Tillamook Headlight.

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CLAUDE THAYER,

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For sale at reasonable prices and on favorable terms. Location, best in the town of Tillamook.

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Washing gathered and delivered every week. Family washing and ironing, a specialty. Work done on short notice when desired.

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First-class single and double turnouts kept on hand.

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The best of beef, veal, pork and mutton on hand.

Eggs, butter, vegetables and chickens bought and sold.

Satisfaction guaranteed to every one. Shop opposite the Grand Central.

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IT REQUIRES TO WRITE THE NEWS TO YOUR EASTERN FRIENDS

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The Leading Merchants of Tillamook County!

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Notions, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Etc.

This house is connected with the well known whole-sale and commission house of MARK L. COHN & Co., 146, FRONT ST., PORTLAND, ORE., and is able to purchase goods in large lots and at a very low figure, thus being able to discount all competitors in prices.

Country Produce taken in Exchange for Goods.

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$ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $

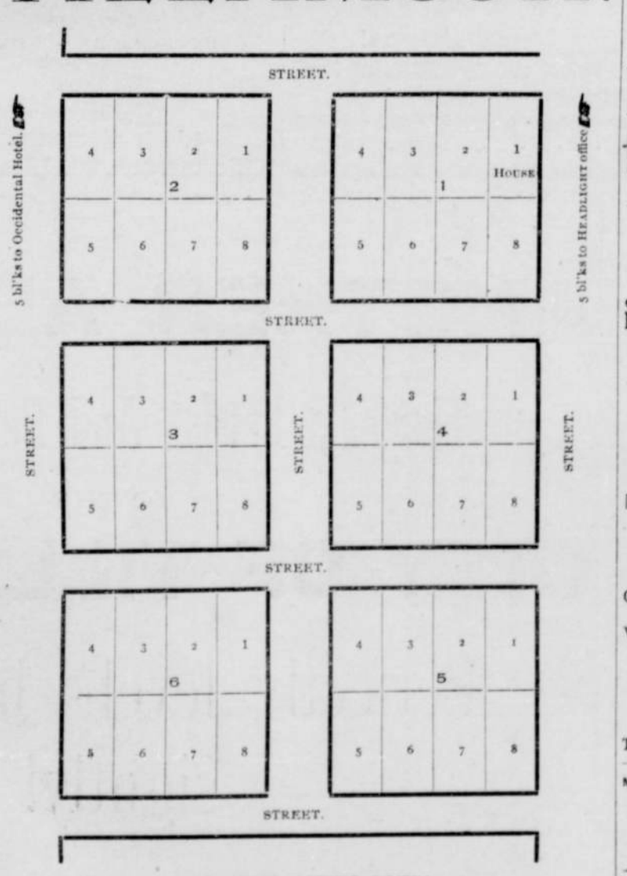
HOW CAN THEY BE MADE?

By Investing Your Money in Tillamook!

The town is growing rapidly and real estate is sure to enhance in value. There are good prospects for a rail-road and harbor improvements, so get in and buy before the rush, and while you can buy the choicest property cheap in

R. R. HAYS' ADDITION TO THE TOWN OF

TILLAMOOK.



(48 LARGE LEVEL LOTS.)

STREETS 60 FEET WIDE. LOTS UNIFORMLY 52½x105 FEET

Prices ranging from $60 to $160.

Suitable terms made.

This property is situated five blocks directly south of the main thoroughfare of the town, two blocks south of the school-house, and faces on two of the principal streets. This is not a boom scheme to speculate on suburban or country property, as the tract is centrally located, virtually in the heart of the town, and buildings are going up on all sides at present.

The location is sightly, high and dry, commanding a good view, and slopes gently from the center, just enough to secure good drainage. It is well sheltered from the coast winds, and is just the place for homes. For further particulars call on or address

R. R. HAYS, OWNER,

Real Estate Dealer and Conveyancer.

Tillamook, Oregon.

Also, Notary Public. Deeds and other Legal papers made out.

☞ Farming land, Timber land and all classes of town property for sale.

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Temperance Parlor,

Arthur Stillwell, prop.

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Fine Pool table

Cigars and Tobacco. Nuts and Candy, Cutlery, Soda, Etc.

Fresh Fruits and Berries in season.

Shooting-Gallery in connection.

