

The Walling-Trevor Case.

In the case of Martha J. Walling, formerly Martha J. Hull, plaintiff, vs. William Trevor, defendant, Judge R. P. Boise has ordered and decreed that the plaintiff's complaint be dismissed and that the defendant recover from the plaintiff costs and disbursements. The court's conclusion were: On or about the 6th March, 1896, the plaintiff was the owner in fee of the land described in the complaint situated in this county, and that the defendant was the owner of a tract of land in the State of Washington, which they agreed to and did exchange, deeds being executed to that effect without any condition other than as expressed in the deeds. That the weight of the evidence is against the conclusion and contention of the plaintiff, that defendant agreed that said deeds should be in escrow and not become absolute until the plaintiff should visit and examine the land in the State of Washington, that the evidence does not establish the allegations of fraud against the defendant, and as conclusions of law the court finds that the allegations of the plaintiff are not sustained so as to entitle her to relief as prayed for, and that the plaintiff's bill of complaint should be dismissed.

BARNEGAT.

Another large raft of logs was towed over from Barnegat to Hobsonville last week.

Mrs. Joe Hauxhurst and her mother, Mrs. Whalen left Sunday on the Kruger for California, where they expect to make their future home.

Bert Biggs went to Hobsonville two or three times this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Nine, of Bay City, came over to the light-house on Sunday to visit their uncle.

George Hunt and Alvin Johnson went to the city last Thursday.

Dell Burdeck was at Barnegat Sunday.

Tomey Coats and family spent a few days on our beach last week, also Mrs. Nolan and her mother.

The weather has been fine along the coast of late.

Our post-office has been moved to the light-house, and Mr. Grossham is acting postmaster.

NETARTS.

John Hodgdon is hauling lumber to build him a new residence.

Work has been commenced on what is known as the Benschied road. The county court has instructed Mr. Phelps to finish the road up for travel. Five bridges are to be built.

Chas. F. Hobart left for his home in southern California the last of the week.

Geo. N. Hodgdon, of South Prairie, has moved back to Netarts to reside.

Captain Geo. Hunt, of the light-house, was on the bay Saturday evening.

Netarts can boast of having a lady pugelist. Stand back gents if you know which side of your bread is buttered.

SOUTH PRAIRIE.

Brother Dawson's prognosticated storm of the 8th failed to materialize, and the south wind blew also.

Stanley Lamb has gone to attend the university at Eugene. Mrs. F. M. Lamb, with other members of the family, will follow soon, to take up their residence there for the school year. They will be accompanied by Miss Hattie Maroff, who will enter the Eugene high school.

J. B. Delsman is erecting considerable addition to his barn.

We extend a neighborly welcome to Mrs. A. J. Thrall, the recent purchaser of the Frank Ely place.

Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Quick has returned after a prolonged visit among relatives and friends in Portland and vicinity and report a good time. An annual recreation of this sort is certainly what the old settler is entitled to.

Over one year ago we were invited to attend a wedding that was presumed to come off soon in this vicinity, but we hear nothing from it since, and we are consequently getting very anxious about it.

The white butterfly, with more or less dark or gray spots on their wings, now seen flying about in as yet not considerable numbers, are the developed state of the genus cut worm that ravaged our gardens some weeks since. This fact has been ascertained through imprisoning the worm in its chrysalis state in a cup. The butterfly development followed like those seen as above stated.

NEHALEM.

The run of big salmon still continues very slack.

Shot huckleberries are very plentiful this season, and many parties are engaged in gathering them, and picnicking.

Mrs. Sid Anderson and children are visiting the aunt of the former, Mrs. Chas. Pye.

Several members of White Clover Grange will attend the meeting of the order in Tillamook this week.

Miss Lois Ford is preparing a program for the last day of her school in district No. 28.

Subscribe for the Headlight.

TERRIBLE STORM

Visits Texas, Causing Awful Loss of Life and Destruction of Property.

5000 Persons Killed, with a Loss of \$10,000,000 in Property.

A terrible storm swept Texas on Saturday, which is said to be the most appalling in the history of the United States, the latest accounts giving the loss of life at 5,000 persons, and that of property at \$10,000,000.

HOUSTON, Tex., Sept. 10.—The first reports of the appalling disaster which has stricken the City of Galveston do not seem to have been magnified. Communication was had with the city by boats, and reports tonight indicate that the deaths will exceed 600, while the property loss cannot be estimated, although it will reach several million dollars.

The burial of the dead has already begun. The list is only a partial one, and the names of all who perished in Saturday's great storm will never be known.

At the Army barracks near San Antonio a report is current that more than 100 United States soldiers lost their lives in Galveston. The report, however, lacks confirmation.

