

Editorial Snap Shots.

Everything indicates another bright and busy year for Tillamook county as soon as the wet season is over, with a good demand for land and timber, and with plenty of work for those who want to work.

It is really too bad that Sheriff Crenshaw has no family of his own, for no parent could have been kinder to the five little Davis children when he took them to the Boys' and Girls' Home last week. He made a good probation officer.

One of the "special interests" in this city will make a big effort next June to make the county "wet." They are so interested in the people and the county that they want the dear dairymen to load up on booze before they go home instead of provisions, clothing and comforts for their homes, wives and families.

There are some few persons in Tillamook City who are frequently making the remark: "If we could only get rid of that man Baker." It is really too bad that Baker don't skidoo—but he don't have to. Yet we ought to be thankful that we are alive and allowed to live in this little kingdom of Tillamook, seeing that they are firing all the bad people out of the city.

The Oregon Journal says: "The country newspaper has its important mission. The country newspaper man has, or should have, his important place. It should be a place of honor and influence. It is, or will be, if his mind is kept whetted, his business kept business-like and his aims and conceptions held at a suitably high level. When the country newspaper men meet, as they have met in Portland this week, and hitch their aims to higher ideas, they are building firmly and well for themselves and for Oregon."

The people of Tillamook county are said to be on short rations as a result of the inability of the steamer Elmore to make her regular trips during the severe weather of the past two or three months. On one is in distress, of course, but the fact is those people have grown rich so rapidly that their wants have multiplied so fast that the Elmore is unable to keep up with them. And then, again, it is said, of a truth, that instead of taking flour, sugar, coffee and other staples, the little steamer was loaded down to the guards with beer and whiskey.—Seaside Signal.

It was necessary for the Elmore to do that when Bro. Watson lived here, but not now.

We are frequently receiving letters for publication which we are compelled to consign to the waste paper basket, for the reason that the writers have an axe to grind or want the editor to take up and father their fight while they hide behind a non de plume. So in future the editor will not publish letters where the writer objects to having his name printed. So many persons, after getting control of some of the newspapers in Tillamook in recent years, have written editorials and anonymous letters blemishing or ridiculing the characters of respectable citizens. A repetition of this is now going on in the "special interests" newspaper, and by the same individuals who are ashamed or have not the manhood nor the courage to sign their names to the editorials or anonymous letters.

The people of Tillamook county appear to be well pleased with the action of the District Attorney's office in having A. J. Hembree arrested on the indictment charging him with the murder of his wife. Although the compromise verdict on the charge of murdering his daughter was a travesty of justice, had the governor not paroled Hembree as he did after one year in the penitentiary, people here would have been somewhat satisfied had he been kept there. Hembree had a fair trial on the charge of murdering his daughter, and as 11 of the jurors, before they left the court room, were convinced he was the murderer, that point alone convinced people that he was guilty of the crime. What the outcome of the new trial will be it is hard to tell, seeing that longer such cases are allowed to run it harder to convict, as witnesses get scattered.

Most of the "dry" counties heretofore have been somewhat lenient with those who have violated the local option law, with the result that the law breakers simply laugh when let off with a small fine. The past few weeks the state anti-saloon league has employed the detective agencies to ferret out the "blind pigs," with the result that quite a number have been fined \$250 and 30 days in jail. If this had been done before it would have stopped the traffic, for it is the jail sentence which is most dreaded. Recorder Dorris, of Eugene, in passing sentence on one of the law breakers, said that he believed these men who are found guilty of selling intoxicating liquors do not care for the payment of a money fine, regarding more in the nature of a substitute for the payment of a license, so he imposes the jail sentence, which he said would have a more salutary effect in securing obedience to the law of the land.

The Oregonian, in answer to Governor Chamberlain, in regard to the parole of Hembree, the Sandlake murderer, says: "The Governor says the statute virtually compels him to grant a parole if the prisoner's conduct in prison has been good, and that he has no right to take anything else into consideration. Yet the every law which the Governor quotes to justify himself says in the plainest language that prisoners 'may be paroled for good conduct by the Governor'; it

nowhere says that they must be paroled. The matter is wholly discretionary with Mr. Chamberlain. No law obliged him to parole Hembree. Nor was it necessary for him to grant the parole at the end of Hembree's first year in prison. It could have been granted 'at any time after' Hembree had served the minimum period of his indeterminate sentence. Again, although the only lawful ground for granting the parole was Hembree's conduct while in prison, yet the statute declares that the record of the prisoner's conduct 'shall not preclude the Governor from obtaining other information in regard to said prisoner.' It follows that Mr. Chamberlain errs when he says the statute allows him 'no discretion if the prisoner's conduct in the penitentiary has been good.' The fact is that it allows him every discretion."

