

POOR DEARIE.

By EDGAR FALES MOODEY.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"But, Edward?"

"What?"

"How are we going to live? You have been brought up to believe that you were to be your aunt's heir, and now you tell me that she has left the estate so tied up that you can't touch it and that her other relatives are likely to beat you out of it."

"That's so, and they will beat me out of it if they learn how matters stand."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I can't enlighten you without telling the whole story."

"Well, tell it."

"It's too ridiculous."

"Ridiculous! Can anything that separates us be ridiculous? I will not bring trouble on you and on myself by marrying you, who, having been brought up on expectations, have made no preparation for earning a living."

"Perhaps not, but you'll laugh all the time when I tell you to whom my aunt left her property."

"To whom did she leave it?"

"I am next of kin and at the death of the present incumbent will succeed to the estate."

"I didn't ask that. I asked whom your aunt made her heir."

"I am thinking of killing him."

"Oh, Edward?"

"It's the only sure way open to me. If the other branches of the family hear of how the matter stands they'll break the will."

"But in that case you will get your share."

"That would be a few thousand only. There are several hundred relatives. I want the whole property."

"Can't you compromise with this person whom your aunt made her heir?"

"No. He isn't capable of making an agreement. He does nothing but strut about."

"Come, come. Tell me the legal points. I have more head for such things than you suppose."

"Well, my aunt left the property to this person, and, considering who he is, the bequest is ridiculous. That will be the plea of the relatives if they try to break the will. But I, being the heir of this legate at his death, will take possession of the property. The other heirs will still have good cause for a suit, but I will have the sinews of war. Understand?"

"Yes, perfectly. But this person to whom the property has been—"

"When you see him you will see a scoundrel."

"What was your aunt's attraction for him?"

"He was her husband."

"Her husband?"

"She considered him."

"But I supposed your uncle died long ago."

"So he did."

"Well, then, how is it that this—"

"Scoundrel!"

"Scoundrel!"

"That's what he is. He has a couple of dozen wives."

"Edward, I'm not going to stand this any longer. You are attempting to make a fool of me."

"I assure you that everything I have said of him is true, and, worse, he has never been married to one of the wives with whom he lives."

"Beast!"

"He is not a beast at all."

"Think for goodness' sake what kind of a person he is?"

"I can't tell you. My aunt in her younger days was a great student. She studied everything—science, religion, philosophy. She passed from one system to another until she became a strong believer in the transmigration of souls. She was much attached to her husband, who humored her in her various faiths. There is no proof of her faith, but that she was sound in her latter days, though she believed that at her husband's death his soul passed into a little child that broke through its shell the minute my uncle died. She at that time took the greatest care of this child, ordered a special house to be built for him and always called him by the pet name she had had for my uncle. He grew up to be a fine man, and my aunt never returned the attention she had shown him from his birth."

"When the old lady died and I came to look over her will, what did I find but that she had left her whole fortune to her husband in the body of this chicken."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Didn't I tell you you'd laugh?"

"You're too ridiculous."

"What's what I said too?"

"After a pause—"what are you going to do?"

"Poor Dearie."

"What then?"

"My application for the estate as next of kin?"

"You are too many next of kin. I should rather inherit \$300,000 from a man than a few hundred from a scoundrel being."

"Well, then, why don't you kill him?"

"He is protected. The woman to whom my aunt paid a large salary to take care of him never lets him out of her sight. Force of habit from knowing where my aunt lived that if Dearie were to kill him she would lose a fat job leads her to watch. But I'm going to try to get at him tonight with a little business gracious!"

"Edward, where have you been? There's blood on your shirt bosom!"

"There was blood in my eye last night."

"What have you done?"

"There is no more. He is with his wife and his wife."

The Crush.

It was at an afternoon tea, with the usual musical accompaniment. The man's man had been literally dragged there, an unwilling victim, by a zealous friend who liked afternoon teas with a musical accompaniment. Needless to say, the zealous friend was a ladies' man.

The man's man was very unhappy. He had sulked and had positively refused to be introduced to the bevy of charming girls presiding at the tea tables, much to the chagrin of the ladies' man, who naturally couldn't understand the attitude of the man's man. It was inexorable, from his point of view. But a ray of hope glimmered in his breast when the man's man rushed up to him, exclaiming: "I say, old fellow, introduce me to the fat lady sitting over in the corner, will you?"

