

BREVITIES.

Go to Williams for drugs.
Leave orders at the Acme hardware store for bicycles.

WANTED:—Wood at the HEADLIGHT office on subscription.

Money to loan in small amounts. Inquire at I. T. Mauley.

Sheridan papers are talking of a road to intersect the McMinnville road to Tillamook.

The McMinnville & Netarts Toll Road Co. expect to put on a force of men as soon as the weather will permit.

The funeral of Daniel Dodge Bayley, a sketch of whose life appears elsewhere in the HEADLIGHT, took place yesterday.

The saw mill at Blaine, the property of Wm. Smith and a Dallas party will commence operations about the middle of April.

C. B. Hadley has just had placed in his saloon a cut-off for turning on and off en masse the whole electric lighting of the lower floor.

The Populist Voice, a recent candidate for popular favor, published in Portland, has lately appeared on the HEADLIGHT's exchange table.

It is stated in a Portland paper that the Holton House, in that city, has been purchased by Messrs. R. R. Hays, J. R. Markley and M. D. Roche.

A very pleasant and sociable evening was spent by those who gathered at the residence of Wm. Olsen, Monday last on the birthday of Miss Rosa Olsen.

William Batterson, of Nehalem, Tillamook Co., Oregon, who holds a first grade certificate, solicits correspondence to secure a situation as teacher. 44-49

The steamer Garibaldi will make regular trips to Garibaldi and other points on the bay on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and excursions will be run on Sundays occasionally. 40-f

Dr. Patchen's case has developed a rather singular phase. While seeming to gain somewhat, physically, his mental faculties seem to be less clear than a few days since.

An individual, with the bump of destructiveness abnormally developed, knocked out a valuable pane of glass from the door of Hadley's saloon Wednesday night.

The Augusta came in over a very rough bar about 7 P. M. yesterday. There was a head wind and she lunged in the breakers for half an hour, but made the rattle successfully finally.

Mr. C. H. Freas, principal, Miss Cain, Mrs. F. R. Beals and Mrs. Barnard assistants, constitute the corps of instructors for our school for the term to commence April 10.

A little daughter of L. H. Heiner broke a leg Saturday, the accident being the result of a fall while playing in a barn. Dr. May reduced the fracture and the child is doing nicely.

Tuttle & Robeson, of the Acme hardware store, are agents for Staver & Walker's line of agricultural implements, and will have a full stock of ploughs, harrows, buggies, etc., by the steamer this week.

Captain Dodge, in his moments of relaxation from his other nautical labors, navigates the freight vessel, "Dray," owned by Claude Thayer, through the perilous intricacies of First St. and the tributaries thereof.

The Truckee mill at Hobsonville, has shut down on account of the recent disabling of the steamer Truckee, and will not resume work till that vessel returns from San Francisco, whither she has been ordered for repairs.

The HEADLIGHT's associate editor, while outside recently found golden opinions from all sorts of people as to the HEADLIGHT, its appearance, matter, and all wondered how such a paper could be published in this county.

The Valley Transcript says: "Tillamook county doesn't want another term of circuit court added to her present quota." The Transcript man must be off his caldron or has failed to read the HEADLIGHT carefully.—Ed.

We will arrange with a few dairymen, who are too far out to sell their milk, to buy their butter if brought to us while fresh and in a granular form. For further particulars inquire at the creamery. 40-f OGDEN & TOWNSEND.

In the series of experiments instituted by the government to ascertain the capabilities of different parts of Oregon for the growth of the sugar beet, the coast counties gave the best results, as to yield percent of sugar, purity, etc.

We will receive milk every other day during the month of March. See our hauling cans before making your purchase. We have the best 10 gallon cans ever made. 40-f OGDEN & TOWNSEND.

Fruit Trees I have about 40 fine, large, fruit trees, some Royal Ann cherries and some peach plums, both first-class varieties, and the best age for planting, and which I will sell extremely low. For prices and other particulars call at the Blackwell place.—Conrad Zwickel.

Mr. Effenberger, of Nehalem, went via this place to Woods this week with a view to purchase the saw steamer lately used to carry milk for the creamery at the latter place. Effenberger purposes using the vessel to carry milk to the prospective creamery, and as a general purpose craft.