Today a mass meeting was held, and liberal contributions were made for the immediate relief of the destitute. Governor Sayers appealed to President McKinley for aid. This appeal was met by a prompt response from the President, who stated that 10,000 tents and 50,000 rations had been ordered to Galveston. Governor Sayers also addressed an appeal to each municipality in the state, asking for prompt assistance in caring for the sufferers.

Telegrams of inquiry and help have been pouring in throughout the day and night from every state in the Union, and in almost every instance substantial relief has been offered.

The stricken city is in imminent danger of water famine, and strenuous efforts are made here to supply the sufferers. Relief trains are being organized, and will leave here at an early hour tomorrow.

Reports from the interior confirm the loss of life and destruction of property reported in these dispatches last night.

Richard Spillane, a well-known Galveston man and day correspondent of the Associated Press in that city, who reached Houston today, after a terrible experience, gives the following account of the disaster at Galveston:

"One of the most awful tragedies of modern times has visited Galveston. The city is in ruins, and the dead will probably number 1000. I am just from the city, having been commissioned by the Mayor and citizens' committee to get in touch with the outside world and appeal for help. Houston was the nearest point at which working telegraph instruments could be found, the wires, as well as nearly all the buildings between here and the Gulf of Mexico being wrecked.

"When I left Galveston, shortly before noon yesterday, the people were organizing for prompt burial of the dead, distribution of food and all necessary work after a period of disaster.

"The wreck of Galveston was brought about by a tempest so terrible that no words can adequately describe its intensity, and by a flood which turned the city into a raging sea.

"The Weather Bureau records show that the wind attained a velocity of 84 miles an hour when the measuring instrument blew away, so it is impossible to tell what was the maximum.

"The storm began about 2 o'clock Saturday morning. Previous to that a great storm had been raging in the gulf, and the tide was very high. The wind at first came from the north, and was in direct opposition to the force from the gulf, while the storm in the gulf piled the water from the bay on to the bay part of the city.

HOUSTON, Tex., Sept. 10.—

A scene of desolation, not only at Galveston, but at many inland points in Texas, is the condition presented to-day as a result of Saturday's storm. Estimates of the number of dead are placed between 1500 and 2600. The property loss will aggregate many millions of dollars, although no accurate figures can be given at present. The streets of Galveston are mostly under water; wires are in a hopeless tangle, and dead bodies are strewn among floating debris. No complete list of dead is obtainable until the water recedes.

Harrowing tales of the loss of whole families and many miraculous escapes are told by the few survivors who have thus far reached this city. The relief trains which arrived here early this morning have been the only means of communication with Galveston, and definite information as to the present situation is scarce.

The cotton and rice crop throughout the district devastated by the storm is badly damaged in many places, and in others totally destroyed.

Reports from Richmond, Tex., Letitia, Eagle Lake, bring additional lists of dead and property losses, and many places cut off from communication are yet to be heard from.

DALLAS, Tex., Sept. 10.—A special to the News from Houston says: Additional particulars of the storm at Galveston show that about 1500 persons were drowned and \$10,000,000 worth of property destroyed. There is not a building in the city that was not damaged to some extent.

Manager of the Dallas News Says It May Reach 5000.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—The following statement of the situation at Galveston and along the coast was received tonight:

"Dallas, Tex., Sept. 10.—To Charles S. Diehl, General Manager of the Associated Press: From the latest reports, which are considered reliable, the disaster at Galveston and along the coast has not been exaggerated. The waters of the gulf and bay met, covering the island to a depth of six to 12 feet. During this sudden flood a most terrible storm was raging, the wind blowing about 80 miles an hour. Many of the dead have been uncovered; others are still under the debris; others carried out to sea. It is not possible to give at this time a reliable report as to the number of deaths. From estimates made by reliable persons who have just come from Galveston, it is believed that not less than 1500, and possibly as many as 5000 people, were drowned. Of course, the wounded are numerous. The damage of property is most shocking.

"Some of the best public and private establishments were wrecked. Thousands of homes were swept entirely away. It is quite safe to set this down as one of the greatest disasters that has ever visited the United States. The loss of property is irreparable; the loss of life is appalling. G. B. DEALY, "Manager Dallas News."

Cohn & Co.'s Corner.

A few things that Cohn & Co.'s are making special prices:

- Nestucca or California onions, \$1.50 per sack of 100 pounds.
- Coal Oil reduced to \$2.25 a case.
- Our Health Soda at 5 cents a package leads them all.
- Choice Nestucca Honey in combs just received.
- We are still paying 20 cents per dozen for Eggs.
- Roll Butter wanted.
- Bulk Honey—bring your pails.
- Notice decline in oil.
- Cranberries \$2.00 a box.

