

Real Estate Transfers.

Fred Leinenweber et al to S. Elmore, quit claim deed.

Edwin Hobson, et al, to Mary H. Leinenweber, quit claim deed.

U. S. to Jim Hansen, duplicate receipt for W 1/2 of Sw 1/4, Se 1/4 of Nw 1/4 and lot 3 of sec. 3, tp. 2 N, R. 8 W.

U. S. to Niels Jensen, duplicate receipt for lot 1 of sec. 3, lot 4 and Sw 1/4 of Nw 1/4 of sec. 2, tp. 2 N, R. 8 W.

U. S. to Jim Hansen, lot 4, Sw 1/4 of Nw 1/4 and W 1/2 of Sw 1/4 of sec. 4, tp. 2 N, R. 8 W.

State of Oregon to J. Johnson, E 1/2 of E 1/2 of sec. 9, tp. 2 N, R. 8 W.

Jim Hansen, et al, to Frank Patton, various tracts in Tillamook county.

U. S. to Wm. M. Watrons, W 1/2 of Se 1/4 and E 1/2 of Sw 1/4 of sec. 26, tp. 3 N, R. 6 W.

U. S. to John E. Wakeman, W 1/2 of Ne 1/4 and W 1/2 of Se 1/4 of sec. 27, tp. 3 N, R. 6 W.

J. R. Eldredge to Chas. F. Murphy, lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 of sec. 6, tp. 2 S, R. 8 W.

Shelly M. Bagley to James Hughey, three acres in tp. 1 S, R. 9 W.

U. S. to Dehlah Hamlin, duplicate receipt, Se 1/4 of sec. 8, tp. 2 S, R. 7 W.

U. S. to Sarah E. Jenkins, duplicate receipt Sw 1/4 of Nw 1/4, W 1/2 of Sw 1/4 and Se 1/4 of Sw 1/4 of sec. 8, tp. 2 S, R. 7 W.

U. S. to Harry Hugill, duplicate receipt, S 1/2, Nw 1/4, Ne 1/4 of Sw 1/4 and Nw 1/4 of Se 1/4 of sec. 34, tp. 1 S, R. 7 W.

U. S. to Leon V. Jenkins, duplicate receipt W 1/2 of Sw 1/4, Se 1/4 of Sw 1/4 and Sw 1/4 of Se 1/4 of sec. 34, tp. 1 S, R. 7 W.

Dehlah Hamlin to Erik Sjolseth, Se 1/4 of sec. 8, tp. 2 S, R. 7 W.

Sarah E. Jenkins to Erik Sjolseth, Sw 1/4 of Nw 1/4, W 1/2 of Sw 1/4 and Se 1/4 of Sw 1/4 of sec. 8, tp. 2 S, R. 7 W.

Harry Hugill to Erik Sjolseth, S 1/2 of Nw 1/4, Ne 1/4, Sw 1/4 and Nw 1/4 of Se 1/4 of sec. 34, tp. 1 S, R. 7 W.

Leon V. Jenkins to Erik Sjolseth, W 1/2 of Sw 1/4, Se 1/4 of Sw 1/4 and Sw 1/4 of Se 1/4 of sec. 34, tp. 1 S, R. 7 W.

Jacob Pesterfield, et ux, to Emel Hellebuyck, bond for deed for 28 acres in sec. 12, tp. 1 S, R. 10 W.

Tillamook Lodge, No. 57, A. F. and A. M., to Emily B. Stewart, lot 2, block 7, town of Lincoln, in Tillamook city.

North Pacific Church Extension Society to Mrs. E. B. Stewart, lot 8, in block 7, town of Lincoln, in Tillamook City.

In The Country In The Fall.

They are hauling in the buckwheat
From the field upon the hill,
And the swollen stream is rearing
O'er the dam below the mill;
The ripened nuts are falling,
And the hungry peacocks calling
For the breakfast that the gander grabbed away,
While the squirrels gayly chatter
As if nothing were the matter,
And the gobbler's getting fatter
Every day.

