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### HEADLIGHT PIRATE.

#### Doles Out Gems of Current Topics and Events.

OCCASIONALLY we hear of strange things in politics. When Speaker Reed announced that he had abjured allegiance to the fickle goddess who rules the ballot the country was surprised. Here we have a man who has held a position as the nation's counsellor for years. According to his own words: "The office of speaker is one with but one superior and not a peer." But with all its glory and honor he leaves it to accept a position in the practice of law. The other day a New York newspaper reporter asked him why he did such a thing. "It was because I am getting near that time in life when I must earn something to guarantee me an easy existence when old age comes," was the reply. Here is a tribute to Americanism and a repudiation of the oft quoted sentiment that every official in Washington is dishonest. Speaker Reed has been abused and maligned by the opposition press more than any other man in public life, and yet he appears to have stepped down from the "throne" a poor man. It might be well for the press of the country to bear the old adage in mind: "Thieves are the best judges of thieves—an honest man believes all others are honest."

ADMIRAL DEWEY is the real hero of the late war between Spain and United States. It is true that the contest brought out several brave men. The public admires them and will applaud their heroism. But one man, however, will endure for centuries in the memory of the people—George Dewey. Let us look at the list as they have been handed down to us. First, we had Captain Sigbee of the ill-fated Maine. He was big enough for president. Then we had General Fitzhugh Lee—he was also mentioned as a presidential candidate. Then Brave "Bill" Anthony, who reported to Sigbee that the ship was sinking. He was the hero for the moment. Then we had Admiral Sampson, who killed a mule at Matanzas—a few mentioned him for the presidency. Then Hobson and his heroic half-dozen. Hobson was a hero until the kissing episode injured his standing. Then Dewey—now Dewey, and forever Dewey. We cannot detract from the heroism of the others. They performed their part nobly. It remains a fact, however, that the war produced but one real hero whose deed will never be effaced from memory or history. Dewey was that man.

AN indication of the unrest prevailing in many old world countries is found in the announcement that 50,000 Galicians have arranged to migrate to the United States. This number is a little over 1 per cent of the entire population of that province of the Austrian empire. Some idea of the moving causes for such a wholesale emigration can also be formed from the statement that it is doubtful if the government will permit as many inhabitants to leave. While this sounds strange to the people of the United States, who go and come as they please, it illustrates how the heavy hand of the law falls upon many European nations, leave the people little choice in even the most common affairs of life. It is such restrictions which have peopled the United States with the best of the liberty-loving toilers of foreign lands, who have been no small factor in making this country what it is today.

THERE are several unreconstructed rebels left yet down in the old confederacy. At the reunion of United Confederate Veterans held at Charleston, S. C., Rev. Taylor Martin of Palmyra, Va., is reported as denouncing the suggestion of President McKinley commending graves of the confederate dead to the

nation's care. He declared the confederate veterans would have nothing to do with any suggestion from the president and they would never place themselves in the attitude of being under obligations to the government that slew southern men, and concluded his bitter harangue by saying that the dead heroes of the confederacy had rather be in unmarked graves kept green by southern women than sleep beneath the costliest monument the federal government could erect. This only confirms the opinion of a number of newspapers that the president made a mistake in rating the emotional outburst of loyalty as against the Spanish enemy which greeted him on his southern tour last fall as an evidence of patriotic repentance of the war of the rebellion on the part of the ex-confederates. A generous tribute to the valor of the south in one thing, but an attempt to place on a level the sacrifices made by the men who fought for the flag with those who fought to destroy the government is an entirely different thing. The line between loyalty and treason should be drawn somewhere.

THE last quarter of the nineteenth century has witnessed a universal undercurrent toward socialism in every quarter of the globe. In Europe and notably in Germany, Austria and France, this movement has been directed into channels controlled by the government with a view to preventing political revolutions. Not only has the socialist principle received recognition by the government through the ownership and operation of railways, telegraphs, telephones and saving banks, but also through compulsory insurance laws making provision for the wage worker and his family by guaranteeing them an income in case of sickness, old age or death. In the United States the tendency toward centralization has become one of the most striking features not only of the body politic but also of the entire commercial and industrial body. The organization of syndicates to control and operate great systems of railways capitalized at billions of dollars, the monopolization of telegraphs and telephone in the hands of two or three ponderous corporations and the formation of colossal combinations known as trusts that have secured control of nearly every important industry have created a popular sentiment that must eventually materialize in measures that will revolutionize our present system of government by establishing state socialism as the safety-valve against corporate aggression and plutocratic domination. This drift of resistless public opinion is impressing itself more and more forcibly from day to day upon every thinking mind and irrepressible conflict between the masses and classes can be avoided or deferred only by wise legislation that will recognize the inevitable.

