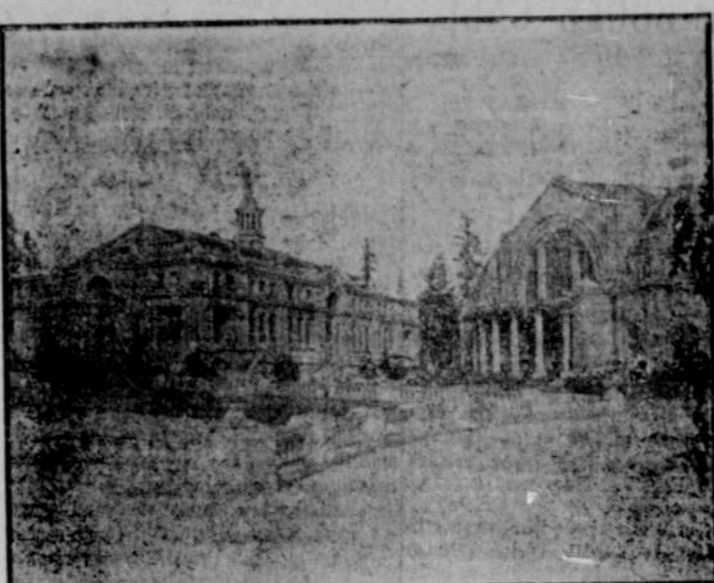
Knew Their Ways. Walter, aged seven, is a wise son who knows not only his own father, but his mother as well. "Now, Walter," said the teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in one hour and your mother could also do it in one hour, how long would it take both of them to do it?" "Three hours," answered Walter, "counting the time they would waste in arguing about how it should be done."—Chicago News.

And He Probably Did. "What can I do," roared the fiery orator, "when I see my country going to ruin, when I see our oppressors' hands at our throats, strangling us, and the black clouds of hopelessness obliterate the golden sun of prosperity? What, I ask—what can I do?" "Sit down!" shouted the audience.—New York Times.

Exclusive. Mabel—I seldom see the handsome young Mr. Richerly. He doesn't appear to care much for society. Ethel—Oh, I don't know! He seems to want my society about six evenings in the week.—Chicago Tribune.

Your Own Way. "It takes a heap o' determination, son," said Uncle Eben, "to hav yuh own way in dis life an' a heap o' brains to know what to do wif it after you gits it."—Washington Star.

A Wireless Operator. Uppson—You have a new baby at your house, I hear. Downing—Great guns! And we live four miles apart! I had no idea any one could hear him that distance.—Judge.

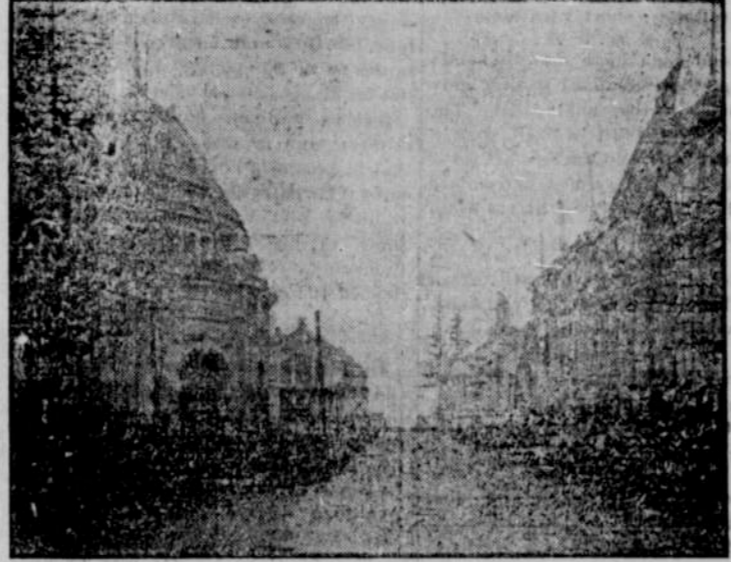


A PORTION OF THE CASCADE COURT.

The Palace of Oriental Exhibits forms one of the twelve mammoth display buildings first completed by the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. Its lines are in pleasing contrast to the Agricultural and Manufacturers buildings, with which they are grouped, and their position overlooks the beautiful formal gardens and water display of the Cascades and Geyser Basin.

The exhibit placed within the walls of the Oriental building constitutes one of the most gorgeous displays of Far Eastern art and manufactured articles ever shipped from the Orient, and is bewildering in beauty and extent. Not a country of Asia is without representation, and treasures of old and modern art, never before permitted to leave the lands in which they were created, will be seen for the first time in the land of the Occident. The matter of arrangement of the Oriental exhibit has been placed in the hands of the most competent and artistic men at command and its display will be worthy of the magnificent collection.

About the Oriental building are gathered the great buildings housing the United States exhibit and the Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine displays. One of the largest bandstands is within close distance, and from its doors the most noted musical organizations of the world will be heard daily.

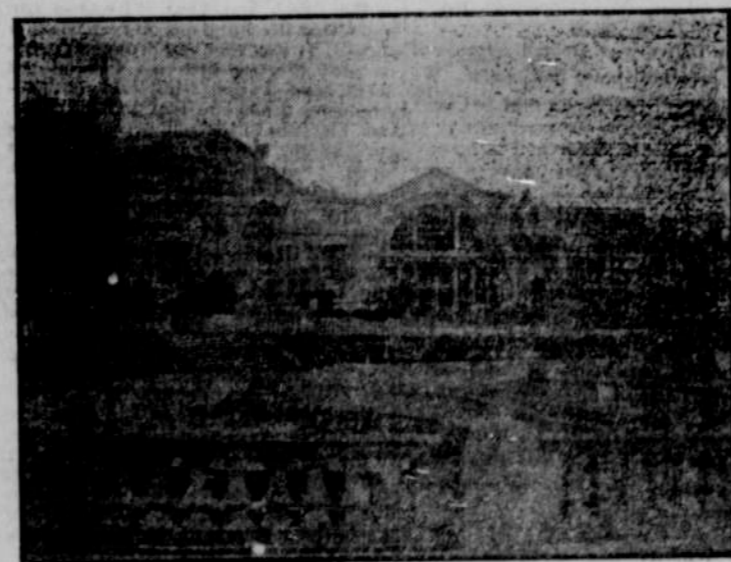


LOOKING DOWN YUKON AVENUE.