The colts are in the pasture
And the cows wind o'er the lea;
All the swaying limbs are naked
Where the green leaves used to be;
The housewife, all a-flutter,
Stirs the bubbling apple butter,
With the wood smoke in her nostrils and her eyes;
On the line the wash is gleaming,
On the steps the dog is dreaming,
And above, a hawk is screaming
As it flies!

The glossy quail is resting
On the weather beaten log,
And the huntsman from the city
Stumbles down through brake and bog
Over roots and over boulders,
With a pair of aching shoulders,
He goes trudging with his fifty-dollar gun,
Always to his purpose cleaving,
Never halting, never grieving,
But contentedly believing
It is fun.

The farmer's rosy daughter
Helps the busy hired man;
They are husking corn as blithely
And as briskly as they can;
They are very near together
As they husk and wonder whether
There are red ears they shall chance to find or not;
She is looking out to see one,
He is hoping he may "Tree one,"
But there doesn't seem to be one
In the lot.

A subtle charm enfolds them
As they tear the husks away;
There is music in the cackle
Of the hen up in the hay;
Now she hears his exclamation
And is full of perturbation,
For at least—at least—the lucky ear is found!
Flashes mount into their faces
He the happy chance embraces—
And she giggles as he chases
Her around.

Oh, the farmer's lot is happy,
And the farmer's dreams are sweet,
If there's money in his pockets
And his hens are full of wheat—
Free from all the city's clamor
He may live defying grammar,
And the leaves that fall serve not to make him sad!

Having cleared up all his labors,
Fearing naught from friendships or sabers,
He plays checkers with the neighbors
And is glad.

Since Pa Went Into Politics.

I bet there ain't a family
That's flyin' half as high as we,
An' slingin' airs at every turn
With money in the house to burn.
We're living now in scrumptious style,
An' ma says o'n with a smile
They ain't none of us got no kicks
Since pa got into politics.

When he was pore an' had to work,
To make a livin', like a Turk,
He used to say this 'ol' world were
A vain delusion and a snare!
It tuk all he could scrape an' get
To feed an' dress us, but you bet
He isn't in that orful fix
Since he got into politics.

He says the man that labors is
A clump that isn't onto his biz,
An' hasn't sense 'nuff in his brains,
To chase him indoors when it rains.
He used to be that way, but tuk
A tumble, an' the best o' luck
Falls his way like a thousan' bricks
Since he went into politics.

He's wearin' clothes that's mighty ripe
An' smokes seggars 'stead of his pipe,
An' gets shaved at the barber's where
They squirt bumsquintum on his hair.
He talks about combines an' rings
An' fusion and some other things,
An' says he's onto all their tricks
Since he got into politics.

Pa used to be a Christian, and
Could sing an' pray to beat the band
An', jest to guide our footsteps right,
Had fam'ly prayers every night,
But now we're all in bed when he
Comes home at night, an' ma say she
Imagines pious things won't mix
In corjial way with politics.

Ma asked him once if it was right
To help the corporations fight
The hon's 'people, an' he clinked
Some dollars in his hand an' winked,
An' said she mustn't chaw the rag,
'Long as she stands and holds the bag
Whilst he clumps up the tree an' picks
The golden plums o' politics.

War Song of the Boers.

The hardy Boer now singeth,
As to his feet he springeth,
A song that's full of ragged, jagged
Rumble, rant and roar.

He loads his trusty rifle—
This wondrous, cumbersome melody—the
war song of the Boer:

"Waa hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vrieheidsviag,
Ous vijande is weggeviag;
Nou blink'n blijer dag."

It look like barb-wire fencing,
With broken glass commencing;
It tangles, jangles, mangles—then it
wrangles on once more.

