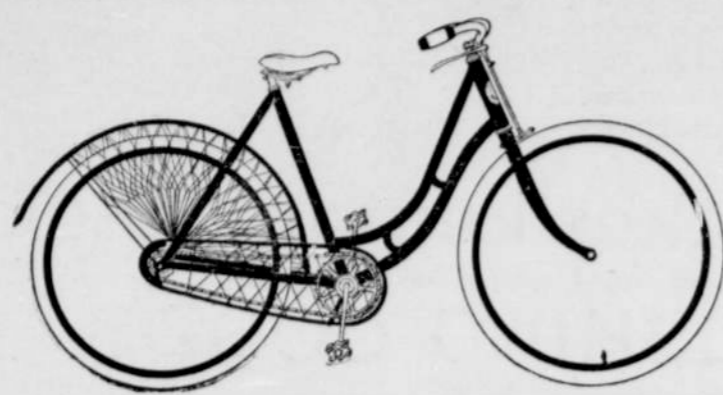
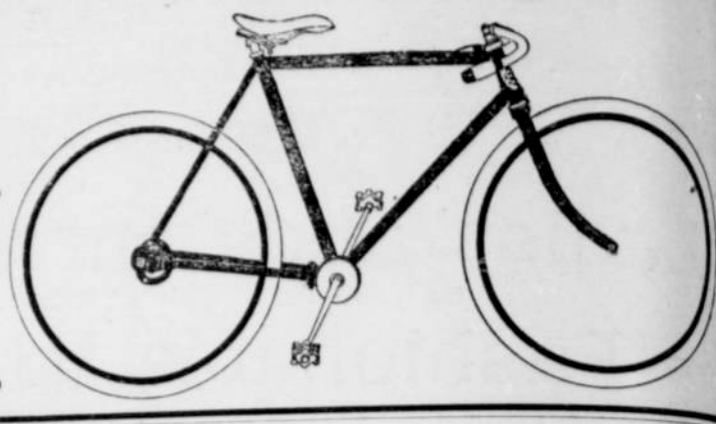


BOYS! It's the COLUMBIA CHAINLESS EVERYWHERE THIS YEAR



BUT WE HAVE Columbias, Hartfords, Clevelands, Stormers And Pennants.

AT PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY'S POCKET. These Bicycles have good Pedigrees, have been the STANDARD for years and years.



B. C. LAMB, Agent, Tillamook, next door to Bank.

NETARTS.

Campers have begun to arrive on the Leich. Sheriff Alderman was at Netarts on Thursday last, transacting some business.

BEAVER.

W. T. West's new barn is nearing completion. Mr. Hembree, of Sand Lake, is taking the census in this precinct this week.

BOULDER CREEK BUBBLES.

Mr. Louis E. Getchell, of Hebo, visited his sister, Mrs. H. A. Chopard last week. Misses Linnie and Ida Nicklans spent Saturday and Sunday with friends at Coulsonburg.

Messrs. George and Elias Branson, of Willamina, have taken a job of slashing for C. A. Smith.

Several people from this vicinity attended Grandma Moon's funeral Saturday.

Will Thun and Manuel Borba took a jaunt up Boulder last Sunday.

C. A. Smith went to Tillamook Tuesday and back Wednesday.

The G. A. 'dowers' residence, occupied by Mr. Gladwill and family, burned to the ground Sunday, together with the household goods and clothes, etc., belonging to the family.

Mrs. Brady and sons and Miss Linnie Nicklans attended church at Wolf Creek school house, Sunday.

Miss Edna Getchell is visiting her sister, Mrs. Grace Chopard.

NEHALEM.

Matt Morrison had the ill-luck to lose a milk cow on Saturday, of clover bloom.

Mrs. H. V. Alley, who has been quite ill, is gradually gaining in health.

The Harrison is expected in with freight, and to take out salmon.

Milton Handy, who recently left for California, has sold his place to a family, who will arrive shortly, and move on to it.

Rail road talk appears to be again the order of the day.

Saturday evening was a pleasant one for Geo. and Harry Pyle. Eighteen couples of their young friends dropped in to help celebrate the joint birthday of the boys.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

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 Register and Receiver, at Oregon City, Or., on July 27, 1900, viz: JOSEPH ALTENBERGER.

Camp Meeting.

Camp meeting at Ocean Park, beginning Friday evening, June 22nd, to continue over two Sundays. The meeting will be conducted by Evangelist M. L. Ryan, of Salem, Or., and other workers.

Points to Watch at Cohn & Co.'s Corner.

New comb honey just in. Another car of that select brand of Golden Rod flour received on last boat. It sells at 75c. a sack.

