

THE BIG FIGHT BETWEEN THE BOERS AND THE ENGLISH

Is no Comparison to the Fight we are having with High Prices Right in Our Store in Tillamook City.

Come Over and See us Knock the Bottom Out of High Prices. Our Clearance Sale lasts 30 Days Longer and our Extreme Low Prices will continue until then. Did you see that Line of MEN'S SWEATERS we are SELLING at 65c. They are WORTH TWICE THE MONEY. HATS, SHOES AND CLOTHING AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

The Big Store with the Little Prices. **COHN & CO., the Leading Merchants.**

IN FAVOR OF MR. TONGUE.

[TO EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.]

DEAR SIR,—Your remarks in the last issue of the Headlight favoring the nomination and reelection of Mr. Tongue to congress is timely, and to the point. Surely there exists no reason outside of the Oregonian's biennial hostility to "up country" men, why this should not be done. Tongue has been and is like Hermann, and most of the other "up valley" selections before him, a worker for the general interest of the state, Portland receiving only its prora of attention along with the other points in the state requiring notice.

Portland, speaking through the Oregonian, has raised the cry now of a "40 foot bar and a 30 foot channel" for the Columbia, evidently intending to nominate a Portland man this time, or, if not, possible then, perhaps, will favor Brownell, of Oregon City, which will virtually amount to the same thing, as the latter place is merely a suburb now of the big metropolis lower down. In either case other demands of the state at large will be sacrificed in the interests of the aforesaid "40 foot bar and 30 foot channel." Now we are all, of course, interested, more or less, in this deepening of the Columbia scheme, but at the same time the balance of the state must not be neglected to further the interests alone of any one point in it. Portland would he "no where" without the state, whilst the state, without Portland, would soon be able to construct another Portland, upon which it could safely take chances, that it would be no more selfish than this one.

No, let republicans rally again to Tongue, the people's man, and make no mistake.

REPUBLICAN.

DEATHS.

We regret we have to chronicle the death of Mrs. Ray, wife of Commissioner C. Ray, which occurred on Tuesday last at Cloverdale, in the south part of the county, and the remains were buried the next day. Mr. Ray has the sympathy of the people of the county in his sad bereavement.

John Munroe, an old settler of this county, died at Bay City on Tuesday and the remains were buried today. It is stated that the deceased came to Tillamook in 1875 from Iowa.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,—That the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Tillamook Dairy Association will be held at the Courthouse, in Tillamook City, Tillamook County, Or., on the 26th day of February, 1900, at one o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing three directors, one treasurer, and the transaction of such other business as may come before them.

S. SEVERANCE, Secretary.
Dated Feb. 7th, 1900.

Unless there is some radical change in the plans of the war department, Oregon's brave dead who fell fighting for the flag in the Philippines will not be buried in the soil of their native state they so much honored by their brave career in the Orient. What apparently is the ultimatum of the government on the subject was received by General Summers. The bodies of 64 dead Oregon boys were sent from the Philippines to San Francisco, and are now lying at the Presidio. Governor Geer, on behalf of the state, requested the national government to send the remains to Oregon at the expense of the state. This was refused, with the explanation that the bodies would be turned over to the soldiers' nearest relatives or legal representatives.

NEHALEM.

Mrs. Bloom, and little Onie Himple, who have been dangerously ill, are both somewhat better.

The present somewhat colder weather will be beneficial to fruit trees, which the balmy days had caused to show a tendency to bud.

Steel-heads are running rather slack at present.

Wm. Reddaway with his bride have moved into the residence of N. Drossdoff, and will now be cityites.

High tides put a temporary check on the bridge work at lower town.

Wm. Blackburn and Geo. Cox have cut quite a lot of logs on the south side of the Kinney place.

BOULDER CREEK BUBBLES.

Mrs. Borba, her son Johnny and her little niece, Marie Vincent, were calling on their neighbors who live this side of the river last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Blalock visited at the home of H. L. Jensen, on Saturday.

Mr. Nicklaus went to the hub one day last week.

Miss Millie Jensen and her brother Charles have been visiting their brother for the past few days.

Mrs. C. A. Smith and Mrs. R. Y. Blalock called on Mrs. Della Jensen, last Thursday p.m.

Rev. R. Y. Blalock arrived at the Smith home, Saturday, on his return from Bay City, Fairview, and other points, where he has been holding revival services for some weeks.

Rev. Tresenriter, of Blaine, passed here, last Monday p.m.

Gus Chopard made 300 cedar posts last Wednesday and Thursday. 200 for Mr. Patrick and 100 for R. C. Richards.