The eyes of the ladies' man glistened. "With the greatest of pleasure," he cried. "Have you got a crush on her?" "No," replied the man's man savagely. "I should say it was quite the other way. She's sitting on my hat!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Saw More Lights.

In one of the hotels recently some new electric lights were put in use in a decorative way. A young man who lives on the hill happened in during the evening and noticed the lights.

"They're very nice," he said to the head waiter, "but why didn't you put up more?"

The head waiter, knowing the young man's fondness for articles enumerated on the wine list, replied, "I think you'll see more of them before you leave, Mr. So-and-so."

The young man remained in the cafe a couple of hours and imbibed rather freely of liquid refreshments. When he got ready to leave he sought the head waiter.

"Much obliged to you," he said. "Did you put the extra ones in for me?"

"Certainly," replied the head waiter, bowing.

The young man left the hotel feeling greatly honored.—Denver Post.

Suppressing Swearing.

Profane as well as legal oaths have been the subject of many parliamentary measures in England. No fewer than five separate bills having the prevention of swearing for their object were presented during the reign of James I., but it was not until 1623 that an enactment was finally carried defining and controlling the offense. In 1635 a public department was established to collect the fines enforced by this law. The officials of this department, of whom one was appointed in every parish, were allowed 2s. 6d. in the pound on the money thus collected, and the balance was paid over to the bishop for the benefit of the deserving poor. These penalties ceased to be enforced after the restoration, but were revived by a statute of William and Mary and still further increased under George II.—London Scraps.

Fire.

Max Beerholm's book "Yet Again" opens with the essay on "Fire."

"Fire in my grate," he writes, "is as terrible a thing as when it was lit by my ancestors night after night at the mouths of their caves to scare away the ancestors of my dog. And my dog regards it with the old wonder and misgiving. Even in his sleep he opens ever and again one eye to see that we are in no danger. And the fire glowers and roars through its bars at him with the scorn that a wild beast must needs have for a tame one. 'You are free,' it rages, 'and yet you do not spring at that man's throat and tear him limb from limb and make a meal of him.' And, gazing at me, it licks its red lips, and I, laughing good humoredly, rise and give the monster a shoveful of its proper food, which it leaps at and noisily devours."

The First Pantomime.

The first pantomime introduced to the English stage was "Tavern Bickers" and was by John Weaver. This was in the year 1702. It was produced at Drury Lane. The great institutor of pantomime in England was, however, John Rice, who devised this form of entertainment in 1717. His first emphatic success was in 1724, when he produced "The Necromancer; or, History of Dr. Faustus." So successful was Rice with his pantomimes that Garrick, Quin and others became exasperated. Rice lived to see pantomimes firmly established at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He died in 1761.—London Stage.

Not a Bouncer.

"Mother," said a six-year-old hopeful, "isn't it funny that everybody calls little brother a bouncer baby?" "Why do you think it's funny, Willie?" remarked his mother.

"Because when I dropped him on the floor this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He only hollered."

A Mean Suggestion.

Pierrot—The only way for a man to understand women is to get married. Pierrette—And study the ways of his wife, eh? Pierrot—No. Listen to what she tells him about the other women.

The Spenders.

"How are you getting along, Jones, since you got married? Saving any money?" "Yes, but for heaven's sake don't tell my wife."—Judge's Library.

Descriptive.

"Is he broke?" "Broke? Why, his assets rattle around in his habilities like a pea in a coal bucket."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Collector's Bargain.

Lord Spencer of Althorp, one of the greatest of book collectors, was at home only in his own field. One day in browsing about Bond street, London, he went into the shop of a dealer in bric-a-brac. The dealer, who knew him by sight, said persuasively:

"Here is a fine bit of pottery which your lordship really ought to have, and you shall have it very cheap—only 2 guineas."

So Lord Spencer bought it and took it home and set it in a high place. One day a connoisseur of china paid him a visit, and Lord Spencer showed his bargain.

"What did you give for it?" asked the connoisseur.

"Two guineas," answered Spencer rather proudly.

"H'm," said the connoisseur. "At that price the marmalade should have been included."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that precious piece of yours is nothing more or less than a shilling marmalade pot with a green tistie painted on it."

Silencing the Questioners.

A French gentleman who had been with M. de Talleyrand for twenty years accompanied him to the congress at Vienna after Napoleon's exile to Elba. People naturally concluded that this long intimacy had made him familiar with a number of particulars of the minister's life and bearing also upon the events with which he had been mixed up. Worried with questions, the friend invariably replied that he knew nothing, but the questioners would not be satisfied and returned to the charge.

