

JOTTINGS.

Go to Williams for drugs.
New seeds at Cohn and Co's.
The Augusta sailed Tuesday.
The mountain snows are melting.
And still the state tax levy is not here.
BORN:—To John Sheets and wife, Jan. 25, a son.

Prof. V. A. Davis is now in Yreka, California.
Arbuckle's coffee 25 cents a pound at Cohn & Co's.

The legislature will adjourn next Friday, Feb. 17.

Ten bunches of matches for a quarter at Cohn & Co's.

BORN:—To W. F. D. Jones and wife, Feb. 11, a daughter.

Cohn & Co. shipped 1000 doz. of eggs on the steamer Augusta.

We will pay 27½ cents per dozen for eggs at "Frisco Store."

Valentine day was observed here by sending comic pictures.

Matches, two packages for five cents at Cohn & Co's, Tillamook.

The horse race is to come on next Saturday at one o'clock P. M., rain or shine.

Cohn & Co. have the finest assortment of dried fruit ever brought to the city.

The Legislature proceedings are hard to get, owing to the irregularities of the mails.

N. P. Roberts, the hardware dealer, went to Portland on business per steamer Augusta.

Ernest Hart, formerly of this place, but now of Pasadena, Cal., is in the city on business.

A lot of Picture Mouldings received at Heins' Art Gallery. Any size frame made to order.

Chas. Seamon, W. W. Armstrong and G. E. R. Dean, of Nehalem, were in this place Monday.

Vermont Maple Syrup \$1.00 per gallon, also 10lbs choice raisins for \$1.00 at "Frisco Store."

C. H. Libby and a number of other people, formerly residents of Bay City, now reside at Everett, Wash.

Mrs. Robeson is in Portland and will lay in a stock of agricultural implements for the store of Tuttle and Robeson.

Cohn & Co. have just received about 1000 lbs. of the finest Tillamook hams which they are selling at 15 cents per pound.

We are reliably informed that the fine imposed upon the mail contractors for getting the mails wet was only three dollars.

Dr. May and Dr. Petre performed a surgical operation on Myron Trowbridge yesterday and it is thought it will give him permanent relief.

The bundle of HEADLIGHTS for Hobsonville failed to arrive on time last week. They were mailed at this office last Thursday evening O. K.

Ogden & Townsend, who are building the city creamery, and who have a butter and cheese house in Portland, will buy dairy packed butter if brought to them while fresh.

Correspondents should mail their items so they will get here early in the week if possible. Any other matter intended for publication should be handed in early in order to insure publication.

Ben Higginbotham, Henry Leach and Geo. Cohn will be floor managers for the Washington's birthday ball in Hadley's hall on the night of Feb. 22. Supper will be served at the Larsen house.

S. P. Wilks killed a bald eagle on the Miami Sunday that measured seven feet ten inches from tip to tip and Monday he killed another that measured seven feet eight inches. The big one was killed in the act of carrying off a 40 pound pig.

Tom Coates was at Hobsonville lately, and he had constructed at the Hobsonville shipyard a craft, the capacity of which is about 500 lbs. It will have accommodations for two passengers, one of whom will supply the motive power. J. E. Sibley was the shipwright.

Oregonian and HEADLIGHT \$3.00 per year. The regular price of the Oregonian is \$2.00 per year. The San Francisco Examiner and HEADLIGHT \$2.63 per year. The regular price of the Examiner is \$1.50 per year. We have liberal clubbing rates with other papers.

We shall take account of stock March 15th at "Frisco Store," and in order to reduce stock, we will, for cash purchases, make reductions of 5 to 20 per cent on our entire stock. This will afford the best opportunity of securing bargains that will be offered in this city during the present year.

The vagrancy case against C. E. Mager, the ex-school tea her, who was arrested Saturday by Officers Snow and Blanchett, was dismissed. Mager's brother, who is a well-to-do resident of McMinnville, came to Portland Monday, and agreed to take charge of the prisoner and endeavor to induce him to lead a better life.—Oregonian.

