

Editorial Snap Shots.

We heard this remark made at Netarts the other day: "Why, they charge 50c for a bottle of beer." Oh, do they? Well, whose "They," please?

We think we are correct in making this statement: That the first railroad to enter Tillamook will be down the Wilson river, that the survey will be finished in about six weeks, and that the road will be built and completed next year by the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company.

It is one year ago that Engineer Geo. L. Davis, of the Pacific Railway & Navigation Co., came to Tillamook with a pack on his back, and had the capitalists and business men of Portland taken his advice.

As to fixing the Wilson River road for automobiles, not much, for Washington County has put the lid on the road by making it a toll road in that county, so those who travel over the road have to pay tribute to the toll road monopolists.

The honking machine admitted that he sold six bottles of elixir from his pig at Netarts some two years ago and that we had not paid him for running a blind pig down on the coast.

The lid is now on in a number of counties in Oregon, and the following suit it will not be long before the entire state becomes "dry" on Sundays.

Here is a minister who appreciates the editor. At a recent editorial convention he offered the following toast: "To save an editor from starvation, take his paper and pay for it promptly."

The editor bumped the bumps on his bike over the Netarts road on Saturday, and from Happy Camp to this city made the distance in 1 1/2 hours.

William D. Hayward, who was tried for being implicated in the murder of former Governor Frank Steunenberg, was found not guilty, consequently there is great disappointment among a large number of citizens.

Walt Whitman is reported as having once told the following story of Charles A. Dana: "Years ago, one day, I met Dana—Charles A. Dana, the Sun man, on the street, it was in New York, it was at a period when Dana's public utterances were particularly irascible."

We are not surprised that the automobilists are desirous of seeing a boulevard built into Tillamook so that they can reach the coast. It shows their good judgment in wanting to come to this county, where the atmosphere is cool, refreshing and invigorating.

ments, and probably as much as the settlers can afford to pay by way of taxation. Yet, for all that, if this county is going to cater to the summer travel, it must build and improve the roads to all the beaches suitable for automobiles to travel over them.

The dairymen who are producing milk for the city trade find it necessary to provide the best and cheapest feed every month in the year to obtain the best results from his cows.

Alfalfa takes the place of both hay and bran and is greatly relished by all kinds of farm animals. If not possible to have alfalfa, provide all the red clover possible.

Do not allow any strong flavored food, like garlic, cabbage, and onions, to be eaten, except immediately after milking. It is estimated that an active man and an active boy can attend to fifteen cows.

It is an old maxim among those who raise calves that any milk not fit for the farmer's table is unfit for the calf. Sour or very cold milk will cause scours and any filth in the milk will invariably show its effects on the condition of the calf.

Under no circumstances should any thing be added to milk to prevent its souring. Cleanliness and cold are the only preservatives needed.

Perhaps the simplest of all remedies for milk fever is the filtered air treatment. This is being successfully used by nearly every veterinarian in the country. Simply take a common syringe and stuff a little absorbent cotton in the end of the tube through which the air enters the instrument.

The Limit of Life. The most eminent medical scientists are unanimous in the conclusion that the generally accepted limitation of human life is many years below the attainment possible with the advanced knowledge of which the race is now possessed.

"Everybody Should Know" says C. H. Hays, a prominent business man of Bluff, Mo. that Baidin's Art nica Salve is the quickest and surest healing salve ever applied to a sore, burn or wound, or to a case of piles.

Remedy for Diarrhoea. Never Known to Fail. "I want to say a few words for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have used this preparation in my family for the past five years and have recommended it to a number of people in York county and have never known it to fail to effect a cure in any instance."

Life Insurance. For twenty-five cents you can now insure yourself and family against any bad results from an attack of colic or diarrhoea during the summer months. This is the price of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, a medicine that has never been known to fail.

PIONEER COURT INCIDENTS.

Free and Easy Manners in Early Illinois Trials.

