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The Tillamook Headlight.
 Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

**NAME REPUBLICAN,
 FULTON'S OPINION.**

**Declares Federal Constitution
 Governors Election of Senators.**

WASHINGTON, June 3.—Senator Fulton believes the Republican legislature should elect a Republican Senator. Asked for his views on the subject, Mr. Fulton today made the following statement:
 "The constitution of the United States imposes on the Legislature the duty of choosing a United States Senator. Each individual member of the Legislature, of course, has imposed upon him a portion of that responsibility. The Federal Constitution itself provides that each member of the Legislature shall take the oath of office to support it. Now to support the constitution means to carry out its intent and purposes and conform to its requirements and mandates. When, therefore, a member of the Legislature swears to support the constitution honestly and faithfully, he swears that he will honestly and faithfully choose a Senator.

Must Follow Own Judgment.

"Can any one reasonably contend that a Republican, believing in the policies of the Republican party, would be exercising his honest judgment and would be honestly choosing pursuant to his judgment should he support a Democrat for the United States Senate? It must be remembered that a United States Senator is a National official rather than a state official, in that he legislates for the entire country. Hence the people of every state are interested in the selection by a state of its Senators, and they have a right to have the supreme law of the land observed in such selections.

"All this means, so far as I am concerned, that the Republican Legislature of Oregon ought not to elect Mr. Chamberlain, for he is, as everybody knows, a Democrat, and he would support the Democratic policies.

Elect Republican Senator.

"Shortly after the present primary law was adopted, in a published article I stated that in my judgment it was never contemplated by the people when they adopted that law that it would require a Legislature composed largely of members of one party to select for United States Senator a member of another party. And such is my conviction. Even if members have subscribed to Statement No. 1, when they realize that the state has elected a Republican Legislature and hence favors Republican National policies, each taking into consideration his oath of office and what he is required thereunder to do, namely: himself to choose, before he casts his ballot for Senator must put aside the state law and vote for a man of the dominant party.

"Of course no one will contend that any state law relating to selection of United States Senators has any binding or valid force, as the matter is absolutely and entirely regulated by National law. Hence only law applicable to subject is Federal law and Federal Constitution and it to that law members of the Legislature must conform.

"I regret very much the defeat of Mr. Calkins. I am not going to believe, however, that a Republican Legislature will elect a Democrat to the United States Senate until I witness the actual fact."

A Grand Family Medicine.

It gives me pleasure to speak a good word for Electric Bitters, writes Mr. Frank Conlan of No. 438 Houston St., New York. "It's a grand family medicine for dyspepsia and liver complications; while for lame back and weak kidneys it cannot be too highly recommended." Electric Bitters regulate the digestive functions, purify the blood, and impart renewed vigor and vitality to the weak and debilitated of both sexes. Sold under guarantee at Chas. I. Clough's drug store, 50c.

Born in Iowa.

Our family were all born and raised in Iowa, and have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy (made at Des Moines) for years. We know how good it is from long experience in the use of it. In fact, when in El Paso, Texas, the writer's life was saved by the prompt use of this remedy. We are now engaged in the mercantile business at Narcoossee, Fla., and have introduced the remedy here. It has proven very successful and is constantly growing in favor.—E. S. Bos. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

A little forethought may save you no end of trouble. Anyone who makes it a rule to keep Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand knows this to be a fact. For sale by all druggists.

Pretty Lively Fooling.

I was out walking in Kingston, Jamaica, one afternoon, and while on a narrow street I came upon two black women, each apparently in a towering rage. Each woman's tongue was going at a phenomenal rate, but not a word of their screeching jargon was intelligible to me.

Finally one of the women scooped up a double handful of the ever present Kingston dust and flung it over the other woman, with a wild shriek of laughter. The dust covered woman retaliated by taking a tin pan she had in her hand and, scooping up a couple of quarts of the dirty water in the gutter by the roadside, drenching her assailant with it, while all that part of Kingston resounded with the mad laughter. The two women then closed in on each other and proceeded to engage in a prolonged wrestle, which resulted in both of them falling to the ground, where they rolled over and over in a cloud of dust and finally stood upon their feet, facing each other in a state of dirt and disorder beyond description.

