

Editorial Snap Shots.

If the Portland papers are to be relied upon Dave Martiny has married a sweet young woman of "21" summers.

Now see the democratic party go to pieces. Or it may be that Hearst or the Socialist party will gobble it up, leaving Bryan stranded.

The democrats at Netarts claim that they stood the "rascals" off in that precinct, the vote being a tie—4 to 4—a few republicans did not have enough ginger in their make up to go to the polls.

It was really too bad to disappoint the democrats who were figuring upon becoming postmaster of this city. Well, do not loose heart. There is nothing to prevent Bryan from running four years hence.

Let everybody get into the booster's band wagon and all pull together for the purpose of converting Tillamook City into a moral, progressive, up-to-date city. Bury the little hatchet and put your shoulder to the wheel.

It will be perfectly in order for the grand jury to investigate the chicken pilfering at the meat market, just to show who are the culprits and to teach them and others that breaking into people's premises will not be tolerated.

Quite a few persons on Tuesday took some delight in informing the snap shot man that they had killed his vote. That is all right. But it was a surprise to us to know that it took so many democratic clubs to kill one little, insignificant republican vote.

A great deal of credit is due the Oregonian and the country republican press for the big republican vote in Oregon on Tuesday. It was a republican landslide, and conclusively proves that newspapers like the Oregon Journal have not the influence with the voters that they claim to have.

Taft carried every precinct with the exception of two. There was a tie vote at Netarts and the demizens at Dolph must have thought the ballot box contained an infernal machine, for it was not opened, this being the second time that the election went by default in that precinct.

As an illustration of obtaining correct election forecasts, the Oregonian asked its correspondents to furnish it with a conservative estimate, which they did, predicting that Taft would carry Oregon with a plurality of 20,000 votes. The vote was 25,000, which showed that the correspondents allowed plenty of margin so as to be on the safe side.

The effort to create dissatisfaction amongst the dairymen by making the absurd and unreliable statement that they are losing \$50,000 a year disposing of the cheese output has level flat and met with a frost, for the dairymen are wise enough and wide awake enough to let well enough alone. It is really too bad that the dairymen won't bit at another creamery stock bait, so as to allow the speculators and the middlemen to make a profit.

Evidently the dairymen, judging from the votes cast on Tuesday, did not want butter fat to drop to 12c, a pound, that being the price paid under the last democratic administration. And because we pointed out this fact it appears to have aroused the political ire of a few worn out democratic war horses. Don't feel too bad about it, gentlemen, the dairymen have now a broad smile on their countenances, with an assurance that there will be but little fluctuation in the price of butter fat.

There are nine councilmen in the City of Portland who are doing more to make that city "dry" than the prohibitionists, for they want women in saloons. That alone will create a strong anti saloon sentiment, and it would not surprise us much to see the whole state go "dry" if the liquor interests think they can run things like they used to. It was the lawlessness and depravity of saloon keepers in other parts of Oregon which placed so many counties in the dry column, and it is surprising that they cannot see the drift of public sentiment now that the public conscience is aroused in Oregon. The councilmen of that city, although they may not be aware of it, are doing a great deal to make Multnomah "dry," as well as the entire state.

The Headlight for a number of years advocated that Hoquarton slough be straightened and deepened, and it gives us much pleasure to note the large vote cast on Tuesday to re-organize the Port of Tillamook Commission. This is a matter of much importance to this city, and with a Commission composed of men who will get in and do something, we see no reason why Tillamook City cannot have a good wide harbor and a deep straight channel leading to it. And this can be accomplished at comparatively little cost. It is pleasing to note, however, that the improvement of the harbor and the slough is a project where all can pull together and carry through without any knocking.

The people of Tillamook were greatly surprised last week when it became known that a conspiracy had been successfully carried out in spitting away Eva Wolfe, who is the principal witness

in the Wolfe rape case. This was done to defeat justice and to defeat the District Attorney's office in the prosecution of the case, allowing Wolfe, charged with rape upon his own daughter, to go free. It is the duty of the officials to unearth this conspiracy and bring the perpetrators of this conspiracy before the bar of justice. The seriousness of the case demands it and the people of this county also have a right to demand it. The system of tampering with witnesses in Tillamook county is no new thing, for it is a well known fact that numbers of witnesses have gone on the witness stand and testified falsely to defeat justice. This is a condition of affairs which should not be allowed to exist, and, probably, this system has been brought about by the trickery of attorneys, who resort to such methods, when they find that the preponderance of evidence is against them. Now that there appears to be a clear case of tampering with the State's witness and spitting her away, the Press and the people await the action of District Attorney J. H. McNary and the grand jury next week. This is the second time this year that the State's witnesses have been tampered with in Tillamook City, and it is allowed to continue there is no telling what the next conspiracy will be to defeat justice. This is a serious menace to our courts of justice and to litigants who have to resort to law to obtain their rights.

