

Editorial Snap Shots.

Who is John Doe and Richard Roe? Whoever it is, they must be an anxious seat.

Tillamook County has come in for a good deal of reputation—but it is of the wrong kind.

Gee! If it was a private company that was charging so much for tapping the main, what a big roar there would be.

Has the Portland, Nehalem & Tillamook Railroad Company gone broke? It looks that way if its checks are dishonored.

We hope the county court will do the right thing next week and decide to give the Nehalemites a bridge across the south fork.

We heard tracks over the Headlight office on Wednesday, and we should not be surprised to hear that they were railroad tracks.

The Tillamook Water Commission is up against its first financial difficulty, with the first six months' interest on the bonds now due and a treasury already busted.

It is an easy job to construct a new water system with borrowed money, when you don't have to go down in your own jeans for it. It is now that business brains are required to make a financial success of it.

An interesting point in connection with the lease of the Wilson River Toll Road will now come up. Who will pay for the accident which occurred last week, the parties who collect the toll or the county?

Another railroad on the tapis. Wonders will never cease in this little kingdom of Tillamook. It is probably not wise to say too much at this early stage of the game, so we will refrain making comment, as the promoters do not expect to have it completed for two years.

Sheriff Word no sooner heard that liquor was being sold in a prohibited district than he scooped down on the place, arrested the proprietor and seized the liquor. That wouldn't be considered good etiquette in this little kingdom of Tillamook to do anything like that.

Visitors who come into here via the toll roads wonder what kind of a country they have got into, with free public highways all over the world—with the exception of Tillamook. And the first opportunity that the people have of expressing their opinion the county will have free highways as well.

The Headlight man, although he has made a persistent fight against gambling, wish it to be distinctly understood that he has no ill-feeling against the gamblers, not one of them. All the harm we wish them is to see them in some better occupation, for nothing would give us greater pleasure to see them prosperous and successful in some industrial or business enterprise, and if they turned their ability and energy in that direction it would bring them greater satisfaction and profit in the end.

We do not intend to utter one harsh word of criticism against those of our citizens who were indicted by the federal grand jury. Some of them have been exceedingly antagonistic to the Headlight, and have resorted to many schemes to injure and do it up in business, but we propose to show a magnanimous spirit, for we consider it ungentlemanly and ungentlemanly to "roast" persons when they are in a tight place. It would be taking a mean advantage of them for us to do so now. We hope the situation is not nearly as serious as it looks, but if it is the most honorable course to pursue is to admit wherein they have erred, even if they had no intention to defraud the government, for some men, perfectly innocent of doing anything wrong, make mistakes at times which often get them into serious trouble.

A Job In the Senate Chamber

By Frank H. Sweet

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She went up the middle steps and turned around the corner to the right. A long line was extending back from the door, expectant, impatient, though the visitors' gallery would not be open to the public until 12. She drew from her belt the one remaining link of former opulence. It still lacked ten minutes, and she slipped the watch back with a scarcely breathed sigh. Why had she come here at all, she thought acutely? She would be better visiting the stores in search of a position as clerk; there were surely some business houses she had not yet been in. And—besides—

Her eyes were brighter, and a flush came and descended to her lips in a soft, evanescent smile that was more like the smile of the old days before the wastefulness came.

She had been standing at the post-office door, and he had looked precisely as he had that day when he parted from them in the Arizona canyon, he a penniless prospector and her father an extensive mine owner. And he had not forgotten. Even before she saw him he had sprung from a carriage, without regard to his horses, and was coming up the postoffice steps with outstretched hands.

"Good heavens! You here, Muriel—Miss Ashburton," he had cried, with a gladness in his voice which he did not attempt to conceal and which brought an answering color to her face and light to her eyes. There had been nothing between them except a look and hand pressure, but she had often thought of him in these later dreary years and was glad to know he had remembered her. "I looked for you everywhere—everywhere," he had continued, "but without a clue. I was afraid you had gone from my life. But pardon me; we cannot talk here, and I have a great deal to say. May I call on you at once—this evening? Is your father here?"