It is stated that Great Britain and Germany have agreed not to evacuate Pekin until full satisfaction for the recent outrages has been obtained. If it was not for the presidential election this would and should be the policy of the United States, for there was not nearly the provocation for this country to go to war with Spain as there was in the outrageous insult upon our Minister and the legation in Pekin.

Notice.

This is to warn all persons against having anything to do with a note given by me to B. R. Daniel, as I have a lien against the Daniel's estate, and shall not pay the note until it is settled.

A. S. BURTON.

Pitawitan's Nightmare

By Katherine Yates.

"If one apple costs two cents, what will six apples cost? Let me see; if one apple costs two cents, six apples will cost six times two, which is— which is—oh, dear! I always get just so far, and then I can never do the rest," and a very large frown puckered Dorothy's forehead until it looked like the crinkly pink liberty silk on her own Sunday hat. Then she tipped back in the big rocking-chair in the bay window, where she, an arithmetic and a tablet had been having a sort of wrestle, and making a fine, large paper wad, she threw it at Pitawitan, the canary, who hung in a gilt cage in the window. Pitawitan did not even dodge, but only craned his yellow neck a little, eyeing the bit of paper with beady black eyes, and then began to trill pretty little notes and whistles, finally breaking into such a volume of song as threatened to burst his little throat.

Dorothy looked ashamed and turned back to her arithmetic. "If one apple costs two cents—" "Cheap, cheap," called the canary.

Dorothy laughed. "Of course they are cheap, Pitawitan."

"Well, didn't I say so?" answered Pitawitan.

Dorothy pursed up her lips. "Oh, you needn't expect me to be surprised to hear you speak, for if Pusskins and the Guinea pig talk, I suppose that there is no reason why you should not. I have been expecting it for some time."

"Glad it didn't give you a shock," said Pitawitan, sarcastically.

"And it's funny," went on Dorothy in an aggrieved tone, "that you furry and feathery folk are so good-natured until you begin to talk, and then you are as cross and snippy and ill-tempered as can be. Here you have been singing as happy as anything all morning, and now—" "Singing! Who said I was singing? Who said I was happy?"

"Why, I heard you singing my own self," exclaimed Dorothy, "just as cheerful and jolly even after I threw that paper wad at you."

"Singing!" repeated Pitawitan again disdainfully. "Singing! Do you call that singing, when I was just sitting here telling you what an ugly, disagreeable, ill-natured girl you are to throw things at me, merely because you couldn't get your lesson? You call that singing, do you?" Dorothy looked disturbed.

"Were you really talking to me like that? Why, I thought that you were always happy when you were singing."

"It is not singing, I tell you," cried Pitawitan, angrily; "it is just talking, and a lot of good it does to talk to folk in this house, too."

"Why!" exclaimed Dorothy, indignantly; "I think that you have a lovely home. I'm sure I'd like to live just the same way; in a beautiful gold house hung on a spring, so that it sways all the time just like a hammock; no lessons to get, and lovely things to eat; there's a big lump of sugar in your cage all the time, and that is just the same as if I had a chocolate drop twice as big as my head to nibble whenever I chose. I've seen them as large as that and always just longed for one. And then there is your seed; that's just the same as nuts—walnuts and pecans—and then there's cuttle fish, and that's just the same as—well, we'll call that bread; and then there's always fresh fruit, and water, and a lovely glass bathtub, and a swing where you can swing whenever you wish—oh, I'd just love to live in a place like that—and no lessons at all," she added again.

Pitawitan looked disgusted as well as he could. "Oh, yes, a lovely life!" he exclaimed. "And how would you feel if folk sometimes forgot to give you food all day?"

"But there's the sugar," said Dorothy.

"Well, how would you like to have nothing but chocolate drops to eat for a day at a time, and not a drop of fresh water, when they made you so thirsty that you were fairly choked? And then suppose that when you began calling for some one to bring you food because you were nearly starved, folks would say: 'Do just listen to that dear little bird sing. Isn't he quite the happiest little fellow that you ever saw?' And then when you grow desperate and screech so loud that you nearly split your throat some one says: 'Bless his jolly little heart; hasn't he the most joyous song? But it is just a trifle too shrill. Marie, will you please throw a towel over Pitawitan's cage; he is a little too noisy.' How would you like that?"

Dorothy looked grave. "But, Pitawitan, how are we to know what you are asking for, when we can't understand what you say?"

