

# Keep your Eye on STURGEON'S Store! Come and Inspect our Splendid Assortment.

**We Have Had a GOOD YEAR'S BUSINESS.**

Our Patrons have appreciated our efforts to supply them with all the essentials of a First Class Pharmacy—Pure Drugs Prescriptions promptly and skillfully compounded Reliable preparations of all kinds and polite attendance. We shall have occasions for a joyful

**Thanksgiving Day,**

And wish all patrons the joy and blessings for a day of Supreme Gratitude.

## Watch for STURGEON'S Christmas Display!

### Rally Day at Christian Church.

Columbia Rally Day will be observed at the Christian Church, Wednesday evening, December 5th, when the following programme will be rendered:

- Song....."Hail to America,".....Choir.
- Scripture Reading and Prayer.
- Song.....Choir.
- Greeting.
- Song....."Little Americans," ... Children.
- Recitation.....Amy Isaacs.
- Song.....Choir.
- Recitation.....Roy Harper.
- Song....."Silver Bells,".....Seven Girls.
- Recitation.....Elmer Allen.
- Song.....Choir.
- Recitation.....Edna Harper.
- Solo and Chorus.
- Recitation.....Ethel Todd.
- Song.....Choir.
- Recitation.....Icely Simler.
- Song.....Girls.
- Recitation.....Eva Wheeler.
- Remarks. "America."

### ELAINE.

The snow has left us and the weather has cleared up with a bright sunshine.

W. N. Bays and Grant Bailey passed through here en route for the valley for a band of goats.

M. Cady and Pearl Coulson were down to Joe town last week.

Rob Richard is adding an addition to his house. We think he will soon have a cook.

Carl Bunday left last week for his home in Ohio.

Mr. Henderson and son have taken part of their band of cattle to Mr. Gladwill's to winter.

Our fruit tree agent, Jno. Creecy, returned home after a week's successful canvassing.

### NEKOWIN.

Chas. Goeres made a trip to Tillamook last week.

It is reported that Frank Franklin has the scarlet fever.

Dan and Charley Fletcher have moved up to the "Borers den," and are making improvements in general.

Oscar Hellenbrand made two trips to the cannery after winter supplies which came in on the boat recently.

Misses Clara and Blanch Hellenbrand visited at the home of Miss Amy Taylor last Wednesday.

Fred and Walter Christenson with their mother and sister Lona and Master Loring visited at the Cliff House Sunday.

The Anita made a trip to the Bay this week taking out the canned salmon also the Chinamen.

Mr. Butcher received a large stock of goods on the boat and he is putting them up in the cannery store. This will fill a long felt want of the Little Nestucca people.

### BOULDER CREEK.

Miss Olive Donaldson came down from Brown's Saturday to spend Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Smith.

Mr. Jno. Creecy was in our locality last week selling fruit trees to our citizens.

We regret to announce that Mrs. Rosa Borba has been suffering for some time with carache.

W. N. Bays went to the valley last week.

E. O. Mills passed through our burg Monday, on his way from Salem to Tillamook city.

Invitations are out for a thanksgiving dinner at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Bays.

H. A. Chopard is wielding the maul with a right good will these days. He is splitting rails for a new line fence.

Misses Lena and Bessie Bays were visiting at H. L. Jensen's Sunday.

News is scarce this week as your correspondent was busy nursing a tooth and therefore had little time to devote to neighborhood doings.

### NETARTS.

J. E. Tuttle, of Tillamook, spent a few days with Geo. W. Phelps the first of the week.

Fred Mills, of Hubbard, Oregon, came in last Friday to stop a few days on his homestead on the Cape.

Leon and Arthur Hurlbut came in from Portland the last of the week and will spend the winter at Netarts.

Geo. W. Phelps spent Friday and Saturday in Tillamook.

E. B. Carpenter and J. E. Tuttle made a great killing in the way of geese last Sunday. Lucky boys.

Chas. Hodgdon is doing some improvements on his place in the way of fencing, and firing up the place, what is the matter Charley, going to take a partner.

### BEAVER.

J. R. Dillow, of Blaine, writes from California that his health has much improved. He has placed the selling of his 160 acres near Blaine in the hands of C. Mills, of Beaver, at a bargain.

On Tuesday of this week a Holiness band for the promotion of Bible Holiness was organized, with Mrs. Lydia Finley as leader, to meet every Tuesday, 2 p.m.

