

HISTORY OF MONEY.

SHOWING KINDS OF MONEY USED IN DIFFERENT STAGES OF CIVILIZATION.

Gradual Evolution From Skins, Fishhooks, Shells, Etc., In Hunting Stage to Silver and Gold In Present Commercial Stage.

A study of the growth of money may be useful just now in order to give a more definite idea of exactly what money is and to learn why certain articles or substances have been discarded and others retained.

Hunting and Fishing Stage. The kind of money in use in any country indicates the degree of civilization attained.

1 BEAVER SKIN. 2 FISH-HOOK. 3 SHELL. 4 SHEEP. 5 INDIAN CORN. 6 TOBACCO. 7 SILVER DOLLAR. 8 ENGLISH GOLD SOVEREIGN.

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The Pastoral Stage. Man early tamed the domestic animals. The sheep and the cow being the most useful, they naturally, with their skins (and sometimes with their milk), formed the currency and the unit of value.

Agricultural Stage. In the agricultural stage man owns land, has fixed habitations and is possessed of a far greater variety of property than when he was a nomad.

One Neglected Detail. "No, sir," said the man who was chewing a long straw, "I ain't satisfied yet. I don't think any one o' them conventions went fur enough."

the first regular coin of western Europe. It soon became the recognized unit of value in commerce and was replaced only by the English sovereign, which has since remained the standard unit of value for international trade.



trinsic worth. It has needed no special legislation to sustain it, nor has the almost unlimited special legislation in the interest of silver and other metals and substances been able to make them "as good as gold" in any modern civilized country.

Big Prices For Farmers' Products. The Chautauqua News of Sherman, N. Y., contains in its latest number an advertisement which we copy free of charge:

WAR PRICES. In order to assist those who believe in the "white metal" I will pay the following prices in MEXICAN SILVER DOLLARS.

Mr. Sheldon is able to do what he promises to do. He is giving the farmers of Chautauqua the benefit of the inflated prices which the advocates of a 50 cent dollar desire and is doing it without asking the United States government to become a repudiator and a swindler.

Double Standard Maple Sugar. The Mohawk valley was settled by the Dutch, as your readers know. When the country was new, Yankee peddlers came through the settlements and purchased the crop of maple sugar.

"More money" is the delusive cry of the silverites in their campaign for cheap dollars. But they do not attempt to show how a 16 to 1 free coinage law, which would put our \$600,000,000 gold at a premium of nearly 50 per cent and drive it all out of circulation, could possibly give us more money than we have now.

EVERYBODY

Living in Tillamook County or who has property located here wants a

First Class County Paper

A paper containing all the county news, and in every way in touch with all the varied industries and interests of the county. Such a paper is that is the

Headlight

The Headlight is the oldest paper published in the county, and has done more to advertise the county and call attention to all its various resources and interest capital in its development than all other newspapers combined.

Double the Sworn Circulation

Of any other newspaper. In the county. And all this is in spite of the fact that other papers have been given away for nothing in order to lessen the Headlight's circulation.

Stands on its Own Merit

The Headlight has every week nearly twice as much home news as any other paper published in the county. It is all home print. It has a fine staff of correspondents. It covers the entire county. It has a fine standing everywhere. It belongs to no clique. It is broad and progressive. It is able and up to date. It is also the

County Official Paper

It was so designated last February by the County Commissioners, who at that term passed the following order: In the matter of selecting a newspaper under the provisions of an act of the Legislature approved Feb. 21 1907.

His Note. They are pressing Kipling's "Vampire" poem into service everywhere. A Georgia girl who had jilted a poetical lover who had presented her with a handkerchief, a ring and a lock of his hair received the following note from him: Since you have deemed it a wise thing to spurn me, blighting my life while its morning was fair, I wish you'd look over your gifts and return me my ring and my ring and my bank of hair.

The City Official Paper

and publishes all the proceedings of the City Council, all ordinances and all official notices. It may save you lots of trouble and expense to keep what the ordinances are and to keep informed on official matters. The Headlight has the reputation of being one of the

Best Local Papers in Oregon

and it spares no pains nor expense to keep up its reputation. We have just put in a water motor to run our press, and have now one of the most complete country offices in the state. The Headlight also has the

Finest Job Printing

Office west of Portland. We have all the appliances needed and there is nothing in the line of job printing that we cannot do just as well as you can get it done in Portland. We have no competition in this county in job work as no other office is prepared to do good work.

