

LIST OF DEAD STILL GROWS.

Over 7,000 Lives Lost and Property Valued at About \$22,500,000 Destroyed.

GALVESTON, Tex., Sept. 18.—"The situation continues to improve" is what one is told now when he applies at any of the various headquarters for information. This statement is being made with gratifying monotony all over the city. The work has been brought down to a business basis as far as possible and the system and order displayed in the various departments would surprise anyone who might return to Galveston after an absence of three or four days.

One feature that has caused a better feeling and a more pronounced willingness to work is afforded by the fact that the time of all the laborers employed is being kept at headquarters. The men, being assured of compensation for their labor, naturally go about their unpleasant tasks with a much better grace than heretofore. A thorough inspection reveals the fact that every detachment is as well organized as is possible under the circumstances and that all are working harmoniously.

Supplies and money are now pouring in from all over the country. It is stated that at least seven figures are needed to express the amount of cash thus far received. This is being used judiciously and the effects of the presence of such a large relief are already apparent.

The death list will reach the total of 4437, with the additions sent out today. Only a comparatively small number of the negroes who perished have been reported. After considering all the facts, one can hardly do anything else but conclude that the total to be finally reached will be above 6000. Judge Mann stated today that in his opinion the list would go as high as 7000. The exact number of course will never be definitely known.

There are no developments which would lead to the belief that the estimate of a property loss of \$22,500,000 is too high. While one occasionally finds a business man whose property has not suffered greatly, it must be stated that the class is hopelessly in the minority and that large losses are the rule.

The people are becoming more cheerful every day, and it is more than remarkable to observe the composure exhibited by some of them under the terrible circumstances among the individuals who have been lost in the community's grief, and on every hand may be seen people who have lost their all doing everything in their power to comfort a neighbor who perhaps has not been so unfortunate. Everbody seems to be doing all there is to do toward ultimate rehabilitation to build a city which will be bigger and broader in every way than the one which has been destroyed appears to be general.

The people are still leaving the city in considerable numbers, but the relief work locally has now been gotten down to such a fine point that it is likely that there will be marked diminution of the exodus during the next two or three days. The fears of an epidemic have been allayed by the presence and the distribution of medicines and disinfectants, and therefore a feature which would undoubtedly have had the effect of causing many to seek success elsewhere has been eliminated from the situation.

Galveston Recovering.
GALVESTON, Tex., Sept. 17.—The work of clearing the streets of debris and wreckage is progressing steadily and with systematic rapidity. The military authorities have gradually perfected the system and divided the laborers, so that there is comparatively no interruption or delay.

The reports filed at General Scurry's headquarters up to 9 o'clock tonight reported the recovery and disposition of but 45 bodies during the day. The News' representative, however, reports the burial of 130 men, women and children.

Health Officer: Wilkenson

stated today that 40 per cent of the debris of every description had been removed from the streets; that 90 per cent of the dead bodies had been disposed of, and that 45 per cent of the carcasses of animals had been removed from the city, but as the work of removing the debris goes on, more bodies are being unearthed every hour. There is still an immense amount of work to be done in this respect, and in some quarters hardly an impression has been made in the mountains of wreckage piled up 15 or 20 feet high.

A hopeful feature of the situation is the rapid progress being made by the railroads in their efforts to restore rail communication. The Santa Fe has reached Texas City with its tracks, and it is announced that trains will enter the Union depot here Thursday next.

Horse-cars are in operation in the business part of the city, and the electric-light and water service has been partially resumed.

No sadder sight could be imagined than the picture presented by a boatload of refugees, when the ropes were cast off and the craft swung out into the bay and away from the storm-swept city. Every face was turned toward the ruin, every eye moistened by tears. So great was the rush to leave behind the scene of the storm that the Lawrence, the boat which connects with trains at Texas City, has not failed to leave her wharf a single day without denying passage to a portion of those who wanted to get away.

There are numerous cases of insanity in Galveston as a result of the terrible bereavements sustained by the survivors.

100,000 Men on a Strike.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 17.—Reports from the anthracite coal fields of this state indicate the tie-up caused by the strike for higher wages of more than 140,000 miners is at least as complete as the leaders of the United Mine Workers of America, the organization back of the strike, claimed at any time. Companies and individuals owning mines who had claimed that their workings would operate as usual, despite the strike order, apparently reckoned without accurate knowledge of the attitude of their men. It is true that some operators in the Hazleton region were working today with as high as 80 per cent of the men at work, nevertheless the greater number of men in the district were idle.

