

Advertising Rates.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS:
 First Insertion, per line \$ 10
 Each subsequent insertion, line 5
 Business and professional cards,
 1 month 1 00
 Homestead Notices 5 00
 Timber Claims 10 00
 Locals, per line each insertion 5
 Display advertisement, an inch,
 1 month 50
 All Resolutions of Condolence and
 Lodge Notices, 5c. per line.
 Cards of Thanks, 5c. per line.
 Notices, Lost, Strayed or Stolen, etc.,
 minimum rate, 25c., not exceeding five
 lines.

The Tillamook Headlight.
 Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the County Court of Tillamook County will receive bids for the construction of a bridge across the Trask River at the Hunt Place. Bridge to be steel combination span 120 feet long. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the County Clerk or at the County Surveyor's office.

Two bids are wanted, one for furnishing the material and construction of the bridge; the other for the construction of the bridge, the county to furnish the material.

A certified check equal to 5 per cent of the bid must be filed with the bid as a guarantee that the bidder will execute a bond for the completion of the contract if awarded the same.

All bids must be filed with the County Clerk on or before 10 o'clock a. m., August 5th, 1907, the Court reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the County Court,
 G. B. LAMB,
 County Clerk.

Teachers' Examinations.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the County Superintendent of Tillamook County, Oregon, will hold the regular examination of applicants for state and county papers, at the Court House, in Tillamook City, Oregon, as follows:

For State Papers,
 Commencing Wednesday, August 14, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, August 17th, at 4 p. m.

Wednesday.—Penmanship, history, spelling, physical geography, reading and psychology.

Thursday.—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, bookkeeping, physics, civil government.

Friday.—Physiology, geography, mental arithmetic, composition, algebra.

Saturday.—Botany, geometry, general history, English literature, school law.

For County Papers,
 Commencing Wednesday, August 14th, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Friday, August 16th, at 4 o'clock p. m.

First, Second and Third Grade Certificates.

Wednesday.—Penmanship, history, orthography, reading.

Thursday.—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, physiology.

Friday.—Geography, mental arithmetic, school law, civil government.

Primary Certificates.
 Wednesday.—Penmanship, orthography, arithmetic, reading.

Thursday.—Art of questioning, theory of teaching, physiology.

Work will commence promptly at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and 1 o'clock in the afternoon. All applicants must be present at the commencement of the examination.

Dated this 1st day of August, 1907.
 WAYNE W. WILEY,
 County School Supt.

Fals Committees.

A meeting of the Tillamook Development League was held Friday evening, and the following committees were appointed for the management of the various features of the fair:

Committee on Art Gallery—Clyde Hudson, Mrs. Wm. Petseys, Mrs. Thos. Coates, Miss Orpha Morton.

Committee on Cooking and Canning—Mrs. Diehl, Mrs. Wilt, Mrs. H. Crenshaw, Mrs. Al-x McNair.

Committee on Decoration—W. H. Evans, Henry Crenshaw, H. E. Morris.

Committee on Dairying—Henry Rogers, Gus Kunze, L. B. Zeimer, Chas. Ray, Al Bunn, Jas. Darrer, Casper Schlaup, Herb Alley, Fred Christensen.

Committee on Entertainment and Rooms—W. W. Wiley, Irwin Harrison, W. R. Rutherford.

Committee on Fancy Work—Mrs. W. H. Cooper, Mrs. Groat, Miss Cozy Clark, Mrs. Belle Handley, Mrs. A. Cohn, Mrs. Marion Chance, Mrs. Sarchet, Mrs. Talaga.

Committee on Floral Display—Mrs. B. C. Lamb, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Geo. Lamb, Mrs. Schrader, Mrs. J. Wallace, Mrs. Betts.

Committee on Lumber and Booths—Sam Brodhead, A. Cohn, Frank Long, F. S. Whitehouse.

Committee on Music—Mrs. Trlimage, Mrs. Whitehouse, Mrs. Geo. Edmunds, Mrs. Walton, Father LeMiller, Mr. C. M. Thomas.

Committee on Stock Show—Henry Kuzze, Chas. Ray, J. F. Martin, Claude Thayer, M. R. Hammenkratt, Birch Alderman, Herb Alley, Steve Scouell, R. C. Magarrell.

Committee on Fruits and Vegetables—Fairview Grange, Nehalem Grange, Oretown Grange.

Committee on Clam Bake—Capt. Groat, W. C. King, C. L. Clough.

Committee on Queen—H. T. Botts, Rev. Shrode, Father LeMiller.

Reception Committee—H. T. Botts, Chas. Trlimage, W. H. Cooper, Claude Thayer, Jas. Walton, Father LeMiller.

Committee on Sports—Dr. Thos. Ross, E. E. Tyler, Homer Mason.

Endorsed by the County.

