

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.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
 (STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.)
 One year..... 1.50
 Six months..... .75
 Three months..... .50

The Tillamook Headlight.
 Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

The County Fair.

The revival of county fairs which is taking place in Oregon this fall is one of the cheerful signs of the times. The reports which come in seem to indicate that they are everywhere unusually interesting. The State Fair at Salem will probably be more attractive than ever before. With all its possibilities for good the county fair has not flourished as one could desire of late years in Oregon; perhaps because its true method and purpose were overridden by the amusement motive.

Amusement has a place at the county fair, but not quite the most important one. Races, balloon ascension and vaudeville shows are well enough as subordinate features; but when they become too prominent and crowd everything else into the background they ruin the enterprise. For a fair is not a circus nor can an American rural community be interested for several successive days in circus frivolities, much as such things are enjoyed in their proper place. When the managers of county fairs began to treat the people like a crowd who came there only to be amused and humbugged their decadence began. Expenses grew, receipts fell off, debt and insolvency ensued.

The revival of rural fairs now so hopefully under way is coincident with a new recognition of their true opportunity and mission. The fair succeeds better this fall because it better deserves success.

What is the true mission of the county fair? Not so much amusement, one would think, as recreation. It should afford a respite from the wearisome, a few days for leisurely reflection in harmony with the benign September sunshine. There is nothing frivolous about this first month of Autumn. It is mature, gentle, serious, perhaps, rather than gay, and the mood of the fair should be in keeping with the season. In September the rural community turns from manual labor to the concerns of the intellect and social life. The schools open. Dancing clubs are organized. People have time to pay visits. Who wants to go to a circus when the apples are ripe and the leaves falling?

The recreation which the county fair offers should be reflective and social, not hysterical. It is a place to meditate upon lost opportunities and new plans upon the apple trees which were not sprayed and the scrub cows which were not weeded from the herd, as well as upon ways to make the brain do more work and the muscles less. The farmer's brain is his best friend if he only knows it. The fair gives him leisure to make his acquaintance. And it gives his leisure to renew his girlhood friendships. In the great house at the center of the fairgrounds there ought to be hundreds of chairs where the women can sit and delight their eyes with the current jellies, the miraculous candies and the lovely crazy quilts while they tell old tales to one another and hear new gossip. But in the face that the county fair which fails to make ample provision for the women. Better sacrifice the trotting than the exhibit of angel cake. If there is not money enough to erect a grandstand and buy rocking chairs for grandma and her cronies also, let the grandstand go. It will pay better to do it.

The county fair may be the best of schools, since it combines teaching with recreation. It rebukes mistakes, stimulates ambition and directs it to practical ends all at the same time. A man learns there to avoid futile experiments, he is inspired, on the other hand, to try promising ones. The whole atmosphere of the successful fair is uplifting.

In recent years statesmen have been visiting the fairs, as they used in pioneer times, to evade the political machines and meet the people face to face. Only honest men dare do this. No boss can stand the steady gaze of hundreds of clean men day after day, as Governor Hughes has been doing this fall. Then our statesmen begin this kind of work, when they have ideas and dare to go to the plain people with them, then the doom of corrupt government has sounded. For the American people are true-hearted and nothing but the right can win their permanent favor.—Oregonian.

Sudden Attack of Dysentery Cured.
 A prominent lady of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes to inquire where she can obtain Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. She says: "While stopping at a ranch in South Dakota I was taken ill of what seemed to be cholera. They gave me some of this medicine and it cured me. I brought a bottle home and have just used the last of it today. Mother was taken suddenly ill of dysentery and it helped her immediately." For sale by Clough's Drug Store.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy One of the Best on the Market.
 For many years Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has constantly gained in favor and popularity until it is now one of the most staple medicines in use and has an enormous sale. It is intended especially for acute throat and lung diseases, such as coughs, colds and croup, and can always be depended upon. It is pleasant and safe to take and is undoubtedly the best in the market for the purposes for which it is intended. Sold by Clough's Drug Store.

