

Twins.

Born, this (Thursday) morning, to the wife of Mr. Ed. Fitzpatrick, twins, boys. The doctor says they're bouncers.

Commissioner's Court.

The board of county commissioners met on Wednesday with County Judge G. W. Sappington and Commissioner Chas. Ray in attendance.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the court that C. A. Hansen had been assessed to a high 1 on the 1898 tax roll, he was reimbr in the sum of \$3.69 the clerk having to draw a warrant for that amount.

In matter of the petition of M. T. Chance for a change and vacation of the county road, the report of the viewers of damages was approved and road ordered open. In respect to the claim of Jessie V. Emburn for damages, the viewers report that the lands of said claimant would not be rendered less valuable by reason of the location and vacation of parts of said road. It was ordered that the supervisor of road district No. 2, through which said road runs, do cause said road to be opened.

In the matter of the petition of H. M. Farmer for the alteration of a county road, the viewers report of damages approved and road ordered open. The viewers report stated that the lands of Edward Senke, deceased, and Otto Walthers, would not be rendered less valuable by reason of the alteration, and allowed no damages, but in the case of H. H. Hays they allowed \$150. It was ordered that the road supervisor of that road district through which said road lies cause the same to be opened.

In the matter of the petition of L. Parish for the alteration of the county road, viewers report of damages approved and road ordered open. The viewers reported that the land of Mary Reiser Aclay would not be rendered less valuable by reason of alteration and that no damages be allowed. It was ordered that the road supervisor road district No. 1 through which said road lies cause the same to be opened.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Lists various individuals and their respective payments or salaries, such as Homer Mason, salary for September, \$133.33.

Notice to Taxpayers.

The law requires that each male between the ages of 21 and 50 years living within the county shall pay a poll tax of one dollar (\$1.00) at the time of assessment, and if not so paid to be reported to the sheriff of the county, with added costs for collection, at once.

That there may be no cause for complaint, I ask that each person liable to poll tax that has not been paid for the year 1899, to pay by the first Monday in November, 1899, as the list will be turned in to the Sheriff of Tillamook County, Oregon.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 30th day of October, 1899, and from day to day thereafter as the law provides, the County Board of Equalization will attend at the Office of the County Clerk of Tillamook County, Oregon, in Tillamook, Oregon, and publicly examine the assessment rolls and correct all errors in valuation, description or qualities of land or other property, and all persons interested in said assessment are hereby requested to appear at said time and place for the purpose of correcting any errors that may appear in their assessment, as no error can be corrected after the sitting of said board.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All taxes that are unpaid for the years of 1886, 1897 and 1898, must be settled before November 10th, 1899.

For Sale, Stock of Goods.

I will sell my entire stock of goods at cost. Call and see my prices. Lower than can be found elsewhere in the county.—Geo. W. PHELPS, Netarts.

Pay Up.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle immediately, as I must have money.

Geo. W. PHELPS, Netarts, Or.

HOTEL PERSONALS.

Larsen House. Bay City—W. Woods. Nehalem—H. B. Karr and W. W. Jacobs.

San Francisco—Wm. Wolff. Garibaldi—W. H. Griffith. Barnegat—E. M. Porter. Blaine—J. Moon and D. Moon. Maneta—A. F. Stillwell. Cloverdale—J. H. Dawson. Monmouth—L. O. Stockman. Netarts—C. E. Wiley. Newberg—G. E. Gohnson. Cloverdale—Chas. Roy. Hancock, Minn.—N. C. Johnson. Portland—A. W. Drummond.

Allen House. Nehalem—J. Lyons, Rica Kabbie. Astoria—John Kopp, John Kopp, Jr., Bill Wije, Ed. Shamley, J. Lyons, H. A. Walker, H. E. Perchen, D. Martian, W. G. Howell, L. Larsen.

Jonesville, Kansas—J. H. Jones. Yaquina—Dr. Tatom. Buffalo, N. Y.—W. M. Wert, P. Hasselbory. Beaver—A. W. Bunn, N. Moon, C. Mills.

Garibaldi—R. P. York. Corvallis—Louis Lason. Trask—C. O. Erickson, D. Curtis. Burkon, Cal.—W. M. Pratt. Fendall, Cal.—A. Edwards. Buley Creek—J. Crawford. Hobsonville—W. D. Harris, S. Bymun. San Francisco—F. Miller, J. J. Anderson, C. H. Coiran. Chicago, Ill.—A. W. Sellis. Portland—W. H. Phelen.