The Headlight does not blame the Pacific Navigation Company for monopolizing the transportation business and keeping out opposition, because there is profitable business in doing so. There is not a business man in the city but what would be glad if he had a monopoly of one line of business or goods. But the transportation company has been more successful and shrewder than the business men, who have the situation and bring about competition if they would only get together and agitate for a boat direct from Portland or San Francisco. It is as plain as the nose on a man's face that if a steamer was put on between here and Portland, it would not be long before box shooks, piling, telegraph poles, etc., would be shipped there. What this county needs is a line of steamers to assist industries in getting the products to markets, for those who have come here to invest money in industries see that it is impossible to make a success of it with the present transportation difficulties. Hence so few industries and so few pay rolls.

Jottings from the County.

The Berns Bros. are demonstrating their ability to clear land with a donkey. There are increasing demands in Tillamook for the right kind of men in this line.

R. M. Kunze has completed a concrete foundation for the gasoline engine which is to operate the power for Gus Kunze's milking machine. Mr. Kunze explained the mechanism of the milker, also the little aversion cows show while being milked. We see no reason to prevent this process proving a success.

J. F. Martin's twelve roomed house is nearing completion. Some of the rooms are papered and painted in artistic style. His cows have brought him something over \$87 per cow for the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner, of the Oceanway Hotel, are the soul of hospitality, and where guests are delighted in obtaining well cooked food, clean beds and courteous treatment.

Mrs. S. H. Ward is gaining strength rapidly. It would be a surprise to some of the hide bound pessimists around Tillamook City and elsewhere to go over our county and see some of the honest effort which is being made by our young teachers to better the condition of others as well as their own.

Wyss Brothers have just put four hogs in the pork barrel. They have the right impression. One barrel of food in a man's cellar is worth four on the dock at Astoria with rats chewing at it.

W. J. Carver showed us his hand of Ohio Improved Chester Hogs, which convinced us that this industry has a bright future in Tillamook. He is under the impression that the averaging of the proceeds from dairy herds is not on an honest basis. He says the whole herd should be averaged all together for the entire year, irrespective of the time when certain cows come fresh.

Mrs. J. V. Hodgdon and family were camping in Tillamook City when the first issue of the Headlight was issued. She says things have changed since those days.

Ranchers are complaining of a great deal of distemper amongst their horses.

Wm Hugley is contemplating the erection of a new residence before next harvest. Although Mr. Hugley and his good wife have sacrificed one residence and its contents to fire, they still have the faculty to smile and look pleasant.

Mary I. Hope, who is 66 years of age, is quite sick.

H. L. Provoost had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes, the operation being made necessary on account of the injury he received while opening a keg of pickles, a piece of the chisel he was using having struck him in the eye.

Mrs. Freeman informs us that Frank and his bride will be home next week. I would like to inform Frank that we'll take a little raspberry, please.

The Miami Lumber Company resumed work on the Wilson river boom.

Amos Vaughn has a very fine place on the Kilchis river which supports 20 cows and a good bunch of young stock. He has one of the cleanest and best regulated creameries I have seen in my travels. The six horse power engine operates the churn, saws the wood, washes the clothes, runs the separator and turns the grindstone.

J. J. Powell and wife have moved onto the Curtis place and they have the real farm spirit. May all good things come their way.

It is reported that the Bay City band is making some good progress, with Sam Shortridge as leader.

Charles McMillan is staying with Elck Finlayson and going to Bay City school.

COFFEE

Good grocers like Schilling's Best, for it makes good-will and not trouble; in case of complaint, the money is ready.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it; we pay him

HEMBREE TO FACE ANOTHER TRIAL.

Is Arrested by Sheriff on a Charge of Murdering His Wife.

Ab. Hembree, the Sandlake murderer, will be placed on trial again for his life, this time for the murder of his wife, the previous trial being for the killing of his daughter, Cora Ellen Hembree. He was arrested on Sunday afternoon at Sheridan at the home of his brother by Sheriff Crenshaw, who lost no time in bringing his man to Tillamook, for with the exception of three hours' rest for the team at Dolph, the sheriff made no stops, traveling night and day with his man, landing him in jail here 24 hours after he had made the arrest in Sheridan. Hembree was greatly surprised when re-arrested, for he had been informed by his attorneys that he could not be arrested when on parole, and at first appeared as though he would not accompany the sheriff, but when told by the sheriff that he was going to take him, Hembree had to submit. So quietly had the officials gone about their business, that Hembree, who was landed in the county jail before the people were aware of what had happened, who, at first, could hardly believe it. The arrest was made at the instigation of Deputy District Attorney Cooper, who had been conferring with District Attorney McNary since Governor Chamberlain paroled Hembree, and it was upon an indictment, returned by the grand jury at the April, 1906, term of court, charging him with the murder of his wife, which was hanging over Hembree, that the officials used in making the arrest.

