

AUCTION ! AUCTION !

At COHN & CO.'S BIG STORES, Next Saturday, Jan. 7, at Two o'clock p.m.

In order to inaugurate our ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE, which begins January 7, we have decided to hold an Auction, and in that way give our patrons goods at their own prices for One Day.

We have some great bargains in store for you. Come in next Saturday and see what we can do.
We are bound to lead; others may follow. Auction Sale will be for Cash only.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Clatsop's Sheriff and Deputy Killed at Seaside.

The Desperado is Shot after Committing the Slaughter.

The burning of the Fulton cottage, at Seaside, on Wednesday morning of last week, culminated, on Friday in the bloodiest tragedy in the history of Clatsop county.

It was considered certain by every one that the burning of the cottage was for the purpose of concealing a robbery, and suspicion pointed to Charles Willard as the guilty person, particularly as he was seen a short time after the fire coming from the locality with a wheelbarrow load of goods.

Acting on the suspicion then aroused, Sheriff Williams on Friday, at Astoria, secured a search warrant, and in company with Senator C. W. Fulton and others, went to Seaside to search Willard's premises, and also all the cottages of which he had charge during the winter season.

About 3 o'clock that afternoon Sheriff Williams, Senator Fulton and Deputies A. E. Miller and James Lamers, the two latter being residents of Seaside, went to the cottage of Mrs. Susie Lewiston, where Willard was living, to search it.

On rapping at the door they were answered immediately by Willard, who told them to wait until he dressed, but from subsequent events it is certain he wanted time to get his guns ready for action. After a few moments he opened the door, and on being told what was wanted, told the sheriff, in a polite manner, that he was welcome to search any of the residences in his charge.

Leaving Messrs. Fulton, Lamers and the sheriff in the house, he picked up his rifle, and telling Miller to follow him, he started for John L. Carlson's cottage, where he had in charge, and which he had endeavored to break into. There they were soon afterwards met by Williams and Fulton. The sheriff asked Willard to come back to the Lewiston cottage. He made no objections, but insisted upon walking behind the others, which he did with his rifle in his hand.

It was on nearing the cottage the second time that the tragedy occurred. Senator Fulton identified some shotgun cartridges in the house as belonging to him, and began questioning Willard as to where he got possession of them. This nettled Willard, although he answered that a friend had given them to him, and he began to get ugly.

Fulton and Miller went inside the cottage, leaving Willard, Sheriff Williams and Lamers standing outside. They had just proceeded to the rear of the room when two shots were heard in quick succession, and on running to the door, Sheriff Williams was seen to throw up his hands and fall backwards over the bank. In front of the house were Willard and Lamers, in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, although the latter had been shot through the right groin and was fast growing faint, and his assailant was fighting with the desperation of a demon. Fulton sprang at Willard's head, and pulling him to the ground jumped on his face. Miller wrenched the rifle from his hand, threw it to the ground and taking out his revolver beat the desperado over the head.

Senator Fulton, in the meantime, picked up the rifle and told Willard to remain quiet, or he would kill him. The latter, however, watching his opportunity, jumped on his feet and started to run away, when Fulton fired, missing him the first time, but striking him in the face the second time, carrying away the greater part of his mouth and nose. Willard fell down apparently dead, and Fulton started to obtain help to care for the injured man, leaving Miller on guard with the rifle in hand. Miller stepped back to aid Lamers, who was lying on the ground desperately wounded, when Willard was noticed to be fumbling with his belt. Quicker than a flash he drew a revolver and fired three bullets, the first one hitting Miller in the left leg, just below the hip. Miller returned the fire with the rifle, the first bullet inflicting a flesh wound in Willard's shoulder, and the second hitting him in the left side, near the groin, killing him instantly.

By this time help had arrived, and an

examination was made of the injured men.

Sheriff Williams was found to have been shot through the right breast, and although his pulse was beating feebly when examined, he showed no further signs of life. Lamers was shot in the right groin, and he lived about 30 minutes after being removed to Grimes' hotel. Miller, the other deputy, was wounded in the leg, but his wound is not of a serious nature.

On receipt of the news at Astoria a special train was chartered and a large crowd left for the scene of the trouble.

A coroner's jury was summoned, and after hearing the testimony rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts.

The bodies of the three dead men were placed on board the train and taken to Astoria, those of Sheriff Williams and Deputy James Lamers in caskets and that of the desperado wrapped in an old sail.

Just how the shooting of Sheriff Williams and Deputy Lamers occurred will never be known, as there are no living witnesses now, but it is evident that they were taken unawares, and were killed with bullets from a revolver, as six chambers of Willard's revolver were empty.

Sheriff Williams was one of the most popular men of Astoria, and his untimely death is deeply regretted by every one. He was about 40 years of age, a native of Kentucky, and had been a resident of Astoria for about 10 years. He was elected sheriff last June, and during his incumbency was a faithful and efficient officer. When the news reached Astoria of his death the town went wild with excitement, and hundreds of citizens crowded the streets, eager to know if his murder had been avenged. He was an honorable member of the Elk, Red Men and Foresters, who have taken charge of the remains. He was unmarried, and had no relatives in this portion of the country, but had a mother and sister residing in St. Louis.