Our Work Tells

for itself. Come and see it and you will be convinced.

The Headlight.

MASTERING THE BIKE.

How the Beginner Learned to Ride His Silent Steed.

The only help I got in learning to ride the bike was from my wife. The little lady would grab hold of the framework just over the rear wheel and maintain my 200 pounds of peerless manhood while I talked to her and told her what to do and demonstrated with her for not doing what I thought she ought to do.

The last time she helped me my conversation ran something like this: "Now give me a good start. Hang on! Hold up! Great Scott! Any you trying to run me into the ditch? Jane, pay attention to what you're doing. You'll kill me! Don't let me wobble so. Look out! I'm running into a rock—can't you see I'm all your fault. I should think you would have some sense by this time."

I did not stop here, but I have to make a break in the report of my remarks to say that just here a young lady of whom I am rather fond in a paternal sort of way, and whom I familiarly call Puss, rode up on her own wheel and went along with me, although some few yards away for safety's sake. I did not stop talking to the little lady, though. By this time I was too mad to care for appearances. So I turned to Puss and continued:

"Did you ever see such a fool woman? Why can't she hold this blasted thing straight? Here I am wabbling around like a drunken man." Puss merely grinned and showed her pretty teeth and gurgled a delightful little girlish laugh. That made me all the madder, and I began at my wife again.

"Now, Jane, do use some sense. Hang on! Put some muscle in it. How would you like it if I let you skin around like this when you were learning? Look out! Ouch! I'm going over. No, I ain't. Yes, I am. Push! Pull! Move the blamed thing along. Stop her, stop her! Can't you see, you great, great goose, that I'm running into the fence? I'll be killed! My bicycle will be smashed to pieces. Stop me! I'm gone up! O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-h!"

And, crash, bang, I went into the fence, just as I had predicted. I picked myself up, and after an examination found that no bones were broken. Then I examined my wheel and found that it was all right. Then I looked around to find my wife and give her a piece of my mind. There she was, three blocks up the street, just at the point where I started, sitting on the curbstone and laughing so loud I could hear every "Ha, ha!" And, worse and more of it, Puss was immediately across the street dismounted and also sitting on the curbstone and laughing just as hard.

Then I saw it all. I had made the whole distance all alone by myself, and I had been talking, directing and protesting to the circumambient air. No wonder the girls laughed, but I forgave them. I had learned to ride the bike.—New York Truth.

The New Baby.

The Minister—Well, Bobbie, how do you like your new brother? Bobbie—Oh, purty good. The Minister—I suppose, then, that you are glad he came here instead of going on to Mr. Green's? Bobbie—Yes, but they's one thing bothers me. The Minister—What is it, Bobbie? Bobbie—Blamed if I can see how the doctor got him into that little bit of a satchel of his without breakin' every bone in his body.—Cleveland Leader.

His Note.

They are pressing Kipling's "Vampire" poem into service everywhere. A Georgia girl who had jilted a poetical lover who had presented her with a handkerchief, a ring and a lock of his hair received the following note from him: Since you have deemed it a wise thing to spurn me, blighting my life while its morning was fair, I wish you'd look over your gifts and return me my ring and my ring and my bank of hair.

He Lifted His Moustache.

He lifted his moustache from his glowing brow and nervously dabbed his handkerchief at his moistened hair. "Heaven help me," he murmured, "this is my last resort!" Then he added in a constrained tone: "All the other landlords know me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Very Latest.

"Was your husband accustomed to use intoxicating liquors to excess?" inquired the insurance adjuster. "Well," she said reminiscently, "he never used to paint things red, but occasionally he would get out a pink supplement."—Chicago Times-Herald.

What He Was Doing.

"Here, young fellow, I want you to keep your horse off my lawn." "Say, you're a hard-hearted old bloke." "What do you mean?" "Why, dat poor old horse is just a practical do Kneipp cure, dat's what."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How It Turned Out.

Chollie—Algernon's father threatened to disinherit him, and Algy vowed that he'd break the will. What was the outcome? Regy—There wasn't any will to break. Algy broke his father.—Up to Date.

His Blasted Youth.

"Your little Jimmy cries a good deal nowadays." "Yes. Somebody gave our cook one of those knives which will take a cake out without leaving any sticking to the pan."—Chicago Record.