Married on the Run.

SPokane, Wash., June 10.—O. B. Masterson, a young business man of Rathdrum, Idaho, eloped this morning with Clara, the youngest daughter of W. A. Hart, a wealthy banker of that city.

The irate father has telegraphed he will be hereabout midnight on the next train, and he threatens the life of the groom.

Father Dennis Tighe of Holy Angel's church, who died last week, used to give homely and quaint illustrations in his informal parish lectures.

His favorite stories was about Bridget O'Sullivan. Bridget only came to confession occasionally and when she did she couldn't for the life of her remember any bad things that she had been doing.

"When were you at confession last, Bridget?" queried the father.

"Sure, faether, an' it moight 'ave been last wack!"

"Wasn't it last month, Bridget?"

"Sure, an' it moight 'ave been, faether."

"Do you think it was six months ago?"

"Oi disremimber, faether."

"Do you think it was a year ago?"

"Sure faether, an' it's loike to 'ave been a year ago. But pwhat do yez care, faether, to scowld an old cratur loike me? It's Moike, me husband, that's the bad one. It's three weeks that Moike niver confesses his sins, an' hiven knows his sins in scarlet. He drinks loike a baste, shmokes loike a flue. He swears that bad St. Patrick wad trimble. An' sure, ye should see Moike smash the dishes an' break the furniture an' fling the stove lids and—"

"Six 'Hail Marys' every day for a week, and three fast days, Bridget," said the father.

"Och, faether. Sure, Oi never confessed a sin."

"Yes but you confessed Mike's," said the father quietly, "and as long as you make his confessions for him I think you ought to do the penance, Bridget."

ROBERTS CUT OFF.

Fifteen Hundred Boers Surrendered to Brabant.

LONDON, June 12, 3:30 A. M.—Fifty thousand British troops are within half a hundred miles of the marauding Boers north of Kroonstad, and they are expected, of course, to make short work of them.

A Reuter dispatch from Maseru, dated June 11, 8:33 P. M. says: "Fifteen hundred Boers surrendered to General Brabant today in the Ficksburg district."

Machadodorp has been officially proclaimed as the capital of the Transvaal. A Lourenco Marques dispatch says that the village has swelled into a small city, the majority of the inhabitants living in tents.

An official Boer telegram asserts that the British have been defeated with considerable loss at Donkerspoort, in the southern extremity of the Free State, or Orange River Colony, 10 miles from Norval's Pont. It was thought that this district had been cleared of Boers and rebels long ago.

The Boers still cling to Laeng's Nek, but General Buller's forces are still working far around in that direction. Lord Roberts has wired Cape Town that prior to Wednesday he liberated 151 officers and 3500 men of the rank and file. The Boers, consequently, took off only 950.

Food is scarce at Mafeking, but the railway is nearly repaired. Seventy-two rebels have been arrested in the Vryburg and Mafeking districts. Sixty-five men were marched into Mafeking by two of their late prisoners at Mostia.

All of General Harrington's force landed at Beira a week ago. The organization to invade the Transvaal from the north is already far advanced.

A Boer deserter, who arrived at Maseru yesterday, asserts that 700 Boers participated in the Rulkrantz engagement, that General Olivier was killed and General de Villiers mortally wounded.

The American young women who are nursing in the hospital at Ladybrand have been sighted by the Boer women who are nursing the Boer sick in the same hospital, and have been made the object of unpleasant remarks, because the Americans are nursing the English.

British Loose a Brigade.

LONDON, June 11.—Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, in command of the lines of the communication in South Africa, reports that in the disaster to the British troops on June 7, at Roodeval, where the Boers cut Roberts line of communication, the Fourth Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment were all killed, wounded or made prisoners, except six enlisted men.

Two officers and 15 men were killed and five officers and 72 men wounded, many of them severely. The Boers returned the wounded to the British.

Officers killed were: Lieutenant-Colonel Baird-Douglas and Lieutenant Hawley. The wounded included Colonel Wilkinson and Lieutenant Blanchard, of the Canadian Infantry.

Boers Surrender.

VENTERSPPOORT, June 11.—Two hundred and fifty Boers have surrendered to General Hunter, and the remainder in this district have promised to give up their arms.

The Irishman when called upon to reason out a problem often makes a short cut toward the answer and thereby proves that "brevity is the soul of wit."

One day as Pat, a water-carrier, who supplied the little village with water from the river, halted at the top of the bank, a man, famous for his inquisitive mind, stopped and asked:

"How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"

"Ten years or more, sorr," was the ready answer.

"Ah, yes! How many loads do you take in a day?"

"From tin to fifteen, sorr."

