

Milking Machines.

Special agent Roland R. Dennis, writing from England, describes the successful use of machines in milking cows in Scotland, in the following report:

Through the kindness of a Scotch friend I was given opportunities of seeing the practical working of two of the most successful systems of mechanical milking. This same friend was also good enough to arrange that I could meet a gentleman of Edinburgh, who has been for years intimately connected with dairy interests and is considered an expert on all matters and mechanical appliances connected with the industry. This gentleman reviewed in a terse and most entertaining manner the history of Scotch milking machinery, which covered a term of more than 20 years, and is virtually the whole history of the success of a most practical and labor-saving instrument.

The very first efforts to supplant hand-milking were made by an American who conceived the idea of inserting a long tube in the cow's teat. The claim made was that a valve existed at the junction of the teat with the udder, and that as soon as this valve was raised by the end of the tube the milk would run out of the udder into the pail placed in the same position as for hand milking. Experience proved that the valve was there, but it opened downward instead of upward, and this class of milker was soon discarded as worthless.

Then experiments were made using an exhaust pump, with rubber cases applied to the teats, and drawing the milk away by suction. The procedure was supposed to exactly duplicate the action of a calf in sucking. Experiments, however, soon developed two serious failings in this idea: first, keeping the teat in what might be called an "exhausted receiver" for six to ten minutes twice each day soon brought about an inflammation of the outer skin of the teat, owing to the lack of proper blood circulation, while the machine was attached; second the milk running from the cow to an inclosed pail, failed to come at all in contact with the outside air, and not being aerated it neither kept so well nor was as productive for cheese or butter as hand-milked milk.

At this point mechanical milking came to practical standstill for some years. However, that optimistic feeling that fortunately for the world at large seems to imbue the average inventor, urged on the many who were endeavoring to work out to a successful ending this difficult proposition. At last a "pulsator" was tried and the question was solved. The pulsator is attached variously in the different systems, but always placed either on top of the pail or directly on the milking tube. It is very simple, automatically working piston, held in place by a spring which is carefully adjusted according to the vacuum developed by the pump. The vacuum being formed, the milk is drawn from the teat, and at the same time the piston of the valve is forced up against the spring by the natural air pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch. Attached to the valve piston is a rod which actuates a small slide covering two small holes. As the piston moves forward the slide uncovers these holes, outside air rushes in, the vacuum is destroyed, and the milking ceases for an instant exactly the same as in hand milking. Then the spring behind the piston forces the piston back to its normal position, the slide covers the two small air holes, again the vacuum is formed anew, and the movement begins over again.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN—That the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Tillamook County, State of Oregon, administrator of the estate of T. S. JEWELL, deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same to me properly verified, as by law required, at the office of V. H. Cooper, Attorney for administrator, within six months from the date hereof. Dated this 30th day of June, 1908.

J. C. BEWLEY,
Administrator of the Estate of T. S. Jewell, deceased.

NOTICE OF SCHOOL INDEMNITY SELECTION.

United States Land Office,
Portland, Ore., June 23rd, 1908.
Notice is hereby given that the State of Oregon, on June 23rd, 1908, applied for the N^W 1/4 of N^W 1/4 of Section 8, T³ N³ R³ W³, and filed in this office a list of School Indemnity Selections in which it selected said land, and that said list is open to the public for inspection.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described land or any legal subdivision thereof, or claiming the same under the mining laws, or desiring to show said land to be more valuable for mineral than for agricultural purposes, or to object to said selection for any legal reason, should file their claims or those affidavits of protest of content in this office.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER,
Register.

GEO. W. BIBBE,
Receiver.

I hereby designate the Tillamook Headlight as the newspaper in which the above notice is to be published.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER,
Register.

Notice.

Sheriff's Sale of Real Property Under Execution.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County, dated the 13th day of June, 1908, in an action wherein upon the 5th day of February, 1908, the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company as Plaintiff, was given judgment in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook, against the Defendant, William Kiefernberg, and defendant for the sum of forty-nine dollars 80-100 (\$49.80) with interest at six per cent per annum from the 5th day of February, 1908.

I have levied upon the following real property of the Defendant, William Kiefernberg, the same having been held under attachment.