The Tillamook. Spokane—E. C. Clement. Buley Creek—C. D. Ward. Greenville—L. H. Watkins and Thos. Baker.

Portland—W. W. Harris and D. Shockeyford. Nehalem—Jim Tone, Mike Lyons, D. Chisholm, A. Davidson, F. R. Steinhauer. Forest Grove—Miss D. Dimis. Trask—Carl Grayson. Blaine—W. W. Bays.

NETARTS.

Mr. Frank Elliot, of Tillamook, was at Netarts, Sunday.

Sid Anderson and Clarence Tilden, of Tillamook, passed through Netarts Sunday with a load of freight for the Light house at Cape Mears.

Marvine and Chas. Hodged and Chas. Dansfield went to the hub on business last week.

Ed Moren and family, of South Prairie, spent Saturday and Sunday on the beach.

J. H. Bush, of the Netarts Bay Lumber Co., left for San Francisco on the steamer Luella.

Mrs. W. C. O'Hara left for Portland, where she will spend a month visiting with her children.

James Kodad went to the Nehalem to work in Himpel & Wheeler's saw mill.

Mr. D. R. Hurlburt's family, of Cape Mears lighthouse, have moved back on their ranch on Netarts bay to reside.

It is this: That she and the president have never lived beyond their "coffee money."

Mr. D. R. Hurlburt, of Cape Mears lighthouse, was at Netarts Sunday.

Will Everman, of Tillamook, has been hauling the oil from Tillamook to the lighthouse the past week.

Geo. W. Phelps has been on the sick list for four or five days, but is able to be about again.

Mr. Frank Worthington went to the lighthouse with a load for Mr. Boyington.

During the late storm the telephone line between Netarts and Tillamook went down, but Mr. Phelps was soon on hands and had it up and in good order.

BARNEGAT.

The steamer Irene made three trips to Barnegat last week.

George Johnson and Jack Percell were here last week and finished hauling logs for the Truckee Lumber Co., and left for Tillamook.

Miss Belle and Charles May are visitors at Cape Mears.

The well known J. Densley, of East Garibaldi, was at Barnegat last week.

Bert Biggs made a flying trip to the hub last Sunday.

H. M. Sampson came down on the steamer Wednesday to visit his old home and friends. Glad to see him again.

A. W. Quick thinks of leaving for his home at Blaine Monday.

BEAVER.

Delightful weather. Still they marry and more to follow shortly.

Elder Bell, of Portland, held quarterly meeting last Sabbath. His sermons were appreciated by all. He was accompanied by Rev. Bossman, of Philomath, who led the song service. They both go from this place to Tillamook.

Beaver is having her share of emigrants. Three families, friends of Mr. Kineman's, from Missouri, and a Mr. Farley and family, from Kansas, have settled here the past few weeks. There is more government land left that would make good sheep and goat ranches or to grow fruit.

Mrs. Dora Daniels is at present visiting at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mills and others.

W. T. West's hotel since receiving a new coat of paint, looks inviting. Mrs. Bester is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mr. W. T. West, at present.

WIFE OF OOM PAUL.

Husband Worth \$25,000,000; She Does the Cooking and Makes the Beds.

Mrs. Kruger, wife of the president of the Transvaal republic, is unhandsome, reports the Philadelphia Press. She is also economical, though her famous husband has a capital of \$25,000,000.

She is so rich that it would take the greatest effort to spend this income, invested as their capital is, in great paying interests. To do this she would have to live in almost barbaric splendor, but, bless you, she even does her own cooking.

It is probable that her acute, subtle husband approves of her style of living. If he objects no one returning from that far land has ever heard of it. It is more than probable that by just such thrifty methods Mr. Kruger himself rose into his present eminence.

But think of it! The income of \$25,000,000 and to do one's own cooking!

To fuss and fume and fret and stew over a boiling stove in a hot, hot land rather than spend the money on a maid!

And not only to cook, for it is whispered—and loudly in tourist and English circles in Africa—that she very often takes a hand in the washing and that she scrubs and rolls the clothes with the skill and strength of the best of them.

She also insists upon making her own beds. This may be because "the Kruger" needs an untroubled pillow, a sheet without a wrinkle, to ease him from the arduous duties of scheming to make empires and millions, but if she does the rest of the hard work it is probable she makes the bed also to save the penny—or whatever the money is in that land.