"Ah! Now I have a problem for you. How much water at that rate have you hauled in all, sir?"

Pat promptly jerked his thumb backward toward the river and replied: "All the water you don't see there now sorr."

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

As Viewed in Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The Chinese crisis continues to be an absorbing topic at the foreign embassies and legations in Washington, but the prevailing sentiment is that it will be confined to mob outbreaks, and will not eventuate in any territorial dismemberment involving the various powers. It is pointed out that up to this time the foreign powers have stated most positively that their sole purpose is to restore order and protect their citizens and property, and, while there has been some suspicion of an ulterior motive on the part of some of them, this has not taken form. On the contrary, all the official declarations have disavowed anything more than a restoration of order.

Under the British Admiral.

LONDON, June 11.—A special dispatch from Shanghai, dated to-day, says:

"All the naval forces, except the Russians, are acting under the orders of the British Admiral. It is reported that the head of a foreigner has been seen exposed on a pole northwest of Tien Tsin. The Chinese are fleeing from Pekin and Tien Tsin to Shanghai. There are ominous indications of outbreaks in the Yangtse district. All classes of natives in the north display intense hostility toward foreigners, and the Chinese soldiers point their guns at foreigners as they pass."

LONDON, June 11.—A special dispatch from Tien Tsin says it is reported that the Dowager Empress has fled to the Russian Legation at Pekin.

BERLIN, June 11.—The German Foreign Office has received a dispatch from Pekin, dated Sunday, saying the American mission-house at Tung Chow, the river port of Pekin, has been burned by natives.

The dispatch further says the International Club, outside of the gate of Pekin, has been burned, and that the Belgian secretary of legation was attacked by Chinese soldiers. The Foreign Office interprets the latter news as confirming the serious views taken of the situation, and expresses fear that the German embassy will be next attacked.

The German gunboat Tiger has been ordered to co-operate in quelling the disturbances.

TIENTSIN, June 11.—It is learned that but for the firmness of the United States Consul and Captain McCalla (of the Newark), in charge of the American landing party, and the British Consul, there would have been further delay in dispatching the international guards to Pekin, and the majority of the forces would not have been British.

At a meeting of the Consuls and Commanders of troops last evening, when the necessity for the immediate dispatch of troops was considered, the representatives of two European powers questioned the necessity, and afterward disparaged the idea that the British force should preponderate. The Anglo-Americans, however, insisted and carried their point.

Personal Pointers.

The native Hawaiian party is looming up. It will not affect mainland politics.

San Francisco is hesitating between a bubonic plague scare and a raid on the city treasury.

Greeks meet Greeks in a tug of war in New York City a few days ago, but the police scored and won out.

Boer traps are still in working order. "Don't get gay" would be a good motto for Bobs' advance scouts.

Again the government finds itself compelled to force reluctant creditors to accept payment of its debts.

A twenty-story hotel is projected in Philadelphia. The Quakers are catching on to modern methods of high living.

Admiral Dewey can get almost anything he wants from the American people except a nomination for the presidency and coal at navy prices.

Gentlemen, hats off to Tom Smith of Harlan. He is a gallant member of the tribe and deserves the best of everything on the reservation.

Joaquin Miller, the poet, is down in the San Francisco city directory as "Miller, Joaquin, fruit farmer," which he really is by way of amusement.

President Eliot, of Harvard, will make a tour of the west during the summer and will be the guest at dinner of various Harvard alumni clubs in different cities.

As there seems to be so much doubt whether Newey can be tried in either the

United States or Cuba, how would it do to just let him drop between them?

The tars on the battle ship Texas appear not to have realized that the war is over. They are fighting among themselves and ten courts-martial are now in progress.

Baltimore threatens to erect a municipal ice plant as the only means of escaping the exactions of the ice trust. Why not utilize Gorman or Wellington as a continuous frost?

Secretary Hay's collection of literary manuscripts, which is one of the most valuable in this country, has been added to by a chapter of the original manuscripts, which is one of the most valuable in this country, has been added to by a chapter of the original manuscript of "Quo Vadis."

The "innocent bystander" seems to be quite numerous in stopping stray bullets in St. Louis. Just now is the time for the innocent bystander thereabouts to scotch for the woods.

COULDN'T SAY HIS PRAYERS.

Kansas City Judge Delivers a Sermon on Parental Neglect.

If Page Persons had been able to recite the Lord's prayer in the criminal court, relates the Kansas City Star, it might have saved him several months in jail. Judge Wofford was in a religious mood when he went upon the bench in the criminal court. Page Persons, a saw-toothed boy, was before him on a charge of stabbing a man, and he pleaded guilty and asked the mercy of the court.