One of the most traveled highways of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will be the street to which has been given the name of Yukon Avenue. Yukon Avenue makes its way across the exposition grounds from west to east, and the ends are represented by Klondike Circle near the entrance, and Nome Circle on which fronts the classic Forestry building. It crosses the roaring Cascades on oriental bridges of handsome design, and from its central part the buildings of Hawaii and Alaska, backed by the enormous federal structure, are directly to the north.

Just to the west of Klondike Circle the Pay Streak winds in a general direction from north to south, and at the eastern end the land gives way precipitously to the shores of Lake Washington. It is on this beautiful shore of the lake the natural amphitheatre is located, and nature has so quaintly formed this delightful spot, that small effort has been required of man to transform it into as perfect an exhibition place as is possible. Its curving, sloping sides complete a semi-circle, and from its tiers of towering seats 30,000 spectators may witness the entertainments with no possibilities of occupying a single undesirable seat.

A wonderful variety of architectural display is shown by the many buildings through which Yukon Avenue passes, and during its course the visitor passes from man-made monuments through parts of magnificent forests whose grandeur has never been marred by the destructive craft of Mammon's disciples. From every side the line of horizon is defined by mountains whose lines are delineated in perpetual snow, and stretching away as far as the eye can travel rest the waters of Puget Sound.



ORIENTAL PALACE AND MANUFACTURERS BUILDING.

The Palace of Oriental Exhibits and Manufacturers Building have a frontage on Cascade Court and Geyser Basin and look across at Foreign Exhibits and Agricultural Palaces; Yukon Avenue separates these magnificent display buildings, and in the back ground the state buildings of Oregon and California are located.

Construction work on these buildings was completed last year and exhibits are being received and placed in position. The Oriental Palace will house the most valuable collection of Far Eastern art that has ever been sent from the Orient, and will present displays from Japan, China, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, French Indo China, Borneo, Java and all the eastern countries of Asia.

The Manufacturers building encloses a vast amount of exhibit space and every foot of this has been engaged for display purposes by domestic and foreign manufacturers. The interest manifested in this department of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is world-wide and competitive displays will be general and comprehensive. Exhibits are being daily received and the heavy work of installation is rapidly being accomplished.

The Knock-out Blow. The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing hope to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the ring as well as in it. We protect our heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach we are utterly indifferent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad, thin and impure blood and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has a specific curative effect upon all mucous surfaces and hence cures catarrh, no matter where located or what stage it may have reached. In Nasal Catarrh it is well to cleanse the passages with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy fluid while using the "Discovery" as a constitutional remedy. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures catarrhal diseases, as of the stomach, bowels, bladder and other pelvic organs will be plain to you if you will read a booklet of extracts from the writings of eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients and explaining their curative properties. It is mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. This booklet gives all the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines from which it will be seen that they contain not a drop of alcohol, pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

MASONIC LODGE, No. 57, meets on third Saturday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall at 7:30 p.m. FRANK SEVBRANCE, W.M. ERWIN HARRISON, Sec.

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SANDLAKE. Potatoe planting in Sandlake is a thing of the past, all in. Ira Dimond will get through plaining this week. Joel Atkinson, who has been attending college at McMinnville, returned home Wednesday.

There was quite a surprise party at Mr. and Mrs. Karr's Saturday evening. The evening was spent in games and taffy pulling. There were twenty-seven present, and all went home happy at a late hour. U. S. Edwards and E. R. Hayes were falling trees for a fence Monday.

Quite a crowd of young people went to the beach Sunday. They all report a good time. Flanigan was there. Harland Karr is the best deer hunter on Sandlake, he hunts by lantern light. Jesse Edwards and Ola Lain called on U. S. Edwards, Monday.

Joe Finigan is chief cook, bottle washer and bread maker. He makes the bread all right, but only gets half of it baked, the rest is left on his pants. The only way to save all the dough is to make noodles out of the pants. George Galloway has started on his contract to open the road to the beach. Ethel Hoyt and Virgel Magarell, of Woods, were visiting on the lake Sunday and returned Monday.

Miss Mable Dimond went out to work for Quick's, of South Prairie, Saturday. James Thompson is attending court at Tillamook this week.

We often wonder how any person can be persuaded into taking anything but Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung trouble. Do not be fooled into accepting "own make" or other substitutes. The genuine contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package. J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

If you have backache and urinary troubles you should take Foley's Kidney Remedy to strengthen and build up the kidneys so they will act properly, as a serious kidney trouble may develop. J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City. During the spring everyone would be benefited by taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. It furnishes a needed tonic to the kidneys after the extra strain of winter, and it purifies the blood by stimulating the kidneys, and causing them to eliminate the impurities from it. Foley's Kidney Remedy imparts new life and vigor. Pleasant to take. J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

For Real Estate, - SEE - W. C. TROMBLEY, BAY CITY, OREGON.

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 it every day. If the hair begins to go it is time to use IMPERIAL HAIR TONIC.

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