

A TELEGRAPH JOKER.

He Knew What the Crowd Wanted and Delivered the Goods.

ELECTION RETURNS TO SUIT.

Saving States and National Chairmen into Line in His Reports and Gave the Boys of the Mining Camp the Time of Their Lives.

A funny incident happened on the night of the national election of 1896 in a little camp tucked away in the mountains of southwestern Colorado, where the only means of quick communication with the world were a single overhead telegraph wire and a single more uncertain telegraph operator.

The only other person who knew anything about telegraphy was "Shorty," the head-wit and humorist, who volunteered to write out the election returns as they clicked off from the telegraph instrument.

The "boys" had placed stores of gun powder at various points. They had cleaned and oiled their six shooters and refilled their cartridge belts.

Shorty was not the man to neglect an opportunity like that. The first bulletin he handed to the waiting crowd stated that New York and Indiana were in doubt and it looked like a close election.

Shorty bent his ear to the clinking sounder and inscribed "Bulletin No. 3—Illinois joins the Bryan column with 90,000 majority. Indiana certain, New York very close."

Before the leader could answer Shorty reproved him by word and look. "Don't go off half cocked," he said.

After a long pause, in which the crowd displayed much impatience, the imperturbable and conservative Shorty transcribed bulletin No. 4, but before passing it out he said:

"Now, boys, don't do anything rash. Wait for the actual returns." Bulletin No. 4 read, "Senator Jones claims Ohio and Pennsylvania for Bryan."

Under ordinary circumstances a doubt might have been expressed concerning the probability of such states reversing their political records, but the crowd was convinced of an impending landslide for their favorite and yelled with delight.

"Hold out!" called Shorty. "Here's another." Bulletin No. 6, "Quay concedes Pennsylvania to Bryan."

Another fragment broke from the crowd and ran down the street shouting the news. The new operator's pen was traveling rapidly over the paper, while his friends and fellow citizens crowded closely upon him and mad as he wrote bulletin No. 7, "Mark Hanna has locked up Republican headquarters and gone home."

The roar of the crowd was drowned by the roar of exploding giant powder. Buildings shook, windows rattled, accompanied by the crash of broken glass. The celebration was on, and Shorty McIntyre was alone.

The celebration lasted for two days. The morning after election the regular operator had recovered sufficiently to transcribe messages announcing McKinley's victory. Those who were not enough to understand them didn't believe them.

Miss Coy (at the garden party)—Let you kiss me? Certainly not. I've only known you an hour. Mr. Hustler (looking at his watch)—Well, then, suppose I come around in an hour and a quarter?—Boston Transcript.

"IN THE HOUR OF DEATH."

A Note on the Authorship of a Well Known Poem.

The question is often asked in newspapers and magazines, "Who wrote the poem beginning 'In the hour of death, after this life's whim?'"

The answer is given that nothing is known of the author. It is true this poem was published with only the initials of the writer in the University Magazine in 1879. But I hold the manuscript of the poem, and I have also Blackmore's letter that accompanied it.

AGNES E. COOK. "Teddin, Jan. 5, 1879. "My Dear Sir—Having lately been at the funeral of a most dear relation, I was there again in a dream last night and heard mourners sing the lines enclosed, which impressed me so that I was able to write them without change of a word this morning. I never heard or read them before to my knowledge. They do not look so well on paper as they sounded. But if you like to print them here they are, only please do not print my name beyond initials or send me money for them. With all good wishes to Mrs. Cook and yourself, very truly yours, "R. D. BLACKMORE. "K. Cook Esq. LL. D."

Domineus illuminatio mea.

In the hour of death, after this life's whim, When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim, And pain has exhausted every limb, The lover of the Lord shall trust in him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim, And the mind can only disgrace its name, And a man is uncertain of his own name, The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved and the last tear shed, And the coffin is waiting beside the bed, And the widow and child forsake the dead, The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may fail; The power must fail, and the pride must fail, And the love of the dearest friends grow small, But the glory of the Lord is all in all. —R. D. B. in Memoriam A. P. G. —London Athenaeum.

DISCIPLINE.

The Way Binks Tried It on His Six-months-old Baby.

Binks had sent Mrs. Binks on a visit to her mother, and he was on the job with the six-months-old baby. In the night the baby woke and cried. Binks looked at his watch—three-quarters of an hour till bedtime. He said to himself:

"Let him yell. He's a healthy little Indian, and he must be disciplined."

Then Binks tried to sleep. But Binks couldn't sleep. Every cry grew more pathetic and abused and heartless and discouraged. Each cry said more and more plainly: "I have no friends or relatives, I'm unhappy and uncomfortable and want some one to be good to me."

But Binks, the stubborn and stiff-necked, stuck it out, though each cry stabbed him clear through. Finally (maybe he set it forward a bit—who knows?) Binks' watch announced the arrival of bedtime. He went to the box for the food, heated it and took it to his now faintly sobbing infant son.

But the infant son could not take the bottle. He choked on the first swallow, then put up his hands and renewed his wordless plea to the big man he could see dimly through his tears.