"You're guilty, are you?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir."

Person's attorney whispered to the judge and pointed to Person's old father and mother, who were sitting with the crowd in the court room.

"There is your old father and your old mother," said the judge. "They look as if they were very respectable people, but I'll venture the assertion that it is largely their fault that you are here this morning."

The judge leaned over his desk and pointed his pencil at the young man.

"Can you repeat the Lord's prayer?" he asked.

"The what?" inquired the prisoner.

"The Lord's prayer. Did you ever hear it?"

"No, sir."

"You never heard the prayer that begins 'Our Father who art in heaven?'"

"Then your parents haven't done right. They look respectable, but they haven't done their duty to you. It's a disgrace to civilization that a man comes into this court who never heard the Lord's prayer. That's the one prayer of all prayers. All other prayers made by men are as tinkling brass and sounding symbols compared with the Lord's prayer. Every child born into the world ought to be taught the Lord's prayer at his mother's knee. If that was done I would not be kept so busy in this court and wouldn't have to get out of a sick bed to hear cases like yours. If you had just known one petition in that prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation,' and had born it in mind, you would not be here this morning."

"Talk about hereditary criminals," continued the judge. "When I hear a man arguing that there is such a man on earth as a hereditary criminal I want to put him into the penitentiary. There's no such thing as a hereditary criminal. Fathers and mothers through neglect open the road to hell to nine-tenths of the boys who go there. If your mother had trained you right you wouldn't be here."

The old mother of the prisoner walked up and whispered to the judge and told him that Page was her only support. The judge then sentenced him to nine months in jail.

HEADLIGHT and WEEKLY OREGONIAN

One Year for \$2.25. 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 for \$2.25.

BACKSET FOR A POET.

The Reciting Rhymester Is Squeaked by a Golden Haired Tot of Five.

He is a kindly old gentleman and he writes sweet little poems about children. He also has the habit of reciting his verses by the hour to any willing or unwilling listener whom he is fortunate enough to co-ral, says a Chicago exchange.

He dropped into the doctor's office one evening, removed his overcoat and began. The doctor is a kind-hearted soul and his wife is a lady of much refinement. They have a little golden-haired girl of five, who sat for a long time and stared at the visitor solemnly.

He has committed to heart everything that he has ever written, and his poems are innumerable. Occasionally he would stop, and, smiling at the little girl, would say: "You liked that didn't you, sissy? That touched you, eh? Oh, I like to have the little children listen to me. They understand me and I understand them."

The doctor and the doctor's wife occasionally exclaimed "Beautiful!" or "Touching!" What else could they do? Then the poet declared: "The wondrous silence of that child is to me greater praise than the plaudits of admiring thousands."

At last the little girl slid down from her chair, and, marching up to the poet, looked him squarely in the eye, while she asked, innocently:

"Say, old man, are you goin' to stay here all night?"

RATTLENS AND THE WEATHER.

A California Theory That They Want Bite When There Is to Be a Dry Spell.

Seldom has it happened that a rattlesnake bite has been sufficient to destroy the reputation of a weather prophet. Rattlesnake Jack Mogan is known from one end of the Mojave desert to the other. An eccentric sort of man, he likes to frequent the haunts of snakes, and often pitches camp for the night in places which gila monsters and rattlers have long preempted. Just before the recent election he rounded himself up in Merced and began talking of his adventures. It takes two drinks to get Mogan's eloquence started; the number of drinks that will bring him to a full stop has never been ascertained, although the health and fortunes of the entire San Joaquin valley would willingly be gambled away to find out, says a local exchange.

"There is going to be a dry winter," he began. "There won't be enough rain this season to give the wheat any sort of a start; 'twill be worse nor it was last year, which was a proper corker. How do I know? Why, I found that out by the rattlesnakes. They know, you bet. When there is a dry winter coming the rattlesnakes, leastwise in California, cannot be coaxed to bite. I've watched 'em twenty-five years now, and I know what I am talking about. The snakes will not bite, and that means that we will have a winter as dry as a bone."

Knew All by Heart. The vicar of Skegby, England, was marrying a couple the other day, both of whom had been constant attendants at his Sunday school. The woman in the case had, indeed, but recently captured a prize offered for ability to repeat by rote without mistake the entire catechism of the Church of England. She had apparently suffered nothing from the tax upon her memory until the clergyman turned to her before the altar and asked, according to the ritual: "Mary Jane, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" The habit asserted itself, and the tangled skein of memory refused to unravel. "Yes, verily, by God's help, so I will," she replied, "and I heartily thank our Heavenly Father, who hath brought me into this state of salvation."

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.