AGUINALDO is finding it about as difficult to "let go" gracefully as it was to inaugurate hospitalities. In a dispatch he is quoted as saying in a letter to one of his favorite priests: "I fear that the long warfare that will be necessary to conquer the United States will drain the countries resources too much." There is genuine humor in this—as much as there was in the statement of Butcher Weyler to the effect that the proudest moment of his life would be the time when he could march triumphant across the United States at the head of his little army. He could not have passed the police force in some of the Southern cities. Now, Aggie, the man who has run the United States troops until they fell from exhaustion—with Aggie all the time ahead—is afraid that the resources of the country might become seriously drained if he attempted to conquer the United States. We do not know what that word means. He will find that the sooner he drops the conflict the better populated the Philippine islands will be. The war is very near its end.

LAST year the American bible society printed and circulated 1,380,892 bibles. More than one-half of this number was distributed in foreign lands. Cuba, the Philippines, Porto Rico and the Orient received a major portion of the thousands that left the United States. These figures were obtained from the official report of the society, made public at its meeting last week in New York. Religious fads

and fallacies and isms have their rise and fall, but the good book that contains the ten commandments knows no backward growth. It is one of those factors that age cannot wither nor custom stale. Ten years ago Robert G. Ingersoll said: "In a decade the bible will be lost to the world." How about it? Thousands of Bibles are printed to day where hundreds were printed ten years ago, and the great Ingersoll, who denied a hereafter with vehemence a decade in the past, when asked the other day what would be his answer to the question: "Is there a hereafter?" replied: "Reason says, perhaps—hope whispers, yes."

IOWA bank deposits amount to a little over \$50 per capita and are steadily increasing. Iowa is not in the generally accepted sense a manufacturing state. Its wealth comes principally from the farms, and the hen and the cow can be credited with a large portion of the surplus which has been accumulated. The calamity howler is out of a job in Iowa and the few who are left keep up the music just from force of habit.

THEY do things in a hurry down in Oklahoma. Monday morning the section of country at the foot of the Wichita mountains was unbroken prairie. At nightfall there had sprung up the town of Mountain View, with a population of 800, a completely organized city government and "all lines of business represented." The first day must have been a disappointment in one respect, however, as not a single killing was reported.

JUSTICE BREWER of the supreme court of the United States says: "I predict that the twentieth century will be noted for greater unity in Christian life. The present century has been one of denominational rivalry and strife. The next will be one of Christian unity." May his prediction prove correct.

THE republican party has no call, says the New York Sun, "to indulge in windy declamations against trusts. The democratic party, sputtering against wealth, naturally sputters against trusts. Let it. The republican party does not hold that property is a crime, or that the highly organized forms of modern business are to be disturbed at the request of the same set of persons that is frantic for a cheap dollar." But there is a call to the republican party to maintain its record of hostility to monopolistic industrial combinations and if it fails to do this the party will inevitably suffer.

A CONNECTICUT court has awarded only \$10 damages for the death of a railway workman who was killed by the negligence of the railway's agents, says the N.Y. World. The award is at once an absurdity and an outrage. It costs more than \$10 to bury a man. The very clothes that this workman wore when mangled by an engine were worth more than that. Putting aside all consideration of natural affection, any man who works for wages is worth more than \$10 in mere money to those dependent upon him.

EX UNITED STATES SENATOR W. A. PEPPER, one of the founders of the populist party, and who was for years considered the chief exponent of populism, has returned to the republican fold. In an interview Pepper said: "I have always been a republican except on one main question—the money question. That seems to have settled itself now. The populist party has been eliminated nationally by the democrats, so those of us who don't want to flop by ourselves will have to vote our convictions as best we can." The old simon-pure alliance man who left the republican party was never headed for democracy, and he is not now. Pepper's statement that mines are prolific, there is an abundance of gold, and the money question is dead, is confirmed by Director of the Mint Roberts, whose advices indicate that the production of gold for 1899 will reach \$340,000,000. Official figures for 1898 show an increase of \$50,000,000 over the 1897 total, which was \$235,504,800. Predictions are made that 1900 will see the gold production reach the stupendous figure of \$400,000,000. Of this, about \$65,000,000 will be required for arts, leaving \$335,000,000 available for use as money.