Fearing that they would make a second onslaught on each other and wishing to play the part of peacemaker, I stepped forward and asked: "What is the trouble?"

Courtesying low, one of the women said in a soft, drawing voice: "No trouble at all, mastah; we's jess foolin'."—Exchange.

Cast Up by the Sea.

They that go down to the sea in ships learn much of the mysteries of life. From the coast of Africa there traveled to Scarborough, Me., the painting of an old time sea captain of that town who long years ago was lost with all on board his ship in the China seas. The ship sailed from the home port with every prospect of a successful voyage, but she never returned to the home land. Years went by and she was given up as lost, her name was taken from the shipping list, and no news of her came back to the waiting ones at home. Long afterward a passing vessel picked up off the African coast the portrait of an American sea captain such as the Chinese artists paint, and on the back of the picture were the captain's name and that of the port from which he sailed. The painting was forwarded to the little American town, and it was found to be a picture of the Scarborough sea captain, master of the lost vessel that had left the harbor so many years ago.—Kennebec Journal.

Largest Grave in the World.

The largest single grave in the world occupies just exactly one acre of ground, which is surrounded by an iron railing. This enormous grave is located at Peartho Cortez, in Honduras, and is the burial place of a woman. The tombstone occupies the center of the ground inclosed, and several wooden figures representing the deceased are arranged in statuette form in different parts of the ground. There are no fewer than sixteen of these figures, which in the evening give the place a ghostlike appearance. The deceased had died rich and in her will had specified the amount of ground to be purchased for her grave and the manner in which it should be decorated. She had many curious notions, and the size and ornamentation of her grave was one of them.

Coleridge's Cloudiness.

There is in Mr. Ellis Yarnoll's reminiscences, "Wordsworth and the Coleidges," a very amusing story of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose thoughts were sometimes too profound even for poets to follow. Wordsworth and Samuel Rogers had spent the evening with Coleridge, and as the two poets walked away together Rogers remarked caustically:

"I did not altogether understand the latter part of what Coleridge said."

"I didn't understand any of it," Wordsworth hastily replied.

"No more did I!" exclaimed Rogers, with a sigh of relief.

A Formidable Army.

The battle was going against him. The commander in chief, himself ruler of the South American republic, sent an aid to the rear, ordering General Blanco to bring up his regiment at once. Ten minutes passed, but it didn't come. Twenty, thirty, an hour—still no regiment. The aid came tearing back hatless, breathless. "My regiment! My regiment! Where is it? Where is it?" shrieked the commander. "General," answered the excited aid. "Blanco started it all right, but there are a couple of drunken Americans down the road and they won't let it go by."—Argonaut.

A Triple Coincidence.

An almost incredible triple coincidence was noted in France some years ago. In 1894 the deputy for the Ardennes was M. Ferry; for Loire et Cher, M. Brisson, and for the Vosges, M. Hugo. In 1793, 101 years earlier, each district had been represented in the chamber by a man of exactly the same name.

Pleasant.

Mistress (midnight)—I don't intend to come downstairs to let you in at this time of night again. New Girl (reassuringly)—You won't have to, mum. One of my friends took an impression of your lock, and he's making a nice key for me.—London Globe.

Fatal Error.

"N. Peck's wife lead' him a rather merry gal, I fancy."
 "Oh, yes. When he was courting her he told her one day she looked pretty when she was angry, and now it has got to be a habit."

He is lifeless that is faultless.

French Proverb.

The man that made Niagara.

