

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.

One-fourth of the work on the Panama Canal is said to be completed. The experts trained there in digging dirt will come in handy for future river improvement.

Before Congress adjourns for the summer Tom Lawson ought to consider it his patriotic duty to tell the country in plain language what has become of the financial crisis.

President Roosevelt has used the veto power sparingly, but when the occasion arises he is not afraid to use it. This is much better than to adopt the Cleveland plan of using it as a diversion.

"Where is the most lonesome place on earth?" asks somebody, and the Boston Globe remarks, "Guam must be pretty near it." Ring up Lincoln, Neb., on the evening of November 3 next.

Mr. Bryan says the cartoons of which he is the subject are not as bad as they used to be. Perhaps the boys with the crayon are devoting themselves to fresher material than a third battle.

Mr. Balfour assures his fellow-Englishmen that it is nonsense to say that 80,000,000 Americans are dominated by a decadent plutocracy. There are plenty of intelligent foreigners who size up the yellow publications correctly.

Alton B. Parker will head the New York delegation at Denver, which is a dramatic fact for the contemplation of Mr. Bryan. Mr. Parker will be as welcome there to the Bryanites as the apparition of Banquo at the Macbeth festivities.

For more than ten years the Republican party has been in charge of all departments of the government. The people seldom exhibit such steadfast confidence in a party or trust it with entire control for so long a period. Another national election is at hand, and it is right that they should carefully review the manner in which the responsibilities have been carried, passing judgment upon the influences and issues that have been paramount and the policies that have been adopted.

At Glen Cove, L. I., the fourth recorded American case of the disease known as sleeping sickness, from which 200,000 people have died in Central Africa, has resulted fatally, the victim being Howard Price, the 25-year old son of a well-to-do merchant. This illness was of three weeks duration and was the first the young man had ever experienced. He was one of a family of seven children, all of whom are healthy. The first and constant symptom was the uncontrollable desire to sleep which came upon him suddenly as he was out walking. Until near the end he was able to eat and lose little weight. He appeared well, and when among company a day or two before he went to sleep for the last time.

The April number of the American Federationist does not contain the usual list of firms defined as "unfair" because of their failure to recognize the union of their employees. This omission follows the decision of the Supreme Court relating to the illegality of the boycott under the Sherman antitrust law. President Gompers of the federation explains that while organized labor must obey the law as interpreted by the highest court, he is sure that Congress will soon change the law as to relieve labor. Anyway, he believes that not the Supreme Court nor any other power can compel a unionist or friend of labor to buy a boycotted article. He professes dire things for congressmen who dare to oppose the demands of labor in this regard.

"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. This is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. This explains why people who have been cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy write letters to the manufacturers for publication, that others similarly ailing may also use it and obtain relief. Behind every one of these letters is a warm-hearted wish of the writer to be of use to someone else. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

A Memory Test.
 A professor of mnemonics had gone to lecture at our dear Canterbury. After the lecture was finished he had to wait for his London train. It was a most comfortless day, and he retired to an inn for shelter and refreshment. To pass the time he began to exhibit his feats of memory to the yokels in the inn parlor, and one and all were thunderstruck except the waiter. There is always one skeptic in every communion, whether of saints or sinners. Do what he would he could not mitigate the acid smile of acid incredulity of that glorified potman! In the midst of one of his most difficult feats the whistle sounded of the "Only train to London tonight!" and he rushed to catch it. He caught it at the station, and his reputation caught it in the inn parlor, for the waiter, coming in with some ordered refreshments and finding him gone, pointed to the corner where he had been sitting and exclaimed, "Silly 'umbug, he's forgot his umbrella!"—Young Man.

Juvenile Natural History.
 "Papa" said Harry, infant phenomenon, aged nine, "will you give me my pocket money in advance? I want to buy a book on moths."
 "Certainly, my boy," said the retired colonel. "Here's a shilling for you. I am delighted that you should take such an interest in natural history."
 That evening all the old colonel's best friends came to dinner.
 "Now is my opportunity," reflected the proud parent, "to show these people what a clever boy my son is. I shall have him in at dessert time!"
 So Harry came in with the pears and pineapple, and in loud tones the gaudy colonel remarked:
 "Well, Harry, did you get your book on moths?"
 "Yes, papa," answered his son.
 "And what is it called?" pursued the delighted father.
 "Oh," said the unsuspecting phenomenon, "it is entitled 'Hints to Young Mothers.'"—London Answers.

Hiding His Ignorance.
 An official of the department of justice said in Washington of a rumor brought to him for confirmation by a reporter:
 "This rumor springs from ignorance crass ignorance of the law. I am surprised that you should have credited it."
 "The originator of that rumor is a plainly ignorant of the law as a certain schoolboy was of French."
 "This boy's father said to him one night at dinner:
 "Well, how are you getting on with your French, my son?"
 "Very well, thank you, sir," he had replied.
 "The father beamed with pleasure.
 "Ask politely in French for some pears," he said.
 "There was an awkward pause.
 "But, father," said the boy, "I don't want any pears!"

Meeting Old Neptune.
 An Innate of Sailors' Snug Harbor, in speaking of the ceremony connected with "crossing the line," when Father Neptune presides over the initiation of the men who have never crossed the equator, said:
 "I got my introduction to old Neptune while I was in the merchant service. I got my lather and shave and ducking thirty years ago and helped initiate many seafaring men and landmen since then. With hot tar handy, Neptune's crew often took liberties which would not be allowed on board a man-of-war. The skipper used to look on from aloft, but he was blind as a bat to things that he did not wish to see, and the men knew enough to make no complaint. I know that I was mad clear through at what I got, but I contented myself with taking it out of the next man."

