

Editorial Snap Shots.

Those "punk" cartoons looked most awfully "purkey." It must have been a novice's first lesson.

We wonder whether it is part of their religion for witnesses in Tillamook to swear falsely when they go on the witness stand?

And another disgraceful night orgie in the city to add to the bad reputation of Tillamook City. But this time a few of the drunken hoodlums got caught and as usual, let off with small fines.

Which is the worse crime, to violate the local option law or go on the witness stand and swear to a lie that they did not do so? Well, we hope this city will not become renowned for consummate liars.

The county has lost some of the hoodlums and questionable characters who turned the Grange hall at Fairview into a little hell upon earth last fall. What a blessing it would be if others of lewd and disreputable repute would leave also.

Candidates who are wanting public office are already announcing themselves for this and for that office. As it is a long time between now and November, 1910, perhaps they had better look for other jobs or work the "recall" on the rascals they want to succeed.

There is some criticism going on about the condition of the roads. When, however, it is taken into consideration that the roads have had no opportunity to dry out the past winter, until last week, and the heavy teaming, it is not surprising that the roads are cut up more than usual.

Wouldn't it look funny to see the water commission suing the mayor and city council for 6 mills out of the 8 mills levied for general purposes, and the city suing the county court for all the road money levied within the corporate limits? Sic 'em! Sic 'em! Sic 'em!

Turn on the light! A juryman who tried one of the bootleg cases came to this office and made this admission: If he had known then as much as he knew now about a certain bootlegger swearing that he was elsewhere when he was playing cards at another place he would have stood out for conviction. Yes, turn on the light and let the false swearing in Justice Sappington's court be exposed.

It is beginning to get the season of the year when the county will be overrun again with all kind of fakirs wanting to dispose of articles for double what they are worth and to "work" the business men into giving prizes. Last year these fakirs did a land office business in this county, and it will not be long before they are here again to catch more of the suckers who are always ready to bite at a gold brick.

A little more civic pride in Tillamook City amongst the business men and property owners would be a great thing for the future development and industrial growth of the city. This city could be made one of the prittiest little towns in the state, for it is splendidly located with advantages which other places do not possess. All that is needed is more civic pride and united effort. But, alas, the whiskey question predominates, with a large following, so it seems that the city must be kept down and kept back on account of that.

A juror in one of the bootleg cases said that something ought to be done to punish the witnesses who have gone on the stand and perjured themselves, for it looked to this juror that the witnesses were trained to tell lies on the witness stand. The grand jury will meet next month and it would not be out of place for that body to decide into the whole matter of spitting away witnesses and prosecuting the sanguinary perverters of the truth in the bootleg cases. Justice demands it, for no one can expect justice in Tillamook county when witnesses are "fixed." As the Headlight has repeatedly remarked, this is what is called Tillamook justice, and no one is safe in civil or other actions, for witnesses in civil suits have been tampered with as well.

We hear a great deal every spring about the ground hogs. Here in Tillamook City there is a new breed of hogs. It is the water works hogs. It took nearly \$50,000 to construct the system, and since then the taxpayers have paid between \$10,000 and \$12,000 in taxation, to say nothing about the revenue from water rent, to keep this monstrous water hog squealing for more tax money every time there is a little money in sight in the city treasury. Like the bonded indebtedness on the old school house, the water system will have petered out and will have to be replaced before any effort is made to pay off the bonded indebtedness. But what's the use of "beefing," anyway, the taxpayers have paid an exorbitant sum of money for its water system. The end is not in sight, for at this season of the year the water hogs never fail to show themselves.

My three year old boy was badly constipated, had a high fever and was in an awful condition. I gave him two boxes of Foley's Orino Laxative and the next morning the fever was gone and was entirely well. Foley's Orino Laxative saved his life. A. Wolkush, Cashier, Wm. J. L. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

Prices Paid for Butter Fat.

Below we give the price paid for butter fat each month at several of the factories last year:

MAPLE LEAF—Jan., 32c; Feb., 34c; March, 31c; April, 30c; May, 28 7/8c; June, 28.5c; July, 29.5c; Aug., 29 1/2c; Sep., 30c; Oct., 31c; Nov., 31c; Dec., 32c.