### THE VOLUNTEER SOLDIER.

The most effective rebuke to the anti-Americans of the Atkinson stripe has been administered by the brave volunteers, who are following their nation's flag to victory in the Philippines. To the charge of Atkinson, Governor Poynter and other Tagals, that the volunteers are being forced to stay in the army against law, justice, humanity and every other reason the volunteers themselves make answer that they are anxious to come home, but do not want to come as long as there is any fighting to be done. General Otis cables the war department that the volunteers, while anxious to leave the army and return to their homes, cheerfully accept the sacrifice made necessary by the danger to their nation's flag and are ready to serve their country as long as needed. The Nebraska regiment has lost one-half its men and the others have been on continuous duty for months. Do they ask to come home? Have they sent any complaints? Not a bit of it. The men, the fragment of the regiment, have respectfully appealed to General MacArthur to relieve them from active duty for a few days, that they may rest up and wash their clothing. Does that indicate that they are being kept in the army against their will and forced to fight a campaign in which they have no heart? The only grumbling that has come from Manila has been from the men when they were inactive. They are always suited and contented when the order is for an advance against the enemy.

The peanut politicians who have been trying to breed dissension and sow the seed of insubordination among the volunteers at Manila, have not properly estimated the character of the men they seek to influence. They are not dealing with white livers, with cowards. The American volunteer soldier is made of sterner stuff. He comes from a line of heroes, and blood will tell. These political copperheads forget, apparently, that the statute of limitation does not run against loyalty. They forget that the fathers of the present volunteers had their own baptism of fire when the men now at the front were babes. They forget that the boys who were in the forefront of the charges at Malate, and at Malolos, are sons of the men who followed Hooker up Lookout, rode with Sheridan up the Shenandoah, marched with Sherman to the sea, faced death under Grant in the Wilderness and met and vanquished Pickett's whirlwind of death at Gettysburg. They forget that the boys who drove the Spaniards from El Caney were sons of men, who, either in blue or gray, gave the world a never-to-be-forgotten illustration of what brave men will do and dare in support of what they consider right. They forget that the volunteers in the present war imbued with their mothers' milk a love of country surpassing all other law, a sense of duty that dares death.

The American volunteer does not draw fine distinctions. The physical danger of an enervating climate; the guerrilla character of his foe; the right or wrong of the cause for which he fights, are but incidents of secondary importance to his loyalty and his sense of duty. When he has taken his oath as a soldier, signed the muster roll of his nation's army, he stops to ask no question. He quibbles over no theories. He simply stands ready, with marvelous courage and fortitude, to follow Old Glory, to give his muscle, his brain, his life blood if necessary, cheerfully, joyously, for his country.

"Now I propose—" began Mr. Dinkey. He was interrupted at this point by his auditor, Miss Beacon of Boston, who spoke substantially as follows: "Mr. Dinkey, accuracy of language demands an explanation at this point. Do you use the word 'propose' as a synonym of purpose, or in its matrimonial sense?" Later developments showed that Mr. Dinkey used the word in its matrimonial sense.

CLUBBING RATES—Weekly Oregonian and Headlight, per year, \$2.25; the San Francisco Examiner and Headlight, \$2.25. New York Tribune a-Week World and Headlight, \$2.00. Strictly cash in advance.

### BITS OF POETRY.

**"The Man With The Hoe."**  
 Whence comes the giant thence  
 Of our strong race, the nerves  
 To bear; the heart to urge  
 In steady beat our tireless blood;  
 The eyes that brighten like an eagle's  
 When it breathes the storm?  
 Whence comes a slow conservatism  
 That checks our clamorous riot  
 And makes, even of the mob,  
 A reasoning mass?  
 Whence comes our love of home,  
 And church and moral cleanliness,  
 The sense of law and order and  
 Our wholesome love of justice?  
 In whose hands rest our rights  
 Of property—the fate of the accused,  
 The reputation—dearer than our life?  
 Who is it fills our granaries,  
 Loads the out bound ships, and gives  
 Or 'holds from us prosperity  
 As his own fortunes flood and ebb?  
 Who makes and unmake at his will  
 Our sleek officials—and dictates  
 To the fawning politician  
 The limits of his cunning and his greed?  
 Whose sons are leaders of our armies—  
 Swell the rank and file—command  
 Our ships—through the counting rooms,  
 The pulpits and the bar—or minister  
 To our diseases? Whose fair daughters  
 Grace the boards of wealthy burghers.  
 Shine at our social functions—  
 Cultivate our Christianity and love  
 Of human kind—and give rich blood  
 Unto their offspring?  
 Who hewed the rough foundation stones  
 Of our republic—fitting them to bear  
 The lofty superstructure?  
 Who opea the way from gulf to gulf—  
 From sea to sea—and left their bones  
 In wild Kentucky woods—  
 In Southern swamps—on Northern burgs  
 And the white-hot deserts of our land,  
 Mate monuments for man to follow?  
 None else than He Who Wields the Hoe  
 Worthier than ever Templar Knight  
 Swung his crossed blade in battle  
 With a Saracen—more skillful far  
 Than he who maps the heavens  
 Or binds the lightning as our slave.  
 From him we sprang. To him is due  
 Our present greatness, and were he the  
 God  
 Some poetaster fain would have him  
 History's page a different tale would tell.  
 But turn him back to savagery and  
 To dumbness, and into chaos swift is  
 hurled  
 Our thundering train of progress—  
 Our very life-springs choked and logged.  
 —CLAUDE THAYER.