When the first suspension bridge was thrown over Niagara there was a great and tumultuous opening ceremony, such as the Americans love, and many of the great ones of the United States assembled to do honor to the occasion, and among them was Roscoe Conkling. Conkling was one of the most brilliant public men whom America has produced—a man of commanding, even beautiful, presence and of perhaps unparalleled vanity. He had been called (by an opponent) a human peacock. After the ceremonies attending the opening of the bridge had been concluded Conkling, with many others, was at the railway station waiting to depart; but, though others were there, he did not mingle with them, but strutted and plumed himself for their benefit, posing that they might get the full effect of all his majesty.

One of the station porters was so impressed that, stepping up to another who was hurrying by trundling a load of baggage, he jerked his thumb in Conkling's direction and—
 "Who's that feller?" he asked. "Is he the man as built the bridge?"
 The other studied the great man a moment.
 "Thunder! No," said he. "He's the man as made the falls."—H. Perry Robinson in Putnam's Magazine.

Had a Treat For His Wife.

Dr. George Harvey, a local veterinary physician, was called to a stable not long ago to minister to a horse that was down with colic. It was a serious case, and the doctor saw that the only way to save the horse would be to insert a tube in his side and allow the gas on its stomach to escape. Just because he thought it would startle the owner of his horse Harvey struck a match and lighted the gas at the end of the tube. The man didn't say much at the time, but he was properly impressed. He had never heard of using a horse for an illuminating plant. The next day when Dr. Harvey came around to see how the horse was getting along—it was all over the colic then—the owner tapped him on the shoulder.
 "My wife was away yesterday," he said, "but she's home now. Just light up the horse again, will you? I want her to see it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chinese Sun and Moon.

In China the sun and moon are brother and sister. The moon is the elder brother, who looks after his rather silly sister, the sun. This is exactly the reverse of our legends, which make the sun the day king and the gentle moon lady of the night. One day in China, so the legend runs, the sun asked the moon if she couldn't go out at night. The moon answered very sternly: "No. You are a young lady, and it would be improper for you to go out after dark." Then the sun said, "But the people keep looking at me when I go out in the daytime." So the moon told her to take the golden needles that she wore in her hair and stick them into the eyes of people when they stared at her. This is the reason why no one can look at the sun without pain.

Sothorn and Laura Keane.

While in New York and before he had made any hit the elder Sothorn had a dispute with Laura Keane concerning some trivial affair at a rehearsal, and Miss Keane went into one of her tantrums. After the quarrel on the stage she retired to her dressing room and, still angry, sent for Sothorn and began to rail him fiercely.

"Stop, Laura—stop! Just a minute!" interrupted the comedian, and, advancing to the light, he deliberately turned it down.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" she demanded, in a rage.

"Oh, nothing," replied Sothorn, "but you have always been so lovely to me that I can't bear to look upon your beautiful face when you are in a passion. Now go on!"

Spanish Emeralds.

"Fine old Spanish emeralds" is a phrase which means something quite different from what it seems to imply. There never was an emerald mined in Spain, but after the conquest of Peru the conquerors brought home great quantities of loot, of which emeralds formed an important part. In this way the finest emeralds came into possession of the old Spanish families, and as very few had been seen in Europe previous to that time all the best stones soon became classed as fine old Spanish emeralds. Today the expression still applies to the best emeralds of any source.—New York Sun.

Double Proof.

"Do you believe in heredity, Mrs. Simpson?"

"Indeed I do. Every mean trait Bobby has I can trace right back to his father."

"Does his father believe in heredity too?"

"Yes. He traces Bobby's faults all back to n.e."

Experience.

"Experience," said the wise person, "is the best teacher."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Torkins sadly, "but when it comes to horse races, some people go on taking postgraduate courses all their lives."—Washington Star.

Still Cool.

Hook—I understand he married a cool million. Cook—Yes, but he's complaining now because he hasn't been able to thaw out any of it.—Illustrated Bits.

A Green Old Age.

Mabel—And did your grandfather live to a green old age? Jack—Well, I should say so! He was swindled three times after he was seventy.

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