"Merely by coming to see what I need. But, anyway, how would you like to be shut up in a prison the whole time, even if it were a gold one? It isn't much fun, I can tell you; and I think that you must see me free in your room for a few minutes once in awhile, just to try my wings and get a little exercise."

"Why, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Never thought of it! When I have coaxed and begged and pleaded on my bended knees! I'm sure—"

"But," interrupted Dorothy, "I never saw you get down on your knees. I didn't know that you had any."

"No?" sneered Pitawitan. "Well, I have, even if you didn't know it. Just because they bend backward instead of forward you didn't give them credit for being knees, but I can assure you

they are a lot more comfortably arranged that way, and it don't wear off the toes of your new shoes when you kneel down, either."

Poor Dorothy felt discouraged by the conversation and was about to return to her arithmetic, but decided to try once more to turn the talk into pleasanter channels, so she said presently:

"Oh, by the way, Pitawitan, how did you happen to come to this country? You were not born here, were you?"

"No," said Pitawitan; "I came on a nightmare."

"On a what?" exclaimed Dorothy.

"On a nightmare. Didn't you ever hear of a nightmare?"

"Why, of course, I've heard of them. But how could you come here on one, when it is only a bad dream?"

"Well, I did, anyway, and I've got it yet. I'll tell you about it."

"I was born on an island far, far away, and for some months I lived very happily with my father and mother and brothers; and in those days I really did sing. One afternoon while I was still quite young my eldest brother found a large piece of rich fruit cake by the roadside and called us all to come and share it. It was the most delicious thing that I had ever eaten, and I am afraid that I made a regular little pig of myself in my greediness. My mother warned me to eat lightly of such rich food, but I would not heed her, even when she said at last:

"If you eat any more of that you will certainly have a nightmare."

"What is a nightmare, mother? I asked, for I had at that time never heard of one."

"Why, it is a dreadful dream," she answered. "Perhaps you will dream that wicked men catch you and carry you away, away off, and shut you up in a cage and keep you there, hungry and lonely."

"However, I only laughed and said that I was not afraid of any dream, and went on eating."

"Well, when I crept into the nest that night I had a headache and felt heavy and miserable and wished that I had taken mother's advice."

"During the first part of the night I did not sleep well, and kept waking in a fright, but at last I went to sleep soundly and dreamed this dream:

"I thought that I had slept all night, and when I awoke in the morning the sun was just beginning to show above the horizon. I hopped out of the nest with my little brothers and flew down to the spring for a fresh drink and a bath, and then out to the meadow to pick up a breakfast. As we fluttered about, picking seeds from the grass heads or pecking at strawberries, I flew to a low bush to rest for a moment; but when I would have flown down again I felt my feet held fast by some sticky substance, and I called to my brothers to come quickly and help me. They came at once, but alas! no sooner did they alight upon the bush than their feet also stuck fast, and although we fluttered and screamed, it was all to no purpose."

"And then suddenly I saw coming toward us two rough-looking men carrying wooden cages, and I thought at once of what my mother had said would happen if I ate too much of the fruit cake, and I knew that this was a nightmare. I struggled and fluttered and shrieked, in the hope of waking up, but I could not; and one of the cruel men took hold of me roughly, and as he loosened my poor little feet said, carelessly, to his companion:

"We made this birdlime a bit too stiff this time. It's liable to injure their feet." And then he put me into a little wooden cage and did the same to my brothers, although of course I knew that they were not really suffering, since this was only a nightmare of my own; but I screamed and called to them just the same.

"They took us to a town near by, tied many cages together and packed them on a boat which carried us across the water, while I sat quietly in my cage and mourned and longed to wake up."

"Well, when we had reached land once more we were packed on a train—oh, I was so frightened—and brought many, many miles to this great city. I never spoke or cried. I would scarcely eat or drink. I was so weary and lonely and heartsick. I was taken to a store where there were many birds of all kinds, and there at last I found my voice again, for we all began to tell each other our troubles and our misery in being kept in cages as prisoners, and our fear of the future, and everyone who came in exclaimed:

"How beautifully and joyously these birds all sing! One would not think that they could be so happy in those tiny cages."

"Then one day your mother came looking for a bird for your birthday gift, and she chose me because of my particularly brilliant color—and—here I am." Itawitan stopped and stood mournfully on one foot.

Dorothy looked puzzled. "But, Pitawitan, you said it was a dream, a nightmare. When did you wake up?"

"I didn't wake up," said Pitawitan.

"But you are not asleep now," argued Dorothy.

"Yes, I am. This is all my nightmare—the cage and you and everything."

"It isn't so!" cried Dorothy. "I am a real girl! I am not just a part of your old dream."