In the Scranton and Wilkesbarre districts the tie-up was practically complete. As was expected, the Schuylkill region with Pottsville for a central point, was at work with very few defections. These men have not the same grievances that prevail in the other districts, and if they go on strike it will be largely through sympathy.

President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, who has established headquarters at Hazleton and is personally directing the strike, estimates that over 100,000 men struck and that 15,000 more will join them to-morrow.

Victory for Black Party.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Sept. 18.—The elections for delegates to the constitutional convention have resulted in favor of the black party throughout the entire province, and the whites now openly declare themselves to be annexationists. Ten thousand colored men, who had worked themselves up almost to a frenzy and are wearing badges containing a skull and cross-bones, signifying death to the Republican party, paraded through the principle streets of the city last night carrying tallow candles and torches. A mock funeral of the Republican party was held today and was attended by about 1000 colored persons. The white people are cautious and are avoiding conflicts.

For Sale.

40 Acres of Bottom Land, about two miles from town, near Trask River bridge.—ANTON PLASKER.

At Cohn & Co's Corner.

Nestucca honey, just in. Bring us your butter and eggs if you want the highest price for them. A big stock of grass seeds just received; all guaranteed new seeds. Gold Dust 20 cents a package. Package coffee 12 1/2 cents a pound. "3 H. Mush," is recommended by the finest cooks, we are agent for it. Nestucca Onions, \$1.50 a sack. Coal Oil \$1.15 a can. Watch our big Dry Goods add next week. Our stock is by far the largest in the city. We have just unpacked a very large assortment of Hats and Underwear suitable for Winter trade. The Big Store with the Tiny Price—that's us.

Political Drift.

Tammany views with alarm the certainty of an extra assessment to pay Croker's bets on Bryan.

As a fall exhibit of smooth harmony that of the New York republican convention captures the first prize.

There will be no election for governor in three of the strongest republican states of the country this year—Pennsylvania, Ohio and Iowa.

Another presidential ticket, the result of a confab of eighteen liberty men, has appeared. Now let the shirtwaist men get together and the country will be safe.

David Bennett Hill's fierce philippic against bossism on the stump in New York shows that he has not forgotten how he was turned down by Richard Croker in Kansas City.

In addition to being an inventor and a millionaire young Cornelius Vanderbilt finds time to be a politician. He must be one of the men who think it is better to wear out than to rust out.

Tall Beaver, a Comanche Indian of Oklahoma, will take the stump for Bryan and Stevenson. Tall Beaver will speak on the subject of government with the consent of the governed, in Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri.

Colonel Gleason, in charge of the speakers' bureau at republican headquarters in New York, has been besieged by all sorts of cranks with all sorts of suggestions. Finally he moved into room No. 13 and finds that the unlucky number keeps such visitors at a distance.

Right after Vermont showed up over 30,000 majority for the republican ticket the Springfield Republican gravely discussed the world-vexing problem, "Art in Whiskers." As a soothing poultice for the aches of banished hope the topic is commended to the afflicted.

J. F. Kelsey, an old Kansas democrat of Jewell county, says that in 1896 he promised that if what his party said about McKinley, if elected president, did not come true he would support him for re-election. "Those things did come true," says Mr. Kelsey, "and I intend to keep my word."

Impeachment proceedings against Mayor James G. Woodward, of Atlanta, have been shelved and his honor put on a probationary period of sobriety. Atlanta does not object to the mayor getting full occasionally, but when he makes it a continuous performance the town loses patronage and moral standing. The mayor has given the council his resignation, to become effective the moment he is found "under the influence."

This year John H. Holt, the democratic nominee for governor of West Virginia, has already taken out his violin, following in the footsteps of several other West Virginia statesmen who have found a fiddle a very powerful vote getter in the backwoods mountain counties in that sparsely settled state. The late United States Senator Kenna, of Kanawha always carried a violin with him in his campaign trips when representing the Third district in the house of representatives. Ex-Congressman Wilson used the violin with good effect and Governor Atkinson made use of 1896, when elected, of a violin which was presented to him by a republican friend.

NEHALEM.

The Harrison came in on Saturday with freight for our merchants and loaded shooks at Krebs mill for Sinslaw and Umpqua. She sailed Tuesday morning.