CLEVER DETECTIVE WORK.

Eva Wolfe Captured in Nebraska by Sheriff Crenshaw.

When it became known on Monday week that Eva Wolfe, the State's witness in the Wolfe case had been spirited out of the county, Sheriff Crenshaw and Deputy District Attorney Cooper became busy, and lost no time in unearthing her whereabouts. Although several false reports were circulated to mislead them, they eventually got onto what they thought was the right track, for it was surmised that the girl had been sent to one of three places. Which for some time was not known. Sheriff Crenshaw slipped off the middle of last week and but few persons knew that he had left the county, for the middle west, where some of the girl's relatives resided, and where she had been sent.

A message was received from Sheriff Crenshaw on Monday from Nebraska, which signified that he had captured the girl and had left for Tillamook.

The Election in Tillamook

The election in Monday passed off quietly, and the vote was below what was expected. The republican vote was 6,6 and the democratic 252, being a plurality of 374. The official count will probably change these figures in a few precincts. Dolph precinct did not organize, and Taft carried every precinct in the county with the exception of Netarts, where it broke even. Following are the figures:

Table with 3 columns: Precinct, Rep., Dem. Rows include Hoquarton, Tillamook, Fairview, South Prairie, Bay, Foley, Garibaldi, Nehalem, Barnegat, Beaver, Carnahan, Hebo, Blaine, Union, Little Nestucca, Sandlake, Netarts.

The Port of Tillamook Commission amendment carried by a big vote, as follows: Hoquarton; For 91, against 14; Tillamook; For 109, against 27.

The vote for or against stock running at large was overwhelming to keep stock up, and was as follows: Hoquarton, For 50, against 92; Tillamook, For 54, against 94; South Prairie, For 8; against 48; Fairview, For 15, against, 46.

The official count will be given next week.

Taft carried every county in Oregon and his plurality will be about 25,000. Taft swept the country, having 309 votes, with two states, Maryland and Missouri, in doubt. He carried New York.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, since cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

Dr. J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

RAW LUNGS. When the lungs are sore and inflamed, the germs of pneumonia and consumption find lodgement and multiply. Foley's Honey and Tar kills the cough germ, cures the most obstinate racking cough, breaks the lungs, and prevents serious results. The genuine is in the yellow package.—J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR stops the cough and heals lungs

SYMPTOMS OF RABIES.

Signs by Which You May Know When a Dog is Really Mad.

Hydrophobia is so rare and terrifying that its symptoms and treatment are little understood. As a matter of fact, the commonly accepted expression of madness in a dog is often misleading. The real mad dog does not shun water, as it is said. On the contrary, mad dogs often rush to the water and drink it eagerly, if they are able to swallow. The mad dog does not froth at the mouth. It does not run amuck, snapping at everything in its path. What, then, are the indications of the mad dog? To those familiar with a given dog the surest symptom and the one which should excite closest attention is a distinct and unaccountable change in the dog's disposition, a staid dog becoming excitable and a frisky dog dull. That condition does not necessarily mean rabies, but it is suspicious, and if in addition the dog has trouble in swallowing, as though it seemed to have a bone in its throat, beware! That dog should be instantly tied up, because if it be rabies it takes but a day or two for ferocious instincts to develop. The unmistakable evidence, however, of a dog with rabies is the sticky, whitish saliva which covers the teeth and shows on the drawn lips. The eyes glare and are red; the dog has paroxysms of running fury, during which it barks hoarsely, which alternate with periods of temporary exhaustion. — Caspar Whitney in Outing.

BORED AND PLUGGED.

The Truthful Story of a Ship Struck by Lightning.

"In Duluth down on the docks some days ago some fresh water Ancient Mariners were talking of adventures on the raging main," began an old steamship man. "Captain H." said one, "it seems to me I've heard somewhere that your vessel was once struck by lightning while sailing, sailing over the bounding main?"

"Yes, twice," said Captain H. "Happened off Point Aux Barques 'bout fifteen years ago. We were joggin' 'long when a thunderstorm overtook us, and the very first flash of lightning struck the deck amidships and bored a hole as big as my right leg right down through the bottom of the vessel."

"No, sir. The water began rushin' in, and she would have foundered, but there came a second flash, and a bolt struck my foretop gallant mast. It was cut off near the top, turned bottom end up, and as it came down it entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to drydock we simply sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks." — Washington Herald.