Most of the early Illinois court-houses were log built, but in some districts, says the author of "Lincoln, the Lawyer," the sessions were held in the barrooms of taverns, and the absence of all formality in the proceedings is best illustrated by the fact that in the circuit court of Washington county, held by Judge John Reynolds, the sheriff usually heralded his honor by stinging out, "Come in, boys! Our John is a-goin' to hold court!" to which cordial invitation those having business with the law responded.

In one case a judge who desired to display his learning instructed the jury very fully, laying down the law with authority, but the jurors, after deliberating some hours, found themselves unable to agree. Finally the foreman rose and asked for additional instructions.

"Judge, this 'ere is the difficulty," he explained. "The jury want to know if that thar what you told us was r'ally the law, or on'y jist your notion."—Youth's Companion.

EMBROIDERED TRUTH.

Mark Twain on His Own Reputation For Veracity.

I so used to having my statements discounted. My mother began it before I was seven years old. Yet all through my life my facts have had a substratum of truth, and therefore they were not without preciosity. Any person who is familiar with me knows how to strike my average and therefore knows how to get at the jewel of any fact of mine and dig it out of its blue clay matrix.

The Fighting Lemming. If the lemming's powers were proportioned to his pluck, the lemming would make things lively for the hunter. It attacks with reckless fury the harmless passerby. One of these creatures, smaller than a rat, will assault without a second thought a couple of human beings weighing 150 pounds apiece.

Most Nearly Perfect Vacuum. It was Professor Dewar's achievement in liquefying hydrogen that led to the discovery of an easy method of obtaining an almost perfect vacuum, and that in a single minute. When a glass tube filled with air and closed at one end has its open end dipped into a cup of liquid hydrogen, the intense cold condenses the air into a kind of snow that settles to the bottom.

His Old Letters. A Wall street business man showed a visitor a bundle of old letters that he was taking home from his office to burn in his furnace. "I wasn't always so particular about these useless business letters," he said, "until I learned that the women cleaners were sorting them out of the wastebaskets and selling them to certain firms which make a business of furnishing lists of names for various purposes, mostly to speculate on stocks."

The Aye-aye. A very strange animal, related to the lemurs and peculiar to Madagascar, is the aye-aye. It feeds on wood boring grubs that tunnel into the bark of trees.

The Apparition. Little Rastus—Has yo' evah seen a ghost, uncle? Uncle Eben—Yaas, chif! Ah suttinly has. Little Rastus—What did he look like, uncle? Uncle Eben—Waal, it was a coal black nigger, an' so Ah couldn't see nuffin 'cept two white chickens he had undah bees arm!—Judge.

Wanted a Decision. "Get another doctor," demanded Mr. Gotrox, "to pass on my ailment." "Are not four physicians sufficient?" "Yes; but I don't want to risk no tip vote."—Washington Herald.

The Inspector's Life. Caller—I'd think that your father's duties as building inspector would be awfully dangerous going round unsafe buildings. Small Son of the House—Oh, no; he doesn't go near 'em till after they fall down.—Life.

The other fellow's advice may be all right, but you'd better use a little horse sense with it.—Springfield Republican.

SEA BATHING IN CUBA.

If You Are Tempted to Try It, Resist the Inclination.

If you should chance to visit Cuba, officially or otherwise, and should desire to go in sea bathing, remember the advice of the Englishman and—don't. For sea bathing in Cuba, like the ways of the heathen Chinese, is peculiar. The natives probably go through it as a religious penance, as, considered in the light of a diversion, it is simply ghastly.

The banos, or baths, are out at Vedado, a suburb of Havana, and you are likely to enjoy the drive along by the coast some six miles. The fringes of Havana, as you leave the city proper, are shabby enough, but there's the sea to gladden the eyes, and you anticipate sporting in those bright blue waters with relish.

The first intimation you have of the baths is the apparition of a frame structure that looks like a grand stand. You enter this and purchase your ticket. Then the misery begins. After the usual preliminary process, similar to that prevalent in a watering place in the United States, you go forth, expecting to come upon a sandy beach.