In the Oregonian's report of the Portland Presbytery we find the following: Mr. C. C. Babbidge, of Mount Tabor, was also examined as to his religious experience and motives in desiring to enter the ministry, and then he was advised to pursue his studies under the direction of the pastor and to engage in such Christian work as his pastor may direct until the October meeting of the Presbytery.

EDUCATIONAL.

At the regular examination for teachers six applicants were in attendance. Two certificates were granted: to Miss Lucy Doughty, 1st grade; Miss Viola Lindsey, 3rd grade.

C. H. Freas closed a very successful term of school at South Prairie last Friday. Two of his pupils: George and Lyman Lamb are the first to graduate from our public schools and receive the Common School Diploma.

The city schools will close in two weeks. Students in Fairview school are working hard for the Diplomas.

Teachers or students who wish to receive a list of the questions used in the last examination may have them by writing to the county superintendent, enclosing stamp.

If present indications are correct there will be a good attendance at the Institute to be held in this city during March and April. Every progressive teacher in the county should recognize that an effort is being made to furnish a good school at home. Every student who wishes a drill in book-keeping and the commercial branches should realize that this school offers the same advantages for \$8 that a business college offers for \$60.

The time is drawing near when the school clerks will be called upon to make the "annual report." It is to be hoped that great care be taken with this work because it is the chief source from which the county superintendent gets his information in reporting to the state department.

An effort is being made to establish a new school district on the Sand Spit.

School boards should begin now in their efforts to secure a good teacher for the spring term. The last teacher to be engaged is not always the best teacher.

Whoever engages to teach in district No. 5, Nehalem, will find a letter in the register explaining what was done "last term" and "where to begin next term." Credit is due to Mr. Penn Patton.

Legislative News.

Washington county attempted to get a bill passed that would give that county a good slice of Tillamook county's timber lands, but Senator Maxwell objected and the line will remain as it was heretofore.

A delegation from Washington county was working hard for the measure.

A bill to carve off a portion of the north line of this county for the benefit of Clatsop is being pushed by Clatsop's representatives and a number of petitioners. By this measure Tillamook would lose from ¼ to one mile on the north.

A bill for a new county, Bay, with Newport as the county seat, has passed the senate. The new county would take in the western portion of Benton and all of Tillamook that is in the Siletz reservation.

Bills fixing the county treasurer's salary at \$250, and the county judge's salary at \$400 for Tillamook have been introduced. A senate bill regulating salaries of county officers fixes the clerk's salary at \$1500 and the sheriff's salary at \$1200. A bill is pending setting the terms of circuit court for Tillamook county on 1st Monday in May and on Wednesday after 1st Monday in November.

Owing to irregular mails it is impossible to give the fate of these measures at present.

The Tillamook charter bill has passed both houses, as amended. The senate has passed the \$5,000 World's Fair appropriation bill over the governor's veto, by a vote of 19 to 8.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Week ending Feb. 15.

Bay City Land Co. to M. E. Holden, lots 13, 14, 15 and 16, blk. 18, Bay City, \$250.

U. S. Patents to R. M. Trowbridge, F. M. Hefly, and A. G. Anderson.
F. Hefly to A. G. Anderson, 160 acres in section 12, 2 s, 9 w, \$500.

H. McDermott to Alfred Williams, lot 1, blk. 1, McDermott's addition to Tillamook, \$310.

J. Gaudreau to D. Whitney Jr., 160 acres in sec. 4 and 9, 1 n, 9 w, \$850.

J. Paquet to D. Whitney Jr., 160 acres in section 4, 1 n, 9 w, \$850.

F. R. Beals to J. A. Monroe small tract in town of Tillamook, \$200.

J. W. Lawless to A. G. Beals lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Thayer's addition to Tillamook, \$215.

G. F. Williams et al. to J. H. Bridgeford, lots and blocks in Bay City, \$43.30.

Oregonian.

An effort is being made to petition for a division of the Little Nestucca road district. At present Dolph, Little Nestucca and Salmon River are all in one district, and it is very inconvenient for men to go 10 or 15 miles to work a road. A division would certainly lessen the expenses for supervisor's work, as he is compelled, at present, in so large a district to ride around for a week or more to warn out the men.