Fatalities.

"Yes," said the beauteous young thing, "when I asked papa if I might go mountain climbing he took my head off. But I had my own way, of course, and finally the crowd got started, and you know they made me put on a lot of wraps and things that simply suffocated me. And about halfway up I slipped and fell over a cliff and broke my neck! Indeed, yes. And when they had lifted and pulled me back on the trail I absolutely died from pain. But before long I was able to go on to the top, but by the time we were almost there I collapsed and sat down, for I could never breathe again. But they made me pull myself together and in time we got to the summit, and there it was so cold I froze to death! Oo-oo! And I was glad, I can tell you, when we came down at last, and as soon as they got me home I went to bed, dead from exhaustion." — Independent.

Will Remember His Friends.

When Patrick McGinnagan became a member of the Chicago police force a delegation of his friends burst in upon him while he was at dinner and presented him with a handsome night stick in honor of his popularity and their esteem. Completely bewildered by this unexpected token, the new policeman nevertheless struggled to his feet and stammered his appreciation.

"Friends, ye have upset me wld yr kindness," he said, flourishing the night stick. "O'll try an' do me duty wid this little shillalagh, and I hope an' trust that ivry man her'll live t' feel its indoolence."

The Alphabet.

The great Phoenician alphabet, the parent of every form of European writing and of the scripts of Persia, Arabia and India as well, owes but little to Egypt. It is true that in the construction of their alphabet the Phoenicians made use of certain hieratic characters found in their trade dealings with Egypt, but this fact in no way detracts from the glory of the invention which belongs to the "Yankees of antiquity." — New York American.

A Woman's Era.

"If I were a man!" is surely a very unnecessary cry these days. The epoch of the man is past. The twentieth century is the era of the woman.

There is with a few very slight exceptions nothing that a woman as a woman cannot do, and do every bit as well as if she were a man. — London P. T. O.

The Real Sequence.

Mrs. Premier—You always get a new gown before you go away on a visit, don't you? Mrs. Seconde—No, I always go away on a visit after I get a new gown. — Women's Home Companion.

Manners carry the world for a moment, character for all time.

OUR BIG COUNTRY.

A Season When the Sun Never Sets on the Stars and Stripes.

There is only one flag that the sun never sets on—the British. But the American flag is a close second, for the sun during half the year never sets on it either. That is to say, these two are the only flags that the sun is continuously shining over, no matter what his position in the heavens—the one all the year round and the other during exactly half the year, from March 22 to Sept. 22.

Of course it is true that on no day at all during the year can the sun be seen from any two points of continental United States at all times during a period of twenty-four hours. But the United States naval observatory has made careful calculations which by including Alaska, Porto Rico and the Philippines show that between the spring and fall equinoxes the sun never ceases to shine in the eyes of the American eagle.

Perhaps nothing could make us realize how great a nation our expanded country is better than this simple astronomical fact. Moreover, within these two dates there are also several other pairs of eastern and western extreme points where the same condition obtains, though for much shorter times.

It is not generally known, but the easternmost point in the United States and its island possessions is in the island of Porto Rico—longitude 65 degrees 12 minutes west, latitude 18 degrees 20 minutes north. The westernmost point is in Balobe Island, in the Philippines—longitude 116 degrees 40 minutes east, latitude 8 degrees 0 minutes north. When the sun is at what the calendar makers call "north declination" of 0 degrees 19 minutes—that is to say, on March 22 and on Sept. 22—it rises in Porto Rico at exactly the same time that it sets in the island of Balobe. Between these two dates during the winter months the sun does set on the United States, and during the remainder of the year, the summer months, it does not.—Scrap Book.

RATTLESNAKES' TEETH.

If You Should Happen to Get Any, Handle Them With Care.

The zoo keeper carefully unfolded a small paper packet, which looked as if it might contain a headache powder. "Want a rattlesnake's tooth?" he inquired.

"Tooth?"

"Well, call it a fang if you want to, but ain't there something in the good book about 'sharper than a serpent's tooth?' Look at this one and you'll think that the old fellow that wrote that must have known what he was talking about."

He opened the paper and showed what seemed like a miniature horn. It was shaped like a cow horn, which has only one curve. It was yellowish white, like a discolored tooth.

It was about three-quarters of an inch long and a sixteenth of an inch in diameter at the base, where it seemed as if it had been broken off. The point was as sharp as a needle. An eighth of an inch back of the point, on the outer curve of the tooth, was an opening, the end of a sort of tube, which ran the whole length of the tooth.