Yet It Was Realistic.
 That new love story of his, Crabbe (book reviewer)—Yes, I had to. Very realistic, wasn't it? Miss Yern—Nonsense! The dialogue between the lovers was positively silly. Crabbe—Well! —Philadelphia Press.

The Lack.
 Knicker—There are plenty of books telling how to save life while waiting for the doctor. Bocker—Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor how to save life while waiting for the patient.—Harper's Bazar.

A life in continual need is half death.
 —German Proverb.

MARK TWAIN AS A BOWLER.

Bewildering Results He Achieved in His First Game.

More than forty years ago in San Francisco the office staff adjourned upon conclusion of its work at 2 o'clock in the morning to a great bowling establishment where there were twelve alleys. I was invited, rather perfunctorily and as a matter of etiquette—by which I mean that I was invited politely, but not urgently. But when I diffidently declined with thanks and explained that I knew nothing about the game those lively young fellows came at once eager and anxious and urgent to have my society. This flattered me, for I perceived no trap, and I innocently and gratefully accepted their invitation. I was given an alley all to myself. The boys explained the game to me, and they also explained to me that there would be an hour's play and that the player who scored the fewest ten strikes in the hour would have to provide oysters and beer for the combination. This disturbed me very seriously, since it promised me bankruptcy, and I was sorry that this detail had been overlooked in the beginning. But my pride would not allow me to back out now, so I stayed in and did what I could to look satisfied and glad I had come. It is not likely that I looked as contented as I wanted to, but the others looked glad enough to make up for it, for they were quite unable to hide their evil joy. They showed me how to stand and how to stoop and how to aim the ball and how to let fly, and then the game began.

The results were astonishing. In my ignorance I delivered the balls in apparently every way except the right one, but no matter—during half an hour I never started a ball down the alley that didn't score a ten strike every time at the other end. The others lost their grip early and their joy along with it. Now and then one of them got a ten strike, but the occurrence was so rare that it made no show alongside of my giant score. The boys surrendered at the end of the half hour and put on their coats and gathered around me and in courteous but sufficiently definite language expressed their opinion of an experience worn and seasoned expert who would stoop to lying and deception in order to rob kind and well meaning friends who had put their trust in him under the delusion that he was honest and honorable. I was not able to convince them that I had not lied, for now my character was gone, and they refused to attach any value to anything I said.

The proprietor of the place stood by for awhile saying nothing; then he came to my defense. He said: "It looks like a mystery, gentlemen, but it isn't a mystery after it's explained. That is a grooved alley; you've only to start a ball down it any way you please and the groove will do the rest; it will slam the ball against the northeast curve of the head pin every time, and nothing can save the ten from going down."

It was true. The boys made the experiment, and they found that there was no art that could send a ball down that alley and fall to score a ten strike with it. When I had told those boys that I knew nothing about that game I was speaking only the truth. But it was ever thus all through my life—whenever I have diverged from custom and principle and uttered a truth the rule has been that the hearer hadn't strength of mind enough to believe it.—From Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

The Conductor Courteous.
 St. John's, N. F.—some of the natives call it "Senjens"—is far more picturesque than beautiful. But its quaintness redeems it from stupidity, and, wander where you will, you meet with that courtesy and kindness that are the graces of people who live unhurried lives in remote places where strangers are a welcome break to their monotony. When you say to some casual benefactor that you are "much obliged" for some courteous direction, he will touch his hat and say, "Thank you," as if you had conferred the favor upon him. The street car conductor (they even have a trolley line, though how it can be run in winter is a mystery) will see that you are set down where you should leave the car and, if you are uncertain of your way, will get off his car and point your destination out, holding his other passengers until he is sure you understand.—Travel Magazine.

