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The Tillamook Headlight. Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

Wants Beach Road. TO THE EDITOR TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT. I notice that Clatsop county, in conjunction with your county Tillamook, is about to build a wagon road from Astoria to Nehalem, over the mountain.

To me it seems a pity that the road could not be made along the beach the entire distance. Admitting that the first cost would be immensely greater, will it pay in the end to go to this extra expense? I think so.

With this road completed from Astoria to Tillamook City, the most beautiful road and beach scenery on the globe would attract people tourist from America and Europe.

Thousands upon thousands would spend their vacations touring along this road during the summer. Millions of dollars would be spent and left in the two counties by tourists and summer residents.

People who would locate along the beach would have money and they are the people you want. The proposed wagon road over the mountain, away from the beach, would attract no one nor would any one build homes along it.

In conclusion, I hope the commissioners of the two counties will see fit to run the road along the coast and open up this scenic wonder to the world make the two counties famous, make this low unoccupied land teem with life and pretty summer homes and hotels open a market for the settlers in the counties and increase the taxes of the counties beyond the expectations of the oldest resident.

TODD D. CARTWRIGHT. "One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin."

When a rooster finds a big fat worm he calls all the hens in the farm yard to come and share it. A similar trait of human nature is to be observed when a man discovers something exceptionally good—he wants all his friends and neighbors to share the benefits of his discovery.

ROPE SUPERSTITIONS.

Odd Beliefs About the Cure of Cancer and Mumps.

"Yes, I am heartily glad that execution by hanging is passing out of existence," said the jailer of twenty-five years' service. "Not only was hanging by the neck a gruesome, horrible affair to me, but it was always followed by a host of requests for a bit of the rope with which the hanging was done. Of course, these requests came mostly from ignorant people, but they were no less of a nuisance on that account. Oh, no, they didn't want bits of the rope for morbid reasons, but because they firmly believed in the old superstition that a bit of rope used in a hanging would cure cancer if rubbed on the affected part. None of them ever came back to report whether a cure was effected, but I reckon if there had been any cures I would have heard of them."

"That isn't the only rope superstition, by the way. In Maine, where I came from, some folk always use hempen rope for the mumps. A piece of it is tied around the waist of the sick person, so that the disease will not creep to any vital part, but remain in the face. The superstition is observed by a few people of this day, and if you go into small remote country towns in Maine you will see hempen ropes hanging in the corner grocery store, bearing a label, 'Ropes For Mumps.'"

LAST WORDS.

Thoughts That Marked the Passing of Some Noted Men.

There is a collection of "last words" of celebrated men which contains many beautiful and startling phrases. Whether they were really uttered by the men to whom they have been credited, says the Berliner Post, is another matter. "Thus the words of Augustus, 'The comedy is at an end—did I play my part well?' are known to nearly every reader. The collection of last words of great physicians published by 'The British Medical Journal' gives Haller credit for saying, 'The artery beats—it beats no more,' and says of Nothnagel that he wrote: 'The night of July 6, after a violent attack of angina pectoris, I will die of arterial calcification.' Cooper, Bright and Brodie died with blessings upon their lips, and Darwin, looking death calmly in the face, said, 'I really do not fear death.' Locol's last words were flippancy: 'Au revoir, gentlemen. At the autopsy we will meet again.' None of these classic sentences, however, impress one so much as did the words of one of the few mortals who to our knowledge went into the unknown with minds undimmed. He was an old man who had lived a good and full life. With his last breath he said: 'It is not yet time. I want to stay—that was the voice of nature.'

The Next Duty.

"What is my next duty? What is the thing that lies nearest to me?" "That belongs to your everyday history. No one can answer that question but yourself. Your next duty is just to determine what your next duty is. Is there nothing you neglect? Is there nothing you know you ought not to do? You would know your duty if you thought in earnest about it and were not ambitious of great things." "Ah, then," responded she, "I suppose it is something very commonplace, which will make life more dreary than ever. That cannot help me." "It will if it be as dreary as reading the newspapers to an old deaf aunt. It will soon lead you to something more. Your duty will begin to comfort you at once, but will at length open the unknown fountain of life in your heart." —George Macdonald.

He Drew.

A very pretty girl had a bashful artist for a sweetheart, but he would never come to the point. One night after he had made a desperate attempt to test her feelings she looked at him in a very significant way. "What do you mean by that?" he asked, with a startled look. "Do you profess to be an artist?" she replied evasively. "Yes." "Do you think you are a good one?" "I flatter myself that I am." "Well, I don't think so." "Why not?" "Because you cannot even draw an inference." He did, though, and now they draw conclusions.

Victims of Heredity.

It has been shown that criminal tendencies depend on heredity and social and physiological circumstances. The most important of these is heredity. Just as no amount of ambition will enable a man to write a Shakespearean drama if he have not the talent, so it is preposterous to expect in a child of vicious parents, brought up among vicious surroundings, that moral tone which would characterize the finest type of humankind.—Strand Magazine.

