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The Tillamook Headlight.
 Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

**OREGON GIRLS TURN UP
 NOSES AT PET WONDERS.**

**Miss Metcalf Sniffs and Miss
 Woolrey, Bored, Thinks
 Sights "Tolerable."**

Those of us who have grown to think that the terrestrial horizon is born at the Battery and expires at the Bronx will be chagrined and pained to learn that the seventeen girl champions just in from Oregon don't care a cent's worth for New York.

A New York American reporter plucked two of the prettiest from Editor Bates's bouquet of Western beauty yesterday and took them sightseeing from cellar to garret in the effort to impress the damsels with the glittering glories of their country's metropolis.

Miss Ada Metcalf, champion cow milker of Carval, Ore., stood upon the roof of the Flatiron Building and, looking down on teeming Broadway and patrician Fifth avenue, sniffed a most contemptuous sniff.

"I suppose you build 'em so high," she said, "because space in the air is cheap. Nothing very grand about that sort of skyscraping as far as I can see."

Miss Woolrey Unimpressed.

Miss Audrey Woolrey, premier mule driver of the Rockies, sat in the wildly tumbling car of the "shoot the chutes" at Coney Island. The reporter made a lunge after his breath, caught it, and gasped: "Hy gee, girls, how's that for a thriller?"

"Tolerable" agreed Miss Woolrey with a bored look. "But did you ever tumble down a Western mountain with a thirty-six mule team and a wagon load of dynamite trying to catch you?"

The two girls from the golden west went through New York with a patient expression of disinterestedness much the same as a New Yorker feels when his Podunk friend points out the beauties of the local opera house.

The reporter meant to dazzle and bring out a crop of excited "Oh's" and "Ah's" that he could tell his grandchildren about. Neither Miss Metcalf or Miss Woolrey, of Marrow, Oregon, had been in an elevator until Editor Bates installed them at the Martha Washington Hotel.

"First time you go up in these lifts," he said with urban tenderness, "there's kind of a funny gone feeling catches you in the throat. But that's nothing, and you mustn't be scared."

Hotel Elevator a Mere Toy.

The elevator rushed to the top floor so fast that even the reporter felt queer. The Western girls went through it without a whimper.

"There's one in a mine shaft near Carval that runs down more than half a mile," explained Miss Metcalf modestly. "We girls used to sit on the sides with our feet hanging over for fun."

The abashed newspaper man took them to view the splendors of the Waldorf "Funny mountain sunset," said Miss Woolrey, looking at one of the \$100,000 pictures. "Do they have them green here in the East?"

The reporter decided that he'd shock the Western visitors into orgies of amazement with the Subway. They boarded a Broadway express bound downtown. "Old Grover mine out in our country has a tunnel twice as long and times as high," remarked the unimpressed Miss Metcalf, "and we put our pillars forty feet apart."

"How's that for a bridge?" asked the guide, with some diffidence by this time, as a B. R. T. train snaked them over the famous structure. "Up our way they span gullies with higher bridges than this," Miss Woolrey demurely vouchsafed. "But of course I suppose it answers your purpose all right."

No Frills Even at Coney.

The reporter said he thought it didn't. But he wasn't quite sure of anything any more and begun to lose faith even in the forthcoming Coney as a shocker.

The island showmen certainly did their best to bring forth a peep of amazement. When the Western girls shot the chutes they turned on extra speed into the cars. The forty-mule team young woman tucked stray whips of hair nonchalantly under the rim of her cowboy hat as the cars rounded the most daring curves. They prodded the elephant Miss Woolrey rode until it stood on its hind legs and belched with rage.

"Lots more excitement on a healthy cayuse," she said as she slipped lithely off the monster's back.

"The Trip to the Moon," scenic railroads and red mills left no impression.

"By Jinks, we'll fetch 'em with the Ferris wheel," said the Coney press agent, and they started toward this piece de resistance—last of the marvels

that was to shock the Western girls into cries of wonder.

Jap Huckster's Harvest.

Just walking along Surf avenue Miss Metcalf espied a pigmy Jap behind a bagatelle board with a cheap Oriental crockery prize hung up on pegs behind. In an instant both girls were dancing about the huckster's stand, fairly shrieking their delight. They wanted the little flower vases and the tea cups and saucers, and, oh it was the most wonderful tempting sight that ever happened in any land. They spent half an hour and much of their allowances stripping the Jap of his wares. Then they said they had seen all they wanted to see of Coney Island, and would the gentleman reporter please take them back to their hotel.

