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☞ Free information regarding Tillamook County. Write for particulars, and see further descriptive matter in this paper. Send for copy of ILLUSTRATED HEADLIGHT, Board of Trade Edition.

Tillamook City

Has Electric Lights, Good Graveled Streets and an Excellent System of Side-walks.

It is Backed by Magnificent Tracts of Fir And Spruce.

THE PASSING OF COBDENISM.

Free Trade Beginning to Be Repudiated Even by England.

Richard Cobden once confidently predicted that within fifty years the whole world would have adopted free trade. It is perhaps the most notable example of the sorry havoc time invariably has wrought with the theories of the Manchester school of economists. Those fifty years are now nearing completion. From the very day of Cobden's attempt at prophecy the march of events has been in the opposite direction. It is now all but certain that when the half century shall be completed not a single vestige of Cobdenism can be discovered in the fiscal policy of any country on the globe.

For several years it has been evident that the faith of English statesmen and economists in the system of Cobden was growing weaker. Some time ago we called attention to a paper read by Professor Alfred Marshall, of Cambridge university, before the British association, in which he attacked the theories of the earlier economists of Cobden's time and asserted that they were being abandoned now by leading economic thinkers. He further stated that the conditions on which English free trade was based "were exceptional, some being transitional, and others, even at the time, peculiar to England."

He attributed the breakdown of free trade theories to their implicit assumption "that whatever was true as regards England was universally true," and says that "if they referred at all to any of the points of difference between England and other countries, it was only to put them impartially aside without a real answer to the arguments based on them," and "any Engishman who attempted to point out that there was some force in some of the arguments which were addressed in favor of protection in other countries was denounced as unpatriotic."

It is now nearly two years since Professor Marshall thus directed attention to the growing revulsion from free trade in Great Britain, and during that time anti-Cobdenistic sentiments have made remarkable progress among the English people. So great has this progress been that the abandonment of free trade by England can no longer be considered as outside the pale of practical politics.

We have been induced to recur to this subject again by a cable dispatch from London to the free trade New York Herald of May 1, over the signature "A Member of Parliament." It announces that English free traders are badly frightened over the daily increasing possibility of the adoption by the United Kingdom of a system of differential duties in favor of British colonies as against the rest of the world, which adoption would be nothing more nor less than a blow to free trade in the country of its birth, and its complete effacement from the statute books of nations. "Thus for the first time," in the words of the dispatch, "the great system of 1846—i. e., free trade—begins to totter to its very base." It is sad news for the forlorn army of American Cobdenites.

Internal Revenue.

During the first seventy-five years of our national existence there were collected from internal taxation about $22,000,000. Of this $3,000,000 went to pay the debts of the Revolutionary war; $4,000,000 to defend ourselves against France at the close of the last century, and $85,000,000 were required to defray the cost of the war of 1812.

From 1820 to 1847 only about $300,000 were derived from internal revenue, and from 1847 to 1863 nothing whatever. Since 1863 the internal taxes have produced a revenue of over $4,000,000,000. This means of revenue is no longer indispensable. Our tariff should be so adjusted as to do away, for the most part, with this form of taxation. We can arrange our customs duties so as to make foreigners pay a large share of our national revenue and so lighten the burden for our own people.

Something was done in this direction by the McKinley tariff.

To further reduce internal taxes would relieve the industries in which distilled spirits are used.

It would relieve the tobacco industry.

It would remove thousands of tax gatherers and decrease the national expenses by several millions.

It would be in accordance with our constitution and our American policy.

It is the policy of the Republican party.

It is advocated by all friends of the temperance cause.

The Republican national platform of 1888 said: "We favor the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system at the joint behest of the whisky trusts and the agents of foreign manufacturers."

From resolutions of the Union League club, of New York: "We advocate at the earliest practicable day the abolition of the internal revenue department as the safest and wisest means of reducing the surplus and preserving unimpaired the great principle of protection to American industry."

From resolutions of the Union League club, of Philadelphia: "The United States internal revenue system of taxation should be repealed by congress, and we call on that body to take the necessary steps to bring this about at as early a day as possible."—American Economist.

Importance of the Tariff Question.

The question of the tariff is not merely a question of party supremacy or of an advantage of one country over another or over several others; in its results it reaches far out and deep down to the very foundations of our social fabric. No man or few men can sound its depths

A MIXED UP FAMILY.

