lage, three miles down th' plank road-

named after Ephriam Peckham that

kept th' general store there an' of

there where th' church was.

course if there was any christenin' t' be done 'twould have t' be done down

wanted it more'n Sary did for she never

went much on churches. She uster say

stitution that paraded as a shinin'

light any such a skalawag as Paul wuz.

It kind o' set hard with Seth, for he had

been brought up a God fearin', Serip-

ture abidin' man an' it w'an't much t'

his likin' that Sary should oppose his

idee o' havin' th' little one christened

regular. They argued, bout it for two

or three weeks an' finally Sary gave in

jes' as we all knew she would. Her

whole life was all one long givin' in t

Seth: anyway. She said at th' lus' that likely as not it wouldn't make any dif-

ference t' th' child's future nor be any

injury to its health, so Seth could have his way, and th' child could be chris-

tened if he wanted it should, without

Aunt Jane smiled as she had before,

"I remember that Sunday mornin'

est as tho' it was yesterday. It was

about this time o' th' year and Silas and

the child all rode down t' th' corners in

Silas' democrat wagon-though i, wan't

called a 'democrat' wagon in those

days. Sary and Seth sat on th' back seat, she holdin' th' baby. Th' men put

up th' team in th' shed at th' side o' th'

hurch an' we all went in t'gether.

eth's pew was well down toward th'

front an' we sat there. Parson Davis

was th' minister, a young feller, too, with sandy hair an' a full blue eye that

seemed t' have th' truth shinin' right

out of it. Sary always said he looked

like a bowl o' skimmed milk t' her but

he didn't, jes' th' same. He was a able

leader an' his sermons was always wuth

thinkin' over. Well, th' service pro-

ceeded. Th' church was filled with th'

folks from everywhere within five

miles o' th' corners, for it was a nice

morning and I've generally noticed

folks are more religious when th'

weather's good. At th' conclusion of

meetin' th' pastor stepped down from

th' pulpit and asked if there was any

one in th' congregation that felt

moved t' 'join in,' and accept th' true salvation that th' church offered. Two

'joined in' that mornin' an' when th'

parson had shook hands with them he

asked if there was any little ones that

the parents wished to be baptize I 'in

th' light.' Seth nudged Sary an' she riz

right up in th' pew. That was th' first aformation that the parson had of a baby in Seth Heminway's family. He

ooked kinder surprised, but he was

equal to th' occasion. He beckoned t'

Sary an' she passed by Seth an' went

down th' aisle t' th' front, steady like

"When she reached th' pulpit th' par-

son took th' little one out of her arms

in' held it in his own. Th' baptismal

fount was on his left han' within reach.

Ie seemed imbued with th' idee that

ne oughter do a good job o' th' chris-

tenin', for he knew th' standin' in th'

ommunity o' the Heminway family.

He swelled out his chest an' said-I can

hear him now: 'Dear brothers and sis-

ers, I am called upon to moisten in

h' holy baptism of our Lord this child,

his child that I hold in my arms. But

efore let us try to draw aside th' cur

ain of th' future and peer beyond, to

ee, if possible, what may be th' mate

rial destiny of this, I might almost say anorganized human being, that I hold

iere before you. It may be that after

the years have been wafted away this

ittle one, in the vigor of a stanch ma-

turity, may feel it his fate to buckle

on th' sword and th' armor and go forth

to battle for light and right, and we

nay have another St. George. Or, again-he may take up th' pen, and who knows

but that I may hold in my arms, who

enows, I say, but that this almost unor-

anized human being may develop into

another Sir Walter. Or, again-I say

it is possible—the affairs of state may

engross his mind, and the world may

"At the first prophetic possibility Par-on Davis made. Seth, who had been

istenin' with his eyes fixed on the

loor, started. Silas nudged me. an' miled. I didn't dare to laugh, for jest

hen I cast my eyes in the direction of

her face was as white as your collar

Seth wiggled in his seat, but Parson

Davis didn't notice anything. He was

too busy prophesying. Finally can:

voice seemed t' rise, 'and let us hope it may be true-he may work in this

world for the Lord, may take up th'

torch of truth and follow in th' foot

She was shakin' like a leaf, an'

have a second Jefferson.

an' firm, holdin' th' baby close to her.

and then, wiping again her glasses on

her checked gingham apron, went on.

any opposition by her."

she didn't take much stock in any in-

Editorial Snap Shots.

It was too tropical for Capt. Schrader freight for Astoriaand Tillamook.

There's a new medicine in town, called "Rollie's Bellyache Balm," and is warranted to bring on a brain storm.

The anti-saloon advocates should not loose heart at Seaside. They can close the saloons on Sundays and stop gamb. Lug there if they would organize. And doing a good thing for Seaside.