"New York is very nice, but I don't think I'd care to visit it more than once," said Miss Metcalf, as with Editor Bates and her sixteen companions she got aboard the train for Chicago last night. "Of course, your women are very beautiful and you have lots of other things that we haven't out in the West. But I like to live in a place where I can see a sunset when I want to, and I think a tall tree is more beautiful than a skyscraper any day."

"Your New York men look to be so tired. There isn't the red in their faces that flushes the cheeks of a fellow I—and (hastily) they don't seem ever to have had any sleep. Do you think we'll like Chicago better? We're going to see that next and then go back to Oregon, you know. This has been a fine time, but I think I wish I were back there now."

The State of Oregon is sturdily and beautifully represented in New York today by seventeen fair daughters of Oregon farmers. They are taking a trip through the effete East under the guidance of Mr. Philip S. Bates, editor of the Pacific Northwest, a farmers' paper in Portland, Ore.

They are now on exhibition, red-cheeked and husky, at the Hotel Martha Washington.

The girls have seen some few things already, but in a shopping trip in New York they saw things which they think beat everything else.

"This is Miss Aida Matcalf, of Benton County, who can milk ten cows without resting," remarked Mr. Bates, introducing one of the best lookers.

"I can do that," said Miss Aida, with the accent on the "can," "but I don't do it regularly. It's just when I'm hurrying up to go to a dance."

"And this is Miss Ellen Harrison, of Tillamook County. Let's see, you are the—"

"I am the champion cheese maker," answered Miss Harrison; "they make \$3,000,000 worth of cheese in my county every year." Miss Harrison had her lines down pat.

"And this is Miss Grace McCoskey, of Yamhill County."

"Champion hop picker, also buckwheat, haul hay and go to McMinnville College in the winter time," were Miss McCoskey's accomplishments.

"The queen of the bunch," Mr. Bates added, "is Mrs. Daisy Stansel, nee Betterley. Was she married on the way? Well, not exactly. It was like this. She wrote me before we started if she could bring her sister along. I said, 'Sure thing,' but when she joined us on the train she didn't have her sister along at all, but a brand new husband."

Liquid air is at last being manufactured on a commercial scale, a London firm having recently opened its works. It is claimed that this plant, which is driven by a 250-horse power engine, is the first in any country to produce liquid air at such a price that it can be freely used in industrial enterprises. No chemicals of any kind are used in the production.

In these two respects—the absence of chemicals in the process of manufacture and the great reduction in the cost of production—the system adopted has created a revolution and has led to the use of liquid air for many purposes, the chief of which is the production of low temperatures for chemical work.

Every Man His Own Doctor.

The average man cannot afford to employ a physician for every slight ailment or injury that may occur in his family, nor can he afford to neglect them, as so slight an injury as the scratch of a pin has been known to cause the loss of a limb. Hence every man must from necessity be his own doctor for this class of ailments. Success often depends upon prompt treatment, which can only be had when suitable medicines are kept at hand. Chamberlain's Remedies have been in the market for many years and enjoy a good reputation. They sell for 25 cents a bottle.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm (an antiseptic liniment) for cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, swellings, lame back and rheumatic pains.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for constipation, biliousness and stomach troubles.

Chamberlain's Salve for diseases of the skin.

One bottle of each of these five preparations costs but \$1.25. For sale by Clough's Drug Store.

Colic and Diarrhoea.

Pains in the stomach, colic and diarrhoea are quickly relieved by the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. When in need of such a medicine, give it a trial. For sale by Clough's Drug Store.

Not Legally Married.

A letter from Edward M. Sharp, D.D., stated Secretary of the Portland Presbytery, to a citizen of Cloverdale, says that Rev. Wingert was an ordained minister, but he had been suspended from the Ft. Dodge, Iowa, Presbytery and had no right to exercise any of the functions of minister of the gospel. Mr. Sharp says he consulted a prominent attorney of Portland, who informs him that, in his opinion, any marriage ceremonies Wingert may have performed here were not legal. Rev. Sharp also says that it is his opinion that Mr. Wingert may have acted in good faith, as he was suspended from the Ft. Dodge Presbytery during his absence, that body proceeding, notwithstanding it was unable to find him to serve citations, and it is possible he did not know of his suspension until receiving notice to appear in Portland and explain. The Stated Secretary further states he does not believe Wingert would have repeated any of his old offenses at Tillamook had he not feared prosecution from Iowa parties and felt he must have money to get away from there. He advises that it is the best and safest for those who were married by Wingert to have the ceremony performed over again and to ascertain if their marriages have been properly recorded at the court house.—Courier.