When her husband has state guests to dinner this is, indeed, the time the good women shines; here she shows the stuff of which she is made and does honor to her millions and her position as wife of the president.

Not at the foot or the head of the table, but in passing the dishes. To no butler will she ever trust so great a responsibility. These might be a slip, a mi hap, that she could not guard against. So, stinging and splendid, with large white apron over her capacious form, she waits on each guest.

"Surely," she argues, "no hostess can take care of a guest better than this." Every plate is then heaped to perfection, each glass kept filled to the brim, no slightest wish from anyone goes unnoticed.

If any one is rash enough to extol to "Auntie" Kruger, as everyone calls her, the glories of her wealth and the immense amount of monthly pocket money she has to control she will teach that person a secret, one of which she is proud, one in which she glories.

It is this: That she and the president have never lived beyond their "coffee money."

A Warning To Boys.

The small boy stole his neighbor's grapes. His sin Did not impress him overmuch. A grin O'erspread his freckled face As he Broke bunches off and gobbled them In glee.

He ate, and ate, and ate, and ate. And all the time this wicked boy was great.

He did not think how wrong it was To swipe His neighbor's grapes before they were Half ripe!

But oh! before the clock struck twelve That night, That wicked boy was pale as chalk With fright He realized at last how very great A sin It is to steal, though it be but A pin.

For awful gripes his stomach filled With woe. And he ejaculated: "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

The moral is—now heed it, boys!—"Don't swipe Your neighbor's grapes—at least until They're ripe."

Autumn.

O the wheat is wearing whiskers And the corn is wearing silk, And the stocks are waving tassels all so fair.

And the berries blush for pickers, And the crows give butter milk, And the thistle down is floating in the air.

And the argus-eyed new tater Is a peepin' from the hill, And the flax says, won't you twist me into twine?

And the ghost-dust covered miller Is a grinding at the mill, And the punk'n is a-pullin' at the vine.

And once more 'tis Indian summer For the weather's smoky blue, And the little ones are swinging on the gate.

The melon and the cucumber Are both making much ado,

And the office-seeker's seeking o'er the state. And we hear the loud exhorters. For 'tis now campaigning time.

And the chickens are a-laying very low, And the harvest moon gives quarters To all those without a dime, And lovers stroll where gentle breezes blow.

And Jack Frost his nest has feathered, And the squirrels are in glee, And the thrasher's hum is heard throughout the land,

And the nuts will soon be gathered, And we'll have a husking bee, And nature's music beats the Bossa band.

And the cider press is grinding All the nectar from the fruit, And the farmer takes his swine unto the fair,

And we see the gourd a-climbing, While the prices follow suit, And the thistle down is floating in the air.

An Old-Fashioned Maiden.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I go for a walk, good sir," she said; "Fresh air they tell me, 's the road to health."

And that I must keep on my way to wealth." "What is your fortune my sensible maid?" "My fortune's my molding-board, sir," she said;

"Fashion the choicest of pies and cakes— And better ones, people say, nobody makes!"

"And what is your faith, my rich young maid?" "The faith of my fathers, sir," she said; "The creed that made them loving and true"

Is the creed that I shall hold my whole life through." "Ah, well, I will marry you, wise young maid!"

"Indeed you will not, good sir," she said; "Of wealth and religion I've none to spare— Since 'tis those you seek you must look elsewhere!"

"The man I shall marry, for love will wed— So I bid you a very good day!" she said.

The Old Man's Dreams.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy! Give back my twentieth spring! I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy Than reign a graybeard king.

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age! Away with learning's crown! Tear out life's wisdom page And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream From boyhood's front of flame! Give me one giddy, reeling dream Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer And, calmly smiling, said: "If but touch thy silvered hair, Thy hasty wish hath sped."

"But is there nothing in thy track To bid thee fondly stay While the swift seasons hurry back To find the wished-for day?"

Ah, trust soul of womankind, Without thee what were life? One bliss I cannot leave behind; I'll take—my precious—wife!

The angles took a sapphire pen And wrote in rainbow dew, "The man would be a boy again And be a husband, too!"

"And is their nothing yet unsaid Before the change appears? Remember all their gifts have fled With these dissolving years."

Why, yes for memory would recall My fond paternal joys. I could not bear to leave them all; I'll take my girls—and—boys.

The silent angel dropped his pen—"Why, this will never do; You cannot be a boy again And be a father, too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke The household with noise— And wrote my dream when morning broke To please the gray-haired boys.