It cannot be unraveled,
Once from his throat it's traveled—
This triple-twisted, double-fisted war
song of the Boer:

"Waa hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vrieheidsviag,
Ous vijande is weggeviag;
Nou blink'n blijer dag."

It helps us to determine
What our own General Sherman
Meant when he said that war was like
a place that has a floor

That's paved with good intention—
But not polite to mention—
This awe inspiring rapid-fire war song
of the Boer:

"Waa hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vrieheidsviag,
Ous vijande is weggeviag;
Nou blink'n blijer dag."

No matter how you read it,
You certainly will heed it,
For backward, forward, upside down,
it brings up thoughts of gore.

If it's meant to be joyful,
I must have slipped its trolley—
This shrapnel-worded, pistol-girded
war song of the Boer:

"Waa hoog nou in ons heider lug
Traansvaalse vrieheidsviag,
Ous vijande is weggeviag;
Nou blink'n blijer dag."

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 whomsoever, unless the same be authorized in writing by me.

SAMUEL ELMORE

TWO LIVE PAPERS.

The regular subscription price of THE HEADLIGHT is \$1.50, and the regular subscription price of the Weekly Oregonian is \$1.50. Any one subscribing for THE HEADLIGHT and paying one year in advance can get both the

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Agent for North West School Supply Company, Notary Public. TILLAMOOK, OREGON

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C. E. HAWKE, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. TILLAMOOK, OREGON

Office: Over Todd's Store.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore. October 25th, 1899.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook county, at Tillamook, Ore., on November 27th, 1899, viz:

PIERRE J. HEYVAERT: H. E. 9726, for the Lots 1 and 2, and Ne 1/4 of Sw 1/4, Sec. 11 and Se 1/4 of Sw 1/4 of Sec. 2, Tp. 2 S, R. 9 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Henry Lederer, James Steel, Albert Phelps and William H. Owens, of Tillamook, Ore.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore. October 25th, 1899.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook county, at Tillamook, Ore., on November 27th, 1899, viz:

ALTON L. WHITTEN: H. E. 10777, for the E 1/2 of Sec. 14 and E 1/2 of Sec. 30, Tp. 1 S, R. 7 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Louis Olsen and Fred C. Skomp, of Trask, Ore.; Daniel Murphy and Jerry Murphy, of Tillamook, Ore.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Ore. Oct. 26th, 1899.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

JENNIE BAILEY, of Tillamook, county of Tillamook, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 509 for the purchase of the E 1/2, W 1/2 of Section No. 28, in Township No. 2 S, Range No. 7 W, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Ore. on Tuesday, the 27th day of Jan'y, 1900. She names as witnesses: Charles A. Bailey, John E. Tuttle, W. G. Bailey, Joseph Severance, of Tillamook, Ore. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 27th day of January, 1900.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Josiah Biggs, deceased, and that all persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same to me, duly verified, at the office of A. W. Severance in Tillamook City, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, the first publication being on the 26th day of Oct. 1899.

JOHN A. BIGGS, Executor of the estate of Josiah Biggs, deceased.

FOR

TILLAMOOK RESOURCES, Illustrated and Descriptive Special Edition OF The Tillamook Headlight.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Office: Opposite Court House, TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

CLAUDE THAYER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

(J. J. DALY, OSCAR HAYTER.

DALY & HAYTER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

DALLAS, OREGON.

ROBERT A. MILLER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

Land Titles and Land Office Business a Specialty.

(JAMES MCCAIN, A. W. SEVERANCE.

MCCAIN & SEVERANCE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

A NEW COUP IN DUELING.

The Wounded Honor of a Sicilian Deputy Satisfied After an Unprecedented Fashion.

It was Mark Twain who said that one of the chief dangers of French duellists would be removed if they were compelled to fight in glass cages, which would prevent any possibility of their taking cold. Another danger to duellists appeared not long ago when two Italian politicians attempted to satisfy their wounded honor at a dueling place in Rome that is frequented by the most exclusive fighters. This is a little clump of trees situated in the heart of the Roman Campagna. The trees are thickly branched and grow so close together that the copse is practically impenetrable except by a narrow path that runs through the trees, says the New York Sun.

