

RAN ON A ROCK.

Wreck of the Steamer Rio de Janeiro.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 22.—The Pacific Mail steamer Rio de Janeiro ran on a hidden rock while entering the Golden Gate early this morning in a dense fog. She sank a few minutes after striking. It is impossible to ascertain the exact number lost owing to the fact that Purser John Rooney, who had the passenger list and roster of the crew, is among the missing, but the latest figures place the loss at 122 persons, most of whom were Chinese and Japanese.

At 5 o'clock this afternoon 10 bodies had been recovered, two white women, one white man and seven Chinese. The body of the white man has been identified as that of Mr. Dodwell, of Shanghai.

The most prominent passenger on the steamer was Rounseville Wildman, United States Consul at Hong Kong, who was accompanied by his wife and two children. It is thought all were drowned.

The ship was in command of Pilot Frederick Jordan when she struck. He was rescued. Captain William Ward went down with the vessel.

As nearly as can be learned, there were 201 people on board the Rio de Janeiro, as follows: Cabin passengers, 29; second cabin, 7; steerage (Chinese and Japanese), 58; white officers, 30; Asiatic crew, 77. Total, 201.

The saved number 79, classed as follows: Cabin passengers, 12; white officers, 11; steerage, Asiatics, 15; crew, Chinese, 41.

The lost number 122, classed as follows: Passengers 24; officers, 19; crew, Chinese, 36; steerage, Asiatic 43.

The Pilot's Story.

Captain Frederick W. Jordan, the pilot of the Rio, was rescued by the Italian fishing boat owned by Frederick Castrini, and was brought to Meigg's Station about 10 a.m. Along with him was a Japanese and Philip Nussenblack. He was taken up to the room occupied by the customs officials and told the following story:

"We anchored inside about 5 o'clock last night. The weather was thick and I left orders that when the weather cleared we should go further in. At 5 a.m. the fog lifted. We could see the Cliff House and the North End light and I told the mate to leave short. After we started heaving short, the wind came in from the northeast and the fog settled in thick and I told the mate to stop heaving. Then the captain came up and said: 'Let her go. We can go ahead.'"

Captain Jordan made this statement to Captain Freeman and his friends who crowded around him. To Captain Freeman he said "Ain't I in a fix?"

Captain Freeman put about the pilot and said: "Don't you know it; you are here, and that is all we care."

Captain Jordan then continued his story: "You see my watch stopped at 20 minutes to 6. When the vessel struck, I ordered all the boats out. The first boat out was that of the doctor. It was half filled with water no sooner than she struck the water. I got a ladder and placed a woman on it and began to descend. She had a boy with her, a child of about 8 years. She gave him to me. I held him in my arms and the little fellow had his arms around my neck. The woman and I were about half way down the ladder, when the Rio gave a tremendous pitch. I was flung off the ladder. I saw nothing then of the woman or the boy. I went down with the ship about 50 feet. I worked my way up to the surface and got hold of some wreckage. I had sense enough left to turn on my back and drift with the wreckage. Then I came across what seemed to me the top of a house with a Chinaman on it. He helped me to climb onto the roof and with him I drifted out toward the North Heads. I was then rescued by the fishing boat. I cannot say who the woman was. I believe she had a husband, but he was not on deck when we left. I saw nothing either of the woman or the boy after I was flung off the ladder into the water."

"Did you see Captain Ward?"

"I saw nothing of him after we struck. I believe he is lost."

Aliming for the Nehalem.

ST. HELENS, Or., Feb. 22.—The Northern Pacific surveyors broke camp at Banker Hill to-day and are moving to Pittsburg on the Nehalem River.

The Goble, Nehalem & Pacific surveyors have suspended operation on Oak Ranch Creek and are looking for a route from the head of Clatskanie Creek to the upper Nehalem coal fields, by way of the east fork of Pebble Creek; thence to the river near Vernonia. It is reported that Mr. Cannon, the president of the company, and others who are interested in the lands on Pebble Creek, have faith in the coal measures there. A road from the head of Clatskanie Creek to Pebble Creek would pass through some fine timber.

It is an unwise wife who doesn't insist that the first baby looks like his father.

Trouble is double when we trouble-trouble, but trouble is nil when we leave it alone.

