

A. J. Hembree.
TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.
is known by its fruits.
one complaint against Mr.
and that is he never came to
From the time he came to
his sexual functions have been
of his life. Had he come
ance in his youth, he would
a different life, and would
a blessing to those around him,
ing himself, his family and
ighbors to shame, disgrace and
instead of stopping to reflect, he
his heart and wasted his life
opportunity, until he is morally
to talk about justice—death
hell are not adequate, nor
redemption a misspent life, or give
chance for reflection.
we used to read of the man
neglected having a nail driven in
his shoe before starting on a
trip. The result was for the want
of the shoe was lost, for the want
of a horse the man was lost, and
for the want of a horse shoe nail,
the man should come to repentance
youth before starting on life's
trip. There is no other disease that
takes a man's life more than the
disease of his sexual functions.
are thousands of men who are
suffering from the habitual loss of
semen, who have no hope in this world,
and one to come, that I am positive
that a new life is coming to re-
store.
and it is the mercy of God that
gives a chance of reflection, but will
advantage of his opportunity.
to continue to harden his heart,
idea of innocence? Leaving the
of his wife and daughter out of
his mind, Abs former life would con-
tinue. There are thousands of
men who are restrained in the asylums
because of their sexual functions.
I have often talked to Ab about the
mercy of an honest reflection of his
life, but he claims to be beyond hope,
and is morally lost for ever, but my
belief is that there is no limit to
the mercy of a man takes an honest
reflection to himself.
Ab would presume that Ab took
of his wife and daughter through
his own fault, but to cover the
shame of his depraved nature
due to the abuse of his sexual
functions.
J. C. GOVE.
not often that estimates are given
of the time that has elapsed
since the appearance of early races of
man an estimate, however, has been
made by Dr. Jacob Nuesch,
of the ancient inhabitants of
the world. According to Dr. Nuesch,
it appeared on Swiss soil about
20,000 years ago. He dwelt there dur-
ing years, when great changes oc-
curred for 8000 to 12,000 years
since he had been absent. He
lived at the beginning of the lake
period which lasted 4000 years.
He lived 4000 years ago, with the in-
habitant of bronze.
Species of animal lives to the
present is a question that has not
satisfactorily answered, but one
of the National zoog at Washing-
ton reports that a giant tortoise, recent-
ly brought from Mauritius to the Lon-
don zoological gardens, is probably the
young creature whose age is posit-
ively known. This tortoise, which
was a quarter of a ton, has lived at
least 100 years, as historic document
of some authority avers that 100
is a good old age for an elephant
and other animals, except certain
reptiles, reach half this span.
But in 1821 a tortoise died at
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estimated to be 220 years. One instance,
at least, is known of a tortoise which was
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TO RENT---ROOMS
By Kenneth Herford.

