

THE SPECIAL EDITION.

Send to your Friends Copies of the Special Illustrated and Descriptive Edition of the RESOURCE of TILLAMOOK, Printed and issued by the Tillamook Headlight.

AND HELP TO ADVERTISE TILLAMOOK COUNTY.

PRICE, wrapped for mailing, 10c. a copy.

ing been...
 come largely...
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 Louis Olsen to Sarah J...
 S. M. of sec. 10, tp. 2 S, R. 10...
 and J. C. Comer to...
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 Robb W. L. Hay...
 various parcels...
 county.
 BONALS.
 House.
 R. Jordan and H. C. Day...
 H. W. Downing...
 W. M...
 L. F. Ray...
 Rev. W. Kochmer...
 O. Thornton...
 H. Barter...
 Chas. Ray...
 Tillamook...
 and H. E. Chap...
 and Jno. Fly...
 O. West...
 Morgan and wife...
 Marshall, Fredrick...
 Bayson and son...
 C. Thompson and G...
 H. Juker...
 and Ralph...
 Camp...
 I. H.

Allen House.
 Wilson—W. J. Smith.
 Salem—James Norie.
 Portland—J. G. Kelley, Fred C. Deven,
 J. T. Chatterton, R. P. McBride, Mrs.
 C. E. Grose and niece, Mrs. H. H. Brown
 and son, C. J. Byrne and wife.
 Hebo—W. W. Conder.
 The Dalles—J. R. Doyle, L. A. Sears.
 Nehalem—S. J. Smith.
 Hobsonville—L. T. Bynum, M. H. Wig-
 gens.
 Beaver—J. F. Jackson, Miss Lizzie Sal-
 ing, Miss Mary Jackson.
 Seattle—J. S. Gibson.
 Hillsboro—Clyde Cornett.
 Bay City—F. Long.
 Medleton—F. Fescher.
 Sand Lake—Mrs. Stanley and children.
 Monmouth—W. S. Whitlack.
 Trask—W. W. Taylor.
 Barnegat—J. H. Reynolds, E. A. Rey-
 holds.

BARNEGAT.
 The steamer Louise came to Barnegat
 Thursday with a big excursion.
 Mr. Nein and wife, of Hobsonville, are
 visiting at Cape Meares.
 Mr. Ben Hauxhurst and Mrs. Griffith
 visited at Barnegat last week.
 Bert Biggs made a flying trip to the
 Hub Saturday.
 Henry Reynolds and Mrs. Stanley
 went to the city Saturday, returning
 Sunday, looking as happy and sweet as
 a peach.
 J. Biggs is a little better since the last
 writing.
 Will Davis and family, from the Pacific
 saw mill, was camped on the beach a
 few days last week.
 Birch Alderman left Saturday in search
 of another yoke of cattle to replace those
 crippled.

Labor and Industry.
 American trade with Australia in lea-
 ther goods has quadrupled in five years.
 The National Iron Moulders have se-
 lected Toronto, Can., as the place of
 next meeting.
 One hundred and nine thousand locos-
 motives are at present running in var-
 ious countries.
 Germany's receipts from picture pos-
 tal cards were increased from 1886 to
 1897 by \$600,000.
 The only complete tabulation of strikes
 is from 181 to 1894, with 14,389 strikes
 of which 5 per cent were successful.
 During the first half year of 1899 the
 factories turned out 6,259,167 gross tons
 of iron. The product for the year
 will be about 12,500,000 tons.

MUSTERED OUT
Oregon Soldier Boys Are Again
Civilians.
 SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 7.—"Hi, there,
 citizens!" They are now citizens, and
 the gallant Oregon are no more. The
 men who took up the burden over a year
 ago for their nation and their Oregon to-
 day saw their release. It was a day of
 justification and excitement.
 Each man received his discharge
 papers from the mustering officer and
 passed on to the paymasters, who gave
 each soldier what was due him.
 There have been none of those terrible
 thrashings promised non-coms and offi-
 cers, nor even an exchange of that mild
 revenge, blanket-throwing. Officers and
 men were glad their term was over.
 They joined in the final ceremonies with
 feelings of regret at parting and evi-
 dence of pleasure at getting back to civil
 life.