The editor of our distinguished contemporary announces that he is going to the people of that city to know that anyone from this county is afflicted that

It is plain enough that the business portion of the city is going to grow towards the depot, not from it. It is a five years. Suppose, for instance, that a few business houses and a good hotel

Wasn't that a foxy political move of John Manning, the district attorney for Multnomah county, when he served notice on the saloon keepers that they will be prosecuted if they open up for business on Sundays. It is surprising with what office holders are piling into the law enforcement hand wagon. They are wise enough to see which way the political thers will find consolation in the efficacy wind is blowing to catch votes. But to call any of them reformers, rats, it is rediculous, for office holders who wait for a change in public sentiment before they do their sworn duty are not reformers. but simply watching the drift of public opinion so as to be on the winning side on election day. Why didn't John Manning do what he has now done when he first stepped into his present office? That was the proper time for any manly man long dormant state law; but it is neverto show where he stood upon the question of enforcing the laws, and not do well not to resist, for they will fail wait until years after to see which way public opinion was drifting.

* * * The McMinnville News Reporter was badly imposed upon when it published a bery of mistatements concerning conditions in this county. It is not true that "Tillamook people have been inconveni" enced through shortage of the necessities of life, owing to the lack of transportation facilities," nor is it true that "Dur ing the enforced idleness of the Elmore the owners secured no other steamer to tike her place." We would like to know where the Reporter obtained its informa tion in publishing this false report :

"Tillamook people have been inconvenienced through shortage of the neces sities of life, owing to the lack of transpartation facilities. For years the steamer Sue Elmore has plied between Astoria and Tillamook in the freight and passenger trade. About three wee's ago she was brought to Portland for repairs and a general overhauting. She will not resume her run for a week or more yet. During the enforced idleness of the Elmore the owners secured no other steam-

We would advise the Reporter man to take a trip over here and watch Tilla-

The Cloverdale preacher who recently skipped the country appears to have "soaked" the Editor of the Tillamook Headlight for \$30. Never mind, Fred, it will only take six land office notices to make it up again, and maybe the poor devil needed it - Yaquina Bay News.

But the devil of it is we have had more than \$30 interest on the money, for the boys have everlastingly joked the pencil pusher-and there is no let up. Please. Bro. Matthews, don't be too hard on eus, for-we have not been getting a square c'eal lately. First, the better half left us, which placed us in the "widder's" class while she is making a visit. The preacher "soaked" us for \$30. Then our contemporary generated a "brain storm" of cyclone proportions and "roasted" our tough hid, using the most conspicuous part of the honking sheet to do so. And in the course of human events it was dedecided to erect a concrete building where the Headlight was located, so they cut off our water power, electric lights and telephone and wheeled us out into the road, where we stuck, a middle of the reader. Of course, we had to go to prese, so we had to tack'e the crank and prespired so many drops of blood turning the infernal machine that our best and only decent duds are baggy on us. When in the land of slumber, in the dead of the night, we were called out of bed and informed that Tillamook mist was pouring down on our paper stock. The undertaker turned spting poet and his doggerel about us was so vile it was enough to turn any ordinary individual into a "stiffen" several months old. And with this list of hard luck, and with our credit gone, for no one will loan us \$30 to take a vacation, we hope Bro. Matthews will have a little brotherly sympathy for u : * a *

Seaside precinct will remain "wet." It was told as some weeks ago that Bro. Watson, of the Seaside Signal, was the Jonah who was going to hoohoo the election for the anti-saloon advocates,

and although we were not conversant with local conditions there, the information which came to us turns out correct, in Portland, so he immediately pulled his the vote being two to one for a "wet"precinct. This is how the Astoria Herald sums the election up:

There is a natural bond of sympathy and brotherly love existing among edi-tors of newspapers, although they often disagree upon the management of things terrestrial and eternal. The editor of the Seaside Signal is a gentleman of many virtues and few faults. He is a personal friend of the editor of the Herald, and when an erring brother gives the grand Ing there if they would organize. And hailing sign of distress and is in trouble, if they a courlsh that there will be it is the duty of his brother editor to go to his assistance. The Herald editor is cognizant of the affliction that has re cently befallen Brer. Watson, and out of the kindness of his heart, he extends him his heartlelt sympathy in this his hour of Portland. We will give him a little bit of fatherly advise, and it is this: Don't Brer Watson will be compelled to shake have a brain storm, for we don't want pastures new, for he was a power of od an the community, although he took the wrong steer. Had he followed in the old beaten paths he followed while editor of the Tillamook Independent when he made such a noble fight against prohibition, instead of following Rev. C. A. Housel, he would have lived and still wards the depot, not from it. It is a had his being in the bailwick of Seaside matter of speculation where the business But he got off on the wrong track. He center of town will be in another four or inferiors, and he must suffer for the sins of omission and commission. Last week the Herald tendered its sympathy and arrecce ted near the depot, as in all proba-bility they will be, it may change the holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may situation materially and knock the bot- C. A. Housel may go to in their efforts tom out of the present high values placed to save the human race, they will carry upon some insites property. signed the petition for local option in