Not Up to Date.
 The evidence had shown that the brick which a careless workman had dropped from a scaffolding twenty feet above the surface of the ground had fallen on a man's shoulder and broken a bone, but the jury decided that the victim had no cause of action. The falling of the brick had no necessary connection with the accident.
 "Gentlemen," said the judge, "I never heard of such a verdict. You utterly ignore the existence of the law of gravitation."
 "That law, your honor," answered the foreman of the jury, "is so old that we decided not to consider it. It's obsolete."—Chicago Tribune.

The Brightness He Saw.
 A man who died recently in the north of England and had been living a dishonest life under the cloak of religion, wishing to pass as a good man to the last, said to those around him:
 "All is bright before me!"
 "Aye," said one of those present, whom he had swindled out of a sum of money, "an' in about ten minutes thou'll be near enoof to see th' blaze!"—Manchester Guardian.

Poor Critter!
 "I hear that your husband is critically ill, Mrs. Tiff?" said Mr. Gummeys.
 "Yes, he is. He criticizes the doctor, and he criticizes the nurse, and he criticizes me. Oh, he's critically ill, all right."—Judge.

Poor Soldier.
 Bill—It is said that Alexander the Great when on a campaign at the Rands of a common soldier. Jill—And did the poor soldier get nothing?—Yonkers Statesman.

Encouragement.
 Jack—I am afraid that if I ask you to be my wife you will treat my proposal as a joke. Molly—But all jokes are not rejected, Jack.

Paid For the Supplies.
 A story said to be characteristic is told of a certain judge. It seems that when he convened court at one of the towns on his circuit it was found that no pens, ink or paper had been provided, and upon inquiry it developed that no county funds were available for this purpose. The judge expressed himself somewhat forcefully, then drew some money from his own pocket. He was about to hand this to the clerk when a visiting lawyer, a high priced imported article, brought on to defend a case of some importance, spoke up in an aside plainly audible over the room.
 "Well," he remarked, with infinite contempt, "I've seen some pretty bad courts, but this—well, this is the limit!"
 The old judge flushed darkly.
 "You are fined \$25 for contempt, sir! Hand the money to the clerk!" he said, and when the pompous visitor had humbly complied he continued:
 "Now, Mr. Clerk, go out and get what pens, ink and paper the court may require, and if there is anything left over you can give the gentleman his change."—Harper's Weekly.

A Genius at Excuses.
 "While I was stage managing a piece some time ago," said a theatrical shogunate, "one of my show girls showed an independence of spirit which was superb. She was always late for rehearsal. Her excuses were great. All her friends and relations had a series of maladies which were remarkable in their number and diversity. She nursed them all until they naturally gave up the ghost. About an hour was enough to bury most of them. Then she caught on to mechanical devices. Street cars were invariably late—just as late as she was, in fact. Then in turn came certain inconveniences in hotels. The elevator was continually sticking until finally came the denouement. It was in Philadelphia. The siren did not appear until nearly two hours after the proper time. I looked at her and waited. The excuse came glibly.
 "Oh," she panted, "I'm so sorry, but they are repairing the stairs at the hotel, and I could not get down until they brought a ladder!"
 "I recognized genius in that girl!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

How the Cook Did It.
 He had a number of guests to dinner, and he was doing the carving. He had deftly taken two slices off the joint, and he was turning off a third when the blade struck a skewer, made a sliding motion and came out at the top, with the result that the proposed slice looked like a dead leaf curled up by the sun's rays.
 He could not say intense things in the presence of his guests, so he froze his wife with a glance, dug the skewer out viciously, made a grim joke concerning the indigestibility of roasted wood and ordered little Willie, who had made several attempts to speak, to keep silent or leave the table.
 His evident temper led to an embarrassing silence, and Willie saw an opening that he could not resist.
 "Cook burned her nose off!" he announced.
 "Too bad," said the mother, glad of any excuse for conversation. "How did she do it?"
 "Why," answered Willie very apologetic, "trying to pull them skewers out with her teeth!"—London Scraps.

An Indignant Artist.
 The sensational offers said to have been made by theatrical managers to the principal actor in a recent murder trial must have made professional stars feel very much as did the painter Haydon in 1846 when two of his finest pictures were being shown at the Egyptian hall, and the public thronged into another room where General Tom Thumb was on view. "They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb," wrote the disappointed painter in his diary. "Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a rabies, a madness, a furor, a dream!" Another entry later on runs: "Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week. R. R. Haydon 133½ (the half a little girl). Exquisite taste of the English people!" We do not seem to have progressed much since then.—London Chronicle.

Diameter of a Fine Wire.
 Should you ever find it necessary to obtain the diameter of a fine wire, it may be done in this manner: Wind it carefully around a piece of pencil in one layer for an inch or so, that each turn is touching the previous one. Then measure exactly an inch along the wire and count the number of turns in the inch. You then have the information. Thus, if there are eighteen turns the wire is one-eighteenth of an inch in diameter.

A Good Man.
 "Your dear husband wor a good mon," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow.
 "He wor!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two polacemin end handle him!"—Judge.

Details Desired.
 "Miss Vanessa, if a young man should ask you to marry him what would your answer be?"
 "I can't say. A hypothetical question should go more fully into details."—Washington Herald.

Wonderful Printing.
 Bacon—They say Dauber does some wonderful work. Egbert—Yes, I understand he painted some bananas green, and in a month they all turned yellow!

In the Klondike region in midwinter the sun rises from 9:30 to 10 a. m. and sets from 2 to 3 p. m.

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

*28	*29	*30	*31	*32	*33	*34	*35	*36	*37
8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30
1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30
6:00	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30	3:00	3:30
4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30	6:00	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30

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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