In New Jersey.

Farmer Rakehay—Of course Bencophalus may look funny t' my folks, but he's a darn sight stronger than a hoss an' ain't half so costly.—New York Journal.

PATHOS AND BATHOS.

[Modeled upon an approved pattern.]

It stands in the corner, alone and forlorn. The old parlor sofa so threadbare and worn. The chintz that bedecks it might cause the aesthete To shudder and flee with a yell to the street, For there are arranged, on a background of green, Enormous chrysanthemums ultramarine, But ever by me shall be fondly adored. The old parlor sofa where grandfather snored. You may jeer, you may sneer, you may gibe at it, too (But sit not upon it whatever you do, For all who abruptly sit down on its seat Repent it with language I dare not repeat). Its springs may be broken, uncertain its legs, But mourning affection affectingly begs A tribute of tears, such as grief may afford, For the old parlor sofa where grandfather snored.

How often, recumbent, he lingered there long (His legs being weak, though his language was strong). Aye, call me unmanly and weak if you will I cling to the sofa devotedly still. And many a joyful of tears have I shed On the antimacassar that covers its head. (And haven't you ever encountered before A ballad like this one of grandfather's snore?) —Pick Me Up.

Three of a Kind.

"We've got now babies at our house." "Indeed? How many?" "Twins—and another one!"—New York Journal.



Reflections of a Bachelor.

Anybody can be a martyr if there are enough people to look on. Fate is circumstance's "You're not so wazup!" to the man who thinks he knows it all. No girl ever had a sick headache that was too bad for her to get up and try on her new dress. A man can never look as proud and haughty as he wants to when he has on a shirt that feels wilted. You never know a man till he knows you. After a woman gets beyond a certain age her skin never fits. A girl will always deny that when she sleeps alone she puts her arms around herself. After a woman is 35 the hatred she has always had for delect is given to the bugs on her geraniums. Every married man practices acting as if he wasn't jealous in a way that will make his wife think he is.—New York Press.

Trade Was Ruined.

Drummer (at Moonshenville)—Good morning, Mr. Crossroads. How's business? Storekeeper (disconsolately)—Mighty poor, mighty poor. You see, a new store started up in opposition to me, an, of course, I couldn't stand that, so I just gave my friend's the wink, an they commenced killin' off his customers, but he had more trade than I kalkulated on, an 'en his customers began to shoot back it made a purty even fight, an both sides killed each other off so fast that now there ain't either of us got any customers.—New York Weekly.

Perfectly Natural.

"Did your friend die a natural death?" inquired the tourist, addressing a Montana man who had charge of a coffin at a little way station and was waiting for the train to ship the body away. "Oh, yes," he said frankly. "They found the extra card in his sleeve afterward."—Chicago Times Herald.

The Earthquake.

In the course of a sermon a negro preacher in Georgia touched on the subject of earthquakes. He said: "Oh, my sinful hearers, a yearthquake is nothin' mo' ner less den dis—hell done got tired waitin' fer you on goneter sleep en wake up yawnin!"—Atlanta Constitution.

An Embarrassing Question.

Schoolmaster (to new boy)—What is your father by trade? Boy (perplexed)—Must I tell? Schoolmaster—Yes, you must. Boy (after a great deal of hesitation)—Please, sir, he's the boarded woman at the circus!—Tit-Bits.

New to Him.

"Papa, how do the people in the weather bureau find out what kind of weather we are going to have?" "I didn't know that they did, my son."—Yonkers Statesman.

Dead to All.

"What is apathy?" "It's a strange and dangerous condition that a man sometimes falls into—a condition in which he has even been known to lend his bicycle."—Chicago Record.

Where They Were.

Miss Antique—He says there are lies in the Bible. Miss Caustique—Why, did you let him see your birth register?—New York Sunday Journal.

Not at All New.

Frank—Some genius in Birmingham has invented a buttonless shirt. Billy—Why, that's old. I've worn them ever since my wife learned to ride a bike. —Tit-Bits.

Shopping Incident.

"No, madam, we can't take back that waist. You have worn it." "What if I have? You advertised it as 'changeable silk.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

"I can't see why you object to young Softly. I'm sure he is constant." "Worse than that—he's perpetual."—New York Truth.

About Time.

"They say DuJuster has finally braced up." "Well, he's been taking bracers enough."—Detroit News.

