

Advertising Rates.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS:

First insertion, per line	\$ 10
Each subsequent insertion, line	5
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Homestead Notices	5 00
Timber Claims	10 00
Locals per line each insertion	5
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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.)

One year	1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.50

The Tillamook Headlight.
Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

Summer Paradise.

Dairies and Summer resorts on the Coast of Oregon and Washington both thrive for the same reasons—weather cool, rain absent and herbage green. This is the season when the resources and the beauties of the coast region will be visited again by summer tourists and exploited as the very best in the world. The visitors do not exaggerate what they see, either. For it is the fairest of all lands, with soil fertile and deep, streams many and strong flowing, forests mighty, grass growing all the year, Winters never cold and Summers never hot, ocean and streams abundant with fish and wilds abundant with game—in short, this is the world's paradise in Summer.

This region, stretching nearly 500 miles from California to British Columbia, is connected with the interior with railroads in but four places—Grays Harbor, Willapa Harbor, Columbia River and Yaquina Bay. Three hundred miles, between California line and the Columbia River, have such a link only at Yaquina.

Which brings us back again for the regular Summer topic, to the undeveloped condition of this great Coast region. Tourists from Tillamook, Nehalem and Coos Bay report that the much-vaunted railroads have not yet arrived, though promised many years. So they content themselves with cream and butter-milk, admire the patience and industry of some of the residents ozone, pitch their tents in what is real paradise and enjoy life as they can do nowhere else.

Our Fish Warden, Mr. McAllister, has been there already; our Dairy Commissioner, Mr. Bailey, says he is going; our Governor, Mr. Chamberlain, was there but a little while ago; and so was Mr. Calkins—so you see the people's favor, its know where to find the best there is.

Our friends in Tillamook and Coos Bay, Siuslaw and Umpqua, we fear are not so contented as they should be. It is time they were learning better. Nowhere in the United States are the people so cool and well-fed. And what is there in life, beyond being comfortable and helping to elect Presidents and Senators?—Oregonian.

The Country Editors.

The Washington State Press Association will meet in annual session at Vancouver today, and, from a radius of several hundred miles, the country editors will gather, first to "talk shop" for mutual benefit, and after that to enjoy a brief respite from the cares and perplexities attendant on moulding public opinion. The country editor, since "Old Ben Franklin's day," has been the good-natured object at which his metropolitan brother and also his fellow country editors have directed their shafts of alleged humor. The jokes about the office "devil," "cord-wood un-subscription," etc., were hoary with age when the first minstrel asked the first end-man why the hen crosses the road, and the object of this venerable native accepts them with the good-natured consideration that is due the aged and infirm, and lets it go at that.

But the country editor is something more than the butt for aged jokes about his calling. He holds a most important position in the community that is honored by his presence. There are rare cases in his profession, as well as in all others, when the calling is disgraced by a black sheep; but serious shortcomings on the part of a man who attempts to mould public sentiment by means of a newspaper are soon detected, and he is quickly forced out of the profession. The country editor is by force of circumstances much nearer to his readers than the great dailies of the city. This environment may prevent a study of all the divergent phases of human nature, such as may be found in a city, but it admits of closer communion with those which are more desirable, and it shuts out others which can never be conducive to human happiness.

This delightful comradeship, which is so often found between the country editor and his constituents, is charmingly set forth in the letters of William Allen White, himself a country editor of National fame. The success attained by Mr. White is due to his consistent encouragement of a healthy public sentiment. There are always more good

people than bad people in a community, and the newspaper, after all, merely reflects the sentiment of the people who support it. The newspaper cannot be much better or bigger than the people it serves. For any healthy, thriving city to fail to support a good newspaper, is nearly always much more of a reflection on the people than on the editor. The local newspaper has become so much a part of the industrial and social life of our country that the town or city too small or too indifferent to support a paper is of not much consequence.

Very few of the country editors receive pay at all proportionate to the efforts that they put forth, and, for this reason, if for no other, they should go forth on their annual picnic with the best wishes for a profitable session, and a pleasant diversion from the cares of the desk and press. The country newspaper has sent forth a large number of men who have reached high places in state and Nation, and, on nearly all the big newspapers of the United States, will be found men who began the newspaper work in the office of a country newspaper. Here's to the press association, and may its members enjoy to the limit their present season, and return to find that the devil in charge has taken in more cash than cordwood for subscriptions, and has failed to "put" any thing.—Oregonian.

