

Tillamook Headlight

D. Dek. Bowman, Editor. Fred R. Smith, Publisher.

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Valedictory.

With this issue, our connection with the HEADLIGHT ceases and the paper passes into the hands of Mr. Fred C. Baker, the new proprietor. We took charge of the paper Sept. 1st 1896. The two years that have intervened since that time have been busy years in the history of our little city and have witnessed several important improvements, in all of which the HEADLIGHT has borne a helping hand.

To the many friends who during the last two years have stood so loyally by the paper we desire to return our most cordial thanks, for without them we should assuredly have failed. Their kindness is fully appreciated and will not be forgotten. To its enemies the retiring editor makes his profoundest bow, for it was their "cussedness" in part, that spurred him up to his best endeavors.

D. DEK BOWMAN.

In the recent interview in the Oregonian Hon. J. W. Maxwell is represented to have said that the people of Tillamook favor the election of Mr. Corbett to the United States Senatorship. If Mr. Maxwell made that statement he expressed the exact truth. The republicans of Tillamook county stood square by the Astoria and St. Louis platforms. They are not on the least tainted with the silver heresy and they do not favor the election of any one of the United States Senate whose opinions on the money question are in the least doubtful.

how much he may admire him. But the people of the county are not particularly wedded to Mr. Corbett; they want the ablest man available so long as he indorses their financial views. The people of Tillamook are for the gold standard first—the man is a secondary consideration.

While the attention of Astoria is directed toward the interests of local development, says the Oregonian, it would be well to bring to the front the old project of a wagon road connecting with the Nehalem valley and down the coast of Tillamook bay. After the railroad these schemes seem humble; but they are nevertheless important indeed—to the trading interests of Astoria. Unless all signs fail, there is bound, very soon, to be a prodigious development in dairying in the counties of Clatsop, Columbia and Tillamook. The time is ripe for it, and the conditions favorable. Astoria, if she will, may be the headquarters of this industry, commanding both the markets of Oregon and California.

Don't Forget Tillamook County.

With the present demand for lumber it is quite likely that some big sales of timber land will be made in this county before many months. The timber land adjacent to the Nehalem county is among the finest on the coast, much of it being accessible by the streams running through the country. In this timber belt are claims having 12,000,000 feet of spruce and fir and the finest quality of timber. A large part of the timber belt is owned by private parties, and, although in the past years several attempts have been made by local real estate dealers to effect sales with eastern capitalists, they proved unsuccessful. This was largely due, perhaps to the condition of the lumber market, which, for some time, had been down to the lowest notch, and although buyers were in the field timber claims had been bought elsewhere at a very low figure.

The Oregon City Courier and Oregon City Herald have consolidated. The first issue, after the change, comes out with 20 pages and gives one the impression that prosperity has struck the town.

The American members of the peace commission are the following: Senator Gray, Senator Davis, Ex Secretary Day, Senator Frye and Whitelaw Reid.

From Think Sacks.

Grant County News: It did not take us long to lick Spain, but we may be a long time licking the war stamp.

The West: The United States is one-twentieth of the world's population and one-third of the world's school children. We spend one-half of the amount for education.

President McKinley's coming tour is expected to embrace quite a number of Western and Southern states. He will be welcomed as the President of the whole people and of national stature in every way.—Ex.

Col. Roosevelt says every state in the union was represented in the rough riders. All the stars in the flag, therefore, had a chance in the first land battle of the war and all were alike brilliant.—Globe Dem.

Oregon City Enterprise: Clackamas county fruit men are drying more fruit than ever in the history of the county. It is the tendency here as well as elsewhere in the state to dry more fruit rather than to try to ship it green. The results are more certain and satisfactory and this mode of handling the fruit will prevail, at least until orchards are larger.

A MAN OVER in Warrenton named Moon was presented with a daughter by his wife. That was a new moon. The old man was so overcome that he went off and got drunk. That was a full moon, and when he got sober he had only twenty-five cents left. That was the last quarter. But when the old lady met him with the rolling pin there was a total eclipse with a comet in the distance.—Astoria Herald.

A Portland paper says: "Multnomah county's dairy products excel by half the value annually of the output of any other county in the state. A Portland creamery makes more butter than any other creamery in the state, but its supply of cream is partly drawn from outside counties. Coos county probably ranks next to Multnomah county in the value of its dairy products, Marion, Washington and Tillamook stand pretty close together."

Telegram: As we just now are engaged in settling our foreign business affairs, there is no reason why we should not make a peremptory demand upon Turkey for the indemnity due to the United States. Our representative at Constantinople advises the government at Washington that the sultan tacitly denies being under any pecuniary obligations to us. By poking a few of our heavy guns at Constantinople we might refresh his memory a bit. Europe has been so lenient with this polygamous rapacious that he imagines he can also bounce us out of just dues with diplomatic impunity.

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THEIR JOINT DEBATE.

Captain Johnson Was No Orator, but Got There Just the Same.

Before the war Captain Jefferson Johnson was one of the representative citizens of Marion county, Mo., a man of wealth and influence, but little learning. He decided that he would like to go to the legislature. There was no Republican party in Marion county then, and usually a number of Democrats ran against each other independently. In this canvass Captain Johnson was opposed by a man named Graham, who had recently come from Pennsylvania. Graham was a schoolmaster and a man of unusual learning for those times. He was also a ready and forcible talker and entered the race against Captain Johnson, whose education did not extend much beyond ability to write his name, with confidence of an easy victory.