Miss Linnie Coulson and Miss Minta Swabb came up from Coulsonburg Sunday, for a visit with their Boulder Creek friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Blalock, accompanied by their brother-in-law Mr. C. A. Smith, started Monday a.m. for their home near Little Nestucca.

The farmers in our vicinity have been improving the "shining hours" while they lasted, by building fences and bridges, burning logs, grubbing, etc.

Mr. Jno. Brady and son Cecil, passed this way Sunday, en route to Coulsonburg.

"Two men went up with their ballots to vote.

The one was a preacher, the other a bloot. The one carried with him the word of his God.

The other a license to sell forty rods. But an angel looked down from above in dismay.

For the ballots they cast, both read the same way."

—E. H. Winslow, in the Searchlight.

BARNEGAT.

Bert Biggs and family visited with friends up the Tillamook river last Sunday.

George Elliott has moved to the Hallock place on the Sand Spit.

Bert Biggs went to the city Saturday.

The steamer Louise came to Barnegat last Sunday with the new assistant lighthouse keeper at Cape Meares.

BEAVER.

Up to this 6th of February this present winter there has not been at any one time enough snow to cover the ground. Leaves are at this date green and fresh on the rose bushes and wild flowers as well as tame ones yet in bloom. No wonder emigrants are coming to Tillamook county from all over this wide world.

W. T. West is preparing to build a new barn.

We are sorry to note that Mr. Farmer, sr., is on the sick list. Neuralgia of the heart seems to be the trouble. Mr. Farmer is one of the oldest pioneers of this county and is the father of Mrs. W. T. West.

Beaver people rejoice to learn that the protracted meetings in Tillamook are still going and with good results.

Miss Abby Coulson is stopping with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mills for the present.

Mr. Thomas Coulson's family one day last week removed back to their ranch at Coulsonburg. Thomas remains at the Hadley logging camp, as engineer on a donkey engine.

Revs. Armstrong and Tresenriter just closed a series of meetings at Blaine with good results.

HEBO.

A. T. Bain has a bran new buggy.

M. C. Kellow made a trip to the valley recently.

N. P. Hansen and L. Jensen have dehorned their cattle.

Lee Nelson recently purchased a horse from Mr. Lowance.

Mr. Lewallen and sons have been making puncheons for the toll road.

Asa Wells went over the mountains from Clear Creek to Three Rivers one day last week.

Rhodes and son are plowing, sowing oats, building fence and otherwise improving their new ranch.

According to the old saw of the ground hog and the 2nd inst., we will have little or no winter from this on.

SANDLAKE.

Sandlakers are out in force, at work on the plank road.

Phin Smith was a caller at T. J. Harris' Sunday last.

Some wreckage has been picked up along the Ocean beach lately.

James Atkinson has considerable garden planted.

Jeff Harris has sold his claim on Salmon river.

J. C. Gove has bought the Sprague place near H. H. Hays'; consideration, \$800.

NETARTS.

Mrs. W. C. O'Hara returned home from Portland last Thursday; where she has been visiting with her children since last October. She says that Tillamook is good enough for her.

Captain Geo. Hunt, of Cape Meares Lighthouse, and the new assistant keeper, was at Netarts one day last week.

Work on the Benseidit road is being pushed as fast as possible, and when finished Netarts will have a good road to the county seat.

The schooner Free Trade, which sailed from here on December 27th, arrived at San Francisco, Jan. 26th, being 30 days on the way.

Pat O'Hara returned home after being absent for 18 months in Eastern Oregon and Washington.

Mrs. C. E. Lederer has been very sick for some time past, but she was taken worse Sunday, and Dr. Wiley, of Tillamook, was called Monday.

Geo. N. Hodgdon, of South Prairie, was on the beach Sunday and Monday.

One of the inexplicable attributes of the feminine nature is its tendency to lionize that which, from its very nature, would seem most repugnant to woman-kind. This contradictory characteristic takes various forms in its expression, but all with the general feature of maudlin sentimentality. This feminine inconsistency was marked, on the occasion of the defense, or defiance, of Brigham Roberts in the halls of congress. The exclusion of the confessed polygamist from a seat in congress was based solely upon his open violation of law, moral and statutory. He had offended against public decency. He had disregarded the sacredness of the marriage rite. The sanctity of the home had been polluted. The popular protest against permitting him to sit in congress was urged in behalf of womankind. Yet when he was accorded the privilege of the house to speak on his own behalf the galleries were filled with women. He did not deny his polygamist life, but sought to excuse it. With his fellows on the floor of congress almost solidly opposed to his admission as one of their number, with the press of the entire country against him, with the storm of public opposition from every section of the land crying against him, it seemed that his position was pitiable, alone as he was, appealing against a unanimous sentiment. He was talking to cold hearers, both within the house and without. Only from the galleries came applause, and that from the women who had crowded there to bear him. A strange spectacle, wasn't it?