Suddenly you feel something nip your leg like a pair of powerful tweezers. You put your hand to the afflicted part and find that it is a crab that has laid hold of you. You glance about in hopeless desperation and see that other crabs are coming forth, with laudable politeness, to welcome you to this aquatic bower of bliss.

The Smell of the Dawn. Of all hours of the day there is none like the early morning for downright good odors—the morning before eating. Fresh from sleep and unclogged with food a man's senses cut like knives. The whole world comes in upon him. A still morning is best, for the mists and the moisture seem to retain the odors which they have distilled through the night.

Of all hours of the day there is none like the early morning for downright good odors—the morning before eating. Fresh from sleep and unclogged with food a man's senses cut like knives. The whole world comes in upon him. A still morning is best, for the mists and the moisture seem to retain the odors which they have distilled through the night.

History does not depend on accidents. The growth of the race is toward a definite goal. The rain at Waterloo made no history. Gettysburg was not a scratch. If fate drops a stitch here, she picks it up there. The thread goes on. The current of life moves. The individual plays his part—his little part—and sinks, but there is no hole in the stream when he goes under, whether he be president or plumber, king or carpenter, so don't get excited about your fate. Do the best you can, and, above all, be calm!—William Allen White in Emporia Gazette.

Nicholas Biddle, who was once president of the United States bank, was annoyed by an old negro who persisted in hanging around the premises. One day Biddle inquired in a brusque voice: "Well, sir, who is your name?" "Harry, sir, ole Harry," said the other, grinning and touching his battered headpiece.

"Old Harry?" said Biddle. "Why, that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?" "Yes, sir; that's right," said the colored man—"sometimes 'old Harry' and sometimes 'old Nick.'"—St. Louis Republic.

"I—I must not listen to you, Mr. Pennington," protested the blushing girl, with eyes downcast. "You are only trifling, and—and, besides, it is getting late."

"Please hear me out, Miss Helen," pleaded the infatuated young reporter. "I'll cut it down to 250 words."

FOUGHT IN A FOG.

A Duel in Which Neither Principal Could See the Other.

The most laughable duel ever fought in France was that which took place in November, 1878, at Plessis-Plouet between Messrs. Gambetta and De Fourton.

A look over the field was enough to convince any one present that there would be no occasion for the doctors' services. A thick November fog hung over the scene—so thick, indeed, that one could hardly see his hand before his face. The arrangements for the duel required that it should be fought at thirty-five paces.

It was, of course, rendered still more "even" by the fog. Neither man could see the other, and the sole danger was to the seconds and the doctors.

Almost intrinsically the two bullets that were exchanged missed the persons in attendance. Everybody's honor was satisfied and the whole party went home. Gambetta said that the affair was as near to being a skirmish in the dark as anything he ever saw.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE NEGRITOS.

Odd Marriage Ceremony of These Barbarous Little People.

Belonging as they do to the lowest type of civilization as yet discovered, the Negritos of Malaysia and their ways are well worth studying. Simply put, these barbarous little people, their customs are those of prehistoric man. They have no fixed home or settlement, but are wanderers over their mountainous islands, sleeping under a banana leaf, living on herbs and berries and game.

Their marriage ceremony is a unique survival of early life. The suitor and a few companions dance about the altar of the desired girl. There is a curious resemblance between the dances of the prospective bridegroom and those of many of the game birds of our woodland. Finally the girl, accompanied by her mother, starts to ward the dwelling of the young men. They frequently stop, squatting in the tall while the ardent suitor and his companions continue their entreating and bewitching dances, winding round and round the girl. Presents are generally demanded and must be given before the reluctant bride will proceed.

Of all hours of the day there is none like the early morning for downright good odors—the morning before eating. Fresh from sleep and unclogged with food a man's senses cut like knives. The whole world comes in upon him. A still morning is best, for the mists and the moisture seem to retain the odors which they have distilled through the night.