Didn't Get It Just Right.
 The subject of profanity was being discussed the other evening at a dinner party in Harlem. When one of the guests facetiously hinted that his host could tear it off a little when no women were present the hostess became indignant. "I would have you understand," she said, with crushing dignity, "that my husband never says anything before ladies that he wouldn't say anywhere." She is still wondering why it was that everybody laughed.—New York Tribune.

Lost and Found.
 Lost, between 9:30 p.m., yesterday and noon to-day, a bilious attack, with nausea and sick headache. This loss was occasioned by finding at Chas. I. Clough, drug store a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed for biliousness, malaria and jaundice. 25c.

What Ails You?
 Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, a long, bitter or bad taste in morning, heartburn, belching of gas, acid, isings in throat, poor eating, stomach gnaw or burn, flat breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea 6 times and kindred symptoms?
 If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, and you need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

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

STAND FIRM
 When you buy an OILED SUIT OR SLICKER demand TOWER'S FISH BRAND Its the easiest and only way to get the best Sold everywhere

THE NETARTS WHALE DIED OF STARVATION.

Hotel Clerk Mourns Suspicious Nature of His Guests at the Portland Hotel.

"Things are not what they used to be," sighed Dan Sullivan, night clerk of the Portland Hotel, last night. "People are—I don't know what. And he gazed sorrowfully over his glasses into vacancy."
 "Don't know? People, as I just said, used to be open and honest, and now they are suspicious and actually doubt a man's most solemn word. You see it's this way: Tonight I was talking to a man I have known for years—and he used to be such an open-hearted, genial chap, who had faith in mankind. And what do you think he did? When I told him of what I saw down near Tillamook on my vacation, he laughed behind his hand and asked me if I felt the hot weather more than usual."
 "What did you see on your vacation, Mr. Sullivan?"
 "A whale, merely a dead whale, sir. He had starved to death, poor fellow. And no man with a heart in him will laugh at even the death of a poor whale from starvation—would he?"
 "Certainly not. But how did he starve to death? Something unusual for a whale to die of starvation, isn't it?"
 "That's just the point. You see it was this way: That whale was the only one of his tribe along the coast for miles, or that had been for weeks. There were also very few herring for him to feed on, but there were gulls, ducks and other sea birds by the swarm. No one ever saw so many before."
 "Now you know how a whale feeds? He dives down, swims under the water with his mouth open, then comes to the surface with a load of fish in his mouth, but before he can swallow them he must raise his head out of the water with his mouth open to let the water run out, or he would have to swallow the salt water too. The teeth in the lower jaw act as a strainer and let the water through, but keep the fish in."
 "Now, every time that poor, hungry whale came up with the few fish he had managed to catch, and opened his huge mouth for the water to run out, the birds, that hovered over him in a cloud, just swooped down into his mouth, grabbed up the fish and flew out again in an instant. The result was that the whale died. I think he died of starvation, but my friend said it must have been of a broken heart—and then he laughed at me. 'This is a sad world, and you must make your own fun in it.'"
 And, without cracking a ghost of a smile, Mr. Sullivan sighed again heavily and absent-mindedly charged a guest \$2 for ice water.—Oregonian.

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.

THE OREGON CHEESE COMPANY,
 126 Fifth Street, Portland.
 Reference, Tillamook County Bank.

The Best Hotel.
THE ALLEN HOUSE,
 J. P. ALLEN, Proprietor.
 Headquarters for Travelling Men.
 Special Attention paid to Tourists.
 A First Class Table. Comfortable Beds and Accommodation.

HARNESS, COLLARS, etc.
 You Use Them.
 We Sell Them.
W. A. WILLIAMS & CO.,
 Next Door to Tillamook County Bank.

Fir and Spruce Lumber.
 Spruce and Cedar Shingles.
 Cheese and Butter Boxes a specialty.
 Orders for Lumber promptly attended to.