"My father is dead," she had managed to say. Her brain had been in a whirl, her heart in a tumult. What did it all mean? What was this impetuous madman saying, implying? By a strong effort she had controlled herself.

"Yes, you may call," she had answered in a low voice. "I will be glad to see you." And she had given him the number of the house in which she rented one small room.

"Thank you. I will be there early. I would ask to go back with you now, but I have an appointment which is already overdue. Isn't it providential, though, this meeting? I have been in Washington only three days, and to turn up against you like this!"

"Have you employment here?" she had asked for want of something better to say.

"Yes, temporarily; a job in the senate chamber. You remember I was a jack of all trades, from a farm boy to an impecunious prospector, with occasional dabs at fresco painting and journalism to help me through college. But I will not detain you here in the wind any longer."

She had watched him spring into the carriage and drive away, an odd light in her eyes and a warm color in her cheeks. As she went down the sidewalk she laughed softly. Eight years before she would not have been like this. Evidently he was without any regular employment, just doing some temporary work in the senate chamber—fresco painting probably, for he had spoken of being familiar with that. At first, from his being in the carriage holding the horses, she had thought he might be a coachman, waiting for his employer's return. But, after all, what did it matter? Coachman or painter or impecunious prospector, he was warm hearted and honest and ambitious. She could read that in his eyes and in the strong, full grasp of his hands. And he had remembered her—and cared for her. It was beautiful to know that in the hurrying, indifferent world there was one who still thought of her and cared for her a little. The manner or lack of employment was such a small matter compared with that. Knowledge of life soon leveled such petty distinctions.

Almost unconsciously her steps had turned toward the capitol. The only alternative seemed a continuation of her search for employment, and, somehow, she shrank from that just now, even though she had been restricting herself to a single meal a day for a week. She would celebrate the finding of a friend. It was opening day at the senate chamber and would be unusually interesting, and perhaps she might see this friend himself or some of the work he had been doing.

were now going home to lunch. Soon she was able to step down to a vacant seat in one of the front rows.

She had now a good view of the chamber, and her gaze swept curiously from desk to desk. Many of the senators she recognized from pictures she had seen in current periodicals. Suddenly she started and half arose. She had not thought to see him down there; if she met him at all it would be in one of the corridors, and probably at work. But there he was, at one of the desks, examining some papers. What did it mean? He had no right to be in there now, while the senate was in session.

An hour later she descended to the next floor, still dazed and wondering. As she left the elevator she met him face to face.

"What! you here, Muriel—Miss Ashburton?" he cried. "This is splendid! Now we can have that talk without waiting until evening. I know a cozy little table down in a corner of the cafe where we can be all by ourselves. We will talk while we eat our lunch. Come."

She was looking at him with wide eyes.

"Why were you in there, at a desk?" she demanded.

"In the senate chamber? Oh, that's my job. You see, when I left you that day I went straight to one of the new towns and opened a law office. My father was a lawyer, and I had studied with him. Somehow the people seemed to like my ways, and last year they hatched up a plot to send me here. But come, we can talk better at the table. I have a proposition for your consideration, and," his voice suddenly becoming grave, "I hope you will be able to see your way to accept it. Come."

And she, after a moment's bewildered, ecstatic hesitation, went.

An Animal Cemetery.

In spite of much agitation upon the subject at various times, lovers of animals have never succeeded in establishing in this country a cemetery as elaborate as those in several European capitals.

The largest and most beautiful animal cemetery is La Necropole Zoologique, in Paris, or, rather, in the suburb of Asnières. Here a large plot of ground is laid out for the interment of dogs and other animals, and here are erected monuments in every way as handsome as those over the graves of human beings in other cities of the dead.

Some famous dogs have sculptures to mark their memories, and dog kennels in marble are favorite vaults. For \$2.50 a grave is leased for three years, and this fee includes the services of a dog undertaker, uniformed and mounted on a tricycle. For \$100 a grave may be leased in perpetuity, and between these extremes may be found prices to suit all purposes. The cemetery occupies an entire island in the Seine, and, apart from the rental of graves, the company owning the property makes a handsome profit out of the sale of admission tickets to visitors.

The Race He Won.