"Very well," finally said Talleyrand's confidant; "I'll tell you a peculiar and altogether unknown fact in connection with M. de Talleyrand. Since Louis XV. he's the only man who can open a soft boiled egg with one backward stroke of his knife without spilling a drop of the contents of the shell. That is the only peculiarity I know in connection with him."

Discretion had scored a decisive victory. From that moment the questions ceased.

The Sting of Ingratitude.

A young physician in the east side, New York city, spends much time in charitable practice, says the Newark Star. In fact, he sometimes gives to a poor patient enough money to pay for prescriptions. "I'm not getting rich," he explains, "but I simply can't see them suffer for medicines that may put them on their feet again."

Not many days ago the doctor had occasion to visit a woman who occupied one small tenement room with her three children. After making out a prescription he gave her \$2, telling her to buy the medicine and to use the change for needed food. On the following day as he was about to enter the tenement for a second call he met the ten-year-old daughter of the patient.

"How is your mother?" he inquired of the child.

"Oh, she's all well!" was the answer. "She took the \$2 and got a real doctor."

When to Stop Advertising.

An English journal requested a number of the largest advertisers to give their opinions concerning the best time to stop advertising, and the following replies were received:

When the population ceases to multiply and the generation that crowded on after you and never heard of you stops coming on.

When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else.

When you stop making fortunes solely through the direct use of this mighty agent.

When younger and fresher houses in your line cease starting up.

When you would rather have your own way and fall than take advice and win.—Nashville American.

The Ingenious Maggie.

The magpie is nothing if not ingenious. He always barricades his bulky nest with thorn branches, so that to plunder it is by no means an easy matter, but when circumstances oblige the "pie" to build in a low bush or hedge, an absence of lofty trees being a marked feature of some northern localities, he not only interlaces his home, but also the entire bush, in a most formidable manner. Nor does he stop here. To "make assurance double sure" he fashions a means of exit as well as an entrance to the castle, so that if disturbed he can slip out by his back door, as it were.—London Graphic.

John and the Franchise.

A woman suffrage lecturer in England recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

A Real Regret.

Editor—I am obliged to decline your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but— Poet—But what? Editor—The management insists upon my declining all poems that way.

Elevating.

Wigg—The man who loves a woman can't help being elevated. Wagg—And the man who loves more than one is apt to be sent up too.—Philadelphia Record.

The superior man is satisfied and composed; the mean man is always full of distress.—Confucius.

Tillamook Lumber Manufacturing Compy. Manufacturers of FIR, SPRUCE AND HEMLOCK LUMBER. KILN DRY FLOORING, CEILING, RUSTIC AND FINISHED LUMBER. ALL KINDS OF MOULDINGS. We Make the Best CHEESE BOXES for Tillamook County's Most Famous Cheese. The Best Equipped Saw Mill in the County. New Machinery, Experienced Workmen and First Class Lumber of the Best Quality. LET US FIGURE ON YOUR LUMBER BILL.

HEADQUARTERS FOR DAIRYMEN'S SUPPLIES AND STEEL STOVES & RANGES. We carry a Large Stock of Hardware, Tinware, Glass and China, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Doors, Window Sashes. Agents for the Great Western Saw. ALEX McNAIR CO The Most Reliable Merchants in Tillamook County.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley's Kidney Pills purify the blood, restore lost vitality and vigor. Refuse substitutes. Sold by Chas. I. Clough.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Steamer "Sue H. Elmore" (CAPT. P. SCHRADER). MOTOR STEAMER OSHKOSH (CAP. T. LATHAM). Tillamook & Portland. Sail Every Tuesday and Saturday. Couch St. Wharf, Portland. "That's All." W. G. HARRIS, Prop.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

MASONIC LODGE No. 57, meets on third Saturday of each month in 100 F. Hall, at 7:30 p.m. FRANK SEVERANCE, W.M. H. E. MORRIS, Sec.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Steamer "Sue H. Elmore" (CAPT. P. SCHRADER). MOTOR STEAMER OSHKOSH (CAP. T. LATHAM). Tillamook & Portland. Sail Every Tuesday and Saturday. Couch St. Wharf, Portland. "That's All."

Pacific Salvage Co. Complete Home Furnishers. We carry a general stock of New Furniture, Rugs, Carpets, Heating Stoves, Cook Stoves, and miscellaneous House Furnishings. NOTE.—We buy and sell Second Hand Goods of every description. PAGE BROS., Props.