TILLAMOOK LUMBER COMPANY.
A. K. CASE,
 PROPRIETOR
Tillamook Iron Works
 General Machinists & Blacksmiths.
 Boiler Work, Logger's Work and Heavy Forging.
 Fine Machine Work a Specialty.
 TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

The Largest Mail Order Liquor House on the Pacific Coast.
MIKE JACOB & COMPANY,
 51 FRONT STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON.
 Buy your LIQUORS direct from the WHOLESALE HOUSE at WHOLESALE PRICES and save the middle MAN'S PROFIT, which means 50 to 100 per cent on your PURCHASES.

We are offering for the next 60 days as follows:
 2,500 Gallons of Double Stamp Whiskies, Regular price, \$5.00 per gallon.....at \$3.50 per gal.
 2,500 Gallons of Pure Old Rye Blend Whiskies, Regular price, \$6.00 per gallon.....at \$4.00 per gal.
 2,500 Gallons of Pure Old Bourbon Blend Whiskies, Regular price, \$6.00 per gallon.....at \$4.00 per gal.
 2,500 Gallons of Lyon Rye or Bourbon Blend, Regular price, \$5.00 per gallon.....at \$3.00 per gal.
 5,000 Gallons of Fine Old California Port, Sherry, Angelica, Muscat, Madera and Malaga.....at \$1.50 per gal.
Freight and Express Prepaid and no Charge for Cooperage.
 500 Cases of McBrayer Whiskey, bottled in bond.....at \$12.00 per doz
 500 Cases of Millview Whiskey, bottled in bond.....at \$10.00 per doz.
 500 Cases of Stanford Rye Whiskey, Pure Blend.....at \$11.00 per doz
 500 Cases of Ranier Bourbon Whiskey, Pure Blend.....at \$11.00 per doz.
 5,000 Cases of Port, Sherry, Angelica, Muscat, Tokay, Madera and Malaga.....at \$4.00 per doz.

On Five Case Lots we allow a discount of 50c. on each Case.
Of five and ten gallon kegs and half barrel Lots we allow a discount of 25c. per gal.

MIKE JACOB & CO.,
 51 Front Street, Portland, Ore.
 Centrally Located. Rates, \$1 Per Day
LARSEN HOUSE,
 M. H. LARSEN, Proprietor.
 TILLAMOOK, OREGON
 The Best Hotel in the city. No Chinese Employed.

H. T. BOTTS,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
 Complete set of Abstract Books in office. Taxes paid for non Residents.
 Office opposite Post Office. Both offices.

W. H. COOPER,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 TILLAMOOK, OREGON

CARL HABERLACH,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Deutscher Advokat
 Office across the street and north from the Post Office.

T. H. GOYNE,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
 Office: Opposite Court House
 TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

A. W. SEVERANCE,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 TILLAMOOK .. OREGON.

C. H. UPTON, Ph. G., M.D.,
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
 Office first door East of F. R. Beal's office.

R. T. BOALS, M.D.,
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
 TILLAMOOK.
 Office: Olson Building.
 Residence: Mrs. Walker's.

W. C. HAWK,
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
 BAY CITY, OREGON.

THOMAS W. ROSS,
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
 Office: Opposite Post Office.
 Residence: Allen House, Tillamook, Ore.

F. R. BEALS,
 REAL ESTATE,
 FINANCIAL AGENT,
 Tillamook, Oregon.

DR. P. J. SHARP,
 RESIDENT DENTIST,
 Office across the street from the Court House.
 Dr. Wise's office.

T. SARCHET,
 The Fashionable Tailor.
 Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing a Specialty.
 Store in Heins Photographic Gallery.

ROBERT A. MILLER,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Land Titles, Land Office Business and Mining Law.
 PORTLAND, OREGON.
 Room, 305 Commercial Building.

Did You Ever Try
HARRIS'S NEW FEED AND LIVERY BARN,
 If not, give him a call.
 Everything first-class. Second block South of P.O.
W. G. HARRIS, Prop.

the teacher at home... Miss Black of the Monmouth Normal. Miss Bertha Ross and Miss Sophia Nordhaug

THE PARISH HOUSE.