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any debts or contracts entered into or incurred on account of any of my interests in Tillamook county, by any person whatsoever, unless the same be authorized in writing by me.

SAMUEL ELMORE.

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.

FOR TILLAMOOK RESOURCES.

SEE THE Illustrated and Descriptive Special Edition OF The Tillamook Headlight.

PRICE - - 10c. Each. Wrapped for mailing and on sale at the Headlight Office, Tillamook City, Or.

PIG WITH A BROKEN LEG.

An Indiana Woman's Effort to Have Her Queer Pet's Injured Member Stal.

The physicians at the city dispensary have all sorts of patients, but a new record was made the other day says the Indianapolis News, when a woman brought a pig there with its leg set. She drove up in a carriage and exhibited a five-weeks-old pig with a broken leg, and entered into negotiations to have the injured member repaired.

While she was talking she paused ever and anon to hold a milk bottle to the little sufferer's mouth, to stop its pitiful cries.

Dr. Kennedy informed her that it was not in their regular line to practice on pigs, but the case might be taken—for consideration. Dr. Pink asked her why she did not go to a veterinary surgeon and she said he would charge too much for the work. Dr. Pink offered to set the limb for 50 cents.

"Oh, you're awful high," the woman almost screamed. "I studied medicine myself, and have an idea of what you ought to charge. I'll give you a quarter."

But Dr. Pink would not come down and the woman finally consented to pay the price. The doctor was about to begin the operation, and had given the pig's leg a preliminary pull, which made the bottle again necessary, when the woman was struck with an idea.

"I suppose you guarantee your work," she said. "I think so much of the little fellow, and I want to know that his leg won't be crooked when he gets well."

Dr. Pink would not agree to guarantee the job without additional pay. He informed the woman that it would cost an additional dollar to guarantee it. This almost caused the woman to faint, and as soon as she could recover from the shock, she grabbed the reins and drove away.

EMANCIPATED WOMAN.

She Is Found in Italy as Well as in the United States—How She Works There.

Though in Italy the so-called "emancipation" of women is by no means so far advanced as in England or the United States, there are few countries in Europe where the political influence of women is greater than in Italy. The influence, though great, is not, however, always apparent, for it is chiefly exercised indirectly and privately by the women of the upper classes.

Instead of forming themselves into associations and leagues and international unions and organizations and competing with political orators, the Italian women interested in political work quietly, and certainly not less efficaciously than their more "emancipated" sisters.

As a rule, Italian women work by means of the old French expedient, the salon. In Rome alone there are no fewer than a dozen salons devoted almost entirely to the discussion of political topics. Each salon has its own political "color," which is generally that of the husband or father or friends of the mistress of the house; but while the thread and web of the politics carried on in a salon is spun and woven by the men who frequent it, the personal influence of the mistress of the house sets on each one of her guests, modifying views, and softening, or it may be accentuating, the roughness of ambition. As long as they remain in their salon Italian political women are in every way admirable.

BEES IN HIS HUNTING COAT.

Pockets Full of Honey for a Soldier When He Came Home from the War.

Asa Witham, a farmer of Blanchard, Me., has been a member of the Dover company, Maine volunteer militia, for two years, and is counted one of the best marksmen in his regiment. Last May when he was waiting for the government to call the troops to Augusta he went out one afternoon and shot six rabbits. On his return a messenger met him in the doorway and told him he must take the next train for the state capital. As his hunting coat was wet with the blood of the rabbits he hung it up on the limb of an apple tree, remarking that it would be well washed by the time he returned from the war.

Witham was mustered in and went to Chickamauga, where he was on duty every day until a month ago, when his regiment was ordered back to Augusta.

He was sent home on a month's furlough. Being somewhat exhausted from a continuous diet of hardtack and bacon, he thought he would try his luck at partridge shooting by "tre setting down to farmwork. The canvas coat was hanging from the limb in the orchard, but when Witham went to put it on he found that it was already occupied by a swarm of bees, which had taken possession of the garment during his absence. With the aid of a sulphur smudge fire he expelled the insects, and secured 22 pounds of white comb honey.

A Queer Verdict.

Upon the Isle of Man, where sheep-stealing is evidently a serious offense, John Dixon was recently sentenced to three years' imprisonment for it. The exact words of the jury were: "Not having satisfactorily accounted to the minds of the jury for the possession of the sheep, we find the prisoner guilty." What puzzles the lawyers is this: Can a man be legally jailed on such a verdict?