Chinese peasants are getting quite numerous at Salmon River. Occasionally one or two are seen here but they do not increase. Is there more ammunition here than at Salmon River?

Surprise parties are fashionable now in this part of the county, and thus many long evenings are pleasantly passed away.

The directors of this district have secured the services of Mr. White for a six months school beginning March 14.

A POET-HERMIT.

The Author of Well-Known Dramas Who Lived Alone in the Wilds of Oregon—Something About His Life and Habits.

The neighborhood of Nestucca bay, an arm of the Pacific ocean, on the Oregon coast, is a wild and rugged region. The cliffs along the edge of the ocean are exalted, precipitous, rough and beetling. In many places huge rocks torn from those awful battlements lie in the sea below, and against these the ever-recurring and crawling canyons of the vasty deep dash and are broken one after another, and the baffled waters seethe and foam and roar as if in furious anger.

They swish and wash, here and there, in the crevices and caverns, then run quickly out seaward again, as if in anxious and hurried effort to join the receding surf, ready to return, with another charge of the futile, but mighty force, of ocean's green and whelming mass. About these rocks great flocks of sea-birds circle, flap and scream, and along their sides ocean lions, sleek and homely, in squirming herds, clamor with their prey of fish, and there they feast and fight, roaring and belching the while, in appalling din and relocation.

On the land the primeval forests of hemlock, spruce and pine stand as heavy, somber, deep and mysterious as if the foot of man had never trod the ground upon which they grow. Here, indeed, the solitude is unutterable, and all nature is as mild, dreary and uninviting—save to those who love her in her most awful moods—as where

'The wolf's long howl is heard,
On Onalaska's lonely shore.'

The ocean in this region are full of big and saucy trout, and game, great and small, is abundant in the woods. This is why myself and a companion were down there, in that southern extremity of Tillamook, for a time last summer.

One day while we were exploring the deep woods, about three miles from the ocean and six miles below a settlement on the Nestucca bay, we suddenly came upon a diminutive log cabin. A patch of ground near by had been cleared, and around the patch had been built a rude fence of logs, stumps, brush and whatever other material fit for the purpose could be found at hand. Big melons, garden truck, a roasting ear patch and some annual flowers were growing luxuriantly on the cleared ground, and the fence had been built to keep deer and other animals of the forest—as well as the cow which contemplatively chewed her cud as she gazed longingly into the patch—from destroying the vegetation inclosed.

The discovery was more or less astonishing, and we started at once for the cabin intent upon ascertaining, if possible who had come so far from the haunts of men, three miles from the ocean and six miles from anywhere else, to pitch his habitation; who it was that had been so eminently successful in finding such "a lodge in a wilderness, such a boundless contiguity of shade."

We were quickly rewarded, for the bark of an aged cog brought a tall, grizzled and bent old man to the door, and he had to bend some more to come through the entrance of his habitation.

"Hello! good day," he said, in a pleasant tone. "Glad to see you if you are friendly," he continued, and when we assured him as to why we happened to be there, he asked us to take seats on a bench outside, remarking that just then it was more comfortable outside the cabin than in, as it was washing day with him and he had been doing his semi-annual laundrying indoors.

"I must be exceedingly careful with fire," he said, "in order to prevent a conflagration among the timber, which would add uncomfortable additional warmth to the immediate vicinity, so I never build fires outdoors at this season, and that which I have had in the cabin has heated the room uncomfortably. Besides, there is an unpleasant odor of soap—soft soap—good soft soap, too,—for I made it myself."

We expressed our entire satisfaction with the situation and declared that his explanations were unnecessary, whereas he seemed gratified and fell to talking with much vivacity on all sorts of subjects suggested by the situation. He talked well; used good English, with a touch of Western dialect, and his conversation was sprinkled with salt of the Attic variety.

It was evident that he was a very extraordinary man to be thus living here, and more extraordinary for that very paradoxical reason.