TILLAMOOK CREAMERY—Jan., 31c and Feb., 30 for butter; March, 31.6c; April, 31 1/2c; May, 28.7c; June, 28 1/2c; July, 29c; Aug., 29.7c; Sep., 29.8c; Oct., 30c; Nov., 29c; Dec., 30c.

FAIRVIEW—Jan., 27c; Feb., 29.3c; March, 32.6c; April, 31c; May, 29.3c; June, 29.5c; July, 30c; Aug., 29.5c; Sep., 29.5c; Oct., 31c; Nov., 30.3c; Dec., 31.5c.

SOUTH PRAIRIE—Jan., 31.7c; Feb., 33c; March, 34c; April, 35c; May, 30c; June, 30c; July, 30 1/2c; Aug., 30 1/2c; Sep., 31c; Oct., 31 1/2c; Nov., 30c; Dec., 31.6c.

CLOVER LEAF—2c. for making, March, 32.5c; April, 31 1/2c; May, 28.6c; June, 28c; July, 28.5c; Aug., 29.7c; Sep., 30c; Oct., 32c; Nov., 32c; Dec., 34c.

RED CLOVER—Jan., 30c; Feb., 32c; March, 31.47c; April, 29.2c; May, 27.11c; June, 27.21c; July, 29.53c; Aug., 29.77c; Sep., 30.46c; Oct., 29.82c; Nov., 28.16c; Dec., 30.28c.

7-10c should be added to Clover Leaf to get basis payment on 1 1/2c. cents for making.

Can't Make It Too Hot.

(TO THE EDITOR TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.)

DEAR SIR,—I want to say to you that you are a most welcome visitor in my home. Your items are interesting to an old time Tillamooker. I note with pleasure the growth and prosperity of the county in general; but, sir, I am surprised to note that a case cannot be made against those peddlers of liquid damnation in our county. It's a notorious fact that the liquor traffic is responsible for a large outlay of our taxes that should go to schools, roads, etc., but this is only a small part of the evil. It produces a majority of all law breaking, it is the thing that is ruining our boys and girls, as it especially fits them for a great train of evil habits. Sir, you cannot arraign it too strongly. Let me urge all good law abiding men to stand together against this evil. It will cost lots of money and lots of time to suppress it, but it will cost vastly more to let it go on. Stand by the officials. Do all you can to keep a purple nosed drinker off the jury. It's a fight to death. It must be put out or it will ruin our entire commonwealth. Praying, working and hoping for a dry state in 1915.

I am, sir,
C. H. WAYMIRE,
Salem, Ore., March 16th, 1909.

Lost.
Lost, on March 11, one pair of side curtains for covered hack, between my house near Fairview factory and Tillamook. Finder please leave at house or Harris' barn.
W. B. NOYES.

Mare for Sale.
A Bay Mare, 8 years old, weight between nine and ten hundred. Apply to D. West, Tillamook, Ore.

EXPERIENCED BUILDER

Wanted by the Board of Trade and Development League.

Following is a petition that is to be presented at the next meeting of the County Court which was prepared by the Bay City Board of Trade and the Tillamook Development League, and which bears the signatures of a number of prominent citizens:

The undersigned taxpayers of said Tillamook County, Oregon, respectfully represent that for many years past large sums of money have been raised and spent upon the roads of this county; that, owing to the light traffic, our roads have been good as compared with those of other frontier counties; but the heavy hauling, incident to railroad construction, as well as the growing traffic of our steadily increasing population, has proven too much for our lightly built roads, and they are giving away and breaking in many places.

We believe the system of road repairs and building as practiced in this county is obsolete. Your honorable body has levied for the current year a tax for road purposes that will produce about \$90,000.00. With this immense sum to be spent upon our roads, we think that the time has come for Tillamook County to put into practice the best and most advanced methods of road-building and repairing. We believe this can best be accomplished by taking up the following plan, and we respectfully urge that you adopt it in time for use during the present year; that is:

1st. Employ a competent road engineer who is a non-resident of the county and who shall have charge of all the road repairs, shall approve the location of and draw specifications of all new roads to be built by the county, and have charge of the construction thereof, under the final direction of the County Court.