Then that father said, "Discipline be hanged!" Maybe, though, it wasn't "hanged" he said, but the vowel sound is right, anyway. He took up that baby, and the baby struck his daddy like fly paper. Further attempts to lay him down were futile. He wanted no food but heart food, no milk but that of human kindness. So the big man laid that baby beside him on the pillow; the baby put one rose petal hand to his father's stubby cheek, gave a long, quivering, satisfied sigh and slept for six unbroken hours.

As Binks lay there, afraid to stir lest he disturb the little one and feeling like a horse thief because he had for the love hungry infant cry his heart out, he repeated frequently: "Discipline be hanged!" —Chicago News.

She Was Willing. He—Do you know that as long as I have known you I have never seen you dressed in white? She—Indeed! Are you, then, so partial to the color? He—Not exactly that, but whenever I see a girl dressed in white I am always tempted to kiss her. She—Will you excuse me for a quarter of an hour?

Didn't Believe In It. The Squire—That's a splendid horse, Giles. I suppose you feed it daily with punctuality. Giles—Now, zur. None o' yer non-fangled foods vur me. Just ar and oats—oats and hay.—London Telegraph.

Business. Miss Coy (at the garden party)—Let you kiss me? Certainly not. I've only known you an hour. Mr. Hustler (looking at his watch)—Well, then, suppose I come around in an hour and a quarter?—Boston Transcript.

He that is ill to himself will be good to nobody.—Scott's Proverb.

SHY LONDONERS.

A Trait That Brands Them as Unsocial and Abrupt.

What a complicated thing is the character of the Londoner! Out of pure shyness he becomes disagreeably abrupt; out of pure fear of intrusion he becomes unsocial. A number of unacquainted men in the same tramway car will never think of entering into conversation as they would anywhere else in the world. Silently they leave the car as they entered it. And yet it does not seem natural to me that they should not prefer to converse. But they are afraid to intrude; besides, they have not been "introduced."

"Proper" introduction is one of the characteristics of the Londoner. In Germany when a man enters a private room containing people he does not know or if he sits down at a table outside a restaurant—in fact, whenever he comes into touch with a stranger—he will make his bow and announce his name. He will introduce himself. Then both will chat like old acquaintances. But it is ten to one that neither of them caught the mumbled name of the other, nor did they care. To both of them their meeting has been an episode to be forgotten the very next second. And it not infrequently happens that a man will turn to some friend, asking: "Did you see me talk to that man? Who is he? He mentioned his name, but I did not quite catch it."

Now, in England to walk into a room where there is a private gathering and to go around from one to another introducing yourself would, as I saw, be called bad manners. The Englishman wants to be introduced by a third person, and it seems that the third person will introduce the other two only if he thinks they would actually like to know each other. Then, however, the name is not only mumbled or mentioned, but grappled with. The two men at once impress that name upon their minds, associate the person with the name and forget neither the one nor the other. An introduction in London does not seem an episode to me to be over and done with the next second, but always the beginning of a general friendship. And where friendship is not likely to ensue an introduction is left aside.—London Mail.

CHEVY CHASE.

The Old Rodgers Mansion and the Famous Washington Club.

Doubtless few of the many thousands of persons who have read of Chevy Chase have any idea of the interesting history attached to the clubhouse and surroundings. Part of the old colonial structure as it stands today was erected in 1747 and from that time until a few years ago remained in the Rodgers family. In the war of 1812, when the British were advancing on Washington, the army and navy records were taken from the White House and secreted in the cellar of the Rodgers mansion, where they were kept for several days.

The Rodgers family has been famous in the American navy, no fewer than seven having served as admirals. The estate consisted of something like 200 acres, and as the beautifying of the property was always a hobby of its owners it is not surprising that unusual taste should have been shown in laying it out. It is a fact that there are 105 varieties of trees and bushes to be found within a stone's throw of the clubhouse. Not far from the present fourth green there was once a sunken garden, but this is scarcely more than a memory now.

The Chevy Chase club took possession in 1888 and at first rented the property from the Rodgers estate, but later the club purchased 200 acres. Several horse shows have been conducted on the property, and some years back the regular old fashioned county fairs were popular there. The membership consists of persons prominent in Washington socially. It is only half an hour's ride from the treasury to the door of the clubhouse.—Exchange.

True Thrift.

"When visiting a certain town in the north of England," says a medical man, "I was told of an extraordinary incident wherein the main figure, an economical housewife, exhibited under trying circumstances a trait quite characteristic of her. It seems that she had by mistake taken a quantity of poison—mercurial poison—the antidote for which, as all should know, comprises the whites of eggs. When this antidote was being administered, the order for which the unfortunate lady had overheard, she managed to murmur, although almost unconscious: 'Mary, Mary!—Save the yolks for the puddings!'" —London Tri-Bits.

Scientific.

"Mary Ellen, why is it you are always smashing your gold eyeglasses and the steel ones stick on your nose as though glued there?" "Can't you guess why?" "Not unless it's a sign that riches are fleeting and the poor you have always with you." "Not at all. There is nothing allegorical about it. The reason is just scientific. It's my magnetic attraction, that's all." —New York Sun.

Used to Them.

The Plain One—And weren't you a bit nervous when he proposed to you? The Pretty One—Oh, dear, no! Proposals used to make me nervous, but not any more.—Exchange.

A Slander.

"I see that royal blood has been discovered in an old American family." "Don't believe it. Some gossip is always making a snail out of our old families." —Philadelphia Ledger.

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