Extraordinary Domestic Complications That a New York Lawyer Ran Against.

"I have heard of a good many singularly complicated family ties," said a lawyer of this city, "but I happened to be present at a murder trial in Pennsylvania once in the course of which was developed a mixed up condition of domestic relationship such as was never before put on record. A man named John Lefevre was being tried on a charge of murdering his wife. The prisoner was a man sixty years of age. The wife he was alleged to have killed was his second one. Twenty years before she married Lefevre she had married a man named Samuel Cooper, from whom she procured a divorce.

"She took their three children with her and married Andrew Grabe, a neighbor. The wife Lefevre had then was a relative of Grabe, and the two families live near neighbors. Not long after Mrs. Cooper married Grabe Lefevre's wife died. Then Mrs. Grabe obtained a divorce from her second husband, and, again taking the three children of her first husband, Samuel Cooper, with her, married John Lefevre. Samuel Cooper, by the way, had remarried soon after his wife got her divorce, and he and his second wife lived within a quarter of a mile of the Grabes and Lefevres.

"Lefevre and his new wife did not live happily together, but they were on cordial terms with the Grabe family, Andrew Grabe having married again immediately after his first wife was divorced from him, his second wife being a sister of John Lefevre. Samuel Cooper's second wife was a sister of his first wife. Thus Mrs. Lefevre lived with her third husband and her first husband's children close neighbors to her first husband and her second husband, each of whom had become her brother-in-law. Samuel Cooper had also become by his second marriage uncle to his children by his first wife.

"John Lefevre lived unhappily with his third wife. At last Mrs. Lefevre was found dead with her neck broken and her skull crushed at the foot of a long flight of stairs in her house. Her sister, Susan Habbercorn, suspected that Mrs. Lefevre's husband had murdered her. On her charge Lefevre was arrested and placed on trial. Andrew Grabe, the dead woman's divorced second husband, was drawn on the jury, and Samuel Cooper, her first divorced husband, was a witness in the case, but, of course, Grabe was not impaneled.

"On the witness stand it was elicited from Miss Habbercorn that she herself had been twice married and twice divorced. Her first husband was a cousin of Andrew Grabe. Her second husband was a brother of John Lefevre's first wife. Miss Habbercorn admitted also that she was engaged to be married again, that time to a brother of Samuel Cooper, her dead sister's first divorced husband. The jury disagreed on the murder trial, and I don't know how it resulted finally, but that was a mixed up family, wasn't it?"—New York Sun.

Voodoo Charms.

It is queer how the colored people, even with such advantages as they enjoy in this city, resort to voodoo practices. A friend of mine the other day found a voodoo bag in his yard after two or three colored men had been doing some work on the premises and gone away. He had the curiosity to open the bag, and found it contained a quantity of iron filings, two or three small pebbles like semitransparent quartz, a root or two and a quantity of fine black wool, evidently cut from the head of a genuine negro.

For what purpose the bag was carried he was unable to conjecture, but learned afterward that a great many similar charms are carried by the colored people for the purpose either of warning off anticipated evils, or of inflicting injury on some personal enemy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Imperative Order.

Little Ettie W——, child of an American father and a Mexican mother, knew little Spanish when she went to Chihuahua to visit her dead mother's family. "What does calvo mean?" she asked a cousin. "It means bald." "And what does bald mean?" "Bald means without any hair." That day at dinner, Ettie pulled from her tortilla a long hair—a thing not unusual where Mexican cooks are employed. "Here, Maria," she called to the waitress, with profound disgust, "you go and bring me some tortillas calvos! (bald tortillas)."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Ancient Manuscripts.

In the most ancient times writing was used for rare occasions only, and a rock, a tablet of stone or a plate of metal was the receptacle. Moses, you remember, wrote upon stone tables. The works of Homer and Hesiod were said to have been first written on plates of lead, and ancient documents on copper are still met with in India.—New York World.

One Plate Did for Two.

Eating in couples off the same plate

THE PREACHER SLIPPED HIS HOLD.

Hanged If He Didn't Believe He Had Drowned the Dear Old Soul.