The campaign was scarcely under way before Graham proposed a joint debate. When this proposition was carried to Captain Johnson, he hesitated. Captain Johnson was not exactly certain in his own mind just what a debate was, but his friends assured him that he could not well decline his opponent's offer. "All right," said Johnson in his easy, good natured way, "I don't know much about debating, but if 'other fellar kin do it I reckon I kin too."

So the debate was arranged. It was to open at a big barbeque and picnic at Ligo Jones', on the edge of Lane's Prairie. The day arrived and with it about half the population of the county. Graham went to Captain Johnson and intimated that he would like to open and close the debate. Johnson assented. "You're welcome to take first whet at it," he said. "I guess I kin make out with what's left."

It was agreed that Graham was to have an hour to open and half an hour to reply, while Johnson was to speak for an hour and a half without intermission. The people assembled about the stand to hear the flow of oratory. Graham made a splendid speech, full of good arguments and humor. When his time was up, he sat down, feeling that he was already elected. Then Captain Johnson rose.

"I don't know exactly what I'm expected to do," he said, "but as Mr. Graham has made you a speech, on a mighty fine one, I guess I'll do something else. So I've made up my min to let him do the speaking in this here debate an I'll do the thinking. If you fellows just go over that behind that clump o' bushes, you'll find my wagon, an in it you'll find a keg of as fine apple brandy as ever tasted. Take the tin cup off the hook an help yourselves."

And Johnson sat down. The voters drank and ate at his expense for the hour he was supposed to have spoken, and when the time came for Graham's rejoinder it was discovered that he had left the grounds. It is almost unnecessary to add that Captain Johnson was elected by an enormous majority.—St. Louis Republic.

"Old Hoss" Hoey's Grim Joke. William J. Scanlan, the Irish comedian, and "Old Hoss" Hoey, both victims of paroxysms, were warm personal friends, and since the latter's death it is recalled that the great comedian several years ago he started Broadway one afternoon by wearing a band of crape on his arm and telling his theatrical acquaintances that Scanlan was dead. When Scanlan heard of this, as he did within an hour, he was very much astonished and furiously angry. He lost no time in finding Hoey and demanding an explanation.

"Well," said "Old Hoss" Hoey, "when you borrowed that \$200 the last week you said you would pay it back Thursday if you were alive. I hadn't seen you since then, and today is Saturday."—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Emergency Case. The Doctor—Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once. His Wife—What is the matter with the boy? The Doctor—I don't know, but Mrs. Brown has a look on "What to Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I must hurry up before she does it.—Medical Record.

The Remedy That Failed. Cholly—Too bad, dear boy! Can't you do anything for it? Buggy (suffering with toothache)—Nothing, old chap! I made me man have a tooth pulled, but it didn't ease nino a bit. —New York Journal.

Failure Follows Success. Hazel—Was your shipment a success? Leola—The shipment was, but it was followed by a failure. Hazel—What was that? Leola—Our marriage.—Answers.

The Doubter. "Our congressmen," said the patriot, "are as honest as the day is long." "But," said the doubting dilettante, "are there not night sessions?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cheating the Creditor.

If these glorifiers of the old order of things could restore the conditions that prevailed previous to 1873 and make the market value of silver what it was then, they would not want free coinage. There would be nothing in it for them. What they really want is cheap money, a kind of money with which creditors can be cheated. They are not trying to put silver back to its old place and re-establish the monetary system that existed before the "great crime" was committed. Their scheme does not imply the coinage of better dollars than those we now have, but infinitely poorer ones, which can be used in the payment of debts at the rate of 53 cents on the dollar.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Crocodile's Strong Jaw.

Sir Samuel Baker, in his "Wild Beasts," says that the power of the jaws of the crocodile is terrific. Once he had the metal of a large hook, the thickness of ordinary telegraph wire, completely bent together, the barbed point being pressed tightly against the snank and rendered useless. This compression was caused by the snap of the jaws when seizing a live duck, which he had used as a bait, the hook being fastened beneath one wing. On one occasion he found a fish weighing 70 pounds bitter clean through as if divided by a knife. This, again, was the work of a snap from the jaws of a crocodile. M. Paul Bert once made experiments on the strength of a crocodile's jaws by means of a dynamometer. He found that a crocodile weighing 120 pounds exerted a force of 308 pounds in closing his jaw. The lion has an enormous jaw power. On one occasion an African traveler pushed the butt end of his gun into a lion's mouth, and the pressure of the jaws cracked it as though it had been struck by a steam hammer.

Daily Duties.

The best part of one's life is the performance of one's daily duties. All higher motives, ideas, conceptions and sentiments in a man's life are of little value if they do not strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—New York Ledger.

In the Dime Museum.

Borneo Chief—Say fellows, the bald-headed bearded lady lays over us all; she's a freak. Circassian Snake Charmer—Freak nothing; just accidental. Got her face lotion mixed with her hair restorer, and the result was mortal.—Philadelphia Press.

No Theologians From Harvard This Year.

Out of the 400 young men about being graduated from Harvard college not a single one intends to take up the study of theology. Are we to infer from this that there is a glut in the market for ministers? It would seem so.—Liverpool Gazette.

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