Otter Is a Speedy Swimmer.

The otter is the fastest swimming quadruped known. In the water it exhibits an astonishing agility, swimming in a nearly horizontal position with the greatest ease, diving and darting along beneath the surface with a speed equal, if not superior, to that of many fishes.

POWER IN WATER.

How a Little Mountain Brook in New York State Is Made to Give Up Light and Power.

The ease with which small streams of water can be turned to account for supplying electric light and power is well illustrated in an installation which has been completed at a sanitarium in the heart of the Sullivan county mountains, where a saving in fuel would naturally be of exceptional desirability. A brook which flows through the property is part of the headwaters of the Delaware river. It has a fall of 70 feet on the estate, but it is at best an exceedingly small stream. In order to get the water stored it was necessary to build a dam 250 feet across and 20 feet high. This made a basin of nearly a mile in area, and holds water enough to run the entire plant 52 days without rain. The dam was built entirely of stone hewn on the site. The sanitarium consists of six large frame buildings, built on various hills, and included in a radius of half a mile. Not only are all these buildings generously lighted within, but the grounds and walks are studded with 100-hour long-burning arcs, and the tourist coming suddenly on this distant mountain nook could imagine himself in a city suburb. The plant is running so successfully that it would seem worth the while of any large institution or other requiring light and power to investigate any water-power no matter how unpretentious—in the vicinity. Such an installation as that mentioned should, with ordinary management, very quickly pay for itself in the saving of fuel and other advantages.

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES.

A Recent Visitor Says That an Irishman Occupies It, and Will Not Admit Visitors.

While waiting a few minutes for my train, regretting that I could not give a day to Salem, but must reserve it for a later pilgrimage, says a correspondent of the Chicago Post, I talked to a droll, pessimistic expressionman standing by the tunnel which rushes up from the center of the street. In this very shadow of venerable grayness he recommended the Marine museum as the feature of the place. He said Witch Hill was nothing but rocks and tenement houses.

Hawthorne's house is lived in by Pat Wight and is a shabby front, with little paint left upon it. The tenant will not let tourists in, declaring that he would be tormented to death if he did. He turned away 25 college people in a body. It must have done Pat's soul good to shut out so much learning.

"The very last lot that he did let in," explained the expressionman, "told him he had no business to eat in the same room that Hawthorne ate in."

"Now, that settles it," said Pat. "Not another mother's son sets foot in my door to tell me where to eat."

"Yes, sir," continued the expressionman, "you can see the house where the witeles were tried, and you can see the house of the seven gables, but there's not much to it except the seven gables."

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

He Discourses Somewhat Interestingly on the Children's Joy of Swinging on the Gate.

"On the occasion of a recent visit to a smaller city," said the middle-aged man, according to the New York Sun, "I was, as I watched a youngster swinging on a gate, almost startled by the reflection that in such cities as our own most children never know what it is to swing on a gate, for the simple reason that they have no gates here to swing on."

"But in smaller cities and towns every boy swings on the gate. I remember very well swinging on the gate when I was a boy. We used to open the gate as wide as it would go and stand as near as possible to the outer edge of it so as to get the longest possible swing, and then step up and let it go. The latch would snap over the holder on the gate post as we swung past, and then we'd swing back and so on, back and forth, the number of times depending on the weight of the child. Now infrequently two children would swing on the same gate; a perilous and exciting experience for them, if they were little folks, and one that they enjoyed hugely. But while it was fun for the children, it was bad for the gate. Only the most robust and well-constructed gate could stand it, and even such gates finally came, with the rest, to sag. The sagging gate marked a house blessed with children."

Victoria's Pagoda.

It is not generally known that at Osborne there is a garden cottage in the shape of a pagoda, where none may enter except her majesty. This cottage holds nothing but mementoes of the late prince consort and relics of the queen's youth, as well as the toys and games of all her children, many of which the prince consort made himself for he was no mean carpenter. There are also here wonderful fishes caught by the duke of Coburg in Canadian seas, birds and tigers shot by the prince of Wales while in India, a mummy case brought from Egypt and other precious curiosities that are dearly prized by the queen, who visits this family museum every day while at Osborne and sits among the remains of her own and her children's youth.

Gladstone Wept.

Mr. Gladstone during the delivery of one of his great orations concerning the Bulgarian atrocities was so carried away by his feelings that tears coursed down his cheeks, and the flow of his eloquence was arrested for a few minutes so that he might recover his composure.