Owing to the governor allowing three days to lapse in the bank holidays, the case cannot come up at the special term of the circuit court next month, but will have to go over until the April term, which places Hembree in exactly the same position as he was in two years ago, also Judge Galloway and the District Attorney's office.

Genuine Imported Swedish Razors

Best razor made Try one. Fully warranted, hollow ground, \$2.00; Fully warranted, hollow ground, ivory handle \$3.00; Single porpoise razor strop, 50c. Double porpoise and web razor strop, \$1.00. Postpaid to your address. GEO. W. REYNOLDS, 950 East Davis St., Portland, Ore.

Registered Holstein Bull for Sale.

For sale, my Holstein Bull, Oregon Chunkey, No. 37-3272 H.F.H.B. Took fifth prize at Lewis and Clark Fair and first at Washington State Fair as a yearling in 1905. Will sell at a bargain if taken at once.

D. T. WERSCHKUL, Cloverdale, Or.

TEA

The greatest tea-drinkers are full-bottom Dutchmen. There isn't much nervous prostration in Holland.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best; we pay him.

Silver Wedding at Long Prairie.

On Friday last Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers celebrated the anniversary of their wedding, and as it was the twenty fifth anniversary, or silver wedding, a large number of neighbors and friends were invited to participate in the happy event. The guests numbered about fifty, who heartily congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, and who were the recipients of many useful presents in silver. All enjoyed the event and a nice dinner was served, the remainder of the day being spent in a most sociable manner. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers came to Tillamook County about twenty years ago. They are highly respected in the county, with a large number of friends, who congratulate them on this their silver wedding, and with the best wishes for their future happiness. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kunze, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kunze, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Kunze, Mr. and Mrs. Buell, Mr. and Mrs. John Sheets, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Chance, Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Olsen, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Carlson, Mr. and Mrs. Riley Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. William Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. James Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. Solie Smith, Mrs. Maggie Parkhurst, Mrs. Campbell, Messrs. Dave Curtiss, T. J. Bibby, Gass Corcoran, Levi Green, Arthur Rogers, Carl Carlson, Horace Bibby, Frankie Martin, Nicholas Sheets, Misses Georgia and Myra Fletcher, Lena and Lily Koch, Lenora Kunze, Lottie Kunze, and Vida Rogers.

Notice.

We, the parents of Mark Hobson, a minor, will not be responsible for any debts contracted by him, from this date on, Jan. 11, 1908. F. P. HONSON. JOANNA HONSON.

Sheriff's Sale.

On the 1st day of February, 1908, at Two o'clock p.m., I will sell at the front door of the Court House, One Roan Mare, four or five years old, to the highest bidder, cash in hand.

H. CRENSHAW, Sheriff.

First Bank & Trust Company, BAY CITY, ORE.

Capital Stock, \$25,000. Offers every facility for safe banking, and solicits your business.

Commercial, Savings and Trust Departments.

Interest at current rates on checking accounts.

Our little book, "Helpful Hints on Banking," explaining how to do your banking by mail is ready.

Send for a copy. It's free for the asking.

Notice of Administrator's Sale of Real Property.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That in pursuance of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, duly made and entered of record on the 22nd day of January, 1908, in the matter of the Estate of NELS SATHER, deceased, the undersigned Administrator of said estate from and after Monday, the 2nd day of March, 1908, will proceed to sell at private sale for gold coin of the United States, the following described real property situated in the County of Tillamook and State of Oregon, particularly described as the Southeast quarter (Se. 1/4) of Section Four (4), Township two (2) South of Range Seven (7) West of the Willamette Meridian.

Terms of sale, cash, upon confirmation and execution of Administrator's deed. Sale to be subject to the confirmation of said County Court. For further particulars inquire of the Administrator in care of the Tillamook Headlight, Tillamook, Oregon, or in care of his attorneys, Platt & Platt, 406 Commercial Block, in the City of Portland, Oregon, or inquire of Platt & Platt, Portland, Oregon.