"The most popular remedy in Oregon County, and the best friend of my family," writes Wm. M. Hiez, editor and publisher of the Osego Journal, Gilbertsville, N. Y. "is Dr. King's New Discovery. It has proved to be an infallible cure for coughs and colds, making short work of the worst of them. We always keep a bottle in the house. I believe it to be the most valuable prescription known for Lung and Throat diseases." Guaranteed to never disappoint the taker, by Chas. I. Clough's Drug store. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

A WHISTLER STORY.

The Eagle That Was Made to Pose as a Fighting Cock.

Apropos of something Whistler once told a cockfight story so vividly that only a man with a sailor instinct could tell it as well, mimic it so keenly and enjoy it so thoroughly. It was a story of a strange species of the American cock, pictured to the smallest detail so beautifully that one forgot that it was a story.

Some American sailors were at a cockfight in a seaport town in England when one of them remarked to the owner of the champion:

"We have got an American cock on board that can whip any bird here."

"Go fetch 'im on," said the champion. "Chuck 'im in and see. If 'e licks one bird we 'ave plenty more to throw in that can lick hany blawsted Hamerican bird you can fetch 'ere."

"All right. We'll bring one," said the sailors. When they got aboard they rigged up an American eagle. After their own manner, they painted, trimmed, spliced and reefed fore and aft, transforming the eagle to a cock. When ready they went ashore to pit their new American gamecock against all England.

At the pit the sailors chucked in their cock, which looked around for other surprises as he backed close to the wall.

"Now, bring on your birds!" yelled the sailors. A strutting cock was thrown into the pit and was another surprise to the poor dismantled eagle. He backed up closer and closer to the wall, wondering what would happen next.

The cock walked three times majestically around the circle, cuffing at his strange opponent, the eagle pitifully abashed and bedrabbled, crouching lower and lower and looking around and above him for an explanation of what it all meant, while the crowd were yelling madly for the English fighter. The eagle made himself smaller and smaller, but at last, finding that he could get back no further and thinking that something was expected of him, and, as the cock dashed at him again, stretched out his long claws and took his opponent by the neck.

Here Whistler ended with an imitation by motions of what the eagle did. He stretched out his arm, shaped his hand like a claw, which by this time looked like a real one, drew it to his mouth and with one bite pulled off the head as he thought an eagle might do it. Then he looked blandly about the room, as the eagle had done, at the astonished crowd and said, "Now bring on your other birds."—Otto Bacher in Century.

TOWNS WITH TROUBLES.

London's trouble is her fog.

Tokyo's trouble is earthquakes. In her worst 200,000 residents were killed.

The mistral is the trouble of Marseilles, an east wind that increases the city's death rate 50 per cent.

Calcutta's trouble is cholera, and the bubonic plague is the trouble of Bombay. Each city pays to her trouble an annual tribute of 9,000 souls.

Bagdad's trouble is the "Bagdad button," a sore that attacks practically every resident and visitor, leaving a button shaped permanent scar.

Madrid's trouble is the solano, a summer wind from the southeast. It is exceedingly hot and is accompanied by blinding, choking clouds of dust, so that notwithstanding a temperature of 105 or 110 degrees all windows must be closed.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Science of Chemistry.

Chemistry did not become a science—in other words, chemistry proper did not exist—until the seventeenth century, and it was as late as the middle of the eighteenth century before it began to amount to much. The old alchemy undoubtedly contained the germs, or at least the possibilities, of the present day chemistry, but beyond this the relationship between the modern science and the ancient delusion is slight indeed. Still, it cannot be denied that it was in the foolish search for the "Philosopher's Stone" and the "Elixir of Life" that men first hit upon the discoveries which were destined to develop into the great science of today.—New York American.

The Sarcastic Cabby.

The London bobby is notorious for overgrown feet and hands. Likewise the London cabby is generally accredited with never being at a loss for a reply. One day a bobby lifted up his hand majestically to halt a cabby, but the latter crowded his horse ahead.

"Didn't you see me raise my 'and'?" demanded the bobby.

"I did see the sky darken a moment, but my 'orse was shyn' at your feet," retorted the cabby as he whipped up and went on.—London Graphic.

The Danes and the Raven.

Perhaps the Danes selected the raven for their standard out of feelings of gratitude, for before the invention of the mariner's compass they must have found him extremely useful. The only method of determining whether land was near was to let loose a raven. If the bird saw land he sailed away forever; if he did not, he returned to the ship.—London Chronicle.

Equally Culpable.

"I can say for myself that I never have been mean enough to get another woman's cook away from her."

"Neither have I, but I must confess that once or twice I have tried to work our cook off on some of my neighbors."

Shut Him Off.

"What are you taking for your cold?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? But, my dear fellow—"

"Nothing, I say, not even advice. Fine day, isn't it?"—Illustrated Bts.