2nd. That all road repair work and the building of new roads and parts of roads shall be done by contract, let to the lowest responsible bidder, with bonds.

In urging the above plan, we do so knowing it to be a radical departure from the methods now in use, but, as above stated, we believe the present methods are primitive and fall far short of giving the best results for the money spent. We believe the plan urged above is in line with modern methods of road working and will, if followed, result in greatly improved roads of more permanent character and at a largely reduced cost to the county.

A Religious Author's Statement.

Rev. Joseph H. Pesperman, Salisbury, N.C., who is the author of several books, writes: "For several years I was afflicted with kidney trouble and last winter I was suddenly stricken with a severe pain in my kidneys and was confined to bed eight days unable to get up without assistance. My urine contained a thick white sediment and I passed some frequently day and night. I commenced taking Foley's Kidney Remedy, and the pain gradually abated and finally ceased and my urine became normal. I cheerfully recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy."—J. L. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

Notice

You are hereby notified to call and settle your account with Reynolds and Jones on or before March 20, 1909.

Wanted to Trade for Small Dairy Ranch.

24 Acres, all in crop, good house and barn, less than half mile of city limits of Salem.
See Catterlin & Sharp.

Wood, Wood, Wood.

Call or telephone ROLLIE WATSON for Spruce limb wood. Immediate delivery.

Call for Warrants.

All county warrants on General Fund, introduced prior to January 1, 1907, will be paid in presentation, interest ceases March 18th, 1909.
P. W. TODD,
County Treasurer.

Call for Warrants.

All outstanding road warrants will be paid on presentation.
Interest ceases the 11th day of March, 1909.
P. W. TODD,
County Treasurer.

Hides Wanted.

I will pay more for hides than anybody in the county. Store room between Johnson & Talangue and T. H. Coyne's law office.
N. E. MELCHOR.

Painter and Decorator.

I do all kinds of Painting, Decorating, Tinting, Graining and Interior Finishing a specialty. Carriage Painting. Furniture Refinished as good as new. My work is up to date and guaranteed first class. H. SOARS, inquire at King and Smith Co.

Bids for Wood.

School District No. 9 will receive sealed bids until one o'clock March 25th, 1909.

For 80 cords of Dry Alder or Hemlock Wood, to be delivered in basement of school house. Leave bid with
ALVA FINLEY,
District Clerk.

For Diseases of the Skin.

Nearly all diseases of the skin such as eczema, tetter, salt rheum and barbers' itch, are characterized by an intense itching and smarting, which often makes life a burden and disturbs sleep and rest. Quick relief may be had by applying Chamberlain's Salve. It allays the itching and smarting almost instantly. Many cases have been cured by its use. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

The Lucky Quarter

Is the one you pay out for a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They bring you the health that's more precious than jewels. Try them for headache, biliousness, constipation and malaria. If they disappoint you the price will be cheerfully refunded at Clas. I. Clough's drug store.

Besides being a Christian virtue kind speech is a great charm in increasing the worth-while admiration of men. And it is a sure method of making an attractive maturity and a sweet old age for a woman. Youth lasts but a brief time, and if we want to keep friends after youth goes, if we want to be loved, admired and respected, and to attract willing companions as we go down the valley of life, and to retain any beauty of face, we must look for the things to praise and admire in our fellow-being as we pass along. We must repress the hateful criticism and the cutting jest and the mean sarcasm—for they make lines in our faces, and they harden our eyes, and they drive people away from us. Be kind. It is the greatest accomplishment and charm you can possess.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, S.S. LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY,
Sworn to before and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

S. Vierick's Bakery.

OPPOSITE THE ALLEN HOUSE.

Especially this Week.

ORDER YOUR MAPLE CREAM LAYER CAKES.

Everything in the Baking Line.

First Bank & Trust Company,

BAY CITY, ORE.

Paid up Capital, \$25,000.

Offers every facility for safe banking, and respectfully solicits your business.

Acts as trustee for corporations, individuals and estates. Confidential trust relations carried out faithfully.

Interest at current rates on time deposits.

Mail business given prompt attention.

Fire and burglar proof safety deposit boxes just installed for convenience of customers at reasonable rental.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

for children, safe, sure. No opiates

THE WITCH'S CURSE.