It's a long haul to get water out of a deep well, but it's better water.

It is bad business policy for a dentist to condemn the use of candy on the ground that it injures teeth.

Educational Comments.

[TO EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.]

Skilled American mechanics are very rare. It is easy to find a man who has worked at a jeweler's, at an engraver's, a watchmaker's, but almost impossible to get one who can honestly say he knows any trade thoroughly. The aimlessness of the common school system of education and the abrogation of the apprentice system through the jealousy of the trades' unions have together brought this about. It is very probable that if parents saw opportunities of their boys learning trades, they would not allow them to waste much precious time in the routine of the public school. To-day the average boy, after he leaves school, looks out for himself. He goes into a store or factory without an object. There is no future for him in his work; he joins the large and struggling class which moves and has its being among invoices and ledgers, or acts general utility. He learns nothing; he can do nothing that the world really wants. There is no demand for him, and, unless singularly talented in some way, he drags out a hopeless, miserable existence, because his education has unfitted him for the duties of his state of life. Colonization has been recommended to the class of incapables to which he belongs; but it is not possible for all men to become farmers, and the man who seeks a home in new pastures must not be penniless. The State, though it may give him land, will not provide the means of travel for himself and family, nor will it give him the necessities of life until his crops come up. As a rule, too, his training has unfitted him for life in the country. Left on an unbroken prairie, he would be even more helpless than he is in the city. There seems to be no resources for him than to live in the proverbial from-hand-to-mouth manner until death ends his weary life. Men of this kind are many. They tax private charity to the utmost, and at last—for pride is slow to yield—become burdens on the public. Every man who does not carefully consider the capabilities of his son and the dangers of our social life, provides a lot like this for him. There is no room in the world for a man who can do nothing, and very little room for him who can do something badly. A father has no right to let his sense of duty be obscured by the tendency of the times. It is not his affair what other people do. He is bound to work for the spiritual good and earthly prosperity of his child whether other people let their children drift or not. "Drifting is the best word that can be applied to the course of children in this country; they drift, and the tide does not set toward heaven." So reads a Catholic Review of this country.

It is true that distinctive trades are almost obliterated in this country. There are no more shoemakers, weavers, wainwrights, spinners, or chair-makers. Machinery has sadly mutilated the integrity of their callings. The butcher we have with us in part, and a faint imitation of the baker; but what with kerosene-gas and electricity, the occupation of the candlestick-maker is almost gone. We do not wonder that the author of the above mourns for the days of the cobbler and the joiner, and deprecates the advent of labor-saving machinery and the public school. It is too bad for the boy of today to be mewed up for seven years in a public school instead of enjoying, as in the days of old, the kicks and cuffs and abuse and drudgery of a brutal master during his seven years' apprenticeship. But what are you going to do about it? The boy cannot learn a trade, even if he would. Machinery and the division of labor have wiped out the lines that used to separate guilds from each other; if he goes into a shop he learns one part of a trade and no more. Then what shall he learn? It used to be thought that a trade was the surest means of a livelihood; but with our changed industrial conditions, dependence on a trade is very unsatisfactory. Aggregations of capital wipe out smaller establishments, and at the least industrial depression the mechanic is in danger of being thrown out of a job. It is then that he has to thank his stars or the public schools if he has learned to write a good hand and cast accounts and keep books, so that he can go into the business of transferring the raw material when the working up of it into manufactured goods is found to be unprofitable. True, machinery and the public schools may be inventions of the devil. It might have been better if we had never left Eden. But we are out of Paradise; we are in the United States, and riding willing or unwilling on the railway train of twentieth-century progress. The train has a public-school palace-car attached, and we are not yet ready to uncouple it from our train.

G. A. WALKER.

Bav City, Ore.

The wife who imagines her husband the best ever may be mistaken, but she's happy.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but it isn't always the most convincing.

Reputation is the product of chance; character is the product of life-duty well done.

The poorest church mouse may on his own hole by digging for it.

When railroad magnates are consummating a deal they may expect to be railed at more or less.

Jam keeps better in a high altitude on the top shelf.

The Pleasures of Widowhood.