A Newton county local Methodist preacher, who works for himself during the week and labors for the Lord on Sundays, was called upon to baptize an old lady by immersion. He tried his best to get Brother Bridges and other preachers to do the work, but failed, so he went forth in search of a good place, and found a washed out hole of calm water in a spring branch, but was forced to cross a shallow run of the river in order to get to the branch. The main run of the river was too swift for baptismal purposes, because the old lady was too heavy and clumsy to hold against the current.

The banks of both streams were lined with people, and as the mournful melody of a "Hark from the tomb" song went over hill and dale the preacher proudly led the happy sister to the water's edge, and as her feet came in contact with the warm river water she exclaimed, "Oh, how nice this sweet water feels." "I thought to myself," said the preacher, 'Old lady, when you strike that hole in the spring branch you'll change your tune.'" And report said she did, for when the cold water began to close around her she went to pieces, as it were, for her form trembled and her teeth chattered, while the preacher showed that he was freezing about the body, no matter how warm he felt around the heart. At this point his foot struck a log in the hole, and he "got on it with both feet," in order to have a leverage, so as to let the old lady down and bring her up safely, while his brother stood by her side to aid him if necessary.

Everything was now ready and the minister began, "I baptize thee!" and both feet flew out from under him, as the log was round and slick, and sister and preacher disappeared under the water, the log diving them; but in a moment both came up and the brother caught the sister by the hand and led her gently to the bank, while the preacher wiped the water from his eyes and ears with a red handkerchief and looked up and down the branch to see what had become of the old woman. As he beheld her shouting on the shore and shaking hands with the multitude, who thought that the baptism had been administered according to the custom of the Scriptures, he raised both of his own hands and exclaimed:

"The Lord be praised, for yonder she is safe and alive on land. The fact is, Hawkins," said the tender hearted preacher, "hang me if I didn't believe for the time being that I had drowned instead of baptized the dear old soul."—Covington Enterprise.

Why a Boiled Lobster Is Red.

In all crustaceans, as, indeed, in almost everything in nature, there is a certain per cent. of iron. Upon boiling, the lobster is oxidized; the effect is largely due also to the percentage of muriatic acid which exists naturally in the shell. The chemical change which takes place here is almost similar to that which occurs in the burning of a brick. In boiling a lobster its coat ceases to be a living substance, and to a certain extent it takes a new character.

It is as a brick would be after burning. This effect can also be produced by the sun, but necessarily not so rapidly, as the heat of that luminary, although more intense, is not concentrated sufficiently to produce the result. The sun also exercises a bleaching influence which consumes the oxide almost as fast as it is formed, leaving the shell white, or nearly pure lime.—Gloucester Times.

A Valuable Carcass.

A poor peasant in a village of the Odenwald fell into such reduced circumstances that he resolved to sell his only cow. He took the wretched and scraggy beast to the butcher of the village, who said he could not give him more than sixty marks for it. So the peasant determined to slaughter the beast himself, and try to sell the meat among his neighbors.

In the stomach of the cow he found seven gold coins of twenty marks each, too silver thalers and two small keys. The cow thus brought him double the sum which the butcher had offered for her. The cow must have swallowed a purse at some place or other, but where or when her owner could not guess.—London Tit-Bits.

Prodigious Seaweed.

"There is much that is wonderful to be told about seaweeds," said a naturalist. "Some of them are giants in size. One species, common in the North sea, frequently grows to the length of thirty or forty feet, developing in the shape of a long cord about the size of a quill, attached at one end to the bottom and the rest supported by the water. This is nothing, however, to the prodigious 'macrocystis,' which attain 1,500 feet in length. Another variety found in the tropics reaches a length of twenty five or thirty feet, with a trunk as thick as a man's thigh."—Washington Star.

Thumb Rings in Queen Anne's Time.

In the days of Queen Anne the feminine thumb ring was the badge of sisterhood and women tired of

GEMS IN VERSE.

A Match.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Brown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasures or gray grief—
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon—
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers
Till day and night were shady
And night were bright like day—
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

—Swinburne.

To Vletis.

I sing the hymn of the conquered—who fell in the battle of life,
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died o'erwhelmed in the strife.
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed—acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them—unpitied, unheeded, alone—
With death swooping down on their failure, and all but their faith overthrown;
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its pæan for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Glad banners are waving—hands clapping—and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow—with those who have fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain knotted brows, breathe a prayer;
Hold the hand that is helpless and whisper—"They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high,
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be to die."