History does not depend on accidents. The growth of the race is toward a definite goal. The rain at Waterloo made no history. Gettysburg was not a scratch. If fate drops a stitch here, she picks it up there. The thread goes on. The current of life moves. The individual plays his part—his little part—and sinks, but there is no hole in the stream when he goes under, whether he be president or plumber, king or carpenter, so don't get excited about your fate. Do the best you can, and, above all, be calm!—William Allen White in Emporia Gazette.

Nicholas Biddle, who was once president of the United States bank, was annoyed by an old negro who persisted in hanging around the premises. One day Biddle inquired in a brusque voice: "Well, sir, who is your name?" "Harry, sir, ole Harry," said the other, grinning and touching his battered headpiece.

"Old Harry?" said Biddle. "Why, that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?" "Yes, sir; that's right," said the colored man—"sometimes 'old Harry' and sometimes 'old Nick.'"—St. Louis Republic.

"I—I must not listen to you, Mr. Pennington," protested the blushing girl, with eyes downcast. "You are only trifling, and—and, besides, it is getting late."

"Please hear me out, Miss Helen," pleaded the infatuated young reporter. "I'll cut it down to 250 words."

The Conscientious Cow.

The old cow walked by the dairy shed and, in her imminent way, she said: "I'm feeling about as fine as silk. But I'd like a drink of my own good milk."

And, looking around, she presently saw a pail standing beside the door—it was butter milk, about two days old. But the aged vaccine hadn't been told; she only remarked: "It's a can to bilk an industrious cow of her own good milk."

And she took a drink, and she looked surprised. And she walked away and that cow surmised. She surmised about half-way down the lane. And she said in astonishment mixed with pain: "To judge by the flavor of that there milk, I can't be feeling as fine as silk. I must be bilious; I'll bet a hat. When I get to giving down milk like that!"

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Better Than Three Doctors.

"Three years ago we had three doctors with our little boy and everything that they could do seemed in vain. At last when all hope seemed to be gone we began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in a few hours he began to improve. Today he is as healthy a child as parents could wish for."—Mrs. B. J. JOHNSON, Linton, Miss. For sale by Clough's Drug Store.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County. Tillamook Lumbering Company, a Corporation, Plaintiff.

To W. J. Woodside, Defendant. The above named defendant: You are hereby notified to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled case, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer, judgment thereon will be applied to said court for the relief demanded in the complaint herein.

This summons is published in the Tillamook Headlight by order of the Honorable H. C. Goodspeed, Judge of Tillamook County, Oregon, made the 31st day of August, 1907, directing publication thereof to be made for six successive weeks, the first publication being made on August 1st, 1907.

H. T. BOTT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

TIMBER LAND ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, July 27th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3rd, 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 4th, 1892.

ELLEN A. HARRISON. Of Tillamook, county of Tillamook, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 7207, for the purchase of the S 1/2 of N 1/2 of E 1/2 of Sec. 35, in T. 38 N. 3 W., R. 10 E., and will offer proof to the Public Land Office at the town of Astoria, Oregon, on the 6th day of August, 1907.

ALBERT CRAWFORD, of Nehalem, Oregon; CHARLES HANLY, of Nehalem, Oregon; ALEX. McDONALD, of Nehalem, Oregon; H. V. ALLEY, of Nehalem, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before 6th day of August, 1907.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

TIMBER LAND ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, April 29th, 1907.

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 Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

ELLEN A. HARRISON. Of Tillamook, county of Tillamook, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 7207, for the purchase of the S 1/2 of N 1/2 of E 1/2 of Sec. 35, in T. 38 N. 3 W., R. 10 E., and will offer proof to the Public Land Office at the town of Astoria, Oregon, on the 6th day of August, 1907.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before 6th day of August, 1907.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

LATIMER BROS., BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING, ETC. Electric Baths nicely fitted up. Good for persons suffering with rheumatism.