Wm. Batterson, who has been to Chicago, arrived home on the Harrison. W. S. Cone and wife, of Bay City; Mrs. Lem Parker, of Hobsonville; and Mr. and Mrs. Effenburger, of Nehalem, came in over the trail from Clatsop on Saturday.

Chas. Pye and J. S. Gray returned from Tillamook Sunday, where they had been attending a Pomona meeting of the P. of H., at which the master and lecturer of the State Grange were present, also the wife of the latter.

Tillamook County Pomona Grange will meet at Nehalem on the first Thursday in October. As large an attendance as possible is desirable.

For Fence Posts

FIR COATED WITH **Carbolineum Avenarius** Will outwear CEDAR. It is also a RADICAL REMEDY AGAINST CHICKEN LICE.

Its application to the inside walls of poultry houses will permanently exterminate all LICE.

Results: HEALTHY CHICKENS—PLENTY EGGS.

Write for circular and prices and mention this paper.

WADE & BRIGGS, Tillamook, Or.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., September 17th 1900. 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, Or., on October 27th, 1900, viz: JAKOB LUTHE, H. E. No. 11067 for the Ne 1/4 of Sec. 34, Tp. 18, R. 12 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Albert Benschmidt, James Staseck, Alfred Gubser, John Matejcek, of Tillamook, Or. CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

Quaint Features of Life.

Sheriff Gibbens, of Pratt, Kas., is not so sure it pays to be considerate. Recently he allowed a man, who was convicted of selling liquor without a license, to remain with his family. At the expiration of the prisoner's term the prisoner's wife sued the sheriff for the price of board and lodging for her spouse. She was awarded judgment for \$21.60, but the sheriff has appealed to the district court.

A street fakir in Benton, Kas., did a thriving business selling electric bells until someone examined one of them. Then it was found that beneath a strip of gauze was a layer of dry mustard. When the wearer respired a little the mustard was moistened and set up a burning sensation and the deluded victim believed a current of electricity was passing through him. Before all this was discovered, however, the fakir had smelled danger and was on his way to another gullible neighborhood.

The state supreme court of Michigan is called upon to settle a curious case. One Thompson was sent to the penitentiary at Jackson and was put to work for the Bronk-Buffington Shirt company as a leased convict. After working 578 days he was discharged on a writ of habeas corpus for the reason that his sentence was clearly illegal. Now he claims that the shirt company refuses to pay wages for the time he was in prison and forced to work for the contractors. The case will be heard at the October term.

Thirty years ago, when Mrs. Anna M. Smith left Richmond, Ind., she packed in large boxes all her household goods and personal property and stored them there. Recently Mrs. Smith died in Philadelphia and now her administrator has opened the boxes. Among the interesting relics were wearing apparel of every description of finest material, valuable paintings, silver-ware and dishes. In one box a lot of newspapers were stored. Philadelphia papers of 1840-1845. Cincinnati papers of 1860-1865 and several copies of a Richmond paper called the Humming Bird, published forty years ago, were found.

Charles A. Sauerwine, a commercial traveler of Evansville, Ind., has petitioned the supreme court there for permission to change his name to Charles A. Erwin. He alleges his name often excites ridicule and not infrequently prevents his selling goods. Moreover, he is tired of being called "Mr. Sweetwine," "Mr. Bitter Boose" and the like, and for these good and sufficient reasons asks the court to grant him a change.

The newest form of robbery is reported from St. Paul, Minn., where a man is badly wanted for defrauding express companies. His plan is to send a package on which he places a high value—say \$10,000—to a distant point, getting a receipt for it. Then he goes to the receiving point and claims it. It never arrives because, according to the story, it is filled with a chemical which destroys it en route, reducing even the wrappings and twine to an impalpable powder.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., September 17th 1900. 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, Oregon, on October 27th, 1900, viz: WILLIAM H. ATSTIN, H. E. No. 12488, for the Lots 2, 3 and 4, Section 6, Tp. 28, R. 7 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: G. W. Grayson, of Tillamook, Or.; W. G. Rude, of North Yamhill, Or.; Wm. Merritt, of Trask, Or.; O. Merritt, of North Yamhill, Or. CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

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

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Ore., July 3rd, 1900. 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,

FRANK FAMME, of North Yamhill, county of Yamhill, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. 533, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 of Section No. 32, in Township No. 2 South, 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 his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Ore., on Monday, the 1st day of October, 1900. He names as witnesses: Christopher Zimmerman, William Merritt, Leveque Jones, August Famme, of North Yamhill, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said day of October, 1900.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

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.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Across the sea a fragment,
Blown with the spray and mist
Shoreward from rosy distances,
Where shade and shine hold tryst;
An old song set in colorings
Of gold and amethyst.