**ABOUT FARM MACHINERY.
 McCormick's and Osborne's are
 the Best and Cheapest.**

You don't want a rake that is weak in the head and weak in the joints or that has faulty teeth do you? You had better buy a McCormick or Osborne and take no chances.

A telephone connection with all the world's wheat fields would enable one to hear McCormick and Osborne machine at work continuously from January 1st to December 31st.

A McCormick knife grinder will sharpen any thing from a pair of scissors to a mower knife.

A fool and his money are soon parted. Buy a McCormick and don't part with your money for repairs on your mowers.

A successful farmer is a practical one who thinks out his work and then works out his thoughts.

McCormick and Osborne machines might well be indorsed by the humane society—they are so easy on the horses. McCormick and Osborne machines have been tested through seventy-four harvests and have grown in favor through each one.

McCormick levers are always within reach; a fact which every farmer appreciates.

McCormick's and Osborne's world-wide reputation is not the result of accident—it is the reward of merit.

Like the town criers of old, the farmer sing out the praises of McCormick and Osborne machines until they are known wherever grain is grown.

Now is the time to get your machine oil and extras.—B. O. SNEFFER, Agent.

From very early times the wind has been used by man as a source of mechanical power, and so far is it from being superseded by other forces that projects have recently been put forward to utilize it to a far greater extent than ever, especially for electric lighting.

With this object in view, an investigation of the average state of the wind has been made in England. It has been found that approximately half the time the mean wind velocity is ten miles an hour, and for about one-third of the time fifteen miles. In the winter the averages are higher. The great difficulty arises from the calm periods, which may last three days or even a week; but it has been shown that economical lighting plants can be based upon wind power by providing gasoline motors to take up the work whenever the wind fails.

Genoa and Milan are to be connected by a marvelous electric railroad eighty-five miles in length, which is to cost \$47,000,000. The excessive cost is owing to the nature of the country through which the line will pass. It will require 19 tunnels, one of which will be twelve miles long. There will be 372 bridges and the road will be six years in the course of construction. The cost of the line construction alone will be \$500,000 per mile. The line will be double-tracked and there will be no grade crossings. Trains will consist of three cars, each accommodating fifty passengers. It is proposed to run twenty trains a day, and it is estimated that the daily traffic will be 6000 passengers. A very complete schedule has been arranged to take care of the express and local traffic as well as the freight of that section of the country. The power will be derived from a 24,000 horse-power hydraulic generating plant.

Do Not Neglect the Children.

At this season of the year the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention. The best thing that can be given is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by castor oil as directed with bottle of the remedy. For sale by Clough's Drug Store.

He Fired the Stick.

"I have fired the walking stick I've carried over 40 years, on account of a sore that resisted every kind of treatment, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; that has healed the sore and made me a happy man," writes John Garrett, of North Mills, N.C. Guaranteed for Piles, Burns, etc., by Chas. I. Clough, druggist, 25c.

The Oregon Cheese Co., Incorporated, is prepared to buy all the first class cheese that comes along. Spot cash and highest price. Factory men will do well to see R. Robinson, the manager, before selling. He will be in Tillamook a good part of the time during the season. Only the best stock wanted.

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12 quarts Gordon White Rye Whiskey.....	8.00	3.00
12 quarts Old Gold Bourbon Whiskey.....	7.50	2.75
12 quarts Crescent Rye Whiskey.....	7.50	2.75
12 quarts Old Port Wine.....	3.50	1.25
12 quarts Old Sherry Wine.....	3.50	1.25
12 quarts Old Angelica Wine.....	3.50	1.25
12 quarts Old Muscat Wine.....	3.50	1.25
12 quarts Old Madeira Wine.....	3.50	1.25
12 quarts Sweet Catawba Wine.....	4.50	1.75
12 quarts Sandusky Port Wine.....	4.50	1.75
12 quarts Old Tom Gin.....	8.00	3.00
12 quarts French Cognac.....	9.00	3.50
12 quarts California Grape Brandy.....	8.00	3.00
12 quarts Stanford 3A Rye.....	11.00	4.00
12 quarts Rainier 3A Bourbon.....	11.00	4.00
12 quarts Monogram O. P. S. Rye or Bourbon.....	12.00	5.00
12 quarts Rock and Rye.....	6.00	2.25
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