

Watch this Space for the Leading Merchants' Advertisement Next Week.

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ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor who has been at work for the past three years on the statue of General Phil Sherman, to be erected in Washington by the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, has just notified the society that, though he had the large model well advanced, he has been dissatisfied with it and pulled it all down. He has made entirely new studies, which are now complete, and will shortly set up a new model that will not be exchanged.

H. S. Townsend of Hayville, Mo., a comrade of Lincoln in the Black Hawk war, was also one of three whom in caucus Lincoln on the eve of his nomination for senator submitted his famous speech, "A House Divided Against Itself." Some wanted him to strike out the clause declaring the country must soon be "all slave or all free," but Lincoln, says Townsend, declared, "I will deliver it as it was written, come what may."

In an address before a Harvard literary society last week Mr. Edward Everett Hale told the story of James Russell Lowell's first client as Lowell had told it to him. He had hardly opened his law office when a stranger appeared. Lowell deferentially offered him a chair, took out his notebook, talked of the weather and when he finally came to business found the stranger was a bill collector.

The statement that Brigham H. Roberts, Utah's representative-elect to the Fifty-sixth congress, is said to have three wives, recalls an anecdote of George Q. Cannon, a polygamist delegate in congress from Utah Territory twenty years ago. A knot of congressmen were bantering Cannon one day as to plurality of his wives and one of them chaffingly ask: "How many wives have you, Cannon anyway?" to which he replied, "I have enough, so that, unlike you, I don't have to run after other men's wives,"—a Cannon-shot which took immediate effect.

More than twenty years ago Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to Motley, the historian: "Our new President, Eliot, has turned the whole university over like a flapjack. It is so curious to see a young man like Eliot, with an organizing brain, a firm will, a grave, calm, dignified presence, taking the ribbons of our local coach and six, feeling the horses' mouths, putting a check on this one's capers and touching that one with the lash—turning up everywhere in every faculty (I belong to three) and in every public occasion, at every dinner hour and taking it all as naturally as if he had been born president."

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, is back in his home in Washington, refreshed and benefited by a summer spent among the Green mountains. He is frankly amused at the widely published rumor that he would resign his seat in favor of ex-Governor Grout, and says that, on the contrary, he is looking forward to a seventh term in the senate. As his present term does not expire until 1893, and as this venerable statesman is now 88 years old, he would be at the beginning of his seventh term 93. The senator goes daily to the capitol, making the trip in his family carriage behind his hands, some bays, and spends several hours in his committee room, following the habit of years in keeping his work up to date.

Judge Culberson, of Texas, is considered one of the ablest and wisest men who ever sat in the house of representatives. He is a typical Texan. He is tall, gaunt and blessed with rugged but expressive features. He wears what they call in Texas a short-horned collar and a bald-face shirt with a low-cut vest and a long-tailed frock coat of broadcloth. His hat is a wide-brimmed sombrero, and he greases his boots to keep out the dampness. Judge Culberson chews tobacco copiously and talks with a Texas brogue, but he is not loquacious. He is rather taciturn. He never speaks unless he has something to say, and therefore what he says is always worth hearing. The other day he was listening quietly to a discussion of the foreign policy of the government, when one of the party requested his view of the duty of the democratic party toward the program of

expansion. As usual, Judge Culberson's reply was picturesque and to the point: "I reckon we've done expanded," he said, "and the democratic party ain't got no business hangin' on to the shirt-tail of progress hollerin' 'git up.'"

COLONEL W. J. BRYAN makes public his reasons for resigning the command of his regiment. He said: "I had five months of peace in the army, and resigned in order to take part in the fight. I am as much interested in the people of the United States as I am in the people of Cuba, and unless I am mistaken in judging, we are called upon to meet more important problems in the United States just now that will confront our army in Cuba. Some of these problems were under discussion before hostilities began; others have been thrust upon us as a result of war. Let me improve this, my first opportunity, to assure you that my zeal for the reforms advocated a few months ago has not in the least abated. Vital questions cannot be killed or buried, and we were dealing with vital questions when the call to arms resounded through the land. The American people have not accepted the gold standard as final: It has wrought more injustice in our country during the last 25 years than Spain has wrought in all her colonies, and opposition to it will grow until the gold and silver coinage of the constitution is fully restored. The trusts which now flourish in defiance of law are more merciless than Weyler was, and the new trust—the paper money trust which is seeking to obtain control of all the paper money of the nation—is a greater menace to the countries welfare than any foreign foe. There, are, however, two questions which demand immediate attention, because congress is asked to act upon them at once. The president recommends that the regular army be permanently increased to 100,000 men. This question must be met now or not at all." Taking up the subject of imperialism Mr. Bryan said that the president has misinterpreted the sentiment of the people. They are opposed to giving the Philippine islands back to Spain, but they have not as yet declared in favor of embarking on a colonial policy. So great a change, he said, could not be undertaken without more investigation and deliberation than the people had yet given to the subject.

WOMAN LAWYER'S VIEW.

In last week's issue of Mecca, the Denver woman's paper edited by Mrs. Clara Foltz, one of the first women to be admitted to the bar in the United States, there is some very interesting editorial comment that tends to show that you cannot keep a woman from scolding. A few days ago a New York judge refused to permit a beautiful defendant to sit in the court where the jury could see her because she might hypnotize them. Perhaps an occasional smile or wink might have suggested the danger to the judge, but if so it does not appear on record. Mrs. Foltz does not approve of such conduct, and here is the way she expresses her feelings:

"A judge and a prosecuting attorney who would indulge in such a travesty on justice as that would seem to be fitted better for trying lard than cases of moment, and should be relegated to obscurity if not actually disbarred. The jury? Oh, well, the average jury is beneath contempt anyhow, and will continue in vogue as they are now. No one entitled to sit on a jury nowadays until the judge and the lawyers on the respective side have proved that he was a fool, and therefore a competent juror."