A Bucksport Legend of Colonial Days in Maine.

Close by the road on the outskirts of the old seaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot river, is a small family cemetery. Within its inclosure sleep the Bucks, the blue blooded folk who first settled the town and bequeathed it their name and a legend.

The largest and most conspicuous monument in the cemetery is a tall granite shaft, which is in plain sight of the highway. On one side is the inscription: "Col. John Buck, the Founder of Bucksport, A. D. 1702. Born in Haverhill, Mass., 1718. Died March 13, 1795."

On the other side is the single word "Buck," and also something not wrought by the marble worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is a curious outline, which can be easily imagined to be a foot of normal size. The people who say that it is a foot believe in the legend which has oft been told in Bucksport.

The story is that Colonel Jonathan Buck was a very harsh man and the leading spirit in his day and generation. He was the highest in civil authority, and his word was law in the community in which he resided. He was an out and out Puritan, and to him witchcraft was the incarnation of blasphemy. Thus, so the story goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first clamorings of the populace Colonel Buck ordered that she be imprisoned, and later she was sentenced to be executed as a witch.

The execution day came, and the woman went to the gallows, cursing her judge with such terrible words that the people shuddered, but the magistrate stood unmoved. All was ready, and the hangman was about to perform his duty, when the woman turned to Colonel Buck, and, raising one hand toward heaven, she said: "Jonathan Buck, listen to these words, the last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the only living God which bids me speak to you. You will soon die, and over your grave they will erect a stone, that all may know the spot where your bones lie and crumble to dust.

"Upon that stone the imprint of my foot shall appear, and for all time, after your accursed race has vanished from the face of the earth, will the people from far and near know that you murdered a woman."

She then turned to her executioners, and another act transpired to make a part of American colonial history. The "witch curse" had been almost forgotten until the monument was erected to the founder of Bucksport. It had been in position hardly a month when a faint outline was discovered on it. It grew more and more distinct, until some person made the discovery that it was the outline of a foot. The old legend was revived.

They said that the "witch's curse" had been fulfilled. An attempt was made to remove the stain, but every effort only tended to make it plainer. The imprint of the foot is there today as plain as ever. Amateur photographers have taken pictures of it, and a visit to the Buck cemetery to see the "witch's foot" is one of the pastimes of every summer visitor to the pretty little town.—New York World.

Encouraging the Boy.
"Son," remarked Mr. Fraxus Pinkley, "I done heard you talk 'bout bein' a great hunter."
"Dat's what I said," answered pik-kalanny Jim. "It's gwinter hunt lions."
"An' you mentioned bein' er altie explorer."
"Yassir."
"Well, jes' by way of practice befo' you tackle any lions lemme see if you kin get de cow out'n pasture wifout bein' booked, an' den as de winter comes along you kin train wif de north pole by wadin' out in de snow to de wood pile twice a day. An' don't lemme hyah no mo' 'bout not encouragin' yoh youthful ambitions."—Washington Star.

The Way to His Vote.

Lord Beaconsfield's skill in picking up stray votes was well known. An illustration of it is given in a book by Henry W. Lucy.

At the time that the Imperial titles bill was pending there was a certain pompous little Irishman, Dr. O'Leary, who seemed manageable and was desirable. One evening in the lobby Disraeli laid a hand familiarly on his shoulder.

"Dear Dr. O'Leary, the resemblance is most striking," he said. "I really thought I saw again my old friend Tom Moore."

The vain little gentleman was captured.

He Hits Back.

There had been a domestic spat at breakfast.

"You monster!" snapped the matron, who was always scolding. "You are not like my two former husbands. They were tender men."

"I never doubted that they were tender, Maria," ventured the meek man, "when you kept them in hot water all the time." And he just cleared the front porch two yards ahead of the rolling pin.—Chicago News.

Pat's Services.

Clergyman—Pat, there's a hole in the roof of the church, and I am trying to collect money sufficient to repair it. Come, now, what will you contribute? Pat—Me services, sor.

Clergyman—What do you mean, Pat? You are no carpenter. Pat—No, but if it rains next Sunday O'll sit over the hole.—Pearson's.

How poor are they that have no patience! What would did ever heal but by degrees?—Shakespeare.