Beginning at a point 60 feet West of the North West corner of block four in James M. Fuller's addition to the Town of Bay City, in Tillamook County, Oregon, thence West to the North East Corner of a tract of land conveyed to Alex. McNair by James M. and Betsey Fuller, by Deed Recorded at page 19 of Book P Records of deeds for Tillamook County, Oregon; thence South to the Eastern line of the right of way of the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company, thence South 25° 30' East along the Eastern line of said right of way to the center of the County road; thence East to a point 30 feet South and 60 feet West of the South West corner of Block five (5) in said Fuller's addition; thence North to the place of beginning all in Tillamook County, Oregon.

Notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 1st day of August, 1908, at two (2) o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the North door of the Court House in Tillamook City, Tillamook County, State of Oregon, I will sell the said above described real property to the highest bidder for cash.

Dated at Tillamook City, Oregon, this 24th day of June, 1908.

H. CRENSHAW,
Sheriff of Tillamook County, Oregon.

For Exchange.

Good 6 room house on corner lot in Forest Grove to exchange for property in Tillamook or Bay City or for some good lots or acreage close to the beach.

For particulars write to Forest Grove Real Estate Co., Forest Grove, Oregon.

No ice to Subscribers.

Subscribers of the "Pacific States Telephone & Telegraph Company are hereby notified that all telephone rentals are due on the first of every month, and must be paid at the office of the company on or before the fifth of each month.

Pacific States Telephone & Telegraph Company.
J. C. HOLDEN, Agent.

WHITMAN'S WILD RIDE

It Was Worth Three Stars to the American Flag.

SAVED US VAST TERRITORY.

The Perilous Journey of Four Thousand Miles From Oregon to Washington Made by a Brave Man and the Results Which Followed in Its Wake.

The ride of Marcus Whitman was over snow capped mountains and along dark ravines, traveled only by savage men. It was a plunge through icy rivers and across trackless prairies, a ride of 4,000 miles across a continent in the dead of winter to save a mighty territory to the Union.

Compared with this what was the feat of Paul Revere, who rode eighteen miles on a calm night in April to arouse a handful of sleeping patriots and thereby save the powder at Concord?

Whitman's ride saved three stars to the American flag. It was made in 1842.

In 1792, during the first administration of Washington, Captain Robert Gray, who had already carried the American flag around the globe, discovered the mouth of the Columbia river. He sailed several miles up the great stream and landed and took possession in the name of the United States.

In 1805, under Jefferson's administration, this vast territory was explored by Captains Lewis and Clark, whose reports were popular reading for our grandfathers, but the extent and value of this distant possession were very slightly understood, and no attempt at colonization was made save the establishment of the fur trading station of Astoria in 1811.

Strangely enough, England, too, claimed this same territory by virtue of rights ceded to it by Russia and also by the Vancouver surveys of 1792. The Hudson's Bay company established a number of trading posts and filled the country with adventurous fur traders. So here was a vast territory, as large as New England and the state of Indiana combined, which seemed to be without any positive ownership. But for Marcus Whitman it would have been lost to the Union.

It was in 1836 that Dr. Whitman and a man of the name of Spaulding, with their young wives, the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky mountains, entered the valley of the Columbia and founded a mission of the American board. They had been sent out to Christianize the Indians, but Whitman was also to build a state.

He was at this time thirty-five years old. In his journeys to and fro for the mission he soon saw the vast possibilities of the country, and he saw, too, that the English were already apprised of this and were rapidly pouring into the territory. Under the terms of the treaties of 1818 and 1823 it was the tacit belief that whichever nationality settled and organized the splendid territory would hold it. If England and the English fur traders had been successful in their plans, the three great states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho would now constitute a part of British Columbia. But it was not destined to be.

In the fall of 1842 it looked as if there would be a great impouring of English into the territory, and Dr. Whitman took the alarm. There was no time to lose. The authorities at Washington must be warned. Hastily bidding his wife adieu, Dr. Whitman started on his hazardous journey. The perils, hardships and delays he encountered on the way we can but faintly conceive. His feet were frozen, he nearly starved, and once he came very near to losing his life. He kept pushing right on, and at the end of five terrible months he reached Washington.

He arrived there a worn, bearded, strangely picturesque figure, clad entirely in buckskin and fur, a typical man of the prairies. He asked audience of President Tyler and Secretary of State Webster, and it was accorded him. All that as he was, with his frozen limbs, just in from his 4,000 mile ride, Whitman appeared before the two great men to plead for Oregon.