The latest novelty in religious evangelism is the proposal made by Capt. Theodore Vallant to establish at Washington, D. C., a church in which all forms of gaiety and gladness will find favor. In explaining his creed, Vallant said: "Music, merriment and smiling faces will be important elements of the religion of the future. As in the olden times, the Bible days, the men and women will be won to God from depravity and crime. There will be the dancing women, the slymbal players, the singing and the games, just as there were in the days of Moses and Solomon. The old hell of the old religion, with its flaming fires, its dancing imps in leather hides, its catacombs of dead hopes and its fumes of sulphur, is a thing of the past. It was adroitly employed to frighten people into the church. The church of the future that will make the most converts for God's cause and the betterment of humanity, is the church that offers its members music and light and harmless games and the laughter of joyousness. Blue laws and fanaticism will find no place in the religion of the future."

On board the stout steam schooner Roosevelt the expedition headed by Commander Robert E. Peary sailed from New York, after a short pause at Oyster Bay, where President Roosevelt inspected the ship and gave Peary a cordial Godspeed on his fifth journey into the Far North in the hope of discovering the north pole. Peary himself will join the expedition when the ship sails from Sydney. Every member of the Peary Arctic Club was on hand to see the start. To these and others Mr. Peary expressed great confidence that one year from now he would be on his way home with news "that the pole is ours or that he had gone farther north than any other explorer." Prof. Ross G. Maryin, the Cornell civil engineer, who was Peary's assistant in the last voyage north, is a member of the present expedition. Also the captain who sailed the Roosevelt the other time is again in charge. The naturalist of the party is Prof. D. D. McMillan, a graduate of Bowdoin, and his assistant is George Borup of Yale.

Oklahoma has a law requiring the teaching of agriculture in the public schools. In this respect it stands alone, since no other state requires it, but it has adopted a course that other states must follow. All agricultural states must in time come to a recognition of the importance of this feature in the complete education of its children. The Arkansas Legislature is pledged to the enactment of similar laws at the ensuing session, and it is practically assured that it will be done. The Oklahoma law provides for a curriculum including horticulture, agriculture, stock raising, road building, flower culture, fertilizers, dairying, drainage and irrigation, grazing, etc.

The report of the special committee in favor of establishing compulsory trade schools in New York City has been adopted by the board. These will be in reality workshops where boys over 12 will have to take practical lessons in some trade. Chairman Coudert of the committee argued that such a course was a good thing for the boy, "whether his father is a semimillionaire or a mechanic." He added: "There is a public sentiment in favor of this industrial training, and if you don't move with it it will move without you."

There is such a thing as grass-hopper politics. The Bryan party illustrates it by a summer racket. But what a hush when frost arrives.

Take a Vacation.
Now is the time to take a vacation, get out into the woods, fields and mountains and visit the seashore, but do not forget to take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy along with you. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained on railroad trains or steamships. It is too much of a risk for anyone to leave home on a journey without it. For sale by all Druggists.

The South Sea Whiskers Trade.
"In the south seas whiskers is a rarity," said a sailor. "Most of them there Maoris has hairless faces, like a girl's. When a young Maori, at the age of six or seven, so finds himself endowed with whiskers he blesses the day when he was born, for now, by far, he knows his whiskers will keep him from want in his old age."

"Puzzlin', ain't it? I'll explain it out to you."
"The Maori chiefs down Tahiti wear a complicated headdress, and a necessary part of this here headdress is a lot of stiff tufts of white whiskers. The headdress makers pay for white whiskers their weight in gold."
"So, you see, old fellows with snowy 'pinch' is in demand in the south seas. Contractors keeps herds of these old fellows, the same as drovers keeps sheep, and reg'lar in June and Decem-ber the semiannual shearin' comes off."
"The curly white harvest is loaded on to pirogues, and the contractors put out over the roarin' coral reefs, and from island to island sells to the chiefs big handfuls of that there snowy stuff for its weight in French gold."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Bottle at Ship Launches.
Down to Charles II's time it was customary to name and baptize a ship after she was launched, sometimes a week or two after. The old Tudor method used for men-of-war was still in use. Peppy's "Diary" shows that the ship was safely got afloat, after which some high personage went on board with a special silver "standing cup" or "flaggon" of wine, out of which he drank, naming the ship, and poured a libation on the quarter deck. The cup was then generally given to the dockyard master shipwright as a memento. When did the present usage of naming and baptizing a ship before she is sent adrift come in? I trace the last explicit mention of the old method to 1664, when the Royal Katherine was launched (see Peppy). The first mention of smashing a bottle of wine on the bows of a British man-of-war that I have found is in a contemporary newspaper cutting of May, 1780, describing the christening of H. M. S. Magnanime at Deptford, but nothing is hinted that it was then a new custom.—London Notes and Queries.

