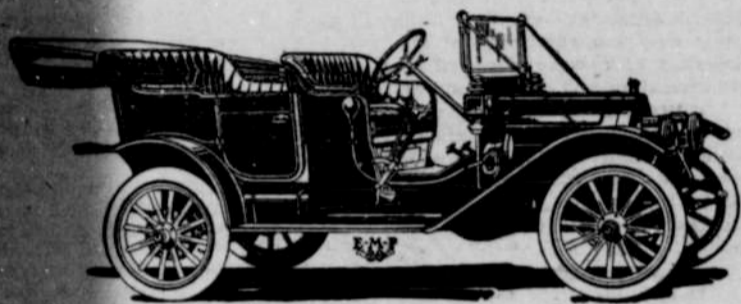




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A ROYAL MYSTERY
One of the Legacies of the French Revolution.

FATE OF THE YOUNG DAUPHIN

Whether the Son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette Was Murdered or Died or Was Spirited Away is an Enigma Without a Solution. Every healthy minded man or woman loves a mystery, and, fortunately for the world, history has provided one or two problems which have been worn threadbare without revealing their secrets. Among these is the fate of the nine-year-old son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, which Mme. Louise Latour recently dealt with in a lecture in London. A child judicially murdered or else spirited away, another substituted for him to die and to be buried under a false name, the people who reported of these things silenced or poisoned, the period of events comparatively recent—the story sounds incredible, but it rests on a basis of established fact. The dauphin, a delicate child of nine, was removed from his mother and friends and given to the care of Simon, the brutal sniveler, and his wife. After this all remains obscure except that while the boy was in their care the Simons gave up their post—in itself rather strange, as it was a lucrative one—and on the day of the change of residence the substitution is supposed to have taken place. In the evening a child in bed was shown to the emissaries of the convention, and the next morning he was removed to a smaller room with the door nailed up, the only air coming in by the grille through which his food was passed. So he remained until he became so ill that Dr. Dessault, who had often been to Versailles in the old days, was summoned to attend him and was amazed to find a scrofulous and dying boy. "Ce n'est pas le petit dauphin" ("That is not the little Dauphin"), he blurted out imprudently, and a day or two later he died by poison. Other doctors were brought who were unacquainted with the royal children, and the child died and was buried in his assumed character. He is generally supposed to have been a lad called Gombau, and his mother was actually seen by people in America, where she admitted the wickedness of having sold her dying son when she was in a condition of extreme poverty. La femme Simon talked, but her words were discredited by the authorities, who declared she was drunken and garrulous. Nevertheless, on her deathbed she confessed to a priest and a nurse that a substitute had been put in the dauphin's place. Such are the historical facts as related by Mme. Latour, and to account for them two theories have been deduced, says a writer in the London Times. The first, in which Mme. Latour believes, was that the dauphin was judicially murdered by Simon in the temple and the dying Gombau put in his place to hide the crime from the world. Of the second, that the child escaped alive from his prison, many people are strenuous supporters. Some of them describe the course of events thus: Gombau was brought into the temple on the day of the de-mencement in a large cardboard horse given ostensibly as a souvenir to the royal prisoner by the femme Simon, while the dauphin was carried out by the woman in a big basket of dirty linen. Others declare that the prince was actually kept hidden in a garret in the temple until the substitute died, more than a year later, when he was taken out in a coffin with a false bottom, the body of Gombau being buried in the moat. This theory has had two startling confirmations. A small coffin filled with paper and stones was actually found in the cemetery of La Madeleine, and General d'Andigne, imprisoned in the temple in 1801 and allowed to relieve the tedium of his confinement by gardening, was digging in the moat when he found the uncoffined skeleton of a child. But, as Mme. Latour asked, if the dauphin escaped alive into the world, where did he go? No fewer than thirty pretenders, one a negro, at different times have declared themselves the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The two who attracted most disciples were the Duc de Richmond and "Nandore." With regard to the latter, it was against him that he did not come forward until he was thirty years of age and he could not speak a word of French. Mme. Latour added that he married a middle class wife and was an excellent watchmaker, consequently unlike what the heir of a royal line ought to be. Obviously the speaker had forgotten Louis Seize and his passion for making and mending locks.