Rev. Armstrong is holding protracted meetings at Pleasant Valley at present.

We are glad to note that Cameron Getchel, eldest son of A. J. Getchel, has reached home.

James Hughey is putting a band of goats on the mountain part of his Beaver ranch. If people generally knew that there is yet thousands of acres of the finest of goat range lands open for homesteads, wouldn't there be a rush.

J. D. Wallace, Tillamook's most enterprising cattle and stockman is one who is still hauling milk to Jas. Bixby's cheese factory.

### NEHALEM.

The telephone line is complete and working ok with Mrs. G. W. Cox as the hello girl.

Billy and Chester Hoskins passed through on Sunday en route for the outer world.

The telephone Co. put an instrument in at the Foley P. O.

The two Christmas trees will be held on different nights so as not to conflict with each other.

There will be a grand ball at Batterson's Hall on Thanksgiving evening the 26th inst.

Fishing has ended and the cannery shut down. It is not known at present whether any steel-heads will be put up here or not. A few are already running.

Several scholars from other districts are attending the Sand-hill school, which is in charge of the popular teacher Miss Tracy Wilkinson.

### Fight on Oleomargarine Bill.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, one of the leaders in the effort to pass the oleomargarine bill, is quoted as saying in an interview:

"The bill is set in the House for December 6. It will be a very lively day, and the debate will be spirited on both sides, as the opposition will make a hard fight. I am confident, however, of the passage of the bill in the House by a safe majority, and I believe that the prospects are good for its passage in the Senate. The fight will be made on the bill in both houses of Congress. Farmers from the Atlantic to the Pacific are in favor of the bill, and the consumer who wishes pure butter is with me. A petition of 5,000,000 farmers has been signed in favor of the bill."

### Our Clubbing Rates.

Headlight and the Oregonian ..... \$2.25  
Headlight and the Examiner..... 2.35  
Headlight & Thrice-a-Week World 2.00

The people of Kentucky are actually praying for water.

### BEAVER; PAST & PRESENT.

#### How the Old Settlers Took Up Land in Tillamook.

[BY AN OLD SETTLER.]

Down where the Nestucca rolls and frets its sparkling waters over its strong bottom, in a general westerly course, ere it takes a majestic sweep to the south, and where the hurrying waters of the Beaver flash and gleam in the noon-day sun, south bound and ever on time with its aqueous additions, to the already considerable accumulations of the Nestucca, we find the somewhat T shaped geography of the little settlement of Beaver. Forever environed on the south and east by the huge basaltic pile of Mount Hebo, and its outlying walls and bastions. On the north and west by irregular chains of hills, with valleys small and narrow, the two friendly slopes, un-Alpine like, not growing grapes, yet in this Arcadian enclosure, walled in as it were between the immovable, eternal hills, nestles a community that for singularity of progress in various ways, environments considered, has not its equal in any other particular settlement in this county.

Beaver has a considerable and well sustained school, several creameries and hotel, store, blacksmith shop, post office, daily mail, and one large church. Socially, the Beaverites have their literary and debating clubs, also various other moral and wholesome amusements and exercises, whose tendency is to train the human mind to its betterment. Of course in such a community we would expect landed and other improvements to be found in a corresponding ratio. A look around and a notice of the many new and substantial residences, barns, bridges, etc., is not at all disappointing in this respect, but, on the contrary, these two are rather beyond the average, and all pointing to a clear busy moral reign of intelligence that seems to know, "no such word as fail." A happy, substantial, progressive people today. Yet who knows of their hardships in the past, of their isolation, their struggles, their wants, ill supplied by straightened purse and distance from sources of supplies, made doubly more so by the primitive modes of transportation over the single tortuous trail that led in and out of this little commonwealth. Ah, has the true story of pioneer life ever been told? Has it ever been left, except by those who have likewise been ground in the penury of its conditions?

Since we have just now gone back a little into the pioneer mists of the past, I would go back a little further in the case of Beaver. Back a third of a century from today and give some notes of a trip to the locality made by one Wm. Phipps (then a resident of South Prairie) and myself, at which time we took up the first claims that were taken in that most lonely region.