The Augusta arrived at Tillamook at noon today with a full cargo of freight and a number of passengers, among whom were Mr. Sherett and wife; Mr. Petersen, wife and children; and W. W. Curtiss.

There will be a dime musical social at the residence of Mrs. Robeson Friday night, for the benefit of the Christian Sunday school. Everybody invited to come and contribute their mite to a good cause and at the same time enjoy a jolly good time, and refreshments to suit the most fastidious taste.

The rumor that Bardette Wolfe, the murderer of Birdie Morton, had been seen in the neighborhood of Marshfield, Coos county, has proved to be without foundation, having had its origin in the excited imagination of a settler in that section, whose cabin was despoiled one night of a few provisions by some vagrant prowler.

Some six week ago, Dr. May, assisted by Dr. Petre, performed the operation for the radical cure of an irreducible inguinal hernia. The operation, though a most difficult and dangerous one, has resulted in complete success, the patient, our well known townsman, Myron Trowbridge, being up and about in every way doing finely.

In regard to the Truckee, the Oregonian says in its issue of the 24th: "The steamer Truckee left this morning for San Francisco, where she will go into drydock. She was ordered down after the survey was made by the insurance companies. The Truckee Lumber Company ought to consider itself fortunate in having had Captain Thomas in charge at the time of the late accident. Very few men could have shown the seamanship he displayed in getting his steamer off the shoals near Tillamook bar."

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership, heretofore existing between John Williams and George Woodruff, doing a logging business in Tillamook, Oregon, under the firm name of Williams & Co., has been dissolved by mutual consent. All notes and accounts due the firm must be paid to the undersigned, who will also discharge any obligations owing by the firm.

Dated March 27, 1893.

GEO. WOODRUFF.

Deering's Doom.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 22.—Captain Deering of the smuggling schooner Louis Olsen, appeared in the United States district court this morning for sentence. Deering was convicted of landing 29 Chinese illegally in the United States. His attorney argued for an arrest of judgment, and asked for a new trial. District Attorney Carter opposed both motions strongly, and the court refused to grant the request. Judge Morrow sentenced Deering to serve one year in the Alameda county jail and pay a fine of \$14,500. This fine is at the rate of \$500 for each Chinaman landed. The trial of the other defendants will come up Monday next. Following the trial of the defendants, the case of William Olsen, the owner of the vessel, will be called. What the outcome will be, it is difficult to foresee but should a conviction follow, the vessel may be confiscated.

AN ANCIENT RUIN.

Indian John, an old Chief, takes refuge in the Poor House.

With his disheveled hair streaming over his face, his once erect form bent by extreme old age, and every feature and movement bespeaking the approach of final dissolution, Indian John tottered into the county court yesterday afternoon and in a feeble voice asked for commitment to the poorhouse. His request was readily granted by Judge Moreland. Pending his removal to the poor farm he was given a berth in the big cell in the north end of the county jail. Jailor James proceeded to make his guest as comfortable as possible, but John refused to receive any courtesies in the way of bed or covering. He simply wanted space upon the cement floor to rest and a quilt upon which to lie. His own blanket sufficed as a covering.

No one knows John's exact age. Sheriff Kelly thinks he is about 125 years old, but Deputy District Attorney Hall says that he was 100 years old when he first met him, nearly 35 years ago. Mr. Hall was then very young. It is certain that John is over 120 years of age. John was always a friend of white men. When Dr. Whitman was murdered in Walla Walla, and the Indians talked of coming to Portland, John was one of those who left The Dalles and came to this city, warning the settlers on the way to be prepared for a raid. He was once chief of the Columbia river Indians. He had the reputation of a brave warrior, and ranked high in the estimation of the members of his tribe. His tribe was not very powerful. John was vigorous until he attained the age of 80 years. Since then he has been unable to perform hard work. For the past ten years or so he has supported himself by tanning deerskins and picking berries about the Sandy, where he was born and raised. About five years ago a white man robbed him of \$80, his savings of a lifetime. His white friends made a diligent search for the thief, and if he had been caught he would have been severely punished.—Oregonian.

Since the above was written John has gone to the happy hunting grounds.

In Memoriam.

DANIEL DODGE BAYLEY was born at Concord, New Hampshire, Jan. 8th, 1801, and died at Tillamook, March 29, 1893. At an early age he began life on his own account, and for three quarters of a century in all parts of the Union spent an active and successful life.