There will also be 189 voters and tax payers of Seaside that will congratulate them when they vamouse the precinct of Seaside. They have outlived their useful-ners. They are strangers here. Heaven tear off the green husks impatiently is their home. It is, indeed, sad to see a bright and brillianteditor go wrong. To alacrity the democratic politicians and have him cut off from his booze and office holders are piling into the law eneditor, but fate's stern decree is immuta ble, and let us hope that our erring where there will be no sorrow or crying and all tears are wiped away from their eyes, in a home not made with hands, eternal, and the reward they failed to reap at Seaside will be dealt out to them when they put on the robes of spotless white in immortality beyond the grave.

> The District Attorney has determined to enforce in Multuomah County a less the law, and the saloons will in their effort and in the end be much pertinent to ask the District Attorney why he did not enforce the law heretofore; he is going to enforce it now. The public everywhere has lately fallen into a way of thinking that the laws, if cuacted, ought to be observed. We have tolerated lawbreaking on a gigantic scale by great corporations and others; but we are not going to suffer such things any more. The corpora-tion, the saloon and the individual must have respect for law, or they will be made to feel that there is a weight and an authority to an aroused public opinion that must be reckoned with.

Do You Think

For Yourself ? Or, do vou open your mouth like a young

ine max be offered you? in need of what from weakness, nervousness, pain and sukering, then it means much to you that there one tried and true honest medicine or KNOWN COMPOSITION, sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of logredients, every one of which has the strongest possible indorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of practice, are perfectly willing, and in fact, are only too glad to print, as they do, the formula, or list of ingredients, of which it is composed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper.

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-sessation of the most critical examina-tion of medical experts, for it contains no alcohol, narcotics, harmful, or later-forming drugs, and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice ities of their several schools of practice. These authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed medicine is advised.

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's

Favorite Prescription has received, in the ur qualified recommendation of each of its several ingredients by scores of leading medical men of all the schools of practice. Is such an endorsement not worthy of your

A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authorative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



Peckham's Corners was th' nearest vil-THE CHRISTENING OF SARAH'S ELDEST

By Kenneth Herford.

THE balmy breezes of a "down east" August morning wafted across the fields the sweet and soothing odor of he green and yellow growing things. The grain stalks waved their tasseled leads gently and rhythmically-an cean of gold-and the birds chirped heir joy among the ripening fruit in he branches of the 'harvest apple' nee, there by the corn crib.

On the back porch of the old, old farm house-an ceho, seeming, of another day.-behind a screen of Dutchnan's pipe and woodbine, Aunt Jane at in a "cane seat" brought from the front room, husking the sweet corn for

Now and then an ear of the pearly ernels would fall from her hands into he pan and she would, for an instant. ook off down the road or across the field toward the dark green wood bevond-absently, her mind racing back the pathway of the years to the days when she and Silas were children to gether in the old red schoolhouse; leaders, afterward, in the singing school, lovers at the husking bees, and then-

their wedding. Once or twice Aunt Jane took off her steel bowed spectacles and pulling up her apron cleared the glasses with a corner of it. Then she would arrange them again comfortably astride her nose, slipping back the bows into the ruts that time had made above her ears, and pulling down, ever so slightly, the gray hair over them. Then, of a sudden returning to her task, she would as though by sheer force pulling herself back to the evening of the present, from her moment's ramble in the morning of the past.

With my book, over on the other side of the porch, I did not intrude into the domain of Aunt Jane's revery. Fre quently on looking up I would see her lips moving, as though she hummed to nerself some old-time song or repeated in her heart some words that long since had been told her. I would smile, simply, and resume my reading. When the last ear had been stripped of its yown of green and the brown "silks" had been picked from between the rows of kernels, Aunt Jane set the pan down on the floor of the porch and gazed out across the fields.

"Do you see," she said, after a mo ment, and from the tone the words seemed as much addressed to herself as worse off than at present. It is not to me, though I responded. "Do you pertinent to ask the District Attorney see," she said, "that big tree 'cross there, right at th' edge o' th' woods Th' one nex' t' th' old blasted oak?"

I leaned forward in my rocker and shading my eyes with the open book gazed in the direction she designated Yes," I replied; "has that tree a story Aunt Jane?