### The Old-Time Religion.

"That's a lot o' good religions," so the preacher said today;  
 "That's a lot o' roads to glory—since the old-fashioned way  
 Got so mighty hard to travel that we found a better route,  
 Where all we are a-needin' is a nickle an' a shout.  
 Let's be modern! Let's be broader! Let's forget that smokin' hell,  
 For you're all a-goin' to heaven—if you pay your preacher well."  
 Them's the words he said this mornin', but I set an' shook my head,  
 Fer it worried me, good wifey—is the old religion dead?  
 Won't we hear no more of Jesus an' his dyin' on the cross?  
 An' the book he gave the sinners—air they all a total loss?  
 Is thar more than one religion an' a dozen roads to take  
 When you go to meet the Savior—he that suffered fer our sake?  
 Then he preached about somenotion that I never heard afore,  
 An' he told us 'bout a heaven with a wider open door  
 Than the heavens had in our time, when we only hoped we could  
 Get a seat among the angles as the pay fer doin' good.  
 Now, all you needs a jinin' with the brand you like the best—  
 Then be sure an' drop yer nickle—seems the preacher does the rest.  
 Sol, I know that ain't religion, fer it ain't the proper plan—  
 Somethin' never comes from nothin'—we must do the best we can.  
 We must love the Lord an' mind Him

when He tells us what to do,  
 An' besides the pew religion, we must have the week day, too.  
 They may try to make it easy fer to pass St. Peter's gate,  
 But they'll find they air mistakin when its everlastin' late.  
 No; I like that good ol' story that my mother told to me,  
 An' I like that good ol' Bible that she read me on her knee.  
 Jes' a simple, easy tellin' of how God sent down His Son  
 Fer to save a world of sinners—an' He died fer ev'ry one.  
 That's enough for me—I like it—sounds so nateral and sweet;  
 Yes, I like that ol' religion, an' they'll never find its beat.

### The Western Pioneer.

I can hear the willows whispering, 'way down the Arctic slope,  
 Every shivering little leaflet gray with fear;  
 There's no color in the heavens, and on earth there seems no hope,  
 And the shadow of the winter's on the year.  
 An' it's lonesome, lonesome, lonesome, when the russet gold is shed,  
 An' the naked world stand waiting for the doom;  
 With the northern witch fires dancing in silence overhead,  
 An' my campfire just an island in the gloom.  
 When the very bears are hiding from the terror that's to come,  
 An' the unseen wings above me whistle south;  
 When except the groaning pine trees and the willows, nature's dumb,  
 And the river roadway freezes to its mouth.  
 But I cannot strike the home trail. I would not if I could,  
 An' I want no other smoke across my sky;  
 When I drop, I'll drop alone, as alone I've allus stood,  
 On the frontier where I've led, let me lie.  
 I wouldn't know men's language, I couldn't think their thought,  
 I couldn't bear the hurry of man-kind  
 Where every acre's built on, where all God made is bought,  
 And they'd almost make a hireling of the wind.  
 I've been allus in the lead since I grew grass high,  
 Since my father's prairie schooner left the know  
 For a port beyond the sky line, never seen by human eye,  
 Where God, and God's, creation dwell alone.  
 'Way back I heard men callin'; one women's voice was fond,  
 An' the rich land toward harvest murmured "Rest."  
 But a sweeter voice kept calling from the unexplored beyond,  
 A wild voice in the mountains callin' "West."  
 I heard it in the foothills—then I climbed the great divide;  
 In the canyon—then I faced the rapid's roar;  
 In the little breeze at dawnin', in the dusk at eventide,  
 The voice that kept a callin' went before.  
 My crooked hands are empty, my six-foot frame is bent,  
 There ain't nothin' but my trail to leave behind,  
 An' the voice that I have followed has not told me what it meant,  
 An' the eyes that sought a sign are nearly blind.  
 But I heard it callin' still, as I lay me down to rest,  
 An' I dream the voice I love has never fled.  
 That I heard a people comin' the great people of the west,  
 An' maybe 'twas His voice callin' me to guide.  
 Once upon a time an American taunted an Englishman.  
 "How can you endure to be taxed to support your idle nobility?" exclaimed the American, warmly.  
 Then the American paid \$10 a ton for his coal in order that the directors of the trust might procure dukes and things. This fable teaches that there are almost as many ways of paying taxes as of dodging the same.