During the early days of Ohio he was a pioneer of that young state and at one time was a personal friend of Wm. Henry Harrison for whom he afterwards voted for President.

In 1844 he was one of the intrepid band who braved the unknown dangers of the plains and mountains in their ox-wagon journey to Oregon, settling in the Chelalem valley, Yamhill county, in 1845.

When the country became too thickly settled for his adventurous spirit he crossed the coast range and settled on Tillamook bay where now is Garibaldi, and where the last 30 years of his life were spent in peace.

By his first wife Elisabeth Munson he had two sons, Timothy and Bishop, both deceased, and five daughters, Mrs. C. E. Watts, of Lafayette; Mrs. Mianda Smith, of Portland; Mrs. Z. Large, of Forest Grove; Mrs. Iola I. Handley, of Tillamook and Mrs. Delphine Whalen, of Portland. By his second wife, Mrs. Cecilia Chance, he left two sons, Shelley M. and Grant, both of Tillamook. He is sorrowed and mourned by a host of grandchildren and great grand-children, scattered widely over the State of Oregon.

Active, frugal and industrious, he was always successful in business but with no other ambition than to do good with what he had, his gifts to others always kept pace with his accumulations. His sole enjoyment of property seemed to be in giving it to some one else.

Genial, kindly, hospitable, generous almost to excess, he was an earnest seeker after the truth in all things and only intolerant of those religionists who teach a doctrine of vengeance, cruelty and hate. He once said to the writer that the only hate he harbored was hatred of humbug.

His rule of life, humanity, and his religion to do good, his name high in the list of those who love their fellow men, his life and death aptly illustrate the poetical injunction:

"So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

And so at last, his work well done, conscious of his approaching end he welcomed the grim messenger, so full of terror to the craven heart, and sank to sleep as peacefully as an infant hushed upon its mother's breast.

"After life's fitful fever
He sleeps well."

H.

War News.

Two of Tillamook's gilded youth engaged in a controversy about a necktie, last Sunday, while in the bath-room of O'Hara's barber shop. One of the aforesaid, to demonstrate the strength of his position, proceeded to incarcerate his antagonist in the bath-tub, inflicting at the same time sundry scratches upon the cheek of his adversary, the same probably the accidental contact of a diamond ring upon the finger of the assailant. This much accomplished, the victor retired upon his laurels for a short space, and the vanquished, arising from his dry lavation, proceeded to investigate the extent of the cuticular abrasions heretofore alluded to. It was plain to be seen that blood had been shed, to the amount, at least, of a drop or two, and the wrath of the wounded one waxed furious and with clenched fists and menacing aspect he stood before his late conqueror a portentous apparition. The latter, with quick intelligence, comprehending the imminence of his awful peril, seized with trembling hand a huge razor, and thus reinforced, awaited the onset. This sharp argument produced a rejoinder from the opposition in the shape of an uplifted and threatening arm chair. At this juncture, the white winged angel of peace, in the guise of Billy O'Hara, the proprietor of the establishment, swooped down upon the belligerents, and with kindly counsel and benevolent remonstrance allayed the rage of passion. At this writing everything is quiet. No sound is heard upon the scene of the late conflict but the gentle scrape of the razor in peaceful hands and the happy gurgle of the bath room boiler.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Wm. Smith, of Blaine, visited the city Tuesday.

A. L. Alderman was in the city for a few hours Monday.

Jacob Pesterfield, of Beaver Creek, was in town Wednesday.

C. N. Johnson, of Beaver, made the HEADLIGHT a call Monday.

H. E. Nelson, manager of the Nehalem Mill Co., went to Astoria Monday.

Messrs. Mills, Kiger and Sturgeon, of Bay City, were in town this week.

Henry Tohl and Mr. Effenberger, of Nehalem, were in town on Monday.

D. C. Collier, of Woods, dropped in to renew for the HEADLIGHT last Monday.

S. McCargar, of Nestocton, called at the HEADLIGHT office while in the city Thursday.

Rev. Cross, formerly of this place, and Rev. Scott, of Seattle, came in by the south road this week.

By Request.