I heard a sigh, but so gently breathed that it seemed but the echo of a sigh 'No, 'tain't got a story. That's th' tree where Silas asked me t' marry him Nearly every man in th' Heminway family, 'pears, asked their wives t marry 'em under that free. Silas brother, Seth, asked Sary t' marry him while they was a-strollin' through them woods one day, a long, long time ago. Seems ages almost. It was right under that tree that he asked her. Sary told me of it durin' her las' sickness when we tryin' t' take care of her here at th' house. Her room was the back one upstairs, an' she asked us t' pull th bed down so't she could see th' tree out o' th' window. If I ain't mistaken she died a-lookin' at that tree. She told Seth 'fore their fust child was born that she wisht, if she should die, he'd take th' child out under that tree every birthday o' hern' an' tell it that it was there that its mother's happiness be But Sary didn't die-not then She had three boys an' one girl grown up before she passed away. I wonder if me or Silas ever told you 'bout th' christenin' o' Sary's eldest?"

And through the moisture that men ory had caused to gather in Aunt Jane' ves there broke the light of a smil hat broadened and deepened until she laughed.

"Your mother likely knows it," sh said, "but if she ain't told it t' you pose I might as well."

And I knew that there was to be for me another delightful human chapter out of Aunt Jane's delicious volume o reminiscences. I leaned back in my hair and closed my eyes to be carried way by her to another day, another world-to me. "Seth's wife's name was an Empsor

steps of the Shepherd, and we may have lore she married Seth. Th' Heminway in' th' Empson farms joined down be "I looked at Sary. She wasn't pale. She was red. I knew what she was schin' for. I saw it in her eyes. She low that stone wall by th' creek. Th Heminways was always on good terms was dyin' for th' last chance at the with th' Empsons an' th' Empsons was always th' same with th' Heminways minister that would have th' meano, with th' two farms joinin', 'twant sess to say a child of hern might some lay become another Faul. When he no more'n nacheral thet in course o had finished about th' 'postle Parson time Seth an' Sary should get married. Davis looked down to Sary-th' little sorter join th' property a mite closer. as old Hiram Heminway used t' say. An' 'twant. Th' weddin' o' th' two was frail body at his side-and asked in his amazin' deep voice: 'What is th' jest th' ordinary conclusion o' two little one's name, please?" hildren bein' raised within a stone's "And at that Sary seemed t' grow at least three inches. She looked th' parthrow o' each other an' no blood relason right square in the eye and anion between 'em. It was th' nacheral swered in a voice so clear that the boys esult of a protracted period o' singin' waitin' for Sunday school out in front chool an' huskin' bees. Anyway they heard her: 'Elizabeth Anne, sir!' was married. Their eldest was born bout th' end of th' second year as I recollect now. I remember that child

octrine. Th' country want so thick

And the memory of that christening caused another smile to melt the face lmost as well as I remember Ezra, my of Aunt Jane, a smile that broke into first. It was as pretty a baby as you a laugh-a laugh that floated on down ever set your eyes on, and as bright and the lane and across the fields until it as smart, from th' beginnin', as a crick- mingled and was lost with the chirping et. It was about two months old before of the birds.—Detroit Free Press. they named it. And then o' course Graspingly Mercenary. ame t' Seth an' Sary th' thought of hristenin' it accordin' t' th' orthodox

First Spaniard-The American na tion hasn't the pride or dignity of haughty old Spai

settled as it is now. Th' Greens wa'n't here an' your grandfather owned near-ly all th' land on both sides if th' road Second Span'ard-That is true! Think of them trying to use the old Maria Teresa after our men had abandoned from th' river t' th' plank a mile down. the ship as perfectly useless! -Puck.

NEW

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He Fired the Stick.
"I have fired the wiking sict carried over 40 years, on accomposite over 40 years, o

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STILLWELL AVENUE Near Allen House.
SINGER SEWING MACHINE
CO., Tillamook, Ore.

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF BEAL EM

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVER.—That undersigned gnardian of the eight warren in the control of the State of the County Court of the State of the County and after the 12th day of july, day and after the post-office in The City, in said county and state, all of the property of said minors situated it county and state and described is La and 19, in Block 1, in A. A. Miller's and to Tillamook City, upon the following to wit: Cash.

Said sale made subject to the confirm of the said County Court.

Dated June Sth. 1907.

A. W. SEVERANCE,

Guardian of the Estate of the Severance and I ogan See ance, Minors.

In the Circuit Court of the State of on Fillamook County.

Miriam L. Colvin, Plaintiff,

Grant Mills and Morrison
Mills, defendants, Mrs. C.
L. Roberts, substituted as
Defendant,
To Mrs. C. L. Roberts, the above s

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of for Tillamook County.

Ellen Dougherty Plaintiff,