Of Charles Willard, the man who caused the trouble, very little is known. He came to Seaside from Texas about seven years ago, and had always been considered a dangerous character. It was his habit to carry a rifle and two revolvers with him night and day, and often remarked that he would never be taken alive. He lived by himself in a tent in Grimes' grove, and earned his livelihood by looking out for certain cottages during the winter. It has been a notable fact for years that nearly every resident not left in his charge was either robbed or defaced in some way. That he was the perpetrator of the crime a few days ago is certain, as quantities of stolen goods were found in his possession.

County Judge Gray has placed a man in charge of all the cottages left in the care of Willard, and the owners will be notified that their places will be searched for stolen property.

Sheriff Williams had but recently received a \$5000 life-insurance policy.

IN A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

Men Are Silent and Orderly and Are Simply Part of the Machinery of the Ship.

We are all curious to know how the men who man the guns on a warship are affected by an engagement—whether they are full of the excitement of conflict that soldiers experience in battle. H. C. Skinner, of Hudson, Mass., who is on the Cincinnati, which took part in the attack on Matanzas, answers the question in a letter to the Hudson Enterprise, as follows:

"You are just one of the parts of the fighting machinery of the ship, and you must do just as you are told, without asking questions or wondering why you are doing it. I must say that I had always supposed that an engagement of the kind would work a man up to the highest notch; that his blood would boil in his veins, and that his brain would reel from the madness of excitement. I thought that cheer after cheer would pour from the throats of eager sailors; that the light of battle would shine in their eyes till they gleamed. I thought that men new to battle behaved like demons, or like the proverbial tiger who had tasted blood and would not be satisfied until he had gorged himself to repletion. But there was no sight of anything like that. The men were silent and orderly in going to their stations at the sound of 'general quarters.' I could see little difference from the ordinary proceedings at drill."

PLIGHTED TO JULIA DENT.

Man Who Was Once Engaged to Mrs. U. S. Grant III.

Alfred Sanford, a unique character who was supervising inspector of steamboats for the port of St. Louis during President Grant's first administration, and who was engaged to wed Julia Dent, now Gen. Grant's widow, is a patient at the city hospital, says a St. Louis exchange. He is suffering from pneumonia, and Superintendent Satter considers his recovery doubtful. When the war broke out for two years Sanford piloted the famous confederate steamer Fred Kennett. Then he went over to the union side and served the remaining two years.

During Grant's first administration Sanford was pilot on one of the leading steamboat lines. He was making \$250 a month. One Saturday night he went to the office of the company and tendered his resignation. When reason was asked he would not give it. He packed his valise and went to Washington, D. C. He went direct to the white house and sent his card to Mrs. Grant. He had not seen her since the day their engagement was broken many years before.

Mrs. Grant received him and gave him a warm welcome. After a long talk over old times Sanford told Mrs. Grant that he had tired of running on the river and he wanted to be appointed inspector of steamboats for the port of St. Louis. Mrs. Grant promised to intercede for him, and in a few days the announcement was made that Alfred Sanford had been appointed to the position by President Grant. For many years Sanford held positions of prominence on the Mississippi river, but misfortune overtook him recently. His wife died and his children, grown up, left him, and now he lies an object of charity in a public institution.

POETRY AND SCIENCE.

A Blank Verse Description of the Subtle Magnetic Fluid.

Philosophers and physicists are commonly supposed to be too deeply engrossed in dry facts and figures to have time for the poetical interpretation of science, but the definition of electricity given to an inquiring young woman by the late Galileo Ferraris is direct contradiction of this. To her question he answered:

"Since Maxwell has demonstrated that the vibrations of light might consist of periodical changes of electro-magnetic forces, and as Hertz has given Maxwell's theory an experimental basis with his proof of the similarity existing between electro-magnetic waves and light waves, the belief becomes more and more firmly established that this light-conveying ether and the medium in which the electric and magnetic forces act are identical. Therefore I may well reply to the question, 'What is electricity?' that it is not only the fearful agent which at times lights up the heavens suddenly and startles the soul with its loud clapping of thunder, but also the life-giving and life-awakening cause which, as light and heat, brings forth the magic color and the breath of life, which transmits to thy heart the pulsations of the universe and awakens in thy soul the charm of glance and smiles."

PRESIDENT RUNS HIS OWN CAR.

Relieves the Motorman Who Is Unprovided with Warm Clothing.

Albert Johnson, president of the Nassau Electric railroad, of Brooklyn, is not above operating his own private car with the regular motorman as an only passenger. He proved it the other day when he stood at the motor box lever of the car from Ninth street to the bridge.

The railroad officials had occasion to go to New York. His private car was run out from the shed at Twent-third street and started bridgeward. The motorman had failed to provide himself with good, warm clothing, and as a result he shivered and shook on the front platform of the car until Ninth street was reached. There, as if seized with a sudden thought, Mr. Johnson jumped up from his richly upholstered chair in the cozy car and dashed out on the platform.