CYPRESS KNEES.

How They Are Formed—Trees' Curious Blunt Roots.

The cypress knee is a familiar object in all the lowland forests of the south, but there are thousands of northern people who have never seen them, and there are many southern people, too, who have not seen them till they stumbled over them some dark night. The knee is of solid wood, has no limbs or leaves, is anywhere from six inches to six feet in height, and its rounded top and flattened sides give it very much the shape of a human leg bent at the knee till thigh and calf are brought together; hence the appropriate name of "knee."

For a number of years I was curious as to what part the knees played in the life of a cypress tree, writes a correspondent of Forest and Stream, for they are part of its root system and do not grow independently. They were not sprouts, trying to grow into trees, for they never developed branches, and the final conclusion was that their only use was for people to stumble over. How and why such useless appendages to the tree were formed was a mystery until one day when drifting down a deep channel which had been washed through a cypress swamp the secret was exposed.

The earth had been washed away from the roots of some of the trees, and roots in all stages of growth were in sight. None of these roots was less than two and one-half inches thick and of uniform size clear to their tips or rather clear to their blunt ends, for there was no tip.

Nature intended these roots to grow in soft mud, and they were all right for that purpose, but when the blunt end of a root encountered something too hard to push through it bent or buckled in the line of least resistance, and this was generally toward the top of the ground, and the continuing growth of the root pushing the bend further upward made the bend closer, until finally the two arms of the bend were close together and they grew together, with one sheet of bark inclosing both.

STUDY YOUR HORSE.

If the Animal Has Mental Troubles, Try to Remedy Them.

To begin with, does your horse suffer from nostalgia or homesickness? Most horses do, and many really pine away and die from no other cause. We can at least, by making the poor creature thoroughly comfortable, do all in our power to "give his pain surcease" and to make him happy and contented, for than homesickness of the acute and chronic form men know few more wearing ailments. Is your horse's disposition sociable or misanthropic? You don't know? Well, why not find out? Does it irritate him to have his yoke-mate or neighbors eating noisily and visibly while he does? Is privacy evidently his preference? Very well, then, by boards or zinc or tin or canvas shut off both sides of his stall at the head so that he may eat in peace and live the isolated life which he prefers.

If he lays back his ears or snaps at his neighbors or fidgets and kicks at the partitions, etc., he does not fancy company—at least at mealtimes—and he will be better, do better and (here the pocket comes in) keep more cheaply if you cater to his fancy. If, on the contrary, a "shy feeder," let him see others eat; even let him by a simple arrangement feed from the same manger as one of his neighbors, which is to be tied up short until Master Dainty has eaten all he will, when, upon allowing the neighbor to partake, the fastidious one will redouble his efforts to eat just to spite the late comer at the feast. The writer has used this plan with many poor feeders from race horses down and always with the best results.—F. M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

He Hadn't Changed a Bit.

The Smiths had invited the minister to dinner. As the last course was reached little Willie, who had been closely watching the guest almost continually through the meal, looked over at him once more and said:

"You haven't changed a bit since you started eating, have you, Mr. Curtis?"

"Why, no," laughed the minister. "Why do you ask that question?"

"Because," blurted Willie, confused by the pairs of eyes focused on him, "because I heard pa tell ma you'd make a big log of yourself as soon as you got your eye on the corned beef and cabbage."—Bohemian Magazine.

He Had Had Some Help.

The man who applied at headquarters for a "little help" from the charitable association set forth his case with so much tact and moderation that the secretary was beginning to be favorably impressed.

"I can't ask them to do too much," the applicant said modestly. "You see," he continued, in an outburst of delicacy and ingenuousness, "they paid for my wedding last month, and 'twas a real swell one."—Youth's Companion.

Pain of a Wooden Leg.

"Barney's wooden leg has been paining 'im of late," said Scholes to his wife.

"How can that be?" asked Mrs. Scholes irritably.

"Mrs. Barney has been thrashing 'im with it," was the explanation.

The Twins.

Cholmondely—You and your sister are twins, are you not? Marjoribanks—We were when we were children. Now, however, she is five years younger than I.—Cleveland Leader.

Reason serves when pressed, but honest instinct comes a volunteer.—Pope.

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 Tillamook Rye and Bourbon.....	8.50	3.25
12 quarts Delaney's Malt Whiskey.....	8.00	3.00
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.....	9.00	3.00
12 quarts French Cognac.....	8.00	3.00
12 quarts California Grape Brandy.....	8.00	3.00
12 quarts Stauford 3A Rye.....	11.00	4.00
12 quarts Stauier 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
12 quarts Peach and Honey.....	6.00	2.25
12 quarts Millview Whiskey, bottled in bond.....	10.00	3.50

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Tillamook, Oregon.