"Yes, you are, too," said Pitawitan, emphatically. "I say you are, and it is only a nightmare, for that is what my mother said, and I guess she knows."

Dorothy jumped up with flashing eyes. "I'm not a dream girl—I don't care what your mother says. I'm just as real as you are, so there!"

Pitawitan's eyes flashed back. "Well, you'll see," he cried, angrily. "You are nothing but a horrid, ugly little dream where will you be then?"

And then one of them did wake up. I wonder which it was.—Chicago Daily Record.

FAMOUS FORT HAYS.

Historic Frontier Post to Become College Grounds.

Old-Time Barrier Against Indian Raids Upon the People of Kansas Had a Most Eventful History.

The most famous military post in the Kansas frontier has, by the passage of the Fort Hays bill by congress, been wiped out of existence, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. This fort, which was for many years the central point of the army operations against the redskins, has for years been deserted. Its 7,000 acres have been leased to cattlemen and the splendid timber that is unequaled in western Kansas has been furnishing the settlers with fuel. Nineteen big frame cottages, the officers' homes, the barracks and training quarters, have been unoccupied, and it will be a great delight to the people of this section to see them filled with students of the state normal school and the state agricultural school, both of which are under the bill to have branches here.

This fort was the barrier against the Indian raids that marked the last attempts of the redskins to frighten the people of the state. When the Cheyennes came down from the northwest the soldiers of Hays, with the assistance of those from Wallace and Harker, met them and drove them back, saving the lives of thousands of settlers. Gen. George Forsythe followed Roman Nose into the Upper Republican country, and there, with his band of 100 soldiers, was surrounded by fully 1,000 of the redskins. For three days they were held there, and then were rescued by a scout brought by two scouts who escaped and went back to the fort. It was found that the imprisoned soldiers had been more than victors, for they had killed more than a dozen for every one of their own number that fell. Roman Nose himself was among the killed.

Fort Hays had an eventful history. It was originally called Fort Fletcher, and was located 14 miles south of Hays on the Big Muddy. One day the creek was swelled by a storm and the waters drove the soldiers out of the fort. Several colored soldiers who were too slow were drowned, and Gen. Pope ordered the location changed to the present site. The buildings were then erected and improvements made.

The town of Hays City, which was then founded a short distance to the north, was a rough place, being filled with cowboys and frontiersmen who followed the building of the railroad. The city council granted 57 saloon licenses the first day that it met. There were "killers" without number, and on the slopes of a little hill were laid the victims of their prowess. It was called Boot Hill, and there lie 45 of the distinguished gentry who died with their boots on, some being known by their real names and some not. It will never be known who really were laid to rest in the unceremonious fashion of the frontier days, for now it is too late to find out.

"Wild Bill" was marshal of the town for awhile, until one day he shot three soldiers on the street, and then it was healthier for him to go hence. He went, and was next heard of at Abilene, where he was again marshal, with a predilection for killing.

The most famous event in the history of the fort was the raiding of the army stores in 1869. The government then had a great many stores here and the surplus that could not be cared for at the fort was piled up along the railroad track with two watchmen to guard it. One of them, John Hays, went across the street one night and entered a saloon to get a drink. As he went in he was met by two soldiers from the fort, who, without provocation, killed him. The soldiers were colored and were drunk. They went into a barber shop and scared the proprietor to the roof of his shop. He went in to the fort and when the men were ranged in dress parade by order of the colonel he picked out the desperadoes. They were taken to Hays and shut up in a cellar that served as a jail. That night they were taken out by the citizens and strung up to the railroad bridge. In 1874 the Ninth infantry (colored) tried to get even with the town, but in the battle that ensued six of their number were left dead in the street. There were many other fatalities in the conflicts between the town and fort, and the soldiers found that they had a town of fighters to deal with.

The old-timers, like the late Henry Inman and Gen. Forsythe, tried their mettle here and found honor. Now it will be devoted to peace, for the terms of the grant are that the agricultural college and state normal school shall have it for branches of those institutions. It is expected that at least 200 students will be in attendance when the legislature shall have made appropriations for the teachers. The people of this section are to fit up the buildings and these are so generous that they will serve the purposes intended well. There are 5,000 acres that are well fitted for wheat, and if the agricultural station wishes to experiment with the possibilities of the semi-arid region it could not find a better place. The Russians have made a good living in this county and the farmers who have mixed their wheat with stock have also done well. The gold excitement that was so prominent a few months ago has also made the people feel that their lands are rich in value. It will be a disappointment to the settlers, who for years have been waiting for the lands to be thrown open to settlement, to have it go to the state, but the western part of Kansas is rejoicing that congress has acted as it has. It means a new interest in two leading state institutions.