This little channel through the tooth seemed to be full of a dried substance, which the zoo keeper evidently regarded with proper suspicion, for he warned the recipient of the tooth to handle the same with care. He did not think that one would get a true case of snake bite from one of these discarded teeth, but if the skin should be scratched or pierced by it a bad sore would probably result.

According to him, the keepers at the zoo often pick up these loose teeth in the snake cages. They are apparently shed in the course of natural changes, something as the serpent sheds his skin. They are not merely the snake's baby teeth, for he sheds them more than once.—Washington Post.

The Gaelic Language.

The old Gaelic language was spoken by all the branches of the great Celtic race, for, while a dialect of the Celtic language, it was so like the other Celtic dialects that no Celt would find difficulty in speaking it. Specifically, it was the speech of the Manxmen, Welsh, Scotch highlanders, Cornishmen, Bretons and many of the Irish. It is still spoken in some parts of Ireland, Wales, the highlands and the Isle of Man.—New York American.

A Mere Pittance.

Mrs. Nurich—I told Widow Downes to send her boy to you and you'd give him a position. Mr. Nurich—Well, I didn't give him no position. He came with a note from her, an' she said in the note, 'I must find employment for my boy, even if he works for a mere pittance.' The nerve of her callin' me 'a mere pittance!'—Philadelphia Press.

A Dry Joke.

"Will you take something to drink?" "With pleasure." The photo was taken, and the sitter said: "But what about that little invitation?" "Oh, sir, that is just a trade ruse of mine to give a natural and interested expression to the face."—Tit-Bits.

In the Wrong Shop.

Mrs. Newlywed—I want to buy a steak. Lumberman—Hickory, oak or ash? Mrs. Newlywed—Porterhouse. Lumberman—You'll find that in the butcher shop. This is a lumber yard.—Judge.

Frugality is a fair fortune and habits of industry a good estate.—Franklin.

The Man with a Checking Account Can Tell You Of Its Many Advantages.

It is estimated that ninety-five per cent of the business of our country is transacted by means of checks and drafts. Under no other system could we reach the high state of development attained in the last fifty years. A checking account with this bank will simplify the transactions you are now doing on a cash basis.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY BANK, TILLAMOOK, ORE.

STAR THEATER, op. McNair's Store. FIRST PERFORMANCE, 8 o'Clock, SECOND PERFORMANCE, 9 o'Clock. Change of Program Twice a Week. ADMISSION, 10 Cents.

List Your City and Farm Property with ROLLIE W. WATSON.

I have a choice lot of City and Farm Property Listed with me for Sale.

I will furnish you with help on short notice and get you a job if you want to work.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

The Larsen House.

Friday.—Robert J. Kelland, Sellwood; T. L. O'Riley, A. K. McIntosh, John McKayle, T. Schnieder, Portland; E. B. Creecy, Blaine; R. U. Moore, Bay City.

Saturday.—N. A. McConaway, Forest Grove; John Kumm, Beaver; Gus Martin, Portland; R. C. Magarrell and son, Ocean Park; H. D. Ledford, Forest Grove; R. D. Bozart, Portland.

Sunday.—J. H. Edwards, Potland; John Gerritse, Seaside; F. J. Gattrell, Toledo; John Morris, Cloverdale; T. J. Wallan, Forest Grove; E. J. Schelling, Bay City; Thos. Slatter, Hillsboro; H. T. Miller, Walmamina; P. Lutz, Florence.

Monday.—Hans Hanson, Eugene; D. H. Roberts, Yamhill; A. L. Greek, T. B. Greer, H. Lawyer, Portland; M. O. Boyer, Pitner.

Tuesday.—Maude Joseph, Garibaldi; Fred C. Skomp, Trask; J. B. Creecy, Blaine; Bert Ray, Walmamina.

Wednesday.—Mrs. V. G. Schlappi, Garibaldi; C. L. Doughney, Nehalem; C. Ray, Cloverdale; Lorenza Daniel, Mouthouth; W. Brown, J. C. Mann, F. Dorris, Portland; Frank Ekroth, Miami; W. N. Bays, Blaine; H. V. Alley, Nehalem; L. P. Smith, Beaver.

Thursday.—Thos. Slating, Hillsboro; J. L. Bradley, Portland.

Allen House.

Thursday.—Robert Wakefield, A. C. U. Berry, Portland; A. J. Wirtz, Forest Grove; C. W. McNamer, Clarence Townsed, Ivan Dickey, McMinville.

Friday.—M. W. Hanck, Tacoma, Wash.; E. Crawford, Astoria; R. L. Wells, M. W. Emmer, Portland; R. M. Buttle, St. Joe; John O. Bozorth, Bay City; I. S. Brown, Sherwood.