At that time, March 1867, the farthest settler south was David Reasoner, who had taken the previous fall what is now The Dr. Mills place in Pleasant Valley, the country beyond was, of course, open for "squatter settlements" down to the Reservation line, which was then somewhere down the Nestucca below the mouth of the Beaver, the old Grand Ronde trail had been traveled by the whites for a number of years previous to this time, but owing to the extreme isolation of the locality now under consideration no one had as yet taken up land there, but learning that there was some excellent claims there, mostly prairie, Phipps and I decided at the time above named to go out and take up land. I have forgotten now the time of the month. The spring was somewhat backward that year, but we noticed that the swelling buds and leaves of the wild gooseberry and other shrubs were about ten days further advanced out there than with us back on the prairie, a conclusion that years of casual observations have since confirmed. The day we went out was disagreeable, alternate storms of some snow and hail, the sun's rays being barely powerful enough between showers to melt away in favored localities the frozen vapor. We went down the east side of Beaver, arriving

at the mouth late in the afternoon, connecting the distance that we had come over the serpentine trail to be about 20 miles, whereas it was scarcely 12. We saw six deer at the foot of the bald hill, now the Ellison place. We took a shot at them but both of us missed our game. We camped that night in a large hollow fir tree that stood a little east of where the Beaver schoolhouse now stands. That tree is gone today, not even the stump remaining, gone in the long ago, with nothing left but this slender record of its tradition. Next morning opened with weather similar to the day previous, with light snow on the ground in the early part of the day. We waded the river where the trail crossed over to the now Foland place. Mounting the high opposite bank, we counted seven deer on the little fernless prairie in front, some of them not over 100 yards away. Not being practicable to get in closer range, we quietly, each of us, picked our deer and took deliberate aim, both firing at once, and—missed clearly again. Now latter day hunters will think strange of this poor exhibition of marksmanship, but remember that was not in the days of the Winchester. Phipps was armed on this occasion with an old "Yazer," a relic of the Cayuse Indian war, and a gun that would shoot anywhere. My gun was one that this same man, Phipps, had drawn on an elk, some months previous to this, but shot and wounded his dog that was fifteen feet away to one side. This statement is not falsehood, but it is only the literal truth. Knowing our weapons, we always hunted close together, in order to avoid accident to ourselves, but this was not by any means always our luck, the incident in this narrative was one of the exceptions rather than the rule. After crossing the river, the old Grande Ronde trail passed out through this prairie in an easterly direction, then leaving it took up a divide over the westerly of Mount Hebo, thence down on to the Three Rivers.

Apropos of Hebo, its original name was not Hebo, but "Heavo," and was so named by one "Cad" Iler, now a resident, if living, of Eastern Oregon. Getting upon it one day for the first time, Iler was struck by the appearance of the long, huge swell or roll of the mountain that had elevated it far above its fellows, and placing himself in proper posture for the illustration, then erecting himself, at same time throwing his arms up in the air, he called out, "O, heave, O!" "Heavo!" and Heavo it was for many years, until corrupted into the more tangible name that it now bears.

Netarts was formerly known as "Letarts," or "Letarch." I do not remember why this was. It was, probably, only a corruption that for many years supplanted the proper name.

The Indian name for South Prairie is "Nestoghton," sounding the "G" hard, and not Nestocton, as we call to-day the post-office by that name, which is not an Indian name at all. But I own digressing.

We were impressed with the beautiful grove of large firs that then stood isolated at the north edge of the Foland prairie. We walked around a bit among them, finally sitting down on a fallen tree, and I remember we entered into a discussion of the merits and demerits of that place and the country generally. We crossed over to the north east side of the prairie, where we sat down in a sunny spot, on the edge of the high bank of the river, and looked Blaineward, which country, however, was only fitfully revealed to our vision in the alternate sunshine and storm of that day. From our point of observation, only a small area of bottom land was visible. A little further up, not far away hills seem to come in from both sides, their interlocking points shutting off all vision down to or near the water's edge in that direction, and crowning all, more so then than to-day, a vast forest every where of the tall white deadened firs, tombs of a by-gone age, through which region we imagined the river foamed, and struggled in roaring cataracts, hurrying away from those solitudes to seek the more congenial companionship of the not distant sea, or as Phipps un-

