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**The Tillamook Headlight**  
Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

This is a quiet campaign. The republicans refrain from hustling because there is no need of it, and the democrats because there is no use in it.

The democrats will have a sort of burnt orange taste in the mouth presently, due not to fashion, but to eating their own yellow arguments.

Twenty-one counties of Oregon will vote upon the question of county prohibition next week, and as there are 44 counties in the state, nearly one-half have availed themselves of the local option law.

All manner of excuses are made, some of which are ludicrous, to sever the knot that binds husband and wife together. The latest piece of gossip in that direction is a woman by the name of Enis Dodge, of Oregon City, who set out the complaint that her husband has been drunk for 27 years. It looks to us that the man is entitled to a divorce when the woman is such a perverter of the truth as that.

Democrats, when they cast their vote on Tuesday, should not forget what W. J. Bryan said about the democratic nominee for the presidency. Let us repeat it: "Judge Parker is not a fit man to be nominated either by the democratic party or by any party that stands for honesty or fair dealing in politics. . . . It is a dishonest platform, fit only for a dishonest party. . . . No one but an artful dodger would stand upon it."

The republicans throughout the land should see to it that Mr. Roosevelt is not only elected by a handsome majority both on the popular vote and in the electoral college, but that such an overwhelming defeat should be administered to Mr. Parker and the democratic party as to rebuke any future attempt of that party to put forth a candidate without convictions and without the courage to go before the country upon any issues of the day.

According to Frank W. Mahin, the United States consul at Nottingham, England, the one plausible explanation of the manifest decline in dairying in England is that it is more profitable to sell the milk, the drinking of which is increasing, than to convert it into butter. Consequently the average British farmer is making no butter to sell, but is even buying what he needs for his own use. Furthermore, it is asserted that some English dairies buy foreign butter and sell it as their own product—the domestic article, though inferior in the judgment of many consumers, commanding a higher price than the foreign.

The last battle in Manchuria, which was fought between the 8th and 18th of October, proved disastrous to the Russian army, for they admit losing 800 officers and 45,000 men killed and wounded. The Japanese give their loss in the same battle at 15,000. Such sacrifice of human life is appalling, to say nothing of the terrible sufferings of the wounded left upon the battle field to die. It will be a glad day when the present war is brought to a close. Every thing indicates that when the Russian and Japanese armies renew the fighting it will be the bloodiest fight of the war and that there will be a terrible sacrifice of human life.

Russia is the largest seller of eggs in the world. She sells nearly every year to other countries 150,000,000 dozen of eggs, and her sales are now constantly on the increase, showing that poultry raising is also on the increase. China is supposed to be the largest producer of eggs in the world, but China keeps no egg statistics, so one can't tell exactly, but the Chinese are great egg eaters, and with the exception of a few million she lets the Japanese people have, she keeps the rest for home use, and as there are over 400,000,000 people at home it takes a whole lot of eggs. The smallest farm home found anywhere in the empire is always supplied with a great flock of hens.

The United States Department of Agriculture has just issued Farmers' Bulletin No. 206 on the subject of "Milk Fever," a copy of which should be in the hands of every dairyman in the country. It is an exhaustive treatise on the subject and was written by no less an authority than John R. Mohler, V.M.D., chief of pathological division, bureau of animal industry. It gives a description of the disease, the symptoms and the various methods of treatment. Both the potassium iodine and the new air treatment, of which there has been so much talk recently, are given. There is also much advice on the methods of prevention. This disease is so common among cattle that dairymen cannot afford to be without this bulletin, which may be had free of charge for the asking.

The crisis that existed last week between England and Russia, on account of the Baltic fleet firing upon Hull fishing smacks, is to be settled by a court of inquiry. No one in this country believes Admiral Rojestvensky's absurd state-

ment that his ships were attacked by two Japanese torpedo boats and that he sunk one. That is altogether too thin for people to believe, for had the Russian fleet been attacked by Japanese torpedo boats it is more than probable that they would have made it tropical for the Russian ships. If the admiral beat off two torpedo boats and sank one of them, it is generally supposed it was his own torpedo flotilla that he engaged and put out of action. All this will come out later. It is a relief, however, to know that England has not been drawn into the present bloody war, for if she had been there is no telling how soon other nations would have taken a hand too, and in this way a European war would follow.

**Cause of Postal Deficit.**

The World's Work recently published a very interesting article by Henry A. Castle, auditor of the postoffice department. In this article Mr. Castle points out that the annual deficit in the revenues of our postal service is not due to rural free delivery or to the transportation by mail of merchandise and plants, but is due to the enormous amount of matter that goes through the mails without the payment of any postage at all. Mr. Castle says: "If the free matter of congress, the courts and the various executive departments, which now passes through the mails, were paid for at regular rates, our annual postal deficiency would be replaced by a handsome surplus."