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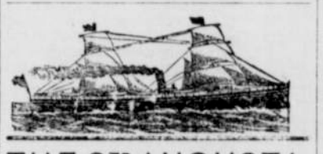

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Will make regular trips, the weather permitting, from

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The best wines and liquors in the market.

Jons Davidson, Proprietor.

OLSEN'S BLOCK, TILLAMOOK, ORE.

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CONTRACTOR and BUILDER,

Wagon Shop in Connection.

Shop, Opposite G. A. R. Hall,

Tillamook, Oregon.

A. G. Reynolds,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

CABINETS $3, per doz.

ALL OTHER WORK AT CORRESPONDINGLY LOW RATES.

CALL AND INSPECT MY WORK

Views of Tillamook and vicinity for sale. All work guaranteed first class in every respect.

☞ GALLERY One door south of Letcher's Jewelry Store ☜

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Ruggles & Johnson,

MILLINERY AND DRESS-MAKING.

Hats, Dress Trimmings and a General Assortment of Millinery Goods.

TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

I. F. LARSON,

BLACK-SMITH,

Wagon-making, Farming Implements and Mill Machinery Repaired, and all kinds of wood-work and general black-smithing done.

Horse-shoeing a Specialty.

THIS IS THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE WORLD WAS NEVER BETTER THAN AT THE PRESENT.

The "Good Old Times" Were Crass with Ignorance and Bloodstained by Unsparing Wars—The Lines Are Fallen to Us in Pleasant Places.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

"Let's think on our marcies."

Mrs. Stowe probably did not intend this saying, which she puts in the mouth of Uncle Tom, for humor, but under the circumstances it was the bitterest satire. The negro was sitting in his cabin waiting for the trader to whom he had been sold to take him from all he loved. His wife was lamenting and the children were sad. But Uncle Tom rallied for a desperate effort, and tried to think of some good in his lot to be thankful for.

Time has been—yes, many times have been—when mankind was fully justified in refusing to be content, for surely it cannot be that Infinite Wisdom desires the creature to be satisfied with misery; but that time is not now. If there ever was an era when the human race could congratulate itself on exemption from many evils, and hope for the early removal of many more, we are now in that era. Outside of Russia and Central Africa it is not easy to find a region where there has not recently been an improvement. So let us "think on our marcies," and specify a few of them.

Peace is now the rule, war the rare exception. Few people realize how short the time has been that this could be said. Historically it was but yesterday that every man was occasionally a soldier, and very many men were never anything else. Consider this one fact, that in the short interval between the English settlement of our Atlantic coast and the general peace of 1814-15, there were six long and bloody wars between England and France alone (counting the Napoleonic wars as but one), and that these followed upon two centuries of almost continuous war, in which religion was the chief factor.

The thirty years' war in Germany destroyed, as some have estimated, one-third of the human race in an area of nearly 300,000 square miles, made one-third of that area a desert and reduced non-combatants to such misery that every sort of animal was eaten, the bones of horses killed on the battlefield were boiled to secure a little nutriment, and such things as nettles, tongue grass, grass seeds and the buds of various bushes were greedily sought as palatable additions to the scanty bill of fare. The wars of Louis XIV reduced the French peasantry to such misery that in the mountain region they fought with wolves and dogs for refuse bones and stuffed themselves with nettles, and the traveler often found by the wayside the corpse of the laborer who had fallen dead at his work, and in his mouth the grass which he had chewed in the rage of hunger.

And such horrible wars as these were! Whole cities were swept from the face of the earth, whole provinces were given up to a licentious soldiery, whole sections were desolated. Wallenstein's army of 50,000 men lived "at free quarters," desolating a wide track as they moved. In that army, says a contemporary history, "was neither mercy nor remorse. All women were their prey; they slew old men and children for amusement; their camp was a scene of such debauchery as cannot be described, from commander to private. They were given over to sin and sold wholly to Satan." At the sack of Magdeburg, May 20, 1629, Tilly's army massacred all, without distinction of age or sex, and reduced the place to ashes.

"LET US THINK ON OUR MARCIES."

The soldiers of Louis XIV were a little better, and but little. They desolated the whole Palatine region and scattered the people. The "Pennsylvania Dutch" are descendants of some of these exiles. In the Napoleonic wars the French lost in battle about 375,000 men, and over a million by exposure and disease. The youth were so exhausted that the physical standard was lowered, and the French have never since been as tall or strong as other peoples.