Saturday.—Wm. Menke, S.F.; C. M. Madison, Portland; Fred Duncler, Salem; A. L. Perry and wife, Willson River; S. A. Smith, Bay City.

Sunday.—Geo. H. Williams and wife, Bay City; W. Yarnell, Hemlock; C. C. Love and wife, K.C.; C. M. Madison and wife, Portland.

Monday.—T. Gaechter, Emma Hillt, Andies Velsch, Switzerland; H. C. Rogers, A. S. Ray, Sheridan; C. V. Preston, Nehalem.

Tuesday.—J. C. Creecy, Blaine; A. M. Austin, Netarts.

Wednesday.—H. P. Effenberger, Nehalem; L. P. Rey, Hemlock; D. Werschkul, Oretown; Ed. H. Nealy, Portland; G. A. Jones and wife, Bay Ocean Park; Chas. Broseman, Milwauke; Henry Hays, Nelly Newberg, Hemlock; Jim Mesner, Hebo; H. V. Alley, Nehalem.

Notice of Final Settlement of Account.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the final account of the administrator of the Estate of J. H. WHINERY, deceased, has been filed with the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, and that Monday, the 7th day of December, 1908, at 2 o'clock p.m. of that day, at the Court House in Tillamook County, Oregon, has been appointed as the time and place by said Court for the hearing of said account and the settlement thereof, at which time and place, any and all persons interested in said estate shall file their exceptions in writing and show cause why said final account should not be accepted and approved and the administrator discharged from his trust.

By order of the Hon. H. F. Goodspeed, Judge of the above named court, dated October 4th, 1908.

GEO. W. EVANS, Administrator of the Estate of J. H. Whinery, deceased.

Winter blasts, causing pneumonia, pleurisy and consumption will soon be here. Cure your cough now, and strengthen your lungs with Foley's Honey and Tar. Do not risk starting the winter with weak lungs, when Foley's Honey and Tar will cure the most obstinate coughs and colds, and prevent serious results.—J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

BOULDER CREEK.

Dee Jones, our genial cattlemen at Blaine, was in our neighborhood today.

Ben Comer was down from Top last Monday, saying "how you?" to Boulderites. He visited A. Chopard's until Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Houser are the parents of a little son born some time ago. We do not know the exact date, but have seen no announcement of event, and think it time some one take a note of it.

The cowboy preacher, Rev. Bond booked to preach at Blaine tonight (Monday).

A big tree blocked the road at Kinnaman grade last Saturday and broke the telephone wire, which was down at this (Monday evening) on the Blaine line are somewhat isolated.

H. L. Jensen went to Tillamook today and hauled out a load of sheep. Mr. George Bennett, Friday.

Mrs. Dunstan, of Beaver, beginning in the Brown district last Monday. She is boarding at W. N. Bay's.

E. P. Mills has been having an attack of rheumatism, which kept him up for several days last week. It is some better at present, but not able to work.

A Sunday school was organized at Brown school-house, Oct. 25th. Mr. F. Bennett, supt.; Mr. W. D. Gladwill, asst.; Mrs. Della Jensen, treasurer; Lily Bays, sec.

A few days after Mrs. Chappell an item to the Headlight, telling of a little board on the Ocean Beach, with a written message on it, ran across the following item in one of the Portland Daily Journals for 2nd, which satisfied her curiosity.

RAN INTO HEAVY SEA. STEAMSHIP ROSE CITY REPORTS.

WEATHER OFF COAST. Terrific seas broke over the liner, Rose City, Captain Knapp, on her trip up the coast, and nearly a passenger on board wished for a second or two that he was ashore. His worst blow experienced this year, according to the crew of the liner, San Francisco line. The liner reached Astinworth wharf at 10 o'clock this morning noon. She had a good cargo of freight and passengers filed over the gang plank. The craft had made last. From Golden Gate to Cape Mendocino, the steamer pitched in a fearful sea and had to buck a living gale from the northwest. After that the vessel moderated slightly towards the coast. Off Tillamook the steamer was torpedoed by Davis, towing astern the five warships, that reached harbor this afternoon.

W. D. Gladwill and family were Saturday at the home of J. J. Blaine. We are told it was a happy celebration.

Chas. Farnsworth was down at Blaine last Saturday, and called on J. Jensen's.

Foley's Honey and Tar cleans the passages, stops the irritating cough, soothes the inflamed membrane and the most obstinate cough. Sore and inflamed lungs are strengthened, and the cold is driven from the system. Refuse any cheap genuine in the yellow package. J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.