His statement was a revelation to the administration. Previous to Whitman's visit it was the general idea in congress that Oregon was a barren, worthless country, fit only for wild beasts and wild men. He opened the eyes of the government to the limitless wealth and splendid resources of that western territory. He told them of its great rivers and fertile valleys, its mountains covered with forests and its mines filled with precious treasures. He showed them that it was a country worth keeping and that it must not fall into the hands of the English. He spoke as a man inspired, and his words were heeded.

What followed—the organization of companies of emigrants, the rapid settlement of the territory and the treaty made with Great Britain in 1846 by which the forty-ninth parallel was made the boundary line west of the Rocky mountains—are matters of history.

The foresight and the heroism of one man and his gallant ride had saved three great states to the Union.—Omaha World-Herald.

Two Ways.
Jack—In the oriental world a girl never sees her intended husband until she is married. Floss—How odd! In this part of the world she seldom sees him afterward.—New York Globe.

THE COCOA TREE.

This Evergreen is Found Everywhere in the Tropics.

The cocoa tree is an evergreen and grows to a height of from fifteen to twenty-five feet, its leaves being bright and smooth, somewhat resembling the foliage of a rubber plant. It is very low branching, and the blossoms are small and pink. The blossoms and pods not only spring from the branches, but often from the trunk itself. The fruit is a yellowish pod about the size of a cucumber and is filled with seeds, all strung together in a pulpy, pinkish mass. It is from these seeds or beans, each about the size of a chestnut, that the chocolate and cocoa of commerce are manufactured. The trees bear from the fourth to the thirtieth year, and it is not unusual to see on the same tree buds, flowers and fruit.

When ripe the pods are gathered by the native women and are allowed to lie on the ground for a day or two, after which they are opened. The pulp containing the beans then ferments for about a week, the astringent qualities of the beans being much modified and their flavor improved.

After being thoroughly dried the beans are packed in hundred pound bags for shipment. When received by the manufacturer they are carefully picked over for quality, assorted and roasted. The nibs, as the roasted beans with the shells removed are called, are then fed into a hopper and ground between stones similar to an old fashioned flour mill. The grinding process, coupled with the friction of the stones, which produce a temperature of some 120 degrees, changes the solid nibs (without the addition of anything into a thick, heavy liquid. This is technically termed "chocolate liquor" and is sold to confectioners.

This same liquor, subjected to hydraulic pressure, with the resulting separation into a clear oil, gives the cocoa butter of commerce. The remaining pressate when powdered forms drinking cocoa. The chocolate liquor solidified becomes cooking chocolate, and, with sugar, vanilla and spices added, it is sold as "sweet" or "eating" chocolate.

BEATING THE LAW.

Sunday Travelers and Inns and Taverns in Scotland.

There is a law in Scotland generous to travelers. That law grants them the privilege of all taverns and inns during prohibition hours. Thus if you arrive in Edinburgh on a Sunday, having traveled, say, from Glasgow, your innkeeper is bound to serve you with any sort of alcoholic refreshment, albeit the native of Auld Reekie must fret and starve his Sawbath away on ginger ale, memories and the auroral promise of tomorrow. But the law is merciful. He that hath journeyed three miles is a traveler within the meaning of the act.

Consequently there is a vast array of travelers leaving Edinburgh on foot, on coaches, pony carriages, etc., for the trains run not.

They all seek to constitute themselves as travelers. Just within the three mile limit, as far as Edinburgh is concerned, lies the historic village of Corstorphine.

A traveler arrives from Edinburgh He knocks at the door of the village inn. He is wearied by his long walk. He is in sore straits.

The door is opened timidly, cautiously, and a voice is heard, "Who is it?" "A traveler," is the weary answer. "Whaur do ye come from?" "I come from Edinburgh," is the answer.

"Then ye canna come in, it's against the law."

The door is banged ruthlessly. The traveler thinks awhile. Your Scotsman thinks slowly, but very surely.

After deliberation he knocks again. The formula is gone through. "Whaur do ye come?" "Frae Leith," answers the traveler quickly.

"Then ye may come in. Why did ye nae tell the truth at first?"