ED. HEADLIGHT.—In last week's issue of your valuable paper (\$1.50 per year I understand) I notice a criticism on sundry complaints made to you in regard to this country by a disgruntled individual who had been lured hither by the impression that a section which is capable of turning out such a paper as the HEADLIGHT must necessarily be a land flowing with milk and honey.

Sir, I take issue with you, not as to any particular statement, but as to the general tenor of your remarks, by which you seek to convey the idea that this is a pretty good sort of a country after all.

To be sure, the country has resources of boundless and inexhaustible richness, among which its timber is perhaps the chief. But, what of that? Must not men wield the weighty axe, yank the back-breaking saw, yea: even sweat, before there be the smell of money for your vaunted sticks of timber.

Then again, our fisheries. It is true our bays and streams swarm with salmon and other members of the finny tribe, but did any son of Adam ever see a fish leave his native element except upon compulsion. As soon expect a webfoot to refuse an invitation to irrigate. There must be setting of seines, weary watching o' wet from his briny bed to yield his equivalent of current cash. Even the unwary clam must be rowed for and ung for, and a drop of precious elbow grease is the price of every captured bivalve.

As for the dairy capabilities of this county, of course, everybody knows they are unequalled. But, cows must be milked, cream be churned, butter be worked, and packed, and the whole business has a rank flavor of work about it that wears one who has heard full oft that Tillamook is the easiest place in all creation in which to make a living.

And so, I might go on, like the song of the brook, forever, but, enough I think I have said to emphasize the fact that, notwithstanding this, that the HEADLIGHT is the handsomest and best printed paper in the state, no one seduced hither by that sheets attractive appearance need hope to escape the general curse of earning their bread by the sweat of their brows.

The fact is, I am sick of this workin' business and have made up my mind to clear out of this country for one of less resources and more suckers.

My neighbor, of whom I borrow the HEADLIGHT, says I am a mugwump, a crank and a croaker, but I don't care. I came here, expecting to make a living without any more labor than croaking my elbow every time I open my mouth, and have been most grievously disappointed, but my creditors will be a d—d sight more so when I skip. Till then Au revoir.

G. ROWLER.

The Debate.

Well, it failed to materialize as advertised, but two of the contestants were loaded for a speech, and below we publish what they would have said if the debate had come off:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are here this evening to discuss, and decide, a most momentous question—whether the destruction of wild animals in the United States is a benefit to the people or otherwise. It is a question that should be seriously considered by every intelligent citizen, and if we do not decide it pretty soon the animals will be all killed off anyhow, and we shall be deprived of the satisfaction of saying "I told you so." I say, Ladies and Gentlemen, that their destruction is beneficial to mankind, and that what few are left have outlived any useful purpose for which they may have been created.

Since the time of the Pilgrim Fathers, the sturdy pioneers who have pushed their way into the wilderness have found the forests and prairies abounding with wild animals, which have proved themselves to be by no means the least formidable opponents to their progress. It was a struggle for existence, and there was only one way for it to end. Man's superior intelligence was bound to gain the ascendancy. Those animals which were of value to him have been domesticated, the others have been swept ruthlessly out of his path. Indeed, the very existence of wild animals in a thickly populated country would be an anomaly.

The immense herds of wild horses that once roamed the plains with untamable splendor furnished the noble red man with steeds wherewith to scour the prairies on his marauding expeditions, it is true, but no one will regret that their place has been taken by the well-bred animals that are now raised on the western prairies. Within the memory of comparatively young men countless numbers of buffalo ranged over the plains, while at the present day they are practically extinct on the North American continent.

Their destruction was accompanied by a waste that is to be regretted, when thousands were slaughtered for their hides alone, the carcasses being left to rot on the plains, but could they be brought to life again where could they find feeding grounds without encroaching upon the pastures of our domestic cattle and sheep? Wide as this country is, there is not room enough for domestic and wild cattle both, and the latter supplied no necessity that cannot be procured from our domestic flocks and herds. Even in mountainous parts of the country, where deer and elk used to abound, the industrious settler has built his cabin and his solitary cow picks a scant living.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, a cow may not be as pretty to look upon as a deer, and there may not be so much of what aesthetic people call "poetry of motion" about her, but it is infinitely more satisfaction to a settler to have cream in his coffee than to see a deer bound across his clearing, no matter how gracefully he does it. As for the beasts of prey, I don't think anyone really regrets their destruction, unless it is the amateur hunter, who uses them as a foundation for wonderful stories of hunting prowess. Fish stories are nothing compared with hunting yarns as instances of imaginative powers, and when a hunter, his recollections inspired by an attentive audience, is in a reminiscent mood, he is a man to be avoided as the plague, and his stories would tax the credulity of the veriest tenderfoot that ever crossed the mountains. However, the time allotted to me in this debate is about up, so I will make way for my honorable opponent, thanking you, Ladies and Gentlemen, for your kind attention.