poetically expressed it, "The water seems d—d glad to get down from up there." Webster said, you know, "That all the country west of the Missouri was only fit for Indians and buffalo," but was mistaken. Likewise we were that day about the Blaine country. We did not go down the Nestucca further than the mouth of the Beaver. We went up on no hillside, consequently we saw nothing, or at that time knew nothing of the prairie on the west side of the Beaver, which, now is parts of the handsome farms of W. T. West and others. I will not assert here that up to that time, and a little later, that no white man had ever saw the "West Prairie," yet I believe such was the case. Phipps had been here at that time several years. He was a man that went every where in the settlements, seemed to know every one and talked with everybody else, yet he knew nothing then of any prairie on the west side of the creek. We supposed it to be merely a wooded flat over there, the major part of which would be included in the now Ellison place, and its capabilities could be investigated later, in fact, we had no business further down. The reserve line was near by in that direction. Anyhow, the mountains seemed to close in like a Mexican barranca, through which the river thundered on to the sea, whilst above was also to us the complex and the unknown, and be it known here that the successful opening of the "Harris trail," over the mountains from South Prairie several years before, had effectually stopped all travel on the Grand Ronde route. The first winter's storms completely blocking it for horses, and at the time of our visit it could scarcely be traced in many places. Perhaps it had been twelve months since the echoes of Beaver had been broken by the human voice previous to our own. Had we come upon the tracks of a man whilst there we should have been nearly as much astonished as Crusoe was at the foot prints he discovered in the sand on his lonely island. We laid the foundations of a house on the now Foland farm, and also on the Ellison place and returned home. As we both preferred the Foland claim, we decided in a friendly way to cast lots for it, and abide by the decision of chance, as to who should be its owner. But those lots were never cast. Phipps nor I myself did not possess a dollar of ready money. Phipps hurried away to secure a job of work some where, and was being harassed by debts, grew discouraged, and finally left the country that spring. And myself being troubled something in the same manner as my partner, I could not well return there alone, hence gave it up altogether. But Beaver has went ahead just the same, without either of us.

### Card of Thanks.

We hereby express our heartfelt thanks and appreciation of the kindness and sympathy of our friends and acquaintances during the illness and death of our dear one.

JOHN THORALL AND FAMILY.  
MRS. HILDA GLAD.

### Centrally Located.

## LARSEN HOUSE,

M. H. LARSEN, Proprietor.  
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

The Best Hotel in the city. No Chinese Employed.

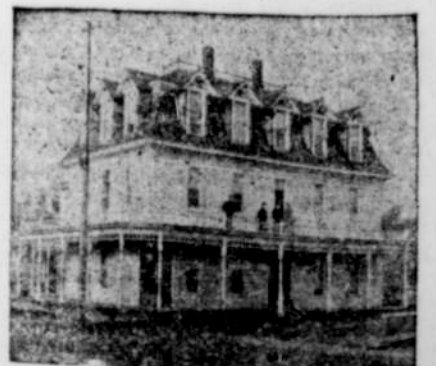
## Allen House,

J. P. ALLEN,  
Proprietor

First class accommodation  
at second class rate.

BEST MEALS IN THE  
CITY.

Tillamook, Ore



### Blasts From Ram's Horn.

A blank cartridge will make the most noise.

To be content with less is to have less-discontent.

A very little child may open a very large door in heaven.

Fidelity to old truths demands hospitality to new ones.

A man's wealth may be measured by his capacities, not by his coin.

It is poor religious exercise balancing on one foot on the edge of sin.

Modern murmurers are bitten by the fiery serpents of their own tongues.

There is only one single step from the level rock over the precipice of ruin.

The modesty of true worth is only equalled by the worth of true modesty.

If men put more sense into their sacred service the world would put more faith in their sanctity.

In the County Court of the County of Tillamook, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the Estate of Edward Senke, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,—That the final account of the Administrator of the Estate of EDWARD SENKE, deceased, has been rendered to said Court for settlement, and that Tuesday the 5th day of January, A.D. 1901, at ten o'clock in the fore noon, has been duly appointed by said Court for the settlement thereof, at which time any person interested in said Estate may appear and file his exceptions, in writing to said account, and contest the same.

Dated this 15th day of November, 1900.

HOMER MASON,  
County Clerk.

## EDGAR LATIMER,

BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.  
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING,  
SHAMPOOING, ETC.

Electric Baths nicely fitted up. Good for persons suffering with rheumatism. Building next door to the Post Office.

## THE NEW BARBER SHOP.

Next to Wade & Briggs' Store.

Stylish Hair Cutting,  
A Clean Shave,  
Shampooing, etc.

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The Fashionable Barber.

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