

**Was Not Well Informed.**

DEAR SIR.—I have been a reader of your much valued paper for a number of years, and have been in your county quite frequently for the past 15 or 16 years. I was somewhat surprised a few days ago, when in the Union depot looking for information about this state and your county at the information bureau, to be emphatically told, "That all there was in Tillamook county or ever would or could be was dairying and lumbering. If a person did not intend embarking in one of the two businesses he had better not go to Tillamook." I smiled, of course, and asked the gentleman where he obtained his information. He said it was authentic, and he gave the name of one of your business men who had informed him. I then related to the gentleman some of the things I had seen while visiting different parts of Tillamook county, such as at W. A. Sailing's, just below Beaver, and helping him measure a parsonip that was 3ft. 4in. long, and Mr. Sailing did not consider it a good year for parsonips either. I saw a potato that was hanging up on a gate on the Big Nestucca valley which was marked as weighing 6½lb., at the home, as the driver informed me, of County Clerk W. W. Conder. I also saw one turnip which was said to have been grown on land owned by a Mr. Hunt, about one mile south of Tillamook City, which weighed 25lbs. even. I saw one cabbage head raised north of Blaine which weighed 40lbs., also as fine a quality of wheat as can be produced anywhere on both the ranches of Geo. Mowers and C. Mills.

When I got through telling the gentleman all I had seen and knew about the industries and resources of Tillamook county he was surprised that he knew so little about your industries. I hope, however, what I told him about Tillamook will have a good effect, for I expect to make Tillamook my home before long.

Yours very respectfully,  
A SUBSCRIBER.

Portland, Or., July 25.

**SOUTH PRAIRIE.**

Nearly every one is through haying, the hay is rather light, but of good quality.

Chas. Wells and family spent some days over on the Netarts beach.

Willis Powell has improved the looks of his dwelling by giving it a new coat of paint. Benjamin Powell, of Tillamook, doing the work.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Johnson, Bell and Russ Johnson spent several days over on the Netarts.

Benjamin Powell has painted our school house, which helps its appearance considerably.

Frank Fowler is getting the lumber delivered for his new blacksmith shop.

**BOULDER CREEK.**

C. A. Smith and wife went to Tillamook Sunday.

J. S. Myers is talking of selling out and going to California.

Jno. and Jos. Hofstra went to Beaver last Friday after a load of supplies. They say they have peeled about 2½ tons of cascars this summer.

Little Cordie Blalock was very sick last week with a kind of bilious fever.

Mr. Lench took a trip to Beaver and back Sunday, on his wheel. He went after medicine for his brother-in-law, Mr. Fell, who has been nearly laid up the past week with a sore throat and a cold.

Haying is still going on in the Boulder neighborhood.

The horse race on the Smith place, attracted quite a crowd last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Booth passed here en route to Blaine, Saturday.

Two men were disputing over their respective churches. One was a Presbyterian, the other a Baptist. Finally one called in a neighbor who was passing by and asked his opinion as to which was the only church to be saved. "Well," said he, "my son and I have been hauling wheat to mill night over forty years. Now there is two roads that lead from our place to the mill—one's the valley road, t'other takes over the hills. An' never yet, my friends, has the miller asked me which road I took, but he always asks, 'Is your wheat good?'"

—The American Woman.

We are sorry to state that Mrs. Almeda Lucas is again on the sick list. Mr. Lucas went to Beaver Friday to get medicine for her.

R. O. Richards, of Blaine, passed through our neighborhood last Sunday.

The looks of the weather Monday evening frightened Mr. Gladwill about his hay, so he hauled with two teams until one o'clock Tuesday morning, to get in all he could, in case it did rain.

Mr. Blalock hauled milk for C. A. Smith last Monday.

O. W. Kinnaman came up Monday and cut his hay.

Dave Coulson came up from Wolfe Creek last Thursday to see J. S. Myers on business.

Joe Bixby, the Beaver merchant, was up in this part of the country last week.

H. A. Chopard went to Hebo last week and made a short visit at his father-in-law's home on Cedar Creek.

**Rough spruce lumber sawed to order, for \$7.00 a thousand, at the Tillamook Lumbering Co.**

**CITY HAS FALLEN.**

**Niu Chwang in the Hands of the Japanese.**

ST. PETERSBURG, July 26.—The port of Niu Chwang has at last been abandoned by the Russians. The authorities here, however, have no advice covering the details. The evacuation of Niu Chwang proper is expected to follow shortly.