A ship on the horizon
Where misty curtains cling,
Lightly to clearer levels
Her sails of violet swing;
A schooner nearing the harbor—
Listen! The sailors sing:

"Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
Gave me her promise true."
Oh, the rainbow lights of boyhood
Kindle my skies anew.

"Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
How sweet that old refrain!
The promises of morning
Break into bloom again,
And on the lowly roof I hear
The music of the rain.

"Maxwellton braes are bonnie."
There's mother at the door,
The cattle down the dusky lane
Are coming as of yore;
And, mounted on the pasture bars,
I swing and sing once more.

"Maxwellton braes are bonnie."
Oh, bonnie maid of mine,
Thro' all the mists of distance
Again the dark eyes shine;
The world is full of music,
And living seems divine!

Across the sea a fragment,
Blown with the spray and mist
Shoreward from rosy distances,
Where shade and shine hold tryst;
A vision and a memory,
In gold and amethyst.
—Jennie Bodge Johnson, in Lewiston Journal.

The Dancing Teacher

THE peculiar thing about Marie Vanderpool was that she had an insatiable appetite for happiness. She took to dancing slippers as naturally as other folk take to goloshes or walking boots. She sang as readily as other people sigh. She discovered a chance for a frolic with the same enthusiasm that others found an opportunity for work. No one ever claimed that she was of any use, and she certainly never made any such claim herself. It never occurred to her that she could be useful, and she often reflected that to a world so swarming with useful persons as this appeared to be—if one judged by the self-placed estimate of these persons—there was plenty of room for one blissful creature of the nonutilitarian sort.

All of the other members of her family were industrious, and several of them were wise. They won distinction along commercial and intellectual lines, were noted for their philanthropies, and were solicited to lend their names to "causes." They were associated with nearly all of the leading benevolent enterprises of the city.

Now, it is impossible for any seeing and hearing person to go about Chicago without becoming aware of the fact that a large number of the citizens of this busy town are not having a good time. Even Marie observed it. She saw children with old faces, and men with despair looking out of their eyes, and women nervous and crushed under a burden of toil. She saw homes that would not keep out the cold, and coats that hung in rags from the shoulders that supported them. And, what was equally pathetic, she noticed that many persons worked so hard to silence "the wolf's long howl" that they had no heart for pleasure.

"It is as likely as not," said Marie to herself, "that they have never discovered how to be happy." And she felt a vast commiseration for them. Not to be happy! It was fearful—or it was stupid!

It chanced that on one occasion there was a certain festivity at a settlement house in one of the most crowded and poverty-stricken parts of the city, and that Marie was invited to go. It was not, perhaps, just the sort of thing she would have selected, but as there was nothing else doing that evening, for a wonder, and as she had no mind to sit down with a book, she concluded to go. She was a good deal puzzled to know what to wear, for she was particular about the proprieties, but she hit upon a costume at length that seemed to be neither too plain nor too fine. She surveyed herself with pleasure. It was pleasant to have large and brilliant brown eyes, a mass of wayward golden hair, a snow white neck and shoulders, modded with tender and abundant grace, and a mouth that smiled with more merriment than the common run of mortals.

But what Marie saw at the settlement was calculated to make her forget, for once, the appearance of which she was so proud. She even forgot to be resentful because some of the people she met were serious. For the first time she found herself face to face with the serious problem of life—for the first time a dim notion that life was given to be used, struggled up through her consciousness. She found women as well born as herself, and much better educated and trained, devoting their lives to others—and therefore to themselves, since in the expenditure of life in service comes the best development. This type of womanhood was new to her. She had been acquainted with many who patronized charities and benevolences, but here were women who found it a privilege to express life in terms of love. Moreover, she found the "neighbors" who came to the settlements interesting in the extreme. Here was a whole library of human documents, so to speak, awaiting her perusal. She looked in the faces of the girls, serious before they should be so, showing the signs of close confinement in stores and sweating shops, and the binderies and tobacco factories, and it seemed to her as if she must pour sunlight into their lives from the abundant source of it within her own heart.

"But I could do nothing," she said, dejectedly, to one of the residents. "I should only be in the way."