Real Experience. "Friend," began the strolling philosopher, "do you know anything about the pursuit of happiness?" "Ought to," chuckled the rural constable as he filled his mouth with tobacco. "Calculate I have chased more eloping couples than any man in this section."—Chicago News.

First of the Season. Seedy Visitor—Do you have many wrecks about here, boatman? Boatman—Not very many, sir. You're the first I've seen this season.—London Telegraph.

Clasp Tails as They Pass. Among the peculiarly tailed fishes the sea horses are alone in having the tail prehensile. With it they anchor themselves to seaweed and other things in strong currents, for they are poor swimmers. As two of these interesting creatures meet they may clasp tails for a moment and then pass on, as if they had wished each other well.—London Spectator.

Novel Arithmetic. Teacher—How many do two and three make? Schoolboy—About forty, sir. Teacher—Absurd! How do you make that out? Schoolboy—Well, dad went fishing last Sunday and caught two big fish, then three little ones, and when my uncle asked him how many he had caught he said, "About forty?"—London Answers.

A Gift. "I regard conversation as a gift," remarked the studious woman. "It usually is," replied Miss Cayenne. "If people had to pay for it there would be much less of it."—Washington Star.

THE MIND CURE.

Don't Worry, Eat and Sleep Right and Live For a Century. Thousands of sick and afflicted are daily told by their physicians to change their diet and keep the stomach free from indigestible food. This we admit to be good advice, but far greater is the usefulness of advice to change your thoughts, for out of a de-filed mind proceeds a corrupt and diseased body. The body quickly responds to every impulse and impression of the mind, and one rarely if ever sees a person with a contented mind thin, anaemic and suffering with neurasthenia and its train of nervous and gastric symptoms. If it were not for the worry, discontent and abnormally strenuous life that characterize the people of this age the specialist on nervous and mental diseases would have to discover ways to obtain a livelihood other than catering to the whims and fancies of a veritable army of perverts. As paradoxical as it may seem, I candidly and deliberately proclaim that 80 per cent of all the inhabitants of the world now living under fifteen years of age could live and enjoy better health until they have passed the century mark in age if it were possible to instruct them concerning the proper observance of those unchangeable laws of health, hygiene and physiology. We are often admonished to give up alcoholic stimulants, tobacco and coffee if we desire to become even octogenarians. While I admit that this is essential, yet I consider the observance of three other rules more conducive to longevity, as follows: Never worry and never become angry; eat slowly and regularly; obtain at least ten hours' sleep out of every twenty-four, for in this age of progress and achievement, when every one is making strenuous efforts to excel his neighbor in obtaining knowledge, wealth and influence, ten hours' sleep is barely sufficient to restore equilibrium to an exhausted sensorium.

And for the man that wandereth out of the way of understanding and worries through a miserable existence, never quite satisfied with any one or anything, we shall soon number him with the congregation of the dead.—L. Herbert Lanier in Medical Fortnightly.

BONES OF THE EAR.

The Little Stirrup When Displaced Causes Noises in the Head. Vibrations of the eardrum are communicated to the inner ear by means of three exceedingly small bones, one of which is called the stirrup. When this particular little bone is displaced, however slightly, the patient hears sounds which are subjective, or, to use plainer terms, noises confined exclusively to the auditory apparatus and not heard by others. These sounds frequently seem like wind whistling through a crevice or a buzzing such as one hears when passing under a network of wires on a windy day. Other sounds of similar subjective origin are classified as musical. They take the form of ringing bells, trumpet blasts, organ notes and the piping of birds. Still another form conveys to the patient sounds such as frogs make as they sit on logs and like the shouts of a crowd at a baseball game. Dr. Marage, a famous French aurist, recently laid before the Academy of Sciences in Paris the results of his study of a thousand cases of this general sort. He has found that the nerves of the ear in certain cases maintained the conducting position which they assumed when they transmitted the sound of a ringing bell or like sound, and, like an electric button out of position, kept the bell vibrations from being interrupted. Other sounds were produced by the persistent excitation of the auditory nerve centers. High frequency electrical currents and vibratory massage have been used by leading specialists in the treatment of ear troubles in these several conditions, and the results have been encouraging.—New York World.