General Summers gave each of the
 battalions a farewell address that called
 forth tremendous cheering. He recalled
 the faithfulness with which the men had
 obeyed him at times under most trying
 circumstances, and the mutual trials.
 He most cordially thanked all for sup-
 port and consideration at all times. The
 general closed with the statement that
 he felt most closely bound to them all,
 and he wanted them to feel he would
 ever be willing to afford assistance to the
 members of his old command.
 He asked the members of the regiment
 so far as possible without inconve-
 nience to themselves, to follow the colors
 until finally delivered to the governor.
 This he asked as a personal favor, and
 the request will hold many for the special
 train tomorrow afternoon who would
 have straggled home.

Each of the three majors gave their
 battalions farewell talks. A desire was
 expressed to know the boy in civil life
 more intimately than was possible under
 military regulations.
 Chaplain Gilbert was made the hap-
 piest man in camp by an evidence of the
 regard in which he is held by the men,
 in the form of \$200 as a library fund. The
 little tender-hearted chaplain, who has
 buried the fallen comrades, often taking
 hold of the spade himself, is universally
 esteemed, and says he prizes the affec-
 tion of the men more than any past
 favor.
 There were swarms of sharpers and
 scheming men about, but no undue dis-
 turbance. Cheers resounded from every
 quarter. Favorite officers were cheered
 and cheered again. Many partings were
 touching, although the light hearted sol-
 diers were deeply moved. All are

Nebraska's band and the Utah light ar-
 tillery have kindly offered their services
 to escort the members on the march from
 the Presidio tomorrow. All are expect-
 ed to assemble there at 1 P. M., after
 which the march will be immediately
 taken up. There has been no change in
 the schedule formerly announced.
 The three specials, bearing 730 mem-
 bers of the regiment as a body, leave,
 the first at 3:30, another at 4, and the
 last at 4:30. Other members of the regi-
 ment are now on their way, while the
 rest will leave in the next few days.
 Fortunately, at the last moment the 18
 hospital corps men learned that they
 would get their discharges about as soon
 as the regiment. Their finals will be
 cashed early tomorrow, enabling them
 to return with the command.
 "Get a rope, somebody." "Get one
 quick." "Who's got a gun?" These
 words startled the Oregon camp this
 morning at 9 o'clock, and tonight Wil-
 liam Sutton, a civilian, who has been
 loitering around the tents for some time,
 is oathed from head to foot in arnica. It
 is said that Sutton's words and purposes
 have become very obnoxious to the men
 during the last few days, and this morn-
 ing they decided to call a halt. Sutton
 had again appeared. Had it not been
 for the intercession of General Summers
 who helped to kick him out of camp, he
 might now be on a slab in the morgue.

Fully 300 men were excitedly crowd-
 ing about the gate of the Presidio when
 General Summers saw them. Some man
 in their midst was yelling "Murder,"
 and everybody was calling for help and
 guns. When the general reached the
 scene he found Sutton bruised and near-
 ly scared to death, with a hundred vol-
 unteers from the Oregon and Nebraska
 regiments "reforming him," as they ex-
 pressed it, with their fists and boots.
 "Bring this man to my quarters," said
 the general. A corporal's guard accom-
 plished this task after a series of skir-
 mishes. Inquiry of the men and officers
 and the words of Sutton himself convinced
 General Summers that the boys had
 served him right. Then the command-
 ing officer gave Sutton a turn by the
 neck, accompanied by the toe of his mil-
 itary boot and advised him not to be
 caught in camp again. "What's the
 matter with General Summers," shouted
 a thousand men, gathered by this time
 from all parts of the Presidio. "He's
 all right," said everybody but Sutton, who
 started to run again for the gate. The
 men took after him, stoned him and
 finally landed him on a Union street-car
 with impact enough to smash the door.
 No charges will be brought.