Somehow I felt from the first that I knew the man, and from a peculiar twinkle of his eye as he led me on gradually to talk about people and places known well to me, I felt that he knew who I was.

He informed us during the conversation that he had been living alone in his cabin, which he had built himself, for nearly three years, and that his only companions were his old dog and a cow and a calf.

Once in perhaps a month, on an average, he went to the post-office at Neskeo, a very small hamlet, ten or twelve miles away, where he got some newspapers and magazines, which he subscribed for, and at the one little store in the village such other articles as he might need.

Finally my curiosity and Bohemian audacity got the better of politeness and I asked who he was. He replied: "My name is Sam Smith and I know you quite well, though I have not seen you for many years."

Like a flash his name brought his entire identity back, though he has grown very gray, has a very long beard and looks much older than he is, though I should think he is over sixty in reality.

"And who is Sam Smith?" perhaps the gentle reader on the eastern side of the Rockies is saying, and possibly, with two other little words frequently used in the emphasis of this interrogation.

Samuel W. Smith is a poet and dramatist of no little success. He is the author of a play which thousands have seen throughout the world, where the English language is spoken by many people and which has made a great fortune for those pleasant actors, J. C. Williams and Maggie Moore. He not only wrote "Struck Oil," but also "The Blue and Gray," a drama much used a few years ago among amateurs with a professional leader, in the same way that "The Color Guard" and other such plays are being worked.

He also wrote "Tom Bell," a very successful California melodrama of a few years ago and he is the author of "Fonda, the Trapper's Bride," "California Through Death Valley," or whatever other name they choose to call it, over which Sheridan, Frank Mayo's late manager, and Captain Jack Crawford, the "poet scout," are now having an interesting war of words in the dramatic newspapers, and over which they may come to a lawsuit, though nothing more dangerous need be looked for.

Sam Smith wrote the play for John Woodard, who a short time ago was playing "Roger" in "Emeralda" in one of the Madison Square companies. A great actor is this same John Woodard, who has been a victim to his own abnormal and astonishing modesty. Woodard was many years a theatrical manager in San Francisco in early times and often then he reconstructed dramas to suit the day and occasion, interspersing them with songs prepared to catch the miners. Thus he became the author of the once famous song, "Joe Bowers," which begins:

"My name it is Joe Bowers,
I have a brother Ike,
I'm just from old Missouri,
Yes, all the way from Pike."

He was also the author of the remarkably popular song on the coast in these times:

"The days of old, the days of gold,
The days of forty-nine."

Smith called the play, alluded to, "The Plains," and it was an excellent piece of work of its kind then. What the dramatic art of Crawford & Co. may have done for it since deponent saith not.

Smith came to California in the gold-digging times, and in 1861 joined the Union army as a private soldier, and rose to the rank of Captain. His command served altogether on the Pacific coast among the Indians at Washington Territory, Oregon, California and Arizona.

When I asked him how he came to write "Struck Oil," he said:

I went to Frisco in '73 and was slain financially, in Flood's stock deal. Then I needed a hundred dollars, or any other amount. An actor (without giving his name, a name that will occur to the profession throughout the United States, when it is said he is one of the best drawing stars on the stage and yet one of the most homeopathic-souled men on earth) left word with John Woodard that he wanted a "piece" with a sing-song, Dutchman in it, and would pay well for it. I wrote what I thought would answer and when the actor came around presented it for inspection. He flashed the light of a three-thousand dollar solitaire on me and said:

"It won't do as it is, but since you've wrote it, (that's his style of grammar) I'll take it East to my author, Fred Maeder, and if he can do anything with it I'll give you something for it."

Casually I remarked: "Blast your author," or words to that effect, and departed with my manuscript.

Next day I watched at the entrance of the California Theater for J. C. Williams, the low comedian there. I didn't know him personally, but knew him by sight, so button-holed him when he came out. I got him into a safe place and read that piece to him and it made his eyes stick out. He gave me a hundred on the spot and said if I ever got hard up to let him know. He made a fortune by it and once in a while he advertises and finds out where I am, and sends me a few hundred.