THE HONEYMOON PARADE.

Wedding Custom in One Town When the Train Is Late.

A small city, which need not be located more particularly than that it is somewhere east of Boston, has its own peculiar way of speeding the newly married on their honeymoon.

For one thing, every one goes to the station to see the couple depart. This is done in many small places. The showering of rice or confetti and the throwing of the old shoe take place, not at the home of the bride, but at the station. To that extent the city referred to is not unusual.

But in this city train schedules frequently go awry, and when they do the unusual happens. The wedding, of course, has been celebrated on time, and the reception has taken as much time as such things usually take. The departure from the bride's home is made in due season to catch the train if it is on time.

The wedding guests rush to the station, where all other inhabitants having nothing better to do have assembled already. It is a free show which no one would miss.

The carriage bearing the newly married pair is drawn by white horses and decorated with white ribbons. Custom demands this, and no one has yet had the temerity to do otherwise.

The carriage arrives at the station, and it is learned that the train is so many minutes or so many hours late. Usually the measure is in hours.

The carriage doesn't wait. It goes parading. It drives around and around a prescribed route, from every point of which the driver can get due notice of the approach of the train.

The crowd remains patiently at the station. Other curious persons station themselves at points along the route just to see the wedding coach pass.

Sometimes two or three carriages, drawn by white horses and decorated in white, swing steadily around this byemane circuit. It seems like an endless procession. It is not unusual for a wedding pair to spend the first five hours of their honeymoon just riding round and round waiting for the train.

When the screech of the locomotive finally is heard the driver continues to swing up to the platform just as the train comes to a stop. Then the bride and bridegroom make a mad rush for their car amid a shower of rice and confetti and old shoes. The honeymoon parade is over.—Exchange.

THE REAL BOWERY.

Swiftly Passing, It Has Never Been Wholly Revealed.

The real Bowery has never been written up, and probably it never will be, because it is swiftly passing. Hundreds of attempts have been made by those who have not even penetrated the surface of its reserve. Its heart and soul—for the Bowery has both, as well as reserve—are a sealed book to the writers. It is a Sargasso sea littered with derelicts of all worlds, drifting back and forth with the endless ebb and flow of the tide, while all about them is the ceaseless activity of commerce, of development, moving onward and upward despite the ceaseless cross current, which no literary mariner, cruising in these uncharted waters, can understand.

Those who know it best and have some skill in writing as well as some understanding are so overwhelmed by its endless complications, its infinity of contradictions, its astonishing goodness and its frightful depravity, the baffling mystery of its wonderful humanness and its fantastic mystery, that they do not dare attempt to write even what they know. Only one man in all literature could have interpreted the Bowery—and Balzac is dead.

Most of us know the Bowery through fugitive newspaper sketches and feature some lurid melodramas. The sketches present certain phases more or less intelligently, but the melodramas are weird burlesques, unworthy even of being scoffed at, so far as any consideration of truth is concerned. But these cheap melodramas, endlessly repeated, have built up a fiction that has come to be accepted as the reality.—Everybody's Magazine.

Fooling the Dogs.

In a certain part of Scotland, according to Dean Ramsey, the shepherds used to take their collies with them to church. The dogs behaved well during the sermon, but began to be restless during the last psalm and saluted the final blessing with joyful barks. In one church the congregation resolved to stop this unseemly detail, so when a strange minister was about to pronounce the blessing all remained seated instead of rising, as he expected. He hesitated and paused till an old shepherd cried: "Say awa', sir! We're a sittin' to cheat the dogs!"

Breakfasting With Whistler.

The was a foreign painter who used to breakfast at Chelsea, and when Mr. Carr asked him if he had been there lately he replied: "Oh, no; not now so much. He ask me a leetle while ago to breakfast, and I go. My cab fare, two shilling, 'arf a crown. I arrive, very nice. Goldfish in bowl, very pretty. But breakfast—one egg one toast—no more! Oh, no. My cab fare, two shilling, 'arf a crown. For me no more!"—London Telegraph.

With a String.

"Do you trust your husband implicitly?"

"What a question! Why, of course I do—to a certain extent."—Cleveland Leader.

It is best to profit by the madness of others.—Pliny.