The Oregon volunteers paid for their
 beds tonight in down-town lodgings
 and the morning was broken this

afternoon and everything is boxed, ready
 for shipment tomorrow when, the boys
 will bid good-bye to Presidio fogs and
 San Francisco hospitality.
 Between noon and 3 o'clock today
 \$160,000 was paid to the men in final set-
 tlement for their services. They became
 civilians upon signing the payroll.

The Happy Farmer.
 The farmer is a happy man
 (Sometimes).
 He lays a wealth and dollars up,
 And dimes.
 He has no cares to worry him
 Or fret
 His soul, because he never is
 In debt.
 When he is hungry, all he has
 To do
 Is to go out and blithely dig
 A few
 Potatoes, or to pick some fresh
 Green peas.
 His life is full of simple joys
 Like these.
 He sees the sunrise nearly ev-
 ery day.
 He does not have to think about
 His dress;
 He gets along with one good suit,
 Or less.
 His wife so seldom has to go
 In town
 She only needs to have one ging-
 ham gown,
 And he is never tortured with
 The blues,
 Because the children never need
 New shoes.
 Oh, life is just one round of joy
 And fun
 To farmers. How I wish that I
 Were one!
 I'd blithely lay the dollars up,
 And dimes
 Just as the happy farmer does
 (Sometimes).

City Parson—Going to have the hay
 fever this year?
 Country Parson—No. My congrega-
 tion can't afford it.

MICA AXLE GREASE
 It's easy to
 haul a big
 load up a
 big hill if
 you grease
 the wagon
 wheels with
MICA Axle Grease
 Get a box and learn why it's the
 best grease ever put on an axle.
 Sold everywhere. Made by
STANDARD OIL CO.

Returning Good for Evil.
 "I came upon a couple of boys fight-
 ing on the street the other day," said the
 portly man, as he laughed at the recol-
 lection. "They were both smeared over
 with eggs and were fighting like a cou-
 ple of young wildcats.
 "As a usual thing I do not believe in
 interfering with quarrels among children
 believing that it is better to let them
 fight it out and settle their differences in
 their own way.
 "But they were fighting so fiercely
 and were using such bad language that I
 thought it best to separate them.
 "Getting hold of their collars I pulled
 them apart and demanded an explana-
 tion.
 "He threw a rotten egg at me!"
 shouted the younger of the two as he
 struggled to get at the other boy again.
 "This was undoubtedly a fact, as the
 boys clothing was a strong testimonial
 to the point in evidence.
 "Tut, tut," said I, "you should have
 returned good for evil."
 "I did he sobbed the reaction having
 set in. The one I threw at him was a
 good one."
 "What's the matter?" inquired the
 visitor at Paris. "I never saw the
 streets so quiet and orderly."
 "Ah, monsieur," answered the profes-
 sional agitator. "These are indeed trou-
 blous times. The mob has gone on a
 strike."
 "I haven't always been down in the
 world," said the mendicant.
 "No?" queried the approached, sympa-
 thetically.
 "No, sir; onct I wuz a balloonist."
 When Aguinado was a small boy, so
 the story goes, it was one day discover-
 ed that a cherished mahogany tree
 seventeen feet in diameter, had been cut
 down.
 "I cannot tell a lie!" Anguinado's
 said to have at once exclaimed. "I did
 it with my little hatchet.
 This illustrates the great difficulty
 of being the father of a hot country.
 Mrs. Wiggles—What are they going to
 be divorced for?
 Mr. Waggles—Because they can't
 agree.
 Mrs. Wiggles—Can't agree! Why,
 what did they expect?
 Father—I don't like that young Fresh-
 leigh that comes to see you so much late-
 ly. Mildred, I want you to be careful
 not to give him the least encouragement.
 Daughter—Encouragement! I guess
 you don't know George Freshleigh, pa-