WM. GOEBEL IS DEAD.

Assassin's Bullet Ended His Life.

FRANKFORD, Ky., Feb. 3.—The bullet fired by an unknown assassin last Tuesday morning ended the life of William Goebel at 6:45 o'clock this evening. The only persons present at the deathbed were Mr. Goebel's sister, Mrs. Brawnecker, and his brother, Arthur Goebel, of Cincinnati, who have been in constant attendance at Mr. Goebel's bedside, and Dr. McCormack. Justus Goebel, a brother, who has been hurrying from Arizona as fast as steam would carry in a vain hope of reaching his dying brother in time for some token of recognition, arrived 40 minutes too late.

Oxygen was frequently administered to the dying man during the afternoon in an effort to keep the dying man alive until his brothers arrival, but in vain, for by the cruel irony of fate, the train on which Justus Goebel was traveling to Frankford was delayed several hours for various causes, and when Mr. Goebel finally reached here it was only to learn that his brother was dead.

Among bitter partisans of both parties deep grief is manifested, and already a movement has been started to erect a fitting monument for Mr. Goebel's memory on the spot in the statehouse grounds where he was shot.

No arrangements have as yet been made for the funeral. Plunged in grief and locked in the death chamber of their brother, Arthur and Justus Goebel and Mrs. Brawnecker have given no intimation of their wishes, and no arrangements will be made until tomorrow. It is understood that a request will be made on behalf of the citizens of Frankford that Mr. Goebel's last resting place be in the cemetery here, where lie buried Daniel Boone and Vice-President Johnson.

From an early hour this morning until the hour of death, Mr. Goebel's condition grew steadily worse. Shortly before noon, after hypodermic injections of strychnine and whiskey, and after ward of morphine had been given him, Mr. Goebel requested that Captain G. L. Wallace of the Kentucky penitentiary, an intimate friend be sent for, and when the latter came, the two had a short conversation.

"Lew," said Mr. Goebel, "I wish to announce to the world that I do not hold myself in open violation to the word of God."

The hypodermic injections afforded some temporary relief, but the sufferer, for the first time in his long, weary struggle for life, had apparently lost his indomitable courage.

"Doctor," said he, feebly, to Mr. McCormack, who stood at the bedside, "I'm afraid now that I'm not going to get over this."

Dr. McCormack endeavored to cheer the fast-failing man, but the latter soon relapsed into a condition of semiconsciousness. About 1 o'clock he roused himself again, and, calling Dr. McCormack to his side, said:

"Doctor, am I going to get well? I want to know the truth, for I have several things to attend to."

"Mr. Goebel, you have but a few hours to live," replied Dr. McCormack.

Mr. Goebel was silent for a moment, then, calling his brother Arthur to his side, he asked that the physicians and nurses retire. Then the dying man was left with his brother and sister for 20 minutes.

Soon after this he fell into a stupor, and at 2 o'clock his condition was considered so alarming that as a last resort oxygen was given it an endeavor to keep the dying man alive, if possible, until the arrival of his brother, Justus Goebel, from Arizona, who was due shortly after 6 o'clock.

Cordova Wax Candles

Nothing else adds so much to the charm of the drawing room or parlour as the softy radiance of light from CORDOVA Candles. Nothing will contribute more to the artistic success of the interior, less or more. The best decorative candle for the simplest or the most elaborate furnishing—for cottage or mansion. Made in all colors and the most delicate tints by STANDARD OIL CO. and sold everywhere.

No News from South Africa.

London, Feb. 6.—This hoping fearing, doubting nation remains at the mercy of every wild rumor. The impression that Buller's forces are fighting will not die out in spite of the continuous assertions of the war office that it has no news to confirm that belief.

From Cape Town, under today's date, comes the statement that up to this morning nothing has been heard there regarding Buller's recrossing of the Tugela river, while Lord Roberts, in a dispatch dated February 5, reports no change in the situation. In view of the latter's dispatches, it seems hard to credit the circumstantial reports of the engagements of Buller's troops. Common sense now almost inclines toward the decision that these are due to the wish being father of the thought. A supposition upon such a basis is utterly futile. Complete silence from the front and at home may be significant, as the wisecracker aver, but it more probably represents that period of preparation which precedes important movements.

The reports from Colesburg, on conditions, are scarcely more satisfactory. There is inconclusive vagueness regarding General French's reported intention to attack Noryal's Post with an overwhelming force of infantry.