And all these horrors, be it noted, were but of yesterday—there are people yet alive who can remember the last of them. In the older wars it was far worse. A party which crossed Ireland just after the Geraldine war reported that for 120 miles at one stretch they heard not the lowing of a cow nor the human voice, save that from one hovel issued a feeble, piteous wail, and on entering they saw a starved infant trying to draw nourishment from the breast of its dead mother. True it is that there are still too many standing armies, but war is after all the exception and the non-combatants are spared. All the civilized world is far more humane. The wounded of both sides receive surgical treatment far better than kings could command a century ago.

It is much the same in civil life. The poorest child of misfortune that is crushed in the street, the poorest laborer who falls from a scaffold, is sure of nursing and surgery of the best. The power of the great has been reduced to blow given by the wealthiest man in New York or London or Paris would be resented by the poorest with as much assurance of the law's aid as if their conditions were reversed. Indeed there are those who complain that we have gone to the other extreme, and that juries habitually favor the poor, the simple and the untitled, the widow as against the corporation, the orphan as against the guardian and the laborer as against the employer.

Wealth still has great power, but more and more every year it finds its account in increasing the general comfort. Our railroads, steamers, factories, etc., do not make dividends by catering to the rich few, but to the middle millions. All modern inventions, nearly, are in the line of increasing convenience. The ancients excelled in works of the colossal kind, temples and palaces, pyramids and monolithic constructions; the moderns have formed the sewing machine, spinning jenny, locomotive, steam press and scores of agricultural implements. Nineteen out of every twenty inventions of the last century have been such as to give an increased product to labor.

Perhaps the greatest of all gains has been in cheap and rapid transportation. Within thirty years we have brought it about that wheat and meat can be taken from Iowa to New York city at less than the former charges from Buffalo,

"NEITHER MERCY NOR REMORSE."

and a year's supply of flour for one man can be sent from Minneapolis to Manchester for two days' wages of an English cotton spinner. One important consequence is that the proportion of overworked and underfed people is vastly reduced. Despite the growth of population, pauperism in England has decreased by one-half in forty years, and the increase in the United States is due to extraordinary causes which, let us hope, will soon lose their potency.

We have almost abolished famine. We are fast going on to abolish epidemics and contagious diseases. Already the word "plague" has but a vague popular significance. The "Sweating Sickness" and the "Black Death" are thought of, if thought of at all, only as historic horrors; the cholera is found to be preventable, and yellow fever is shorn of half its terrors. The smallpox, says Macaulay, was once "most terrible of all the ministers of death, filling the church yards at frequent intervals, always threatening, always tormenting those not yet stricken, leaving on the few it spared most hideous traces, turning the babe into a changeling at which the mother shuddered, and making the maiden's eyes and cheeks objects of horror to the lover." Today how many can count among their acquaintances a person under fifty years of age who is "pitted?" Each annual convention of medical men adds to the list of preventable diseases. Even the dreaded diphtheria and scarlet fever are held within narrow bounds, and in many sections to have the typhoid fever is counted as a sort of anti-hygienic sin.

"Let's think on our marcies." The United States has now enjoyed the longest peace in its history. It is certain that a day's work will produce twice the amount of good things it would in 1800, and some say thrice. The average of health is much better. The average length of life has increased. Nevertheless there are those who maintain that material progress has been contemporary with a sort of moral retrogression. I insist upon the contrary, but concede that it is not so easy to set forth the proofs, as they are not of a statistical sort. Yet if it were worth while I am very sure it could be clearly proved that we are on the whole far more humane and generous than our ancestors, that there is less intentional cruelty and far more unselfish charity, that fewer masters oppress their servants, fewer parents are harsh to their children, and very, very few husbands are unkind to their wives. In short, by natural selection and survival of the sweetest, humane sentiments have become organic in our race. Once more, therefore, "let's think on our marcies."

J. H. BEADLE.

Female Monkeys Sacrificed to Science.

Science undertakes some queer experiments in prosecuting its inquiries. Recently a London doctor collected a lot of female monkeys, cased them with plaster of paris jackets to imitate stays, and bandaged their waists tightly. Most of the simians showed their appreciation of this treatment by dying a few days afterward, thus furnishing the physician with a lot of new arguments against the wearing of corsets.