The wife of America's greatest preacher survived her lord for ten years, and she once told a friend that these were the happiest years she had ever known. Yet her husband had never ill-used her, but while he was living she was continually stung by jealousy. The attention was all lavished on him, and she was only pointed out as a marital appendage: after his death she was the whole thing.

Strong, forceful, busy men are a great trial to their wives. Men with executive ability, who do the marketing and hold the opinion for the household, create a stifling mental atmosphere in their homes. Power repels as well as attracts. Such men as I have mentioned doubtless love their wives, but they want no advice nor assistance. The wife of such a man grows meek and compliant and puts the children to bed early so they will not bother their father. The wife has a weekly allowance and is ever dutiful.

Apoplexy comes and relieves her. She is crushed, because she thinks a widow should be. In a week lawyers arrive to consult her, and the administrator asks her advice. Tenants pay her rent, the whole world seems to uncover before her. She finds she can think for herself and devise and weigh. All women love power—power has come to her. The estate foots up more than she imagined—her husband deceived her with talk of poverty and hard times to keep down her supposed taste for luxury.

She is rich. She begins to plan little charities for her poor relatives.

She consults railroad guides and takes a sudden interest in Wilhelm der Grosse as compared with the Allan line.

She is happy, very happy, and only a month has passed since the apoplexy, and when she looks into the glass she smiles coyly and blushes almost to see how becoming her mourning bonnet really is. Her conscience pricks her for being so pink and pretty, when her cheeks should be tear-stained. She knows her attractive face, and her equally attractive fortune are very attractive qualities to several good men. She must be on her guard.

As penance she begins to plan an elaborate granite memorial for John. She thinks a weeping willow with a widow in weeds leaning on the tombstone would be nice.

She is very happy—and on her guard. The emotions and sensations of a bride are nothing compared to the feelings of a widow. A widow has a background for comparison, and all the flighty dreams after the unattainable have been freed out of her cosmos by a stately-gray marital pudmill. She is grateful for freedom, and the ideal looms large on her horizon.

Death is not a supreme calamity, either for the dead or the living. Widows live long.

Real Estate Transfers.

James Williams to F. D. Vincent, one acre in sec. 20, tp. 1 S, R. 9 W.

Franz J. Steinmitz to W. Arthur Fischer, deed of correction.

W. S. Cone, Claude Thayer and William Steinmitz, quit claim deeds, to W. Arthur Fischer.

W. Arthur Fischer to D. C. Whitney, Ne ¼ of sec. 25, Se ¼ of sec. 26, all in tp. 2 S, R. 10 W.

L. H. Witt to Rosa N. Gerrish, mining claim.

T. H. Rohde to Elizabeth L. Terwilliger, various tracts.

David Martiny to F. R. & G. A. Beals, ½ interest in lots 3, 4, 5 and 9 of sec. 6, tp. 3 S, R. 9 W.

U. S. to Henry Ober, Se ¼ of Nw ¼, Ne ¼ of Sw ¼ and lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 8 of sec. 27, tp. 3 N, R. 10 W.

John W. Jennings to Amos Vaughn, tracts.

Domestic Revolt in Wichita.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Bye, babe, bye!

Pull upon the bottle— Bat your little eye!

Papa's watching over you Crooning little croons, Mamma's hustling cobblestones To wallop the saloons.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Bye, baby, bye!

Twinkle little pink toes, Sh-h-h! Don't cry!

Papa'll rock the cradle, dear, Sleep, my little lass— Mamma's whooping up the street A-smashing looking-glass.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Bye, babe, bye!

Leggo papa's whiskers, You appoplectic guv!

Splat your little diaphragm, Bellow if you must, While papa chases mamma down To nip reform or bust!

The greatest fault of man is criticising the faults of others.

Woman's success begins with tears of despair.

The man who can drink or stop generally stops—at the first saloon.

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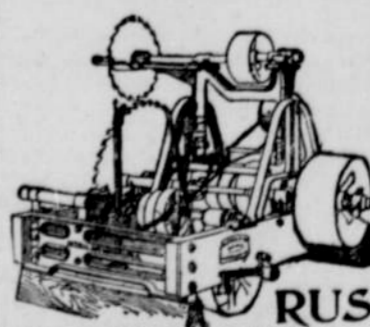
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