"I don't think you could be in the way anywhere, Miss Vanderpool," the lady had replied, gently. "If you would just come here and laugh for us occasionally, as you know how, it seems to me it might be an invaluable service."

Marie laughed then involuntarily, and at the bird-like, joyful note a dozen persons turned around with a sympathetic smile upon their faces.

The next night there was a dancing party at the house of a friend of Marie. She went to it as eagerly as if it had been her first ball, and she was a lovely sight in her white gown with its silver lilies of the valley woven in the mesh and her necklace of turquoises. She carried lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots. A daintier maid or a more joyful one it would have been hard to have imagined.

Her programme was filled ten minutes after she had entered the ball-room, and as she danced it seemed to her that life was never so nearly perfect as when the music throbbed, and everyone was gay-hearted, and the lights burned and the flowers perfumed the air, and she, Marie, could lend herself to the rhythm and the joy and dance.

"Miss Vanderpool," said one gentleman, as he led her to her seat, "I have danced with a great many good dancers in my life, but I have never enjoyed a waltz so much as the last one. It is the perfection of motion which you have, and it is a charming gift. Really, I can call it nothing less than a gift." He had expected a careless acknowledgment of this compliment, and was amazed when she said, gravely:

"And a gift is something which ought to be used, I suppose. That is what my sisters would say."

"Then they would approve of you, surely, for have you not been putting it to the best use possible?"

"I mean that it ought to be used for others."

"It has been—for as many others as could avail themselves of it. I regret that it has not been used more for me. One dance is a short allowance, it seems to me."

The beautiful head was shaken with yet greater gravity.

"Some time soon I am going to show you what I mean, Mr. Hadley," and then, smiling and dimpling, she went away with her next partner.

It was a month later when Kenneth Hadley received a letter from Miss Vanderpool, asking him to be at the Brown street settlement on a certain night.

Mr. Hadley was not interested in settlements, but he was in Miss Vanderpool, and he accepted the invitation. His cab took him along a thronged street, past tenement houses and saloons and shops and stores till he came to the brightly lighted tenement house standing tidily and serene-looking, in the midst of a block. He asked for Miss Vanderpool, and was shown past the crowded classrooms and lecture halls and music rooms to a room on the upper floor. The sound of a piano, violin and harp came out to salute his ears with a familiar tune, and he opened the door and stood within a large room filled with young men and women. But it was not a party which he beheld. He saw that at once. It was a dancing class. The pupils stood in line, awaiting the directions of their teacher.

He looked about him for Miss Vanderpool, but the chairs by the wall were vacant. Probably he had arrived too soon. However, he decided to inquire of the teacher. At that moment he beheld her—Marie Vanderpool—in her pretty pink frock with its short dancing skirt, standing before the class. It was she who was the teacher. Her eyes had never seemed brighter. The smiles which were never willing to leave her lips played about them bewitchingly. Her golden head looked more adorable and unkempt than ever. She seemed the incarnated spirit of the joy of life. She came running toward him.

"Come, come!" she cried. "I invited you over here with a purpose. I wanted you to show us the mazurka. You dance it so beautifully!" She called to the musicians to play a mazurka, gave the class permission to be seated, and poised herself delicately. "Come, come!" she cried again, "I insist on your dancing the best you know how."

Kenneth Hadley, the dignified and reserved, the man who had thought himself a little better than others and had held himself somewhat haughtily aloof, bowed to his destiny and entered heart and soul upon his task.

Nearly the whole evening was spent upon this dance.

"We must get it just right," Miss Vanderpool insisted. "You see, we are not learning in quite the usual way on account of a lack of the knowledge of the rudiments on the part of the teacher." And she laughed. "But we propose to dance as well as those who have learned in the regular, old-fashioned way."

Hadley looked about him and saw in every face, whether it was that of a young man or young woman, of Jew or Christian, of German, Bohemian, Scandinavian, or Italian, of factory hand or worker in the stock yards, a look of admiration and respect for Miss Vanderpool. Moreover, her infectious happiness had brought vivacity and something akin to delight even into the heaviest face.

"I never liked your dancing so much as I do at this hour," he said to her, earnestly. "I wish I might help you now and then."

"O you could, you could! But for you perhaps I should not have realized that I had one talent. It never occurred to me that being happy and having light feet could be a talent."

There was a Virginia reel—just by way of diversion—and Marie Vanderpool flitted through it like a spirit of joy.—Chicago Tribune.