Precious Models.

"Just think, somebody broke into my studio last night. Unfortunately I had just begun a study in still life." "Was it stolen?" "No, but the models were—a ham and some sausages."—London Tit-Bits.

Reassuring.

First Actor—I am in a quandary. I have been offered an engagement by two managers, and I don't know how to act. Second Actor—Well, don't worry. They'll soon find it out.

Do not neglect to keep your boots polished. You can always shine at one end if you cannot at the other.

How He Did It.

"When I was connected with a certain western railway," says a prominent official of an eastern line, "we had in our employ a brakeman who, for special service rendered to the road, was granted a month's vacation."

"He decided to spend his time in a trip over the Rockies. We furnished him with passes. "He went to Denver and there met a number of his friends at work on one of the Colorado roads. They gave him a good time and when he went away made him a present of a mountain goat."

"Evidently our brakeman was at a loss to get the animal home with him, as the express charges were very heavy at that time. Finally, however, hitting upon a happy expedient, he made out a shipping tag and tied it to the horns of the goat. Then he presented the beast to the office of the stock car line."

"Well, that tag created no end of amusement, but it served to accomplish the end of the brakeman. It was inscribed as follows: "Please pass the butter. Thomas J. Meechin, brakeman, S. S. and T. Ry." —Harper's Weekly.

Ant Merchants.

Ant merchants, clad in leather underwear, are to be found in Paris, London and several other European cities. Wherever pheasants are preserved the ant merchant is in demand. It is not, however, ants, but the eggs of ants, that the man chiefly deals in. From every part of Europe ants are shipped to him, and he keeps them in ant runs—places similar in their nature to chicken runs—and he feeds and tends them carefully, so that their health will keep fine and they will lay vigorously.

The eggs he packs in wooden boxes and ships to various parts, dukos, counts and other game preserves in different parts of the world. And the ants themselves he slays as soon as they cease to lay, pressing them and selling them in black blocks similar to plug tobacco to dealers in birds and bird food.

It is interesting to be an ant merchant, but leather underwear is essential to the business, as the little creatures bite unmercifully.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Coincidence.

The strange story told by a defaulting debtor of his being recognized after he had been for six years trying to live down the past is not so strange a story as one which came within the ken of Professor Jowett. A good man went wrong, was caught and sentenced at Liverpool to imprisonment. After the sinner had served his term Jowett and others helped him, and he obtained a colonial editorship where his past was unknown. He did well; was a new man. One day a tornado swept off the roof of his office. Under the roof was discovered a batch of old English papers which had been placed there and forgotten after the mail had brought them. He set members of his staff to work to get out of the derelicts anything which might be interesting enough to print. The first thing that they found was a full report of the trial and conviction of the man himself, their editor, at Liverpool all those years before.—St. James' Gazette.

Pants and Trousers.

Everybody talks well when he talks in the way he likes, the way he can't help, the way he never thinks of. The rest is effort and pretense. The man who says "trousers" because he likes to say it and the man who says "pants" because he likes to say it are both good fellows with whom a frank soul could fraternize, but the man who says "trousers" when he wants to say "pants" is a craven and a truckler, equally hateful to honest culture and wholesome ignorance. He belongs in the same sordid category with the man who wears tight shoes and high collars that are a torment to the flesh, who eats olives that he doesn't relish and drinks ungenial clarets in imitation of his genteel neighbor in the brownstone front.—Atlantic.

Book Evolution.

"Books" have progressed from the days when they were only wooden rods or bits of bark. For the derivation which connects "book" directly with "beech," both having been "boe" in Anglo-Saxon, is the favorite one—"Buckstaben," the German word for letters of the alphabet, means literally "beech staves." Many book words go back to such vegetable origin. The Latin "liber," a book, whence comes our "library," was paper's inner bark or rind of a tree, especially of papyrus. The Greek "biblion" whence "Bible" and "bibliophile," meant much the same thing. A "codex" was a block of wood, and "leaf" is obvious.

A Compromise.

A private soldier was taken to the guardroom for being intoxicated. He became excited. "Sergeant, am I drunk?" he asked of the "noncon" in charge. "Yes—take off your boots," was the reply. "But excuse me, sergeant," the delinquent continued, "I am only half drunk." "Very well, then—take one boot off," said his superior.—London Scrap.

Peculiarity of Madness.

Who can tell why it is that in madhouses the idea of subordination is very seldom to be found? Bedlam is inhabited only by kings, poets and philosophers.—Medora Messenger.

Human deeds and human lives are never understood until they are finished. You can no more tell in advance how madhouse will turn out than how a young child will grow up.

TIME CARD Astoria & Columbia River R. R. Co.

Table with columns for time (p.m., a.m.) and stations (Astoria, Clatsop, Warrenton, etc.).

Trains marked \* run daily. Trains Nos. 25, 27 and 29 from Clatsop Beach, and trains Nos. 28, 30 and 34 from Astoria, run via Ft. Stevens.

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