Now there are many married men who know just how a woman looks and acts, and what she is liable to do next, when such utterance are in evidence. But, seriously, Mrs. Foltz's expression is worth weighing, for it points to several facts. Prominent among them is the pretty plain insinuation that women lawyers and woman suffragists are not friends of the present jury system. She ridicules the idea that a woman can hypnotize a fool, as she characterizes the modern juror, and throws a wet blanket over the old idea that it is a class of men who are most susceptible to the charms of a beautiful woman.

It is refreshing to see so plain an expression of opinion in a paper edited by a woman as prominent in legal and suff-

rage circles as Mrs. Foltz. The question now arises, will the coming woman establish the jury system on a higher pinnacle in the range of justice?

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A coffin costing \$150 was provided for a pet puppy that died in a Pennsylvania town the other day. He was a dear little brute.

Prairie dogs are increasing so rapidly in west Texas that the people are holding public meetings to formulate some mode of protection.

Thomas Tinsley a New York millionaire, been for the last two years for contempt of court in refusing to produce certain books. His imprisonment has been confirmed by the supreme court and an effort just made to secure his release on the ground that the books demanded are not in his possession has failed.

William J. Bennett, a wealthy man residing in one of the fashionable quarters of Brooklyn, has been having so many quarrels with his neighbors that he has moved out. For revenge he advertises his fine horse to let, to a colored family only, with "the more children the better." He has so far refused all offers from white people who have wanted to rent the house.

The endless chain started by Miss Natali Schenck of Babylon, L. I., is not yet done unwinding. About 100 letters a day are still being received, many of them containing no money because the corner of the envelope has been torn off and the coin stolen. The chain was started last July for the purpose of raising \$1,000 and the amount so far received and accounted for is \$20,300.

Samuel Untermyer of New York is greatly elated over the fact that his \$2,000 trotting horse, which ran away in the New York streets, and tore up and down, in and out among the crowded traffic and high snow-banks on Fifth avenue, chased for a good deal of the distance by a cab, never broke out of a trot and went sometimes at a 2:30 clip without driver or guiding rein.

J. D. Robinson, a democrat of Toledo, O., has presented President McKinley with what is perhaps the largest cut glass punch bowl ever made. It is cut with decorations representing the stars and stripes and since the rule made by the president when he first entered the White House against the use of wine has been rescinded the bowl is likely to prove more than merely ornamental.

Sir Francis Grenfell, the newly appointed governor of Malta, who lost a favorite nephew in the charge of the Lancers at the battle of Omdurman, has succeeded in recovering the dead soldier's watch. It was pierced by an Arab spear, but the hands were left untouched and give 8:30 as the exact time of the young officer's death. Sir Francis has had the watch mounted on a block of crystal, which forms an ornament on his writing tablet.

POLICED TO A POINT.

A boy grows up straighter if he is bent over his mother's knee judiciously every now and then.

Caller—Ah, Horace, how do you do? Where is your father?

Young Son (of literary celebrity)—He's in the library, pullin' off a sonnet.

"The young man who buys his sweetheart 'useful presents,'" said the Corn-fed Philosopher, "is making a mistake as far as the girl is involved, but it makes him solid with the old folks."

"Is your daughter happily married, Mrs. Plump?"

"Oh, yes; her husband has bought her a sealskin cloak which comes down to her heels."

Mrs. Le Count of Chicago (calling on Mrs. Stimleton of Boston)—I suppose, of course, you have a telephone in your house?

Mrs. S.—Oh, my dear Mrs. Le Count, we use direct thought-transference; we have a speaking tube.

"How does it happen, Jane," snapped the angry mistress, "that I saw you feeding that policeman pumpkin pie in the kitchen last evening?"

"I furgot ter plug the keyhole, mam."

"You say," remarked the pedestrian, "that you have vainly wished for work."

"Many a time," answered Meadriding Mike.

"What is your favorite occupation?"

"It all depends on where I happen to be. In Oregon it's pickin' bananas and in Florida it's shovelin' snow."

"You can't make me believe he is married to one of those intellectual women. His clothes look too neat."

"On that very account, my boy. She lets him take them to the tailor for all repairs."

Mrs. Smith—Is your wife out of town? I haven't seen her for some time."

Jones—Yes, she's staying in the country for the benefit of her health. I just received a ten paged letter from her this morning."

Mrs. Smith—And is her health improving?"

Jones—I don't know. You see, I haven't got to the postscript yet.

"George," she hissed, "do you know anything that reflects on the lifelong integrity of my father?"

George smiled darkly.

"Do you think," he grimly answered, "that I would tackle him for your hand if I didn't?"

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**IS THIS
YOUR
STORY?**

"Every morning I have a bad taste in my mouth; my tongue is coated; my head aches and I often feel dizzy. I have no appetite for breakfast and what food I eat distresses me. I have a heavy feeling in my stomach. I am getting so weak that sometimes I tremble and my nerves are all unstrung. I am getting pale and thin. I am as tired in the morning as at night."

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