In the old whaling days a New Bedford captain fell in with a lot of his "townies" in the Pacific, says the Chicago Record-Herald, and after a landing for water on the coast of South America, began a boat race off shore toward the ships. The old skipper kept muttering to his crew to take it easy. The others jeered him as he fell behind, but he took it cheerfully.

"The race I'm after is the race home," he said. He pointed to a little light in the rocks into which the crew could just see.

Gems In Verse

Little Lessons From Life. Men are righteous, men are bad, According to the meal they've had.

Pursuing things we think will bless, We lose the blessings we possess.

How can life be reckoned sweet, By him whose new shoes pinch his feet?

Whether the world is kind or cold, Depends upon the job you hold.

Toiling the useless or worth while, According to your store of bile.

The future's dream and dark or bright, To match the dreams you had last night.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Battle of Lexington.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping, Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun.

When from his couch, while his children were sleeping, Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.

Waving her golden veil Over the silent dale, Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;

Hushed was his parting sigh, While from his noble eye Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing, Calmly the firstborn of glory have met.

Look! With their lifeblood the young grass is wet! Faint is the feeble breath, Murmuring low in death, "Tell to our sons how their fathers have died."

Nerveless the iron hand, Raised for his native land, Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling, From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;

As through the stormclouds the thunder burst rolling, Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

Long have they gathered, and loud shall they fall! Red glares the musket's flash, Sharp rings the rifle's clash, Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing, Never to shadow his cold brow again; Proudly, morning the war steed was prancing;

Reeking and panting, he droops on the rein; Pale is the lip of scorn, Voiceless the trumpet horn, Torn is the silken fringed red cross or high;

Many a belted breast, Low on the turf shall rest Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving, Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wall, Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,

Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale; Far as the tempest thrills Over the darkened hills, Far as the sunshine streams over the plain, Tossed by the tyrant hand, We all the mighty land, Girded for battle, from mountain to main

TERMS OF PEACE ARE COMPLETED.

Japan Startles World by Her Action.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Aug. 29.—The long and bloody war between Japan and Russia is ended. The terms of peace were agreed upon by Mr. Witte and Baron Komura at the session of the conference this morning, and this afternoon preliminary arrangements for an armistice were concluded and the actual work of framing the "treaty of Portsmouth" was, by mutual agreement, turned over to Mr. De Martens, Russia's great international lawyer, and Mr. Dennison who for 25 years has acted as the legal adviser of the Japanese Foreign Office. The treaty is expected to be completed by the end of the week.

Terms Asked and Agreed Upon. Russia to pay Japan her entire war expenses (estimated at \$600,000,000). Withdrawn.

Russia to cede island of Sakhalin to Japan. Russia cedes southern half and retains northern half. Either nation to fortify island or approaches.

The cession of the Russian leases to the Liaotung Peninsula, comprising Port Arthur and Dalny. Granted.

The evacuation of the entire province of Manchuria, the retrocession to China of any privileges Russia may have in the province and the recognition by Russia of the principle of the "open door." Granted.

The cession to Japan of the Chinese Eastern Railway below Harbin, the main line through Northern Manchuria to Vladivostok to remain Russian property. Granted as regards railroad south of Changtufu.

The recognition of the Japanese protectorate over Corea. Granted.

The grant of fishing right in Siberia northward from Vladivostok. Granted.

The relinquishment to Japan of the Russian warships interned in neutral ports. Withdrawn. Finally, a limitation in the naval strength of Russia in Far Eastern waters. Withdrawn.

Notice to Fishermen.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN—That under the new schedule of licenses a license for a— Gill-Net or Drift Net is \$5.00 Set Net..... 2.50

Set net to exceed 500 feet in length..... 15.00 And for each additional foot 3 cents.

To operate such gear for the purpose of taking salmon in any of the waters of this state without first obtaining a license therefor is an offense that will be prosecuted to the limits.

H. G. VAN DUSEN, Mayor, Fish Commission of the State of Oregon, Astoria, Oregon, Aug. 14th, 1905.

The Chinese, if the treaty as already drawn up, through, will get back all that lost, will get a material improvement. "Peace has her victories, no less important than war."

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