

The Tillamook Headlight.

Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.)

One year..... \$1.50
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

One would have naturally thought that the business interests of the city of Portland would have reached out before this when a valuable feeder like Tillamook has been within its reach for years. Not only would a railroad pay, for those who know the resources of the county need not trouble on that score, but it would double the population of the county as soon as it was complete. And we may say this, of all the railroads running into Portland there is not one which would compare in local business to one to Tillamook city. Railroad men tell us that dairying produces very little freight in bulk, consequently there is very little freight to haul. True. But the lumber and the coal will do so to a greater extent than wheat is doing, and, besides, it will net the railroads more money when it is shipped to Eastern markets. We have noticed in the railroad gossip that it has been suggested to haul the logs to Portland and manufacture the lumber in that city. We hardly think this likely, for as soon as a railroad connects Tillamook county with the "outside world" many desirable mill locations will present themselves to millmen. If Portland secures plenty of cheap coal then it should be content to allow the lumber to be manufactured here in Tillamook, as we have no doubt but what it will be. Under these conditions it is plain to see that an independent line from Portland to Tillamook is going to be a paying investment, and besides will give Portland the advantage of furnishing all the supplies to the county, which will be considerable when the saw mills can ship their lumber to market at a profit, for this is one of the perplexing questions mill men have to contend with at the present time. Tillamook county is on the anxious seat to know if Portland is going to avail herself of this opportunity of secure what will make her the most substantial, industrial and wealthy city in the Northwest.

Some of the Portland divines and the city officials have been discussing the gambling question, and as this is not a very easy matter to decide satisfactory to all parties we suppose it will be a bone of contention as long as the world remains, for men will gamble in spite of every effort to stop it. The philanthropist looks upon it as a curse to those who are infatuated with gambling and who are beyond redemption; the pulpiteer looks upon it as one of the great sins of the age; the business man looks upon it with indifference, although he may silently curse the habit when he knows that money which should have gone to pay store bills and support the wife and family have been foisted away at the gambling table; political parties consider silence golden; the newspapers see scores of intelligent men impregnated with gambling, bright young men becoming worthless to society, bummers around gambling resorts until they join the criminal class; parents see their sons gamble and consider them smart when they win; parties who gamble say it is nobody's business but their own if they lose or win money gambling; county or city officials make very little effort to stop it; Christian people pray that the evil be stamped out, but take good care not to go beyond the praying line to do so. Thus we could continue to show the different stand points from which gambling is looked at. It is no wonder that gambling is prevalent when so many people are indifferent to its consequences. Newspapers are often accused of cowardice for not condemning it, but these accusations come generally from those who want to avoid the odium of a crusade against the gamblers and fasten it upon the editor. Until a different sentiment is created in the minds of the people against this pernicious habit it appears useless to make a spasmodic attempt to stamp it out. As everyone knows, this is not effectual, for it is carried on just as bad behind doors. Under all these circumstances, what is best to be done? Portland officials consider it the best plan to fine the gambling houses once a month, and although this is considered a public "graft," the city, however, benefits by that procedure.

We do not consider that we are out of order in asking who is at the head of H. W. Corbett's editorial bureau, for they contain so much similarity that we are inclined to think that some of the Oregon pencil pushers are only playing second fiddle to some sharp politician who is engineering the editorial scheme to laud the Portland banker. We feel concerned for the independence of the Oregon press if a lot of politicians can control the ideas and opinions in the editorial columns, for it is only poor tools of newspaper men who will allow themselves to be controlled in this way.

little boodle is being used in the direction indicated. How the politicians do manage to squeeze millionaires who have senatorial bees in their bonnets.

The newspapers of Oregon, especially those of the first congressional district, have given Congressman Tongue the credit of procuring so much money for government improvements in the river and harbor bill for this state. All should admit, no matter what their political affiliations may be, that Mr. Tongue is only receiving the merit which is justly due him. Had it been Senator Simon who had been instrumental in bringing this satisfactory state of affairs about it is safe to predict that the Oregonian would almost have fallen over itself in lauding him. And why not do so with Mr. Tongue?

The Baltimore American says a North Carolina minister is preaching against courting on Sunday. By the time the reformers get this world arranged to suit themselves it will hardly be worth dying in.

Notice.

Engineer Office, U. S. Army, Portland, Oregon, Dec. 28, 1899. Attention of all interested is called to the fact that the creation of any obstruction to the navigable capacity of any navigable water of the United States is prohibited by the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1899, unless first specially authorized in each case.

The construction of bridges, dams, dikes or causeways over or in any harbor, port, navigable river or other navigable water of the United States requires the prior approval of the Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army, and the Secretary of War, and also the affirmative action of Congress, or of the Legislature of the State when the navigable water is wholly within a single state.

The construction of any log-boom, fish-trap, wharf, pier, dolphin, break-water, or any other structure in any port, harbor, navigable river or other water of the United States, outside established harbor lines or where no harbor lines have been established, is illegal except on plans recommended by the Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army, and authorized by the Secretary of War, previous to the commencement of construction.