F. A. RICH P. FRIMBLE, Administrator of the Estate of Nels Sather, deceased.

Royal Baking Powder advertisement. Economizes the use of flour, butter and eggs; makes the biscuit, cake and pastry more appetizing, nutritious and wholesome. ABSOLUTELY PURE. This is the only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar. It Has No Substitute. There are Alum and Phosphate of Lime mixtures sold at a lower price, but no housekeeper regarding the health of her family can afford to use them.

WE BUY FURS HIDES AND HUNTERS' & TRAPPERS' GUIDE advertisement. For next week, \$10 to \$20 more money for you to ship Raw Furs and Hides to us than we will at home. Write for Price List, Market Report, Shipping Tags, and about our 40 page, leather bound, Best thing in the market ever published for Hunters and Trappers. It is a complete Encyclopedia. Price, \$1.00 per copy, and to business men beautiful \$2.00. One Magazine, Book and Diary are sent to you in price, \$1.00 per copy. Write for our Free Book to be sent you by mail. Address: B. W. Dyer, Dept. 71, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Goldheimer must be awful rich." "What makes you think so?" "I saw his daughter, who they say is engaged to a nobleman."—Uk.

Follingsome Nomoss—Yes, Iuster be a poet once. Tatterdon Torn—I often wondered how you got your start.—Philadelphia Record.

Teacher—Tommy, what did they have in Rome after it was burned? Tommy—Fire sales, ma'am.—Chicago News.

There is an old saying that in England the wife is the queen, in France the companion, in Germany the housekeeper and in Italy the slave.

"Is he a man who uses good judgment?" "Excellent. But he always puts it to use about a day too late."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The penguin is an eccentricity among birds. Unlike among the feathered world, it hatches its eggs not sitting, but standing up.

Her Husband—You were a good looking woman when I married you. She—Yes; I had the advantage of you even then.—Brooklyn Life.

In Abyssinia the wife is master. If her husband offends her she can turn him out, for the house and its belongings are hers.

The Farmer—What are you getting up in that hay apple tree? The Boy—Stummkack ache, sir.—London Illustrated Bits.

There were more than 100 colossal statues in the ancient city of Rhodes, besides the great bronze image that bestrode the harbor.

If canned pears have a flat taste, and most pears do, they will be improved by adding stick cinnamon to them while cooking.

The elephant when excited or frightened can attain a speed of twenty miles an hour and can keep it up for half a day.

Poet—So you think I should put fire into my verses? Editor—My dear sir, quite the reverse!—Exchange.

"Do you believe that the good die young?" "I think they do if all my wife tells me about her first husband is true."—Pick-Me-Up.

Russian women and Japanese men are said to be the most skillful workers with the needle in decorative effects that the world holds.

Young girls begin half their say with "When I get married." Married women start everything with "When I was a girl."—Atholion Globe.

Many of the poor men covet the rich man's wealth, and most of the rich men covet the poor man's health.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Paganini, the famous violinist, died at Nice May 27, 1840, drawing, it is said, a "last long note on his favorite G string."

"I hear he refused to take chloroform when he was operated on." "Yes; said he'd rather take it when he paid his bill."

It is the mind that makes the body rich, and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds so honor peeth in the meanest habit.—Shakespeare.

Superintendent—I think that young lady over there is not being properly waited upon.

Floor Walker—Oh, she doesn't want to buy anything. Everything that has been shown her she has declared perfectly lovely. She hasn't found the least fault with anything.

"Where did I get it?" snarled the young millionaire. "There is a question that always makes me hopping mad."

"Papa won't ask it," simpered the fashionable damsel. "Have you still got it? That's all papa wants to know."—Pittsburg Post.

"I have come, Mr. Editor, to complain about your report of my daughter's wedding."

"What was the matter with it?"

"Well, her name is Gratta, and you printed it 'Gratis.'"

"That's not so bad. She was given away, wasn't she?"

"Yes, sir, he wuz afraid o' the banks bustin' on him, an' so he buried his money."

"Has he got it yet?"

"No. He forgot to blaze the tree whar it was, an' the owner put up a sign, 'No Trespassing on These Grounds.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

Stradivarius was born in Cremona, Italy, in the year 1644. To make violins was his sole and only business, his joy, his religion. He died in 1737, leaving behind him three sons, who tried to carry on their father's business, but failed to bring their work up to the master's standard.

"No, Geoffrey," protested the beautiful girl, "you mustn't do that. I have never allowed a young man to put his arm around my waist." "That being the case, Gwendolen," he answered sadly, but with firmness, "you will have to take your head off my shoulder."—Chicago Tribune.