After he had made a success of it the original actor came back to the coast and hunted me up, and this conversation ensued:

"That piece 'Struck Oil' you originally wrote for me, didn't you?"

"Yes, but you refused it."

"You only got a little over \$100 for it from Williams. 'Til give you \$250 if you'll sign a paper stating that you wrote it for me."

"You haven't got money enough to get me to sign any such paper."

"You can go to—"

"Ingersoll says there is no such place."

We talked this with Smith a long time, and as the shadows began to grow long we had him "good-bye." Later he has sent me for inspection a pastoral, which is brilliant and original, and which we long will be published in book form, and it will astonish the literary world, so able

is this hermit-poet in the forests of Tillamook.

WILL. L. VISCHEK.

[NOTE:—Capt. Sam W. Smith died in the hospital in Portland Oct. 5, 1891, aged about 63 years. He was there undergoing treatment for a cancer, but did not survive the operation. He resided at his homestead until a short time before his death, and made an occasional visit to this city. He contributed articles to the HEADLIGHT frequently.]

The Bugle.

The new editor of the Horn Creek Bugle salutes his many readers as follows:

ANNOUNCEMENT.

In assuming the grave responsibility of editing the Horn Creek Bugle, we feel thoroughly impressed with the importance of the position we occupy. We realize that we are to mould public opinion for this community, and guard carefully the moral and political welfare of the people.

The editor of this paper is strictly moral; in our habits we are chaste and virtuous, and we do not smoke, chew, drink, swear or practice any other vices. It is our desire to bring our neighbors up to the same standard of righteousness.

We say we are here in the interests of truth and justice, and shall never fail to stand bravely for the right. In fact, we are going to publish the Bugle entirely in the interest of the people. Our own interests shall be of secondary importance only. We repeat it, the Bugle shall be the friend of the people. We are anxious to sacrifice ourself on the altar of public benefit. We shall toil night and day, only for the love of justice, no matter whether we are well paid and well fed. Yes, dear readers, all other newspapers published in Horn Creek have been in sympathy with ringsters and scheming politicians. We shall weed out corruption, all for the sake of the dear people. We shall expose the misdoings of the County Court and Town Council. They shan't rob the people any longer. We'll show up all office holders in their true light. Office holders are nearly all thieves and swindlers anyway, and we propose to unearth their crimes. If we held an office, we should run it strictly in the interest of the people.

We propose to cleanse the town of crime. All gamblers and horse thieves are hereby notified to leave at once, as we intend to show them up before that great tribunal—the people. Those who came here as fugitives from justice had better look out. We shall publish their names as they were in the "states." If there are any retired horse thieves or pickpockets here who intend to stay, they had better toe the mark. We are onto them.

Of course the Bugle will henceforth be fearless and independent in what it says. You may have escaped the vigilance committee, but you can't escape the Bugle.

Yes, take the Bugle into your homes, and purify the morals of your family. It is an antidote for fraud and lies. It will smooth out the wrinkles in your conscience.

But above all things the Bugle shall be a great political reformer. It will protect the interests of the people at all hazards. You can sleep and rest assured that the county officials are not robbing the county. You needn't even bother your head about county finances or how much the county court squanders—the Bugle will attend to that, and will see that everything is done in proper shape.

We're not trying to flatter the people. No, no! We'd sacrifice our first wife's aunts all in one batch rather than not serve the people. We just fairly dote on the people. All others professing such love for the people are spurious; they are pretenders. We are the only genuine friend of the people. Beware of imitations; see that the trade mark is blown in the bottle.

We don't care whether you pay for your paper when you subscribe or not, in fact you needn't pay at all, so you will read the Bugle, especially the articles which champion the rights of the people. Of course we have no axe to grind and no enemies to punish, we make this great and unparalleled offer for the sake of the people.

God bless the people!

Garibaldi.

Miss Pearson has returned to Tillamook.

Chas. Johnson and wife will probably leave on the Augusta for Astoria.