Violation of the above provisions of the law is made a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of \$2,500.00 and by imprisonment for one year.

The dumping of any ashes, ballast, saw-dust, slabs, or other solid refuse from any vessel or other craft, or from any mill or factory, into any harbor or navigable river, or on the bank where it may be washed in at high water or by storms, is also prohibited. The violation of this provision is punishable by a fine of \$2,500.00 and by imprisonment for one year, one-half of the fine going to the person giving the information leading to conviction. In addition, masters, pilots and engineers on vessels violating this provision are subject to revocation of license and the owners of the vessels are subject to libel for the damage occasioned.

All masters, pilots and engineers of vessels and all others interested in protecting the rights of navigation are requested to report to me promptly any violation of the above provisions coming to their notice. Information as to the manner of obtaining authority for constructing fish-traps, log-booms, etc., will be furnished on request.

WM. W. HARTS,
Captain, Corps of Engineers,
U. S. Army.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Love will find a way if it's only the way out.

A man's idea of woman is theoretical; a woman's idea of man is intuitive.

Whenever a woman sees a telegram coming she feels of her heart strings.

In order to be patriotic, women have first got to make patriotism into a fad.

Nothing catches a woman quicker than a runaway match, unless it's a deathbed repentance.

A man's revenge on a woman for not having him is to go and tell her all about his next love affair.

A really brave man is the one who has the nerve to marry a girl after he hears her say she takes a cold bath every morning.

No matter how big a brute he is, nothing but a surgical operation would convince the average woman that her husband's heart wasn't full of affection for her.

What a woman can't get out of a man by sticking roses in her hair, she can generally get by crying on shirt bosom.

Will not be Undersold!

When you want meat go to Leach & Jones' Meat Market, for they will allow no other meat market to undersell them. Below will be found our prices until further notice:

Porterhouse Steak.....
Sirloin.....
Beef, roast.....
Boiling Beef.....

HOW THE COUNTY IS TO BE DIVIDED.

One of the Originators of the Scheme Talks Confidentially to the Headlight's Correspondent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.

The rumor that our fellow citizens in the south end of the county design at the coming session of the legislature seceding from us and forming a separate county, or, at least, uniting with Yamhill county, seems to be true, as the following conversation the writer recently had with a prominent citizen of those parts clearly show.

My informant being intensely enthusiastic in the matter, gave vent to some very extravagant ideas in regard to the movement and its results, much of which is herewith eliminated for purposes of publication, as over-sanguine and irrelevant matter, giving only the more natural and reasonable propositions that accentuates and is to follow the secession business, in his own words.

Will Bring Up on the Outside.

"You think we don't mean it, do you?" said my interlocutor, as he set down a box of soap which he had just purchased and adjusted his person more comfortably upon the nail keg, which he was sitting on, and lit the cigar tendered him by the merchant, went on:

"Well, you will discover, soon too, and the reasons for it, sir, are plentier than blackberries. You ask if we have not had justice. I reply that your rule over this end of the county has been one long line of misgovernment in which acts of justice towards us are as scattering as pure democracy. I tell you, you 'tit pullers' up there with your heads buried one half the time in your cow's flanks, are not calculated to be an inspired authority on human justice. You will persist in that one business, with its resultant selfishness, until you will all bring up on the outside of St. Peter's gate some day, where you will be made to stand around with one foot up like geese on a cold floor, whilst the blessed Nestuckites will be marching in four a breast and no questions asked.

Sentiment Don't Work Down South.

"Sentiment, you say, should hold the county together. Now that's funny. Why sentiment is about as adhesive as coal-oil. My wife some times speaks of sentiment as something that happened when years ago I came round courting with my pockets full of candy, gum, etc. Sentiment is in one sense a species of axle grease to keep wheels from creaking, a lubricator that men wear on their clothes to smell well and to prevent sticking when they run against each other. But, practically, it amounts to neither a soap nor a soda. A township of it would not paralyze a flea. Now some of our folks prefer to go to Yamhill, but the majority of us don't want any of that. We don't want to belong to a people that depends on leap-year for a crop, and no green things visible in the county seven months out of the year, except a goodly portion of its inhabitants and the paint on some of their buildings. No. We have been connected with our inferiors—present company, you know, etc.—long enough. Aside from the inconveniences incident to our present situation, the precious boon, so dear to the American heart, of getting gloriously drunk is denied to those of us that wish, lest we would have to give the friend 'away' that found a market for his whiskey. If I behold my neighbor's wife wink at the minister, I have got to go forty miles to prove it or permit sin to root in the land. If my wife and I desire to separate, the vast trouble, expense and other difficulties thrown in our way up there renders the domestic 'split' a simple impossibility, compelling us to live on with the old unparliamentary language, and continue the flinging of crockery at each other's heads."

Christens the County by the Name of "Bryan."

"What are we going to name it?"
"We are going to call it Bryan county. After—well you have heard of him—his constituents here will rally enthusiastically over the name and the republicans won't care. Their well known magnanimity, you know, towards the names of our country's great men who have passed into oblivion.