This free matter includes not only the great volumes of speeches and other documents that congressmen send to their constituents all over the country to tickle their vanity, but also the free seed distribution that is kept alive by congress for the same purpose. We have before pointed out the worse than uselessness of this seed distribution aside from and interference with our postal development that in my cause. If its continuance is to hold back the inauguration of needed postal reforms, as it undoubtedly does, this is an additional reason why it should be abandoned.

Some people put the proper estimate on these seeds that are distributed as is evidenced by a letter written by a woman to her congressman requesting that he send no more as her canary bird was dead, and she thought they did not agree with him any way. Even if the seeds were always adapted to the needs of the recipient it is foolish to burden the mails with tons of stuff that mean but very few pennies to each recipient and thus delay the inauguration of postal accommodations that would be a great benefit to the general public.

**Cannot Abandon the Philippines.**

Next week the people will have to decide who will be their choice, Mr. Roosevelt or Judge Parker. To speak quite frankly, there does not appear to be room for much uncertainty as to their probable decision. It seems a foregone conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt will be elected. Moreover, as election day draws nearer it becomes manifest that democrats can oppose republican discipline and union with nothing more efficacious than disunion and indecision. Evidently the democratic leaders, like the Irish philosophers, have agreed to differ upon every point. Instead of fighting fire with fire—that is, instead of meeting republican organization with democratic organization, republican unanimity with democratic unanimity—each leader is riding his own particular hobby, without due consideration for the interests of the party as a whole and without regard for common sense. Judge Parker, for example, must surely realize that he cannot arouse the American people over the Philippines or the Filipinos. For good or for evil and with the sacrifice of American blood the islands have been acquired and the United States can abandon them no more than Germany could abandon the annexed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

Such questions do not concern practical politics; they are of interest only to debating societies, and the question of home rule for the Filipinos has only a theoretical importance. It would be more practical, therefore, and more beneficial for the people concerned, to demand good American government for the Filipinos than to indulge in oratory about their theoretical right to autonomy and independence.

**Saves Two From Death.**

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**The Devil and the Grog Seller.**

[TO THE EDITOR TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.]

"O I have passed a miserable night;  
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
So full of dismal terror was the time."  
—Shakespeare.

"To their drunken slumbers one by one,  
Peevish and fuddled, his gusts had gone;  
To awake in the morn, with a drunkard's pain,  
With a trembling hand and a reeling brain.

"Ho! ho!" said he, in a chuckling tone,  
"I know the way the thing is done!  
Twice five are ten, and another V,  
Two ones, two twos, and arraged three  
Make twenty-four, for my well-filled fob.  
On the whole it's a good night's job.

The fools have drunk my brandy and wine—  
Much good may it do them—their cash is mine.

There is Brown, what a jolly dog he is!  
And he spends it in a way I like to see;  
Let him go a while at his reckless rate  
And his farm is mine as sure as fate;

Dropped in my pocket from time to time,  
Dollar by dollar, and dime by dime.  
I've a mortgage now on Tompkin's lot,  
What a fool he was to become a sot.

But it's luck to me—and in a month or so  
I shall foreclose—and the scamp must go.  
Zounds! won't his wife have a 'taking on'!

When she finds her house and lot are gone,  
How she will blubber and sob and sigh,  
But business is business, and what care I?  
And Tom Barn murdered his wife, they say.

Why, he was drunk as a fool here yesterday,  
And I warned the brute—as I went to fill  
His jug—but the fool would have his will  
And talks blame me—why, curse their eyes.

If I had not sold him, he'd got it at Bly's.  
I've a right to engage in a lawful trade,  
And to take my chance where cash is made,  
And it men get drunk, and go home to turn

Their wives out doors, it's their own concern.  
But I hate to have the women come here  
With their silly complaints and maudlin tears,  
With their swollen eyes and haggard looks.

And their speeches learned from temperance books—  
With their lean, pale children—whimpering fools,  
Why don't they send them to the public schools?  
I have a license to sell brandy and wine;

Let people look to their interest—I will to mine.  
It 'tis wrong to sell whiskey, brandy and gin,  
Why don't our lawmakers declare it a sin?  
If I pay for a license, I have a right to sell,

Though it depopulates earth and peoples Hell.  
If rum-selling is lawful, and fools will drink,  
The joke is on them—not on me, I think;  
And I will turn no customer away.

Who is willing to buy and able to pay,  
And he softly chuckled, "Ho! ho! he! he!"  
And he rubbed his hands in quiet glee.  
Ho! ho! he! he! it was a guttural note,  
And seemed as if it came from an iron throat;

And his knees 'gan to quake and his hair to rise,  
And he opened his mouth and strained his eyes,  
And lo! there, in a corner dark and dim,  
Stood an uncouth form, with a visage grim;

From the tangled curls of his shaggy hair  
There sprouted hard, of rough horns—a pair,  
While readily his scowling brows below,  
Like sulphurous flames, did his small eyes glow;

Dark was his forehead, and rugged and scarred  
As if by a stroke of lightning marred,  
And his lips were curled in a sinister smile,  
And smoke belched forth from his mouth

the while;  
His feet were shaped like bullocks' hoofs,  
And the boots he wore were caloric proof,

Small clothes he wore, of an amber hue,  
From the rear of which a tail peeped through;  
In his hand he held—if hand it was,  
Whose fingers resembled a vulture's—claws.