"Mr. President, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:—This is a momentous question. I take the negative not only in the interest of God's innumerable creations, but in the interest of all humanity. After the great architect of the universe had created this mundane sphere, he stocked it with countless orders, genera and species of the animal kingdom. The fauna of this world, of the United States in particular, to which we confine ourselves this evening, is the most wonderful thing of his conception. The subject is: "Resolved, That the destruction of animals by man in the United States is a benefit to the people."

An animal according to Webster and all authorities on Zoology, is an organic being capable of voluntary motion, having sensation, and apparatus for digesting food. This includes everything from the genus Homo to the Rhizopods.

Is it our business to undo nature? If this theory had been put in practice before the genus Homo had attained civilization, where would our learned opponents be to-night. Suppose the Troglodytes had been hunted out of their forest haunts and slain several thousand years ago? This debate would have not occurred to-night.

By domestication we have the Felis Domesticus, that purrs so gently on our laps. From the Canis Lupus we have evolved the Canis Familiaris, that affectionate animal which is the companion of man in all quarters of the globe. From the Aritodactylus and Perissodactyles we have the Camelus Dromedarius, and Auchenia Llama; the Bos Taurus, from which we obtain milk and butter; the Sus Scrofa, the source of our supply for ham and bacon, and also that noble animal, the Equus Caballus, all of which have been once wild, but now domesticated by the genus Homo. Then we have the feathered Meleagris Oscillata, also the Mergus Americanus, from which we obtain the downy substance on which we rest our weary heads. Many other mammals and aves could be enumerated that have been domesticated from the great universal zoological garden. Many others can and will be domesticated, if we do not persist in their extinction. It takes centuries to do this at times, but they eventually become useful to the genus Homo. If they had been annihilated completely thousand years ago, the genus Homo would have gone with them—having naught left to subsist upon except the vegetable kingdom; and the dental construction of the masticating apparatus of the genus Homo indicates beyond a doubt, as all scientists agree, that a mixed diet of animal and vegetable food is required, and that the alwise creator so intended it.

Suppose we destroy the Cervus Virginianus, where will we get our venison? Suppose ruthless hunters continue to destroy the Elephantus Indicus! They will soon feel the need of these faithful beasts of burden.

Suppose the Lepus Sylvaticus should be exterminated? Many people would be curtailed of an important food product. Take away the Salmo Salar, and what would be left for the inhabitants of Tillamook. Equally bad would it be to exterminate the succulent Solen Ensis from our mudflats.

These things must not be destroyed, else we starve. In fact greater efforts should be made by the government to propagate and increase many families of the animal kingdom. Of course, there are a few animals which it is supposed are harmful, but the all-wise creator understood his business when he made them, and by encroaching upon one another they keep up the proper equilibrium among animal kind.

Of course a great deal may be said regarding the ravages of the Bulex Irritans, Culex Pipiens and other "varmints" of the same order, but when we think of the sweet stores laid up for us by the Apis Mellifica, we ust advocate sparing the whole race of insects. It is better to protect the whole animal kingdom, along with a few of the bad specimens, rather than curtail ourselves of all the luxuries and necessities of life.

And above all, let us show a spirit of mercy to every living thing, and try to make the best use of that which is provided for us.

Who would be so base as to strike an unresisting, unapproachable, innocent Rhizopod! Who would ruthlessly stain his hands with the blood of a Cygnus Olor!

The Occidental is the only hotel in the city that is lighted by electricity. 43-44

Cohn's Corner.

A few reasons why Cohn & Co. can and do sell goods cheaper than any store in the county: Being connected with the wholesale firm of Mark Cohn & Co. of Portland who do the buying for the house here and buy only from manufacturers. By that our goods do not pass through the hands of the wholesaler, thus saving us profit, all retailers must pay.