The probable substitute for iron and copper when those metals shall have been exhausted will be aluminum. This metal is the base of all alloys, and owing to the abundance of these materials the supply of aluminum will be many hundreds of times greater than that of iron and copper.

"Please, Mr. Editor," wrote a correspondent of an Irish newspaper, "can you tell me how to prevent bleeding at the nose?"

"To prevent bleeding at the nose," replied the discriminating editor, "keep it out of other people's business."—London Telegraph.

The so called "Continental shelf" of the north Atlantic, meaning the shallow waters along the coast, has an average width of 100 miles and a depth on its outer edge of some 500 feet, from which point the sea bottom shelves steeply to the depths of the ocean.—New York American.

Dancing is as old as history. There is no record of the time when the dance in some form was not practiced. Beginning probably in the exuberance of animal spirits, it later became an expression of religious emotion, then of warlike ardor and finally settled down into its purely social phase.

"Ah!" said the blustering lawyer whose client had been acquitted. "Now that it's over, would you mind telling how you reached your verdict?" "Certainly," replied the jurymen. "We felt sure that if he had been guilty he wouldn't have hired you to defend him."

The dangerous rocks of the Lizard, on the coast of Cornwall, one of the oldest landmarks of the marine world, are the scene of many terrible disasters. It was on these rocks that the famous armada was wrecked when the Spaniards tried to invade England.—London Answers.

First Minister—It is sure to happen when I have prepared a particularly good sermon that my congregation is small and large when I have a poor one. Second Minister (intending to be complimentary)—I have been told that the house is always full when you preach.—Pearson's.

Employer—You were late this morning, Henry. Office Boy—Yes, sir. Employer—Did you forget to mention it to me? Office Boy—No, sir. But I didn't want to deprive you of the pleasure of being the first to speak of it.

Foot Light—You say she's of a very sympathetic nature? Miss Sue Brette—Very. "Cries during a sad scene in the play, I suppose?"

"Yes. Why, last night two of the actors were struck with eggs, and she even cried then!"—Yonkers Statesman.

There could not possibly be a whiter city than Cadiz unless it were a city that was built of snow. As you near the coast you see in front of you a white mass which appears to be floating upon the water. The first thought of a foreigner is that he is in sight of an iceberg.

"To me," said Mr. Wobbles feverishly, "you present all that is most sublime. I believe that destiny intended us for each other."

"Are you alluding," inquired Miss Peppy icily, "to the affinity popularly supposed to exist between the sublime and the ridiculous?"

It is certain that ants intentionally sanction the residence of certain insects in their nests. This is the case, for instance, with a curious blind beetle, which is absolutely dependent upon ants and is habitually fed by them, the ants supplying it with nourishment as they do one another.

Nobody knows the size of the ice cap covering and surrounding the south pole, for nobody has ever been able to explore it. But the antarctic circle is much colder than the arctic, and it is computed that the accumulations of ice are vastly greater at the southern than at the northern end of the earth.

"Some people," growled Grouchey, "make me sick." "I should think nearly everybody would make you sick," replied Peppy.

"Why so?" "Well, 'turn about is fair play,' you know."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hicks—Talk about Friday being an unlucky day! George Washington was born on Friday, the Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday, and the battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Friday. Wicks—Well, all that was unlucky for the British, wasn't it?—Somerville Journal.

I am a great believer in the value of tea as a preventive of gout and as aiding in the elimination of uric acid. It should be taken weak and quite freshly made. I also always insist on the avoidance of sweet fruits and on the free use of green vegetables.—London Hospital.

Keen Eyes. "Here's your book, dear Miss Scribble. Sorry to have kept it so long. Delighted with it, I assure you."

"Read it through, did you?" "Yes, indeed. It was charming."

"Ever show your eyes to an expert oculist?" "My eyes! What do you mean?" "Must be something abnormal about them. You appear to have read my book without cutting the leaves!"

Settling. Father—Come, young man, get your coat off and come with me. Tommy—You're not going to lick me, are you, dad?

Father—Certainly! Didn't I tell you this morning that I would settle with you for your bad behavior?

Tommy—Yes, but I thought it was only a joke, like when you told the grocer the other day you were going to settle with him.

Her Face. "My face," said the seasoned sourette, "is my fortune."

"You don't say so?" retorted the funny comedian. "I thought it stood for what you owed."

"And why did you think it stood for what I owed?" asked the seasoned sourette.

"Because," explained the funny comedian, "I see you have it chipped up."—Exchange.