Speak History! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, I say—
Are they those whom the world calls the victors, who won the success of the day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

—W. W. Story.

Like a Laverock in the Lift.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
Like a laverock in the rift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love! what can it do?
I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and new,
If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by,
For we twa have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the song begins,
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day.

—Jean Ingelow.

We Build the Ladder.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet,
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

One of His Names.

Never a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy and Jim and James,
Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel, out in the hall,
"Jimmy! Jimmy!" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she might find him, she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe it abridging names,
And made the most he could of "J-a-m-e-s."

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons "Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands run
Much faster than if he had said "My Son."

On the Summits Repose.

Talent that's cheapest
Affects singularity.
Thoughts that dive deepest
Rise radiant in charity.

No record Art keeps
Of her travail and throes;
There is toil on the steeps—
On the summits repose.

—William Watson.

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WHAT TILLAMOOK CITY HAS.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The city is lighted throughout by electricity, the streets with arc lights and the dwellings and business houses with incandescent lights. The plant is first-class in every respect, and capable of lighting a city of 10,000 inhabitants.

IDEWALK.—Miles of good, wide, substantially constructed sidewalks, forming a network extending to and connecting all parts of the city.

GRAVELED TREET.—A first-class system of graveled streets, with a deep covering of good gravel, which is obtained in the city limits.

CITY HALL.—A neat substantial structure, containing city offices, council chamber, city jail and rooms for Fire Company. There is a good fire bell in the tower, and the building presents a good architectural appearance.

TELEGRAPH.—The Tillamook & Bay City Telegraph line connects with the Western Union at Forest Grove, and will be extended on this end to Nehalem and Clatsop.

TOWN ITE.—The location of the city is remarkably beautiful, and is just sloping enough to secure good sewerage and drainage. An excellent system of water-works can be put in at reasonable cost, also. The townsite is laid off regularly, and with wide streets.

BUILDINGS.—There are many costly and beautiful dwelling houses in the city, and many substantial business houses. The school house is a credit to the city.

BUSINESS.—The city has four wharves, a saw mill, three blacksmith shops, two livery stables, three good hotels, several wood-working shops, two hardware stores, a jewelry store, a book-store, a shoe store, three saloons, two barber shops, a temperance resort, a feed store, two drug stores, agricultural implement store, meat market, bakery and restaurant, photograph gallery, cooperage shop, millinery store, seven general merchandise stores, a bank, a furniture store, a newspaper, machinist's shop, real estate agents, lawers, doctors, ect., ect.

FAIR GROUNDS.—The Tillamook Fait Association has fine grounds, an excellent half-mile track, grand-stand, pagoda, pavilion, ect.

CHURCHES.—The Catholics, the Methodists Christians, M. E. Church South, and other denominations are well represented here.

SOCIETIES.—The Odd Fellows, Masons, Grand Army, and other orders have lodges here.

EDUCATION.—The school employs four teachers. Private schools are often conducted. Two or three church institutions are in embryo, and good inducements are held out for a college. Literary societies and reading circles are maintained.

MAIL FACILITIES.—There are daily mails from the S. P. R. station at North Yamhill; also to Bay City and points on the Bay, and tri-weekly mails from this place to many other points in the county.

ADVANTAGES.—Tillamook City is the county seat and commercial metropolis of Tillamook County. It holds the key to the farming region and to trade on the Bay, and is backed by magnificent resources in the way of lumbering, dairying, fishing, ect.

TANSPORTATION.—Steamers ply between this place and Astoria and Portland; also between the bay and San Francisco. The steamers have good accommodations for passengers, and carry freight at cheap rates. There is a daily stage between this place and North Yamhill (on the S. P. R. R.) in the

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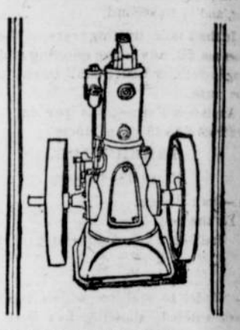

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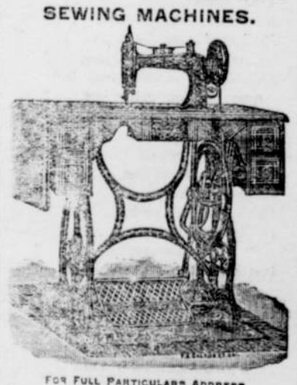

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