OF COURSE we can do it. Why not?
What could I say to that?
Susan had made up her mind and that was the end of it.
"But," I ventured, "the work. Think of the work."
"That is why I favor the plan. It will give me something to do when you are away."
This with a certain cutting tone, as much as to say, "and you are away most of the time."
"Very well," I agreed, "it shall be as you say. We'll take the house and you can rent the four rooms if you want to."
"and just think," she went on. "We'll get all the rent back. Then we will get our shelter for nothing."
"Please don't call our home 'shelter,'" I begged, whereat she offered: "Well, what else is it? We are sure of food. You make enough a week to get that—some weeks; and the shelter is all that remains for me to think of."
"Very well," said I, "we'll move."
And we did.
Three days later, after the carpets had been cut over and matting had been bought for the hall bedroom upstairs, we were snugly—or, at least pleasantly—housed at 231 Sunny street. Hanging the pictures and learning the ins and outs of the gas furnace had tried Susan, so we agreed to put off placing the advertisement in the paper until the following Sunday. The Saturday night before, we walked down to the office and gave the young man behind the counter 58 cents in exchange for a slip saying that we had taken about an eighth of an inch of space for one day—in the paper of the following morning.
Susan went about it all enthusiastically, and she was up at the first cry of the newsboys the next morning and into my pocket for a nickel to buy that paper. She looked through it twice by the faint light of the north window before she found the advertisement we had placed the night before, and when she did she appeared as pleased with herself, with it, and with the world in general, as a child in the second grade with a new slate.
"But it's awfully little, don't you think, Reuben?" she asked.
I looked at the three lines. It did look little, but I would not have discouraged Susan for the world. "Oh, there'll be some one else," I ventured.
"But I want a great many to see it," she went on. "I want a great many to come so that we can select from them. I wouldn't have ordinary people in the house for the world."
To tell the truth, I had no idea that in the city of Detroit there would be very many people who would see those three lines advertising the rooms we had to rent, but I held my opinion to myself, only venturing to remark to Susan, standing there by the window in the half light: "You'll see."
And she did, and that before the day was out.
We were at breakfast. The chops were excellent, the rolls done to a turn, and the coffee nearer like mother's than any Susan ever before had made. The doorbell rang. "Now, who in the world can that be?" exclaimed Susan, dropping her fork on the plate before her with a clatter.
"It may be your brother," I suggested.
"It isn't either," she disagreed. Whereat I suggested that one of the best means of learning who it was would be to answer the bell.
The idea seemed to impress itself upon Susan's mind favorably, for she did as I suggested.
I listened, a mouthful of chop poised on the tip of my fork in mid air.
"Ye-s," I heard Susan say to the person at the door, "we have rooms to rent. Do you desire to look at the furnished ones or the unfurnished ones?"
I smiled. Apparently the person wished the latter, for Susan took him or her along the hall, to the door at the end. There was silence for a moment, followed by a confusion of voices, it seemed to me, and then the front door closed and Susan came back into the dining-room.
She sat down near the register, not at the table, though I wanted another cup of coffee.
"Who is it?" I asked.
"It was a man," was her reply.
That being a bit unsatisfactory I continued: "What did he want?"
"Rooms."
"Rooms? He like ours?"
"Didn't he like ours?"
"He did until I told him they were heated with natural gas, and then he started for the door. He said his wife's cousin was asphyxiated by natural gas once and that his wife wouldn't live in a house where it was used."
"Did he say anything else?"
"Ye-s; he asked if this was a boarding house? I wouldn't have had him any way, he seemed about the pretty shades of one thing about the pretty shades we put up in there."
"Well, there will be others," I said, encouragingly, and poured a second cup of coffee for myself.
And there were. They began coming steadily at nine o'clock and kept it up all day. Susan didn't want to go to church for fear that she would miss some one, and she knew that I could not answer the bell if it should ring.
There was, first, a woman with a whittled nose and crescent earrings. She wanted the parlor, and Susan open a palmistry parlor, and Susan said she was not in the office-renting business. The woman with the nose and the crescents left the house in a huff, remarking, as she passed Susan in the hall, that she wouldn't live under the same roof with her.