A Sicilian deputy had been offended by another deputy, and the two met at this spot to fight. Just as they crossed swords the Sicilian deputy uttered a cry and dropped his weapon. He was about to fall, and his seconds rushed forward to support him. No blood was visible at first, but when he was examined signs of a wound were seen on his back. As it was impossible that his antagonist could have struck him in the back, the seconds were astonished upon discovering a wound that had been inflicted apparently by the point of a rapier. An examination showed that a sharp twig from one of the trees had penetrated the deputy's back when he stepped backward to take his position. It was dry and strong and penetrated the linen shirt as well as the skin.

His adversary's seconds expressed the opinion that their principal's honor had been satisfied, and a new coup was added to the list of those known already in the art of dueling.

NEW PIGMENT FOR ARTISTS.

A Rich Color Is Made from the Smut of the Oat and Is of Umbré Tint.

A Scotch artist has discovered that a pigment of great beauty of color and fastness can be made from the smut of the oat, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The color is a deep, rich umbré shade, sometimes approaching sepia in tone. The smut is a fungoid growth, which is often seen in the shape of deep brown or sepia-colored spots on oats and other cereals. Specimens of the pigment painted on paper as a water color have withstood the exposure to direct sunlight for many months, and shown little change in strength of color when subsequently compared with unexposed duplicate specimens. In mild, diffused daylight, the color remains quite fast and unaltered. The brownish-black powder taken from smutty oats is very dry and light in nature, and when moistened with a few drops of alcohol and then mixed with mucilage and water, it can be effectively handled. In its deepest tones it is of a fine sepia shade, deepening to a brown black. When diluted with water or Chinese white it gives pleasing tints of a flat brown, of the pleasant-egg cast. The new pigment has been received with much approval by artists.

THE RUSSIAN GRAIN GROWER.

He Is Subjected to Constant Loss Through the Oppression of Authorities.

Owing to imperfect or expensive transportation the peasant is not in the best position to obtain the full benefits of markets. "The harvest ended, each man brings his grain to market. Hoping to realize a more remunerative price by carrying his produce to a central or larger market, he makes application to travel. Here the factor steps in. In conjunction or in collusion with the local police, obstacles are thrown in his way week after week. Ten, twenty or one hundred are in the same predicament. Finally, with the local station or market glutted with the yield of a county, the factor steps in and agrees to take all the grain in sight for about 25 per cent. below its market value. They have no choice, and thus a crop grown at a cost of 25 per cent. interest (paid to the factor for advances) frequently pays 25 per cent. additional after its maturity." Not only does such a system of handling grain cause loss to the farmer through low prices, but even more through the actual destruction of grain. It is estimated that millions of bushels of grain are lost annually on account of the failure of railways to afford transportation facilities or shelter for grain brought to them for transportation.—Popular Science Monthly.

MOTOR IN HIS NECKTIE.

Novel Form of Jewelry Built by an Electrical Jeweler.

A Texas watchmaker and electrician has built for himself a very effective and novel scarf pin in the form of a tiny electric motor, which, though only weighing one pennyweight three grains, is complete in every detail, and can be operated when supplied with current. This is probably the smallest operative motor in the world. Gold takes the place of copper throughout, and the field magnets, which necessarily have to be of a magnetic material, consist of two thicknesses of a very fine sheet iron scraped down and polished. These are held together with gold screws, and wound in the regulation manner with very fine silk-covered wire. The commutator bars are also of gold, and the smallest of brushes deliver the current to the armature windings. Notwithstanding its minute size this little motor runs at a lively speed and creates quite a hum when supplied with current from a small silver-chloride battery carried in the vest pocket.

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