"Go inside and get warm," he said to the motorman, who attempted to expostulate. But inside he had to go. There, seated in the big chair, just vacated by his employer, he remained until the bridge was reached, where Mr. Johnson deserted his post at the motor box and went on his way to New York.

Jardin Des Plantes.

The Paris Jardin des Plantes owes its origin to a florist who, in the time of Henry IV., grew all sorts of native and imported plants, to sell flowers as models to the manufacturers of embroideries and laces.

LISBON'S EARTHQUAKES.

A City That Is Raised Over a Sepulcher.

It is impossible to be long in Lisbon, even nowadays, without meditating, vainly enough, about the great earthquake. The city is far more massive now than it was in 1755. The thickness of the granite walls of its churches and houses is laudable from many aspects. But this same substantially would prove incredibly murderous if the earthquake of 1755 were to repeat itself. Perhaps they do well to have confidence; perhaps they have done amiss. Viewed from the Tagus, Lisbon of 1897 seems to offer tremendous scope for a new seismic ruin. How her churches and palaces on the hilltops and slopes might be overturned upon the houses and palaces between her hills! With anything like the same destructive force as in 1755, Lisbon would now be rendered a scene of almost irredeemable chaos, and the loss of life would, of course, be appalling. But these are, one may hope, mere dreams inspired by the skeleton ribs of the church of the Carmo on one of the city's hilltops. The earthquake wrecked this church, like so many others, and it is preserved as a ruin, says Chambers' Journal.

Some one estimated the loss of property here in the earthquake at £536,300,000. The figures do not seem modest, when one remembers that Portugal was then a rich country. They include also the solid little sum of £4,000,000, the value of the king's diamonds, which went with one of the royal palaces. These diamonds alone would now be extremely acceptable to Portugal's impoverished exchequer. If ever a city was raised over a sepulcher, modern Lisbon was. But, of course, it is late in the day to be plaintive on the subject, even if it were worth while at any time.

FOUNDER OF TOMBSTONE.

Remarkable Career of a St. Louis Boy Who Became a Miner.

Edward Schefflein, who was found dead the other day in his miner's shack in Oregon, had an eventful life, says the St. Louis Republic.

"I remember well," said William H. Boothe, an old-time mine promoter, to a reporter, "when he opened up the Contention mine at Tomestone and gave the place its queer name. I ought to remember it, for it was I who grubstaked Schefflein on that prospecting tour. He bunkoed me out of all but a few hundreds."

"The stories that have been told about Schefflein's daring in penetrating into the Apache country and particularly into the Cochise mountains, where he found the Contention lode, are not much exaggerated. It was a pretty ticklish thing to do down there. Old Cochise had been 'pacified,' it is true, but he had a lively son, Natchez, and a valiant nephew, Geronimo, and they were the active young leaders of about as 'pizen' a set of Indians as ever swung a Winchester."

"So when Ed Schefflein struck the Contention lode and called the place Tomestone, we thought it a happy play of Ed's mind."

"The Contention proved to be a great mine. It was enormously rich in silver, but it was discovered just about the time every condition arose to put down the price of that metal. However, it yielded an amount away into the millions. The Scheffleins sold half of the mine to Walter Dean, of San Francisco; Dick Gird, of Los Angeles; F. A. Tritte, then governor of the territory, and others in San Francisco for \$500,000."

"Of course the Scheffleins lost most of their fortune. They couldn't help it. Ed was a restless fellow. He wasn't dissipated, nor did he gamble or have other expensive vices, but he was generous and a plunger on his luck. He wouldn't settle down and do business on business principles."

Superior Mortals.

It is not a very great man who carries his honors as meekly as the mayor of Inverness who rebuked an admiring crowd in the words: "Fr'ens, I'm just a mortal man like yersels." Sir Wilfrid Lawson tells the following story: "A woman was once pursuing her fugitive cow down a lane, when she called out to some one in front: 'Man, turn my cow.' The man took no notice and allowed the cow to pass. When she came up she said: 'Man, why did you not turn my cow?' He replied: 'Woman, I am not a man; I am a magistrate.'"

An Oyster's Instinct.

Oysters, after they have been brought away from the sea, know by instinct the exact hour when the tide is rising and approaching their beds, and so, of their own accord, open their shells to receive their food from the sea, as if they were still at home.

CHAS. COOPEY,
Civil and Military Tailor,
PORTLAND, ORE.

Rooms 1, 2, 3, 12, 13, Up Stairs,
N.E. Corner Third and Stark Streets. Entrance 88½ Third Street.

SEEDS.

All KINDS FRESH and REASONABLE.

TIMOTHY, 4³cts. pound

SEND YOUR ORDERS TO

FOARD & STOKES Co.,
ASTORIA, OREGON.

STURGEON'S Drug Store.

NEW AND SELECT STOCK.
PATENT MEDICINES AND
DRUGGIST'S NOTIONS.

A Fine Line of Jewelry.

STATIONERY, BOOKS.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

Subscribe for the
TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT,
the Leading County and
City Paper.

All Home Print.

The Oldest and Best Newspaper.

Full of Interesting News.

It do not Abuse People.

Send it to your friends.

\$1.50 A YEAR.