A three-tined fork, and its prongs so dull  
Were thrust through the sockets of a grinning skull.  
Slowly, like a scepter, he waved it to and fro,  
While he softly chuckled, "He! he! he!"

Ho! ho!"  
And all the while were his eyes, that burned  
Like sulphurous flames, on the grog-seller turned;

Whose eyes, on the monster grim were glued,  
But whose tongue was stiff as a billet of wood.  
Despair and horror were in his look,  
And his shuddering bones in their marrow shook.

But the fiend laughed on, "He! he! he!"  
Ho! ho!"  
And ever the skull waved to and fro;  
Then nodding the horns of his grizzly head,

"Why? What is the matter, my friend," he said;  
"You surely have nothing from me to dread;

We have known each other so long and well,  
And I love you more than I can tell;  
Yet it seems to me but a welcome cold  
You give to a friend so true and old,  
Who has been for years in your employ,  
Running about like an errand boy.

Perhaps you don't know me, or you'd be more civil;  
In the place where I live I'm called the Devil."

Like a galvanized corpse, pale and wan,  
Up started instant the thunder-struck man.  
"The Devil! You don't." "Yes, I do," said old Nick,

"And if you wish for a proof,  
Just twig my horns, my tail, and my hoof,  
And having come from a warmer clime below  
To chat with a friend for an hour or so,  
And the night being somewhat cold, I think  
You might ask an old fellow to take a drink.

Come now, let it be of the clear, pure stuff,  
Sweetened with brimstone—a quart is enough;  
And put the mess in an iron cup,  
And heat by the fire, until it bubbles up."

As the Devil bade, the grog seller did,  
Filling a flagon of gin to the lid,  
And when it boiled and bubbled o'er,  
The fiery draught to his guest he bore.

Old Nick at a swallow the liquor did quaff,  
And thanked his host with a guttural laugh.  
But faint and few were the smiles, I ween,  
That on the rum-seller's face were seen,  
For a mortal fear was on him then,  
And he thought the ways of other men  
He should tread no more—that his hour had come,

And his master, too, to take him home,  
And thought went back to the darkened past  
And shrieks were heard on the wintry blast,  
And gliding before him, pale and dim,  
Were uncouth forms and spectres grim;

And there, amidst the ghastly train,  
He saw the murdered wife of Thomas Bain,  
And he shivered and shook in every limb,  
As if an ague fit had hold of him.

And the fiend laughed on, "Ho! ho! he! he!"  
And he switched his tail in quiet glee.  
"Do you think I have come for you?  
Never fear!"  
You can't be spared for a long while here.

There are hearts to break, and souls to win  
From the ways of peace to the paths of sin;  
There are homes to be rendered desolate,  
There is trusting love to be turned to hate,  
There are hands that murder must crimson red,

There are hopes to be crushed—blights to be shed  
O'er the young, and the pure, and the fair,  
Till their hearts are broken by the fiend's despair,  
And the hand that should shield the wife from ill,  
In its drunken wrath, must raised to kill.

Oh, this is the work you have done so well,  
Cursing the earth and peopling Hell;  
Quenching the light on the inner shrine  
Of the heart, until you make it mine.

Want and sorrow, disease and shame,  
And crimes that even I shudder to name,  
Dance and howl in their hellish glee,  
Around the spirits you have marked for me.

Oh, the selling of rum is a good device  
To make a Hell of Paradise.  
Wher'er shall roll that fiery flood,  
It is swollen with tears, 'tis stained with blood,

And the lips that erewhile were heard in prayer  
With muttered curses stir the air.  
Hold on your course, you are filling up  
With the wine of the wrath of God your cup;

And the fiends exult in their home below,  
As you deepen the pangs of human woe.  
Long shall it be—if I have my way—  
Ere the night of death shall dark your day;

For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,  
You rival in mischief the devil himself;  
And in the courts I hold in my place below,  
Your plea—that you are licensed—will be "no go."

No more said the fiend, but clear and high  
Rang on the air the watchman's cry,  
"Past two o'clock—and a cloudy sky."  
The grog seller awoke with a half-formed scream—  
He awoke, and behold, it was all a dream.

His grizzly guest with his horns had flown;  
His lamp was out, his fire was gone;  
And sad and silent his bed he sought,  
And long of that wonderful vision thought.

—Adapted from "The Grog-Seller's Dream," by G. A. WALKER.

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