Wrang End First. An old Indiana Justice of the peace, after listening for two long days to the evidence pro and con in a criminal case, wound up his decision upon the conflicting testimony by saying that he had grave doubts as to the guilt of the prisoner, but, whereas when a law student he had read in Blackstone that it was better that ninety-nine innocent men should be punished than that one guilty man should escape, therefore he would find the prisoner guilty.—Hilton's "Funny Side of Politics."

Nervous Prostration. "I hear your wife is going to a sanitarium. Nothing serious, I hope?" "Oh, no. She's secretary of her club." "Yes?" "And after carrying the club minutes all season in her head she sat down the other day and tried to write 'em out."—Pittsburg Post.

He Knew. Mrs. Wedd—John, what do you think of a man who smokes cigarettes in a room where ladies are? Mr. Wedd—I think he needs a wife like you, my dear.—Boston Transcript.

Value of Silence. "Speech is silver," says the bearding house philosopher, "but silence, rightly used, is what makes golden weddings possible."—Toledo Blade.

SURPRISED THE HIGHLANDERS

And Then the Young Boers Surprised Their Own General. Ignorance is not bliss on the battlefield. When the South African war began the Boers, brave fighters though they were, lost many an advantage through almost childish simplicity in the art of war. Mr. Howard C. Lillie-gas, in his "Boers in War," gives an incident of this trait. While fighting at Magersfontein a number of youthful Boers, in this their first battle, allowed a hundred highlanders to approach to within a short distance of the trench wherein the Boers were concealed. They then sprang out, calling "Hands up!" The highlanders, completely surprised, threw down their arms and advanced, holding their hands above their heads. One of the young Boers approached them, scratched his head in perplexity and said to his friends, "What shall we do with them?" After a consultation they allowed the highlanders to return to their column.

When the young Boers arrived at the Boer laager, laden with the captured rifles, their general asked them why they did not bring their prisoners. The youths looked at each other, and one of them sheepishly replied: "We did not know that they were wanted." It was not the lads, however, who always made the mistakes. One old Boer, on viewing for the first time a company of highlanders in the distance, refused to fire, insisting that it was a herd of ostriches, and he persuaded all the burghers in the trenches near him that they were ostriches, and nothing but ostriches.

BANKS "LOAN" MONEY.

They Don't "Lend" It, Because It Is a Business Transaction. Why is it banking houses always "loan" their huge sums of money, never by any chance "lend" them? "Lend" is the true verb, while "loan" was exclusively the noun. How came it about that "to loan" has uniformly supplanted "to lend"? The purists make a great fuss about this. They insist that the stupid and untaught financial world has foisted upon the language a substantive verb when no new verb was needed, when the ancient and established usage was fixed in the signification of "to lend." But prior to the modern development of business enterprise when money was lent it was bestowed upon the borrower either for temporary use without compensation, as a mark of favor or patronage, or by the professional money lender who, taking advantage of persons in extremities of need, demanded usurious interest. This Anglo-Saxon verb today retains its ancient connotation. When it was coined the productive powers of money were unknown, and the wealth of rich men was locked up for safety and kept out of the channels of commerce. Nowadays, by devices of credit and rapid intercommunication, it is kept constantly working in productive enterprises. Immense loans are made, no longer to relieve the necessities and the improvident, but to stimulate industry and to enable the borrower as well as the lender to reap a profit in his transactions. Money is "loaned" in this sense. It is not lent.—New York Times.

Her Kind of Economy. Persons who had heard the man declare many times that unless he could find a truly economical woman he would never marry laughed cynically at the announcement of his engagement to a woman who had figured in a thirty dollar hat episode. "Surely," said his friends, "you don't consider a woman who buys thirty dollar hats truly economical?" "I do," said the man. "Just recall the circumstances. She was found lying in a faint in a millinery store anteroom with \$200 in cash and a bill for a thirty dollar hat in her pocket-book. I claim that any woman who will pay only \$30 for a hat when she has \$200 in cold cash in her pocket-book is economical to the core, and I am going to marry her."—New York Times.

The Pulse Beat. The readiest and roughest estimate of time is the pulse beat. It is said to know that the human pulse beat is not exactly sixty to the minute. That is one of the faulty disarrangements of life. But it comes pretty close. And the rough and ready calculator of the time between the flash of lightning and the thunder depends on his pulse when he cannot see his watch. To the ordinary man a second is a pulse beat.—London Chronicle.

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