PARIS, July 27.—The Yinkow correspondent of the *Matin* says that the Japanese entered Niu Chwang at 5 o'clock in the morning and hauled down the Russian commercial flag, which had been substituted for the military standard on the residence of the Governor.

The Japanese standard was hoisted, the Chinese flag flying from the neighboring buildings and the Custom-House. The Consular authorities has taken precautions to insure the safety of the European residents, who were armed.

The Russians who refused to follow the retreat have been cut off.

The Japanese cavalrymen, the correspondent says, were supplied with the most modern accoutrements, and each man was furnished with a compass and fieldglass. The dispatch in conclusion says that Japanese troops are still filing into Niu Chwang.

MUKDEN, July 26.—Twenty troop-laden transports, escorted by a squadron, are cruising off the entrance of the Liao River.

**Suffering of Russian Soldiers.**

LONDON, July 27.—Special dispatches from the Far East printed in this morning's London papers confirm the news of the Japanese occupation of Niu Chwang, but do not give any further details of the fighting.

According to the Tientsin correspondent of the *Standard*, a foreigner who has arrived there from Mukden describes the conditions existing in the Russian camps as deplorable. The troops, he says, are badly supplied with provisions and the officers are indulging in pleasurable pursuits.

**Sunk Without Warning.**

YOKOHAMA, July 27.—The story told by the captain of the British steamer *Tsunan*, which arrived at Yokohama with the crew of the *Knight* Commander on board is as follows:

"My vessel, on her way from Manila to Yokohama, via Hong Kong, was stopped by three Russian men-of-war on July 24 at a point about 20 miles off the coast of Izu, and after an examination of cargo was allowed to proceed to Yokohama.

"At the request of the Russians the *Tsunan* took on board more than 20 British sailors, the crew of the *Knight* Commander, and brought them to Yokohama.

"According to the story of the crew of the *Knight* Commander of July 24 that vessel met the Russian men-of-war off the coast of Izu. These Russian officers, after examining the cargo of the steamer took the captain on board of one of their vessels and then ordered the crew to leave the steamer in ten minutes. Immediately on the expiration of the given time the *Knight* Commander was fired upon and sunk. She was on her way from New York to Yokohama, via Shanghai, with railway material and coal on board.

"The crew of the *Knight* Commander witnessed the sinking of two Japanese sailing vessels by the Russian men-of-war. In those cases the Russians did not make signals and did not search the vessels, but summarily sunk them. In as much as no attempt to rescue the crew of these two vessels was made it is thought all of them were drowned."

W. H. H. Sampson and Earl McAdam, who returned to Oregon City from Dodge, in the Clackamas County foothills, report an experience, the most pleasant part of which was the distance that separated themselves from a mountain cougar to which they were unexpectedly introduced. Having driven a herd of cattle to the ranch of Frank Busch's, at Dodge, Sampson and McAdam repaired to a deserted log cabin where they passed the night without incident, having taken the precaution securely to barricade the doors and windows. In the morning an attempt was made to start a fire, but the chimney refused to expel the smoke.

A hasty investigation revealed a large mountain cougar secluded in the mouth of the chimney. Being without guns and ammunition, the Oregon Cityites did not argue the question but decamped, leaving the quadruped the sole occupant of the cabin. Cougars are more plentiful in the foothills this year than ever before and the settlers have suffered great loss to their herds on this account.

The British government is taking energetic action relative to the sinking of the British steamer *Knight* Commander by the *Vladivostok* squadron. An information received by the government tends to establish in the official mind the belief that an outrage has been committed for which no excuse exists in international law.

The remains of Miss Anita Thurston, whose sad drowning occurred on Saturday at Sampson, on the Lower Umpqua, reached Eugene on Monday morning. The only account of the affair is given by Miss Baldiere, who accompanied the remains. Miss Thurston and two other young ladies were bathing in Scofield Creek, when the ebbing tide drew them into deep water. The other two were rescued, but Miss Thurston went to the bottom and did not rise.

**Accidentally Discharged.**

COTTAGE GROVE, Or., July 25.—H. M. Wortz, aged 34 years, accidentally shot himself yesterday and died last night. He, with two other men, went on a fishing tour about 21 miles from here up the Coast Fork River, taking the guns. He ordered his dog to go into some thick brush for a deer. The dog refused to obey, and he grabbed his gun and shot the dog. He reloaded his gun, laid it down and resumed his fishing, when the gun commenced to slide down the embankment, causing it to discharge. The ball entered the front of the left thigh, and traversed the pelvis, but failed to make an exit.