E. Carter has been doing some work on the county road from Garibaldi to the ocean beach.

If the present bad weather should continue some of the stock down here will have to suffer, as some of the farmers are about out of hay.

Hebo.

Mr. Editor, the wind work of our bridge is complete.

Marion Lamb is on Nestucca this week. Mrs. May Willey and Mrs. Barrett, of Hebo, were in Tillamook the past week.

It is reported that Mr. M. Folland, of Beaver, is quite sick at the present time.

By Jingo.

Cent to fight,
Up jingo, if we do
We can take the Sandwich Islands,
And whip old England, too.
Chicago Dispatch.

The Mail Service.

TRASK RIVER, February 14, 1893.
ED. TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.—In your last issue in your article under the heading "Where Are We At?" I think you are a little hard on the Tillamook mail contractor. You say the mail contractor could provide feed at the summit and some horses and men kept there the trail could be kept open and the mail got through. I will say that I have feed at the summit and have had from two to five men and from two to twelve horses up there ever since the storm began until within a few days, when the snow got so deep and the horses and men all wore out. We got all the horses out except one. I have plenty of feed to keep him a month yet. I have five men snow-shoeing, who carry the mail seven miles. We work horses on both ends as far as we can. There is yet eight feet of snow on the summit. The snow is so fine and dry up on the summit that it won't pack and the horses go to the bottom every step. You say, the price for carrying the mail is run down so now that it keeps responsible parties from getting the mail. I will say this, the company which has this contract pays taxes on over two million dollars. As for Jack Perry, he never saw half the snow on the mountain as there has been there this winter, and he killed a horse trying to get through. I think I have as good men as can be found, some are the same Jack Perry and I go sometimes myself. I have nine men and 20 horses trying to get the mail through. You must credit me with the Sunday mail, instead of leaving the mail lay over here at this office; we carried it on to Tillamook Sunday night like good boys. We have not had a Sunday for three weeks that we even had time to say the Lord's prayer. As for going over the Grand Ronde route, only await orders. I have notified the superintendent of the blockade and await his orders. If the postmaster at North Yamhill would take a little pains to put in the Daily Oregonian in, we could bring them together with all the letter and registered mail. If the weather keeps soft we will work a little farther every day with the horses and in a short time have the mail on time.

Yours Respectfully
L. CRESSHAW.

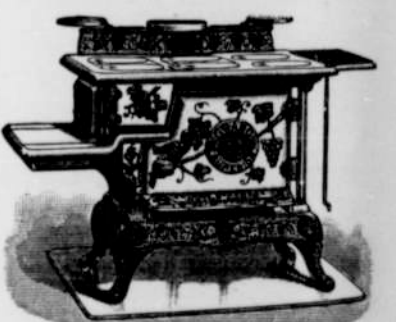
Cape Lookout.

Some one entered Widow Lawrence's house lately and stole some nails.

It is suggested that if the county has any criminals at large they should be taken care of for the safety of citizens and property.

On the 2nd of this month there was born to Mr. Emanuel and Mrs. Susan Erickson a daughter. Mother and child are doing well.

The heaviest storms of the season have occurred during the past week. The snow has been at times the fearful depth of one inch on the level, and the mercury has gone down to 6° below freezing in an exposed situation out of doors.



HARDWARE!!

Tuttle & Robeson

have opened their new

Hardware Store

and have it fully stocked with all kinds of heavy and shelf hardware. They are receiving new goods by every boat.

Stoves & Tinware.

Everything New.

They have a tinning, plumbing and repairing shop in connection and have secured the services of B. H. Bunn to attend to this department.

Call and see them.

Opposite Larsen House.

Tillamook, - Oregon

MAGAZINES

AND BOOKS.

A full line of school books and school supplies is always found at the store of the TILLAMOOK NEWS CO.

B. C. Lamb, Proprietor.

A select line of miscellaneous books, the most popular of the day at the lowest prices. All kinds of stories in paper covers.

All the leading magazines, as Century, Harper's, Scribner's, Leslie's Monthly, Review of Reviews, Overland, etc., on sale every month.