Cost of a Suit for a Cent.

A lawsuit at Chicago involved the recovery of a cent and the expenditure of $400 in court and counsel fees. Mr. Roach sold a postage stamp to an Englishman, who, after placing it on a letter, tendered a Canadian penny as part payment. An argument followed, then a row, and then an appeal to the courts. Eventually Mr. Roach got judgment and a genuine unadulterated United States cent.

Sudden death comes to men much oftener than to women. The proportion is as eight to one. Women's expecta-

TWO FEMALE POLITICIANS.

They Took the Stump for the Kansas Alliance Last Fall.

Mrs. M. E. Lease and Mrs. Anna L. Diggs stumped the state of Kansas for the People's party during the last campaign. Mrs. Lease made rather the greater reputation of the two, but her field of operations was the larger. She left her law office in Wichita—for some years she had been at the bar—at the very inception of the canvass, and harangued the farmers every day until the election.

MRS. M. E. LEASE.

In person, voice and diction she is strong, to the degree almost of masculinity. She is intelligent and well read, and her speeches were in the main logical as well as forceful. She was chosen one of the national organizers and lecturers of the Citizens' Alliance recently, and has just purchased a half interest in The Colorado Workman, published at Pueblo.

Mrs. Anna L. Diggs, of Lawrence, is consecrated to all sorts of reforms. For several years she was a lay Unitarian preacher at Lawrence. Some of her articles in the religious press attracted wide attention. She addressed the annual convention of the Free Religious association held in Boston in 1881 on "Liberalism in the West." For a year or two she remained a resident of Boston, and was closely identified with Anna Garland Spencer, Kate Gannatt Wells, Frederick Hinckley and others in propagating advanced Unitarianism.

MRS. ANNA L. DIGGS.

On returning west she joined the Prohibition party—for years she had been active in the W. C. T. U.—and until the organization of the people's party was persistent, with voice and pen, in the advocacy of its principles. She has been just as persistent in her service of the people's party. She followed Senator Ingalls through the Sixth congressional district in the last campaign replying to his speeches. For over a year she has been the leading editorial writer on The Advocate, the organ of the Alliance.

REX AND HIS CONSORT.

The King and Queen Who Led the New Orleans Mardi Gras Pageant.

Mr. James S. Richardson, the largest cotton planter in the world, was Rex, king of the recent New Orleans Mardi Gras carnival, and Miss Bessie Behan was his consort. Mr. Richardson's plantations lie in the Yazoo delta of Mississippi. One of them, "Dahomey," covers about fifty square miles, and has some eighteen miles of railway track owned by the planter and connected with the Louisville, New Orleans and Texas railroad. It contains a population of over 5,000 people, mostly colored. Mr. Richardson is also principal owner of the cotton mills at Wesson, Miss., and of the Refuge cotton oil mills. He is a bachelor of heroic stature and a handsome man. He resides in New Orleans in one of the many palatial homes on St. Charles avenue, where he entertains on a lavish scale. He also heads many of the social organizations of the city, and rumor has it that he is a favored suitor for the hand of Miss Winnie Davis.

MISS BEHAN.

MR. RICHARDSON.

Miss Bessie Behan is the daughter of Gen. W. J. Behan, of the state troops. She made her debut early in January, and by the admirable conduct of her social interests carried off the honors of the season. She is a blonde of medium height, exceedingly beautiful in face and figure, and has gray blue eyes.

Col. Shepard's Daughter Weds.

Miss Maria Louise Shepard became the other day the wife of Mr. William Schieffelin. The wedding ceremony took place at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church in New York city, and was followed by an elaborate breakfast at the residence of Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt. The value of the presents received by the happy couple is variously estimated at from $250,000 to $500,000. The gift of the bride's parents was a completely furnished mansion. Mrs. Schieffelin is the daughter of Col. Elliott F. Shepard, the well known editor and proprietor of The Mail and Express. Her husband is a descendant of the Jay family, long distinguished in American annals.

MARIA LOUISE SCHIEFFELIN.

WILLIAM JAY SCHIEFFELIN.

Recently tabulated statistics of illiteracy show that less ignorance exists in the United States than in any other civilized country, only 8 per