He immediately fired three shots from his gun, in rapid succession, which is the hunters' distress signal, and his companions were soon by his side. One of them left for medical aid. Owing to the rough country, many hours elapsed before they got him to the settlement, and he died on the way. He was a member of the Oddfellows' order. A wife and three children survive him.

**Mystery of the Sea.**

SEATTLE, Wash., July 25.—Wreckage of a three-masted ship picked up by Indians along the shore of Kindle Island, one of the Gander group, lying east of Princess Royal Island, on the route between Seattle and Juneau, indicates another dark disaster of the sea, the details of which may never be known.

Captain James J. Doyle, of the fishing steamer *Arrow*, when in Greenview channel on his return trip from Juneau to Seattle, stopped three Indians who were paddling in a canoe to Lowe Inlet. They were loaded down with ropes, sails, blocks and other strappings of a large ship, which they were taking to the inlet to sell. The character of their cargo caused the captain to stop and engage them in conversation.

One of the party was an Indian girl who had been educated in Oregon and spoke good English. She told Captain Doyle that a few days before they had discovered on the shores of Kindle Island the wreckage of a new ship. They were certain that it was new, as a part of a galley found had not been painted. The canvas, some of which was badly torn, was also new, but no part of the vessel was found that contained a name or even a letter that might lead to the identification of the craft. Close to the wreckage, she said, they had found a bottle containing a note signed by three persons. The note said the men had left Seattle, March 17, but gave no further information.

Whether the bottle came from the ship whose wreckage was found, the Indians did not know, and considering it of little consequence, they threw it away without taking the names.

The Indians also furnished the information that no bodies had been washed ashore on the island, and inquiries made among the inhabitants by them failed to secure any further facts. No one on the island had heard or seen any ship in distress, and from this fact it is believed that the vessel went to pieces in the recent storms at the south end of Hecate Strait, due west of Queen Charlotte Island. Local customs officers cannot place the boat.

While the negotiations between Great Britain and Russia respecting Red Sea seizures have been carried on in the most conciliatory manner, the *Associated Press* learns that in the representations to the St. Petersburg government, Foreign Secretary Lansdowne declared that Great Britain could not, in view of her treaty alliance with Japan, allow any interpretation to be placed on treaties relating to the Dardanelles which would permit of the free passage of vessels of the Russian volunteer fleet from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean with the view of their subsequent employment for war purposes.

An enterprise in local exploitation of the state has been evolved by the Lewis and Clark Exposition management which is expected to produce very material results. The plan is to interest publishers of country newspapers throughout Oregon to give detailed write-ups of the resources and conditions of their district and then induce subscribers to mail marked copies to friends in other states. In this manner attention would be called to the different counties and thereby to the state, and would have the effect, in a large degree, of scattering the influx of home-seekers who are bound to come to the state during the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

With all peace negotiations broken off and with all the allied trades unions employed at the different plants, with the exception of the teamsters and stationary engineers, out on strike in sympathy with the butcher workmen who quit work two weeks ago, the stockyards strike had settled down to what promises to be one of the bitterest fights between capital and labor in the history of America. As has been threatened for some time, the allied trades employed in the packing industry quit work when called on Monday to assist the striking butchers in their efforts to bring the packers to terms. In several instances the men did not wait for the official notification from their leaders to go on strike, but threw down their tools and quit work of their own volition.

The failure of the usual freshets last winter entailed a considerable loss to the smaller loggers operating in the vicinity of Astoria. It is estimated that there are at the present time over 10,000,000 feet of logs above tidewater in the Lewis and Clark River. These logs were cut last fall and winter, but there was not sufficient water in the stream to float them down. They are valued at fully \$70,000.

After a legal battle of several years, Admiral Dewey and his men, who fought the battle of Manila Bay, are to receive their prize money on account of the capture of the Don Juan de Austria and the other Spanish property. Justice Gould signed an order confirming the report of the auditor in the case. The amount of the property captured finally was placed at \$1,657,353. One-half of the amount will be paid to the captors, while the remainder, as provided by law, was placed to the credit of the Navy pension fund.

Acting Secretary of the Interior Ryan accepted the resignation of Thomas W. Potter as superintendent of the Chemawab Indian School, to take effect August 1, by which time it is expected his successor will be chosen. Because of the importance of this position, paying a salary of \$2000, considerable care will be exercised in the selection of a new superintendent. The place will be filled by the promotion of some person now in the Indian service. It is under civil service protection.

**IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH**



**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure  
**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

**Subscribe for the Headlight and the Oregonian, \$2.25 a year.**

**LATIMER, BROS.,**  
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.  
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING  
SHAMPOOING, ETC

Electric Baths nicely fitted up. Good for persons suffering with rheumatism.

**KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS**

WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**

FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS and COLDS

Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.

Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

**AN HONEST PORTER.**

**He Helped Himself to a Tip of Ten Dollars for Being Accommodating and Honest.**

"The tip-exacting Pullman car porters are the recipients of a good many knocks from press and public, but they are not the worst in the world," remarked a commercial traveler to a Washington Star man. "They may have a pretty fierce way of drilling for tips, but when it comes to the matter of honesty I know one of them that's there with the goods, as the saying goes.

"I left San Francisco, or, rather, Oakland, on the Santa Fe line for Chicago at 8 o'clock in the evening a couple of weeks ago last Sunday. The gang that I met in 'Frisco had been rather too enthusiastic in giving me a good time of it out there on the day of my departure, so that when I woke up on the train about 7 o'clock the next morning the sleeper bunk felt pretty warm, and my coppers a whole lot warmer. The nearest, in fact, the first stop at which I would have a chance to fix those hot coppers out was Mojave, and so I hustled into my clothes to be ready to hop off the train during the stop at Mojave for one of those katzenjammer alleviators.

"I asked the Pullman conductor how long the train would stop at Mojave, and he replied that the stop would last ten minutes. I raced into the station cafe when the train pulled into Mojave, and instructed the man in charge of the bar to rig me up one of those long, long damp things. He went at the job in a pretty scientific manner, and the piece of wet work that he set before me was a rare thing to find right alongside of the California desert. It was such a fine and effective creation, in fact, that I asked him to frame up another one, and I got away with this with equal joy. Then I leisurely strolled to the door to take a look at my train—and saw the end of it curling away in the rarefied distance on its way toward the land of the rising sun. It had pulled out without notifying me. I hustled into the ticket office to ask the man in the window when I'd be able to corral another eastbound train, and he said that it 'ud be along at 8 o'clock the next morning—the mate to the train that had departed without me; there was only one of the overland expresses per diem. So there I saw myself stuck in Mojave, Cal., the most miserable little sand dune on the globe, for a full twenty-four hours.

"But that wasn't the worst of it. I had left my Gladstone bag wide open on my bunk, with my wearing apparel thrown around the section every which way, and in the bag I had placed, on the night before, \$200 in gold coin, the stuff being too heavy to carry around in my pockets with any comfort.

"I've got a chance of getting the bag back," said I to myself, "but what the black porter'll do to those \$200 in gilt money will be something swoopingly scandalous."

"I had no idea on earth that I'd ever see a dollar of that money. I figured it all out that the porter would corral the money and then stuff my wearing apparel into the bag and hand it over to the conductor. I knew then I wouldn't be able to prove any such fact that I had \$200 in gold money in the bag, and I gave it up for gone. I told the station agent at Mojave about the bag, and he immediately telegraphed to the next station to be made by my lost train along the line, a place called Barstow, N. Mex., directing that the bag be shipped back to Mojave on the west-bound overland.

"The bag was returned to Mojave on the west-bound late that night, and I eagerly opened it up to see what I had left in the bag. Everything was there, including the stack of gold money. I counted the gold roll, and it amounted to an even \$190. The porter, I felt certain, had appropriated just one of the \$10 gold pieces to compensate him for his trouble in packing the bag, and I afterward found out that I was right in this supposition.

"I caught the train east on the following morning, and when I got to Kansas City I got off to take a bit of a rest at a hotel. As I was getting off I met the porter of the train that had left Mojave without me. He was walking about the station, waiting to go aboard his car for another western trip. He saw and recognized me as soon as I recognized him, and he grinned broadly when he saw me. "Boss," said he, coming over to me, "Ah suah did look eve'y'weah fo' dat othuh ten dolluh gol' piece, but Ah suah couldn't fin' it nowheah," and then he burst into a happy darty laugh and slapped his thigh joyously. I told him how welcome he was to the \$10 piece that he had pinched out for himself, and I'm not certain that I didn't give him another couple of dollars to show my appreciation of his honesty. It might not sound like honesty to speak of his swiping \$10 from my Gladstone bag, but under the circumstances, considering the chance he had to grab it all, and considering, too, the nature of Pullman porters as they're supposed to be, I think he was a paragon of honesty."