Dixie's Land.
The phrase "Dixie" or "Dixie's Land" is supposed to be derived from one Dixy, a kind hearted slave owner on Manhattan Island in the latter part of the eighteenth century. His treatment of his negroes caused them to regard his plantation ("Dixy's") as little short of an earthly paradise, and when any of the slaves were taken away from their old home they were always pining for "Dixy's" and singing and talking of its joys. When slavery moved southward, the same ideal of "Dixy's" was taken along, and in the course of time, its origin being forgotten, it was applied to the southern homes of the negroes.—New York American.

Lighting Up.
"Ever notice," asked a salesman for a grocery house that makes a business of supplying the big New York hotels, "that if you stroll uptown and look at any of the big hotels you will see them all pretty well lighted up? Plenty of rooms occupied apparently. Well, that's sometimes a bluff. The help has orders to light up a number of the front rooms every evening just so that the hotel won't look like a graveyard."—New York Sun.

Hottentot Women.
Among the Hottentots women hold a better position than do anywhere else in Africa. "The married woman," says one traveler, "reigns supreme mistress. Her husband cannot without her permission take a bit of meat or a drop of milk." Generally "they rank much above the average of the negro races."—London Spectator.

A REALISTIC PICTURE.

It Proved Too Absorbing For Old Juniper.

The Mississippi courtroom was packed with negroes, and it was not evident, says a contributor to the Los-Trotwood Magazine, that anything of unusual interest was about to transpire. Within the bar on the prisoner's seat an old negro seemed eagerly forward as his attorney addressed his plea of not guilty before the jury.

"Who, gentlemen of the jury, has sworn that he saw this man commit this theft?" demanded the attorney. "We have broken every link in the weak chain of circumstantial evidence with which the state has tried to tangle him. Why, his neighbor, Jones, swore that he sold him the meat that was found in the defendant's house and that he shot the hog because it was wild.

"It is true that Colonel Smith swore that one of his hogs disappeared Dec. 23 and that about fifty years from a certain stump he found blood and then followed a trail of blood from that spot to this defendant's cabin. What of that?"

"This defendant told you and his wife and brother swore the same—that that was the blood of a coon which had shot and carried home the day before Smith lost his hog. Give him justice as you would do if he were a white man. He cannot help being black. The leopard cannot change its spots nor the Ethiopian his skin. Twenty years he has been a leader in the church. Let him remain free to enjoy the bread of life with others of the faithful."

As the lawyer sat down the woman who had been "weaving" looked forth for some minutes, laced and shouted:

"Bress de Lawd!"
"Dar, now!"
"We know yo's innocent, Brer Juniper!"

The sheriff had to threaten to clear the courtroom before order was maintained. When at last there was silence the district attorney rose.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began in closing the case for the state, "I desire only to bring a picture to your minds."

Here the prisoner adjusted his brass rimmed spectacles as if to see the picture, and his manner showed that he was determined to let no detail escape him.

"The 23d of last December," continued the district attorney, "found Juniper Bradley without meat. His wife was coming to spend Christmas with him. But Juniper did not worry, he only half a mile away in Marsa Smith woods were some fat hogs.

"An hour before sunset Juniper was kneeling behind a large stump in the woods, with his rifle pointing toward a hog that at some distance away was rooting among the leaves."

The district attorney paused. Taking a cane to represent a rifle, he knelt behind a chair. After some minutes moving to right and left, now raising now lowering his rifle, he took careful aim and then fired, imitating the whirr of a report very successfully.

At the sound Juniper, who had been smiling, apparently oblivious to everything save the district attorney's arguments, exclaimed:

"Yes, suh, dat's des de way I shot 'em, hit boss!"

The laugh that followed brought Juniper to a realization of what he had done, and he shuffled round in the prisoner's seat, muttering, "Nigger no show no show!"

The Last Move.
Bobby is the son of a Methodist minister and has had the experience of "moving" four times in the space of his eight years' life. He disapproved strongly of the itinerant system which is the bane of the Methodist clergy. Some time ago an elderly minister was visiting Bobby's father and directed his attention to the small boy, asking him many questions of a theological nature. Finally the course of the conversation turned to heaven, and Bobby was asked concerning the abode of the blest. "Yes," said the youngster, with a sigh of deep sadness, "I know. It's the last place with going to move to."—Argonaut.

Out of the Ordinary.
"Say," queried the high browed man as he entered the drug emporium, "have you Bighead's balm for baldness?"