Almost at Rest.
A kind hearted but somewhat close-fisted man who was sorely afflicted with a conscience came to a friend, holding a visiting card in his hand. He looked deeply troubled. "I know," said he, "this man wants to borrow money. I know he will drink it. What am I to do?"

"It is perfectly simple," said the friend. "Send down word that you are out."
"I cannot," he said. "I have never told a lie in my life."
"Then," said his friend, "lend all your money to me, and you can tell him you haven't a penny in your pocket."
After some hesitation the kind hearted man complied and, having seen his caller, returned.

"Well," asked his friend, "are your conscience and mind at rest?"
"Not quite, man," he replied, "but they will be as soon as you have given me my money back."—Bellman.

He Writ.
A well known dramatic critic visiting Stratford on Shakespeare's birthday and, hearing the clangor of the bells which, from their tower in the old church where the poet lies buried, awoke the little town to its devotions, approached a wintry headed street sweeper in front of Irving's inn and said: "Who is the fellow they're making this fuss about? I see you have Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare gingerbread, and only the other day I saw a man driving to town some pigs called 'Shakespeare's best.' Who is he—the fellow who lived in that tumble-down shanty yonder?" The "oldest inhabitant" megaphoned his ear and, wheezing, replied, "I think he writ."
"Oh, he writ, did he? What did he write—books, confessions of a deer stealer, magazine articles—what?" "I think he writ for the Bible."

A Decorated Interior.
Mrs. Graham is an estimable lady whose hobby is house decoration. One day the lady was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her.
The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what had happened, dryly remarked to her, "Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far."—Argonaut.

Memory Training.
If men only realized how great an asset in life is a retentive memory they would take care to see that their children's were properly trained. The simplest method consists in learning every day a few lines by heart. None of our faculties can be trained so easily as that of memory.—Stuttgart Familienblatt.

Her Choice.
"What would you do, dear, if I were to die?" asked Mrs. Darley fondly.
"I don't know," replied Darley thoughtfully. "Which is your choice—burial or cremation?"—London Mail.

A Surgical Operation.
The customer raised his hand, and the barber, pausing in the operation of shaving him, inclined his head. "Sir?" "Give me gas," said the customer.—London Globe.

Find the cause of each wrinkle on a man's face, and you will find it was put there by worrying over something that worrying could not help.—Acheson Globe.



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We Sell Them.

W. A. WILLIAMS & CO.,
Next Door to Tillamook County Bank.

The Oregon Cheese Co., Incorporated, is prepared to buy all the first class cheese that comes along. Spot cash and highest price. Factory men will do well to see R. Robinson, the manager, before selling. He will be in Tillamook a good part of the time during the season. Only the best stock wanted.

THE OREGON CHEESE COMPANY,
126 Fifth Street, Portland.

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TO THE PEOPLE OF TILLAMOOK CITY AND COUNTY.



THE RED FRONT
SHOE STORE

WILL SELL ALL STOCK ON HAND AT COST.
Strictly for Cash Until Further Notice.

So as to make room for a large stock for Spring and Summer Shoes that will shortly arrive from Chicago. Come and get Bargains out of the largest and best selected stock of Shoes in the City.

P. F. BROWNE, Agent.

I have just opened up the most complete line of
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

in Tillamook, all new and Fresh. The prices are no higher than others.

We most cordially invite you to come and look at what we have and get our prices, whether you buy or not.

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Opposite the Post Office.

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J. P. ALLEN, Proprietor.
Headquarters for Travelling Men.
Special Attention paid to Tourists.
A First Class Table. Comfortable Beds and Accommodation.

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PROPRIETOR
Tillamook Iron Works
General Machinists & Blacksmiths.
Boiler Work, Logger's Work and Heavy Forging.
Fine Machine Work a Specialty.
TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

Centrally Located. Rates, \$1 Per Day
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TILLAMOOK, OREGON
The Best Hotel in the city. No Chinese Employed.

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Complete set of Abstract Books in office. Taxes paid for Residents.
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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
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Residence: Mrs. Weiss' house, west of Mrs. Walker's.

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Office over J. A. Todd & Co. Tillamook, Ore.

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