**Chocolate Wafers.**  
One-half of a cupful of light brown sugar, as much granulated sugar creamed with one-half cupful of butter, one well beaten egg, one-half cupful of grated chocolate, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix all together to a soft dough, roll out into circles, bake in a moderate oven.—Detroit Free Press.

**ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN.**

**Both Have Their Fallings, But According to This Writer, Men Are at a Disadvantage.**

Women were put here to make the world look pretty, though the fashion papers have never guessed this, says a facetious writer.

They are fond of dressing, except at dances and dinner parties. A great traveler once met a lady friend, whom he had not seen for many years at a dance. "Why, how you have altered," said the lady. "I declare I should not have known you from Adam." "Nor I you," retorted the man, "from Eve."

Another hobby is talking. They are quite as garrulous when sober as men are when in their cups, and their conversation is often just as well worth hearing.

As a rule, they have more heart than head. This is apt to render them thoughtless. A woman will walk to the end of a street, then turn sharply round without looking to see whether there is anyone immediately behind her, and as a consequence, gouge your eye out with the end of her sunshade. Sometimes she will beg your pardon, but I have known one to just flip the eye of the ferrule into the gutter and sail serenely on without saying a word.

Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, and have ever so many pockets, but won't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they might. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women have sprung from monkeys, but the women certainly sprang farther than the men.

**VERY STRONG TOBACCO.**

**Perique, Grown in the South and Put Up in Ropes, is Too Powerful for Most Smokers.**

In many of the tobaccoists' shops perique tobacco, chopped into granulated form, is displayed for use by pipe smokers. This is the same perique that has been grown by Frenchmen and Spaniards in Louisiana since before our revolutionary war, says the *New York Herald*. It is a jet black, intensely strong tobacco, famous for its flavor and its ability to wreck the nerves.

It is grown and made in St. James' parish, Louisiana, and the crop only amounts to about 100,000 pounds a year.

The makers follow the primitive processes which were in use 150 years ago. The stems are taken from the leaves and the latter put into a box, under a heavy gradual pressure. This causes the juice to run out, even through the wood of the boxes. A gradual process of fermentation and curing takes place.

At the end of three months the tobacco is rolled into "carrots" and wrapped in cloths, tightly bound with ropes. It is left in that way for a year before it is ready for market.

The flavor of perique is considered delicious by all pipe smokers, but is too strong. The tendency of smokers is continually toward lighter and lighter tobacco, and perique is now used almost solely for mixing with very mild tobaccos to flavor it.

**A NINETY-YEAR-OLD BABY.**

**Giant Tortoise in the New York Zoo That is One of the Few Relics of the Pleocene Age.**

All things considered, the biggest baby among all the wild animals owned by the New York Zoological society is an infant that is not an animal at all, but a reptile—one of the herd of testudo, or giant tortoises, natives of the Galapagos islands, says *Woman's Home Companion*. With his four companions he forms one of the few relics we have left to us of the life of the Pleocene age; these tortoises are the sole survivors of the prehistoric reptiles. The young testudo is the smallest in the herd; he weighs only 66 pounds. His exact age is not positively known, but it is variously estimated that he must have seen from 80 to 100 years. That seems rather old for a baby, but he is a child in arms compared with his relative—a testudo vicina—who carries on her broad back (it is four feet three inches by four feet seven and one-half inches) the weight of something over four centuries, and who tips the scale at 325 pounds.

**Americans in Canada.**

A newspaper correspondent who says that he has watched the changes in the population of Canada for 50 years denies that there has been a very large immigration from the United States to the western provinces, and makes the additional charge that the Canadian census is regularly padded. He says that the reports claimed an increase of 1,000,000 all of foreign birth between 1881 and 1891, while the statistics of immigration showed that but 38,000 persons of foreign birth had entered Canada during that period. He does not believe that more than 20,000 or 30,000 Americans have settled in western Canada.

**The Youngest Gartered Duke.**

Not for a century has the Garter been bestowed upon so young a man as the duke of Marlborough, Consuelo Vanderbilt's husband. Four of his seven predecessors in the dukedom got the Garter, as did six of the seven dukes of Bedford, six of the ten dukes of Leeds, and all of the eight dukes of Devonshire.

**De Witt's Kinemen.**

Gen. De Witt, the Boer leader, contends that the name of De Witt or De Witt, so common in this country, originally was the same as his. Therefore, he claims to have many distant kinemen in the United States.