Boundaries will be Slender and Bow-Legged.

"What are our proposed boundaries? Now that is what I am anxious to tell you. It will be something the shape of a female that I saw upon the streets of Tillamook one day, rather slender, perhaps, and a little bow-legged, but all right in the end. It will be bounded on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the horizon; on the north, where the poetically green and northern line of townships south, seven, eight, ten and nine—heavens, what poetry—cut through and take the wig off Pleasant Valley. With one exception, we are going to make a jog up there and take in section 31, of T. 2, S. 9, in order to get the new big saw mill of Wist & Co. for purposes of taxation, at which place we also will deflect the Tillamook river over through Blum's gap down the Beaver and on into the Nestucca.

Beaver is a "Dry Town" and Needs More Water.

"Beaver is a dry town, you know, and requires more water. Besides, the additional flood will deepen the Nestucca bar. See. Of course the change will make stockwater scarce down about South Prairie and lower the depth of water on Tillamook bar 25 or 30 inches, raise a howl at Bay City and Hobsonville, flooding Congressman Tongue's desk with fresh correspondence. But we don't care; it's going to be our turn at the raisins now. Yes, that jog in the north line will look bad indeed, on the maps, but except in tax-paying time the officers can fold it under for looks—and to keep blamed fools from asking questions about it. Now the south line that will be an inch in geography. Something new under the sun. When in the future you ask your wife where it is, she will either consult the almanac, or consider what style of bonnet she is then wearing, winter or summer. Ask your kid about it, and he will look to see which way the geese are flying. A puzzler, isn't it? Give it up? Ordinary men will not see into it without help. Well, it's going to be Salmon Cape in winter, and away down to Cape Foulweather in summer. This will give us salmon and huckleberries over there in summer, and Lincoln county will get the geese and ducks in winter. It will be harrowing the geese a year for taxes, but the extra benefits that will be under two administrations at once will be on our mind. It will be like two upon an inhabited globe, as if somewhere in

There's Other "Shady Spots" Beside This.

"Talk about shade up there, you have got 'shady spots' right in Tillamook City within a stone's throw of the city hall. You chaps need not worry about our roads, they are all laid out to drop to the country. We will begin at Blaine and work 'em down hill scientifically with the law of gravitation. Strange, isn't it, that this idea was never thought of before? It took thousands of years to invent suspenders.

The Slate Made Up.

"Yes, sir; we have about made out a perfect slate for our first set of officers. Hon. T. J. Lucy, who leads this move, for County Judge; Richard Robedee for County Clerk; Wm. Scott, of Ocean Park, for Sheriff; Frank Wilehart alternate and board of commissioners; Wm. Collyer for Treasurer—Mr. Collyer will board with his wife. There are many substantial and intelligent citizens eligible for the other positions, including Rev. C. Mills, of Beaver, for Chaplain at the county jail, and Jacob Butcher, of Oretown, will sit majestically upon the dead carcasses. Little Nestucca, it's true, don't show up many on this slate, but she is used to that and won't mind. The fact is the voters in that precinct have been employed as mere clothes-pins for twenty-five years to hold your politicians' shirts upon the line up there. In hat length of time Little Nestucca has received but one county office, and that candidate only got there in his shirt sleeves.

Compromise on County Seat.

"To suit the rival interests of Woods and Ocean Park, a huge scow will be constructed, upon which will be erected the county buildings. County business then can alternate between the two points. Choice rooms will be let to summer boarders, running strictly on the European plan, and will float up and down with the clete on board to the soft strains of music. Oh! it's all going to be delectable.

Taxable Property only \$300,000.

"How is that? You say we have less than \$300,000 taxable property and that it will take a 50-mill tax to run us. Admitted, and what is that when balanced against the freedom of an auto-cruacy of our own—the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, untrammelled as you puissant winds which sweep off Mexico's aching gulf. Great Scott, Mr. —, what a grand new field in which to sprout grand Websterian flights of oratory, especially when they can be mixed up with the Declaration of Independence, heroes of the revolution—times which tried men's souls. Say, come down to Woods next 4th of July and hear the orations—they are going to be stunners—whoop!"

Forgot it was Washing Day.

Here my talkative friend sprang to his feet, gathered up hastily his box of soap, and walked excitedly to the door.

"Excuse me, Mr. —, but I was to hasten back with this article—wash day at our house—ten o'clock and no soap—the old woman's clapper trap must be running like a dynamo—gee whiz, I must scoot!"

And the door closed with a bang.

Yours very respectfully, Mr. Editor,
A CITIZAN.

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First Class Work Guaranteed.

In Bailey's Warehouse at Tillamook City.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Oregon City, Or.,
December 28, 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 January 25, 1901, viz:

I. M. SMITH, for the lots 5 and 6 and a Mod. Sec. 5, T. 2, S. 9, W. 9 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the above land: J. E. Sibley, J. H. Kruger, Wm. Scott, and Frank Wilehart.

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