"No," replied the druggist, "but—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted the prospective customer, "of course you have something just as good, but I want what I want. See?"

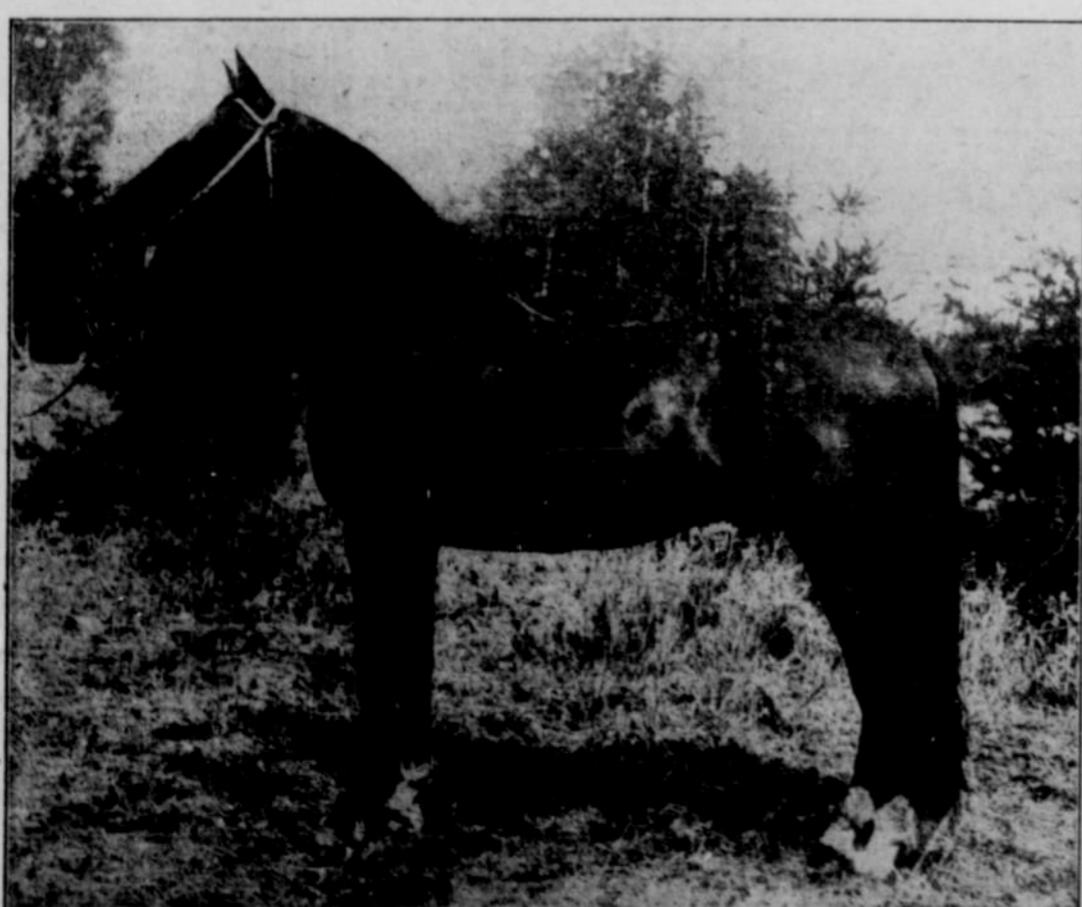
"You are mistaken, my friend," said the pill dispenser. "I haven't anything just as good, but I have something that is far better."—Chicago News.

Soothing the Author.
Actor—In the first act last night when Roderigo is to shoot me, his gun didn't go off. This sort of thing annoys my play. Manager—It doesn't make any difference whether he shoots me or not. The audience appreciate the situation. They know you are not worth the powder it would take to shoot you and find it very appropriate that the gun misses fire.—Liverpool Mercury.

Unkind Deduction.
Mrs. Benham—I'm going to give a big party on my birthday. Benham—Who will be invited? Mrs. Benham—Just my friends. Benham—I thought you said that you were going to give a big party.—New York Press.

Philosophy when superficially applied excites doubt; when thoroughly explored, it dispels it.—Bacon.

TROTTLING STALLION.



COL. MAYBERRY, 36521.

Will make a short season at Tillamook after July 1st. Those wishing to breed to a really high class horse at a reasonable price should avail themselves of this opportunity. For tabulated pedigree call at livery barn.