While news of sharp fighting in the neighborhood of Colenso can be fairly expected within a few days, it is not likely it will assume greater proportions than a reconnaissance and skirmish, for the purpose of holding an advanced position of the forthcoming main advance by way of Bloemfontein.

General French is strategically prohibited from running any serious risk.

From Kimberly and Mafeking there is nothing new, so it can be presumed that the intermittent bombardment of those places continues.

According to the Washington correspondent of the Tribune President McKinley has decided not to wait for congress to act upon the matter of replacing the military government by a civil administration in the Philippines, recognizing that much time will be consumed in deliberating over details before any comprehensive plan for the government of the islands can be adopted, and that more than a month will be required after that time for the officials to reach their stations. It has been decided therefore, to send out three, or at most five, commissioners, to establish provisionally the form of territorial government recommended in the report of the Philippine commission, sent to congress.

John D. Rockefeller is no longer president of the Standard Oil Company, of Ohio. This is the parent company of all the widespread Standard interests. Mr. Rockefeller resigned last December, but the facts were kept secret until now. Vice-President McGregor, of New York, has been elected president, and Secretary Squire, of Chicago, vice-president. Mr. Rockefeller, it is said, has been subjected to so many examinations in the various legal proceedings against the company under anti trust legislation that he found the presidency irksome, and hence his resignation. Frank Rockefeller, brother of John D., has resigned the second vice presidency.

Her Mistake.

"There's no use talking," said the senior partner, fretfully, as he laid down the morning paper. "I can't get my wife interested in foreign politics."

"What's the latest instance?" inquired the junior.

"It happened only last night," said the senior. "I said to my wife, 'I notice that the Samoan affair is dreadfully muddled. She smiled at me brightly and replied, 'I don't wonder at it a bit. I was a little startled by her confident tone. 'Don't wonder at all that his affairs should be muddled,' she replied. 'I never could understand how they manage to live so extravagantly on his income. Why, his wife dresses better than I do.' I grasped for breath. 'Hold on, my dear,' I cried. 'Will you kindly inform me what on earth you are talking about?' She looked hurt. 'Why, about Sam O'wen's affair—isn't that what you meant? And I hadn't the heart to tell her it wasn't."

Prattle of the Youngsters.

Little Willie—Say, pa, did you ever have another wife besides ma?

Pa—No, Willie. But why do you ask? Little Willie—The family record in the bible says you married Anna Domini 1877.

"What's an educator, pa?"

"You ought to know, Freddy; one dined with us yesterday."

"Aw, yes, I know; it's a teacher with her Sunday clothes on."

"Say, mamma," said 4-year-old Flossie, who had eaten intemperately of the Christmas dinner, "my sash is just like the window sash."

"Why is it, dear?" asked the mother. "Because it's all around the pain," replied Flossie.

Johnnie—Most folks don't think much of boys, but our teacher is stuck on 'em, I guess.

Mamma—Is that so?

Admiral Dewey, having been re-

quested by the Columbia (Mo.) Herald to decide as to the relative merits of several "Santa Claus" letters submitted to that journal by little folk just before the holidays, selected as the prize winner the epistle of a little girl who wanted "one penny doll, one sheet of green tissue paper, one cream dipper, one set of colored pencils, candy, almonds, pecans, one lunch box, one silk handkerchief and one toy bank. P.S.—One bible." In communicating his decision the admiral said: "The peculiar points of this letter, which, in my opinion, is the best and most characteristic of a girl, are that it is novel and unlike most of the letters; that it is so clear and business-like as to leave no room for misunderstanding the desires of the writer, and that it is characteristic of a female hand in that it contains the inevitable P. S., without which a woman's letter is incomplete."

A Darcy's Delusion.

A story is told about an old southern colored man who came to a watchmaker with the two hands of a clock.

"I want yer to fix up dese hand. Dey ain't kept no correct time for mo' den six muns."

"Well, where is the clock?" responded the watchmaker.

"Out at my house."

"But I must have the clock."

"Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin' de matter wid de clock 'cepting de han's? An hereby be. You jest want de clock so you kin tinker wid it and charge me a big price. Gimme me back dem hands."

And so saying, he started off to find an honest watchmaker.

Saying and Doing.

In the Cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is an old slab with the following inscription:

"Thus speakth Christ our Lord to us: Ye call me Master, and you obey me not; Ye call me Light, and see me not; Ye call me Way, and walk me not; Ye call me Life, and desire me not; Ye call me Wise, and follow me not; Ye call me Fair, and love me not; Ye call me Rich, and ask me not; Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not; Ye call me Noble, and honor me not; Ye call me Mighty, and fear me not: If I condemn you, blame me not."

TWO LIVE PAPERS.

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HEADLIGHT and WEEKLY OREGONIAN

One Year for \$2.25.