Our spring stock of shoes, or which we will have the largest and finest ever shown in the county, is direct from the factory, and most of them manufactured expressly for our own trade. These goods are due here April 1st.

Why we can and do pay Portland prices for produce: Because we pay no commission in Portland for selling it, and we are satisfied with the small profit on our goods which we give in exchange and all we want is first cost out of the produce.

Eggs 15 cents per dozen.
Bacon 15 cents per pound.
Arbuckles coffee 2 pounds for 55 cents.
Tomatoes 10 cents a can.
The best flour made, \$3.90 cents per bbl.
We receive goods by every steamer, and they are always new and fresh.
Remember we have but one price to all, and that the lowest.

Requiem.

The Chief hath departed. The echo of his No 10s upon the marble mosaic of the office floor hath died away in mournful silence. The smoke-wreaths, upward curling from the odoriferous inferno of his Kentucky meerschaum, have evanesced with the blue vapor of his last conflict with a recalcitrant subscriber. The deep guttural of his manly tones, evoked by sight of some foreign electro-type or some boring epistle, have for a time ceased to accentuate in the sanctuary the wonted abysmal profundity of the editorial function. In fact, he is gone, but we mourn, not as those without hope, for doth not his rich, ripe, rare, racy personality pervade still the office mind? His fleshly tenement abides in the metropolis but his spirit lingers upon the ink stained arena, hovers over the sub ed.'s gold-mounted pencil with ghostly counsel, glares with baleful eye at the blue Monday compositor dozing o'er his case, and pursues the office imp with phantom reminders of cold days to come. But, he will return again, and therein, too, lieth much of comfort to the sorrowing retainers, for so shall the glory of that coming transcend the deep damnation of his taking off, that the morning stars shall sing psalms of joy, the fatted calf shall be slaughtered, the historic goose elevated on high and the whole office put on fat nine inches deep in token that one Jones hath returned to his own again.

Great-Grandmother's Dream.

A party has been organized in Sheridan to secure the hidden treasure taken from the galleon and buried somewhere near Woods, in a cave that can only be entered from the ocean, but as yet no one has ever ventured inside. Remains of a Spanish ship have been found near at hand, and a Sheridan man has secured a plat of the ground where the treasure is buried from a French Prairie man, to whom it was revealed by a dying Tillamook Indian. This Indian's great-grandmother saw the Spaniards hide it in the cave. In the fall of '86, the Frenchman located the cave, but a cross over the entrance so filled the explorer with superstitious awe that he would not go in. We are not permitted to give the names of the treasure hunters to the public at present.—Sheridan Sun.

Rich.

It makes some of us poor shivering News-paporial critters feel just a little envious when we gaze upon the Tillamook HEADLIGHT with its columns of solid laid notices. It is printed on fine book paper and has an aristocratic air that plainly indicates its prosperity. Jones has had this field for several years, and competent judges place his accumulations in the newspaper business at \$30,000. He is said to have several thousand dollars in an Astoria cannery, and is one of the few editors who have prospered in Oregon.—Sheridan Sun.

The millionaire individual above alluded to must have had some premonition of the foregoing effusion, as he started last Thursday for Sheridan on the hurricane deck of a cayuse, with blood in his eye and armed with a centre-fire weapon of deadly potency.—Ed. (pro tem.).

Justice Court.

March 24.

N. P. Roberts vs. John Barker. Civil action to recover money. Action for \$19.75 judgment for \$18.20 and costs. It is understood Mr. Barker will appeal the case.

March 25, 1893.

Wm. Squires vs. H. B. Johnson. Action to recover for booming and rafting logs on Tillamook river \$31.80. Jury trial. Jurors: L. L. Stillwell, John Sheets, B. Newton, W. H. Eberman, D. W. Jones. J. W. Johnson Verdict for plaintiff 30 cents.

Garibaldi.

J. Johnson was in Tillamook recently. Frank Holson is at his old trade again delivering milk.

E. Carter commenced work on the ocean beach road last Monday.

J. M. Harrison, of Tillamook, spent a few days on his ranch last week.

Miss Blanche Sturgeon, of Bay City, has been engaged to teach a six months term of school here during the summer.

G. Onkin, of California, has purchased the H. A. Hansen place on the Miami, and will reside here in the future.