Then there was the young man and his sister. They liked the connecting rooms upstairs. He worked on a morning paper and she was a stenographer. The most exposure he thought would not permit of his sleeping late in the morning, and it would be cold in winter for his sister during the day and early evening. No, the rooms upstairs wouldn't do for them, and as for those on the ground floor they had no furniture.
About noon there came a man with a little boy.
He was a widower, but he looked as though it were not owing to any fault of his own. While he talked with Susan his son dug nice little nicks in the window sill with a new jack-knife. He liked the rooms very much, but his wife had left on his hands a lot of dishes and there appeared to be no place to hang them or arrange them at all. Susan told him of our large woodshed, but he said that he could never think of "the light of his life's" things being put out in the woodshed, so he didn't take the rooms.
Then there were two ancient school teachers. They liked the rooms upstairs, but could not see how their piano could be moved there. Susan couldn't either, so they went away.
About four in the afternoon a young man and his wife came up the front steps and rang the bell.
They wanted two unfurnished rooms and wanted them right away. They wanted running water, a stationary wash-stand, a mantel, and a gas grate. Those characteristics were of four rooms exactly. From behind the curtains I saw Susan's color grow flush with interest as she thought: "Well, they're gone this time, sure."
She talked with this couple a long time. She came down a dollar a month when they faltered, and finally when they went out the front door and she had summited it after them, she came into the parlor and sank into a chair near the table.
"Was that the matter with them?" I asked.
"They didn't like the ceiling chandeliers. They wanted wall brackets. They said if it were not for those chandeliers they would take the rooms at our own price."
I saw the careworn look in Susan's eyes and began to feel pity for her. "Poor little girl, I thought, it's a shame for her to run up and down those stairs so much."
And it was in the midst of my pity unexpressed that the bell rang again.
This time it was a man and his wife desiring unfurnished apartments. Susan trudged down the hall again. She opened the doors, turned on the gas in the grate, raised the shades and lighted the jets. The couple were delighted from the outset. They talked of everything. They wanted to know if Susan would put down matting in the little bed chamber. Of course Susan would. Anything to choke off the results of that advertisement of three lines.
Well, they would go out and figure it all up and would they be given the refusal of the rooms until the next noon?
And this time when Susan came into the parlor her face beamed.
"Ye-yes, coming to-morrow noon," she said, "and then there only remains the two upstairs. Oh, Reuben, I do hope—"
She did not finish. The bell had tinkled again.
"An upstairs room," I heard her say.
"Ye-s."
They came back down after about ten minutes. Again I heard words, this time spoken by a masculine voice of singular gentleness. "Very well. I shall move in to-morrow afternoon. I expect my wife here in a week and if I shall probably take that also."
Susan could hardly wait to close the door after the second renter. She came bounding into the parlor, her eyes as bright as two stars. "Oh, Reuben!" she exclaimed, "I've rented them! He says he will move in to-morrow afternoon, and with those in the downstairs rooms at noon, that leaves only the one hall bedroom on the second floor. And I can rent that, too, I know."
"Did they leave any money to hold the rooms?" I asked.
Her face fell for a moment. "No," she replied, "I never thought to ask them." And then with more eager aspect: "But I know they'll come, for the people who looked at the rooms downstairs measured for the carpets and talked about where they would stand their table and all that, and the man for upstairs wanted to know all about the bathroom and the closets and if I wouldn't even take him to meals. Oh! I know they will come to-morrow night."
"To-morrow" came.
At noon Susan was in a high pitch of excitement.
No one rang the bell.
Half-past twelve.
Still no one for those unfurnished rooms.
One, two and three, ye-s, even four five and six struck on the brass clock. And at that last hour Susan would say nothing.
All I heard her say was: "Oh, what a shame people are."
Discouragement was written on her face and little tears were beginning to crowd their way into her eyes.
The reaction had come and with it a bitter, crushing disappointment.
And at irregular intervals people are looking at our rooms and going away again still. That three line advertisement must have been seen by everyone who is considering renting a room within the next ten years. Its mighty strength has crushed Susan. She is not the Susan of a week ago. She has aged 13 years answering bells and "showing people up." And now I am only waiting for a month to expire to move her and all the effects of the Throttle family into a six-room cottage, the rental of which is small enough to warrant me in assuming it all myself.—Detroit Free Press.

HEADQUARTERS FOR DAIRYMEN'S SUPPLIES AND STEEL STOVES & RANGES.
We carry a Large Stock of Hardware, Tinware, Glass and China, Oils, Paint, Varnish, Doors, Window Sashes, Fine Line of Choice GROCERIES
Agents for the Great Western Saw.
ALEX. McNAIR CO., The Most Reliable Merchants in Tillamook County.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Portland, Ore.,
November 28th, 1906.
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 County Clerk of Tillamook County, at Tillamook City, Ore., on January 27th, 1907, viz:
ROMUND H. LANE,
H. E. No. 13,781, on the E 1/2 Sec. 14, Sec. 2, T. 4 N. R. 3 E. S. 32; S. W. 1/4, S. W. 1/4, Sec. 28, T. 4 N. R. 3 E. S. 32.

I Never Advise GLASSES except when necessary.
Dr. Henry Morris.
EXAMINATIONS - FREE.

HOLD UP! and consider THE POMMEL BRAND SLICKER.
LIKE ALL TOWERS WATERPROOF CLOTHING.
Is made of the best materials, in black or yellow fully guaranteed, and sold by reliable dealers everywhere.
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The Eldredge SEWING MACHINE.
ROLLER BEARING. HIGH GRADE.
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Save Money by buying this reliable, honest, high grade sewing machine.
STRONGEST GUARANTEE.
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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR CONSUMPTION, WHOOPING COUGHS and COLDS.
Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.
Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

TIMBER LAND, JUNE 3, 1878--NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
United States Land Office,
Portland, Oregon, Sept. 22nd, 1906.
August 27th, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the State of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878--NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
United States Land Office,
Portland, Oregon, October 24th, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

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