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**RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
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**The Tillamook Headlight.**  
Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

**The Morals of Tillamook County**

The Cloverdale Courier, discussing the moral condition of Tillamook County, had this to say last week:

Public sentiment has been considerably aroused over the disagreement of the jury in the Nordstrom murder trial, ten being for murder in the first degree and two for murder in the second degree.

The plea of insanity was raised and an alienist was secured, which, with other expenses, makes a trial of this kind very costly, however, no complaint can be in regard to reasonable costs when we consider that everyone is entitled to a fair trial and innocent until proven guilty. But, when we take into consideration the fact that Nordstrom made a snar, clean cut confession, and as far as those who came in touch with him could see, showed no signs whatever of insanity, it seems that the disagreement of the jury was nothing short of a travesty of justice and a reckless disregard of heaping upon an already tax ridden public the expense of another trial.

The facts of the above trial coming as they do upon the heels of the late Hembree murder trial and its dilatory and costly procedure, and further, the fact that it was impossible to secure a jury that would convict during the late boot-legging cases at Tillamook, causes the average citizen to ask himself a number of questions. One of which would be about as follows: Is it possible that a person may commit any crime he so desires in Tillamook county, with the assurance that with the aid of the proper talent he can secure a jury that in nine cases out of ten will secure for him absolute release or a mild penalty? The answer: In the light of recent events it looks very much that way.

Another question that naturally follows, is, what is the cause of the above conditions? Is it because Tillamook county is devoid of that class of citizenship that goes toward making a strong moral community? In answer we would say we believe, not. We do believe, however, that the citizens of our county that stand for the best are not properly aligned. We have many of the best intentioned people who are so engrossed in the strife for the "almighty dollar" that they seem to feel that "it is every one for himself and the devil for all," and have no time for other subjects that are so vital to the general public. Then there are some "would be" reformers who by their very method of attack, using the most abusive tactics not only in regard to those who are openly violating the law, but upon those who may in the least degree differ with them, thereby engendering an unfriendly spirit where there should be unity and concerted action thwart everything they undertake in the way of moral reform. Or in other words: There has been the endeavor, to a certain extent, to do what Christ would have us do, but not the endeavor to use the Christ spirit in its accomplishment, consequently failure has been the result and a delapidated moral front the spectacle that confronts us.

While men who desire reform and the stability of the law, as a rule, agree in the main; or minor points they often differ, and it is this disagreeing on minor points and a continual haggling over little things that keep those who wish for a better condition of affairs from presenting a solid and influential front to the lawless element.

In the discussion of minor differences in any move for good it must be remembered that no one person "knows it all" and that one must be ready to listen to any advice which is given in the right spirit by a neighbor, and after a subject has been well discussed let the best there is in it be accepted by all and the fight be made accordingly.

We believe there are enough high minded people in Tillamook County, should they give the subject the consideration it deserves, to present a most substantial moral support to any move that may be for a better condition in the business affairs of the county and a strict observance of the law. While the proper alignment of the moral forces of our county would probably not produce any great result at the beginning, still it must be conceded to be the only foundation upon which a better condition and higher state of affairs can be built.

For a burn or scald apply Chamberlain's Salve. It will allay the pain almost instantly and quickly heal the injured parts. For sale by Lama's drug store.

**What to Do in an Emergency.**

**Shipwrecked.**—Go ashore as soon as possible; remove wet clothing and relate your experiences to nearest reporter. Add photograph if possible.

**Baby, Cat, Asleep on Face Of.**—Remove cat.

**Train, Run Over By.**—Remove train using force if necessary. Upon release acquaint nearest station master with the facts and proceed as in case of shipwreck.

**Pantry, Burglar In.**—Procure a copy of the Tariff Reform league's latest publication on free food fallacies and read same to intruder, taking care to elucidate most telling arguments. The contrite crackman will at once turn over a new leaf and express his sorrow. Under the circumstances you will do well to accept his assurance of regret.

**Crime, Having Committed or Being Suspected Of.**—Apply to nearest music hall manager for an engagement. Insist on being put among the "stars" turns and demand a salary proportionate to the gravity of the crime in question.—Punch.

**Not Worth It.**

A young man, after his banns had been twice announced, called upon the busy vicar early one morning. He wanted to have a private word with him about the banns.

"Well," said the vicar, "what is wrong?"

"Oh, it's the girl's name."

"Hasn't it been given correctly?"

"Oh, yes, it's correct enough, but I want you to put another girl's name for the third calling. I've changed my mind and would rather marry Marj, Arris instead of Sarah Jenkins."

The vicar lectured the youth upon his fickleness and told him if he wanted any alteration it would be necessary to make a fresh start and have the banns published afresh.

"What, and pay another shilling?" gasped the lover.

"Certainly," replied the vicar.

"Well, in that case you had better let it be as it is, and I'll marry my first love."—Pearson's Weekly.

**Enlivened His Sermon.**

A minister of Cromwell, in Fla., frequently talked from the pulpit to his hearers with amusing and indeed irreverent familiarity. Expounding a passage from Exodus one day, he proceeded thus: "And the Lord said unto Moses—sneak that door! I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yerself ye w'dna be sae ready leaving it open. It was just beside that door that Yedam Tamson, the bellman, got his death o' cauld, and I'm sure, haussa, man, he didna let it stay muckle open. 'And the Lord said unto Moses—I see a man a'eath the laft w' his laft on; I'm sure, man, ye're clear o' the sough o' that door there. Keep af your banne, Thamas, and if your bare paw be cauld ye maun just get a gray worsted wig, like myself. They're no sae dear—plenty o' them at Bob Gillespie's for 10 pence apiece." The reverend gentleman then proceeded with his discourse.

**A Sample of His Nerve.**

Buck Taylor, the showman, was a great friend of Captain William O'Neill, the rough rider who was killed at Las Guineas, Cuba, in the Spanish-American war. O'Neill was sheriff of Tucson, Ariz., when Taylor became acquainted with him, and on more than one occasion the cowboy rendered the easterner a service.

"Did O'Neill deserve the reputation he held for nerve?" Taylor was once asked.

"Well," he said and then hesitated, as if careful to choose the right words. "I don't think there was anything that Bucky O'Neill was afraid of. Once he went into a den where ten of the pals of a murderer and train robber he was after were gathered, laid his hand on the man's shoulder and walked him out. He had not a friend or ally within sight or hearing. Was that nerve?"

**She Had Tasted the Oyster.**

Dora, the pet of the household, was very fond of oysters, and after eating her lunch of oysters and crackers she thought of her dear mother busy at her sewing machine. She selected a nice large oyster, put it in a plate and carried it to her mother, who, pleased with her little daughter's thoughtfulness, ate the oyster and said:

"It is most as good as my little girlie."

"Yes," answered Dora, "I know it is good 'cause I licked it all the way from the kitchen."—Dellmeator.

**A Way to Wealth.**

Upon one occasion the late Earl Poullett, who, by the way, was a great spendthrift, was paying his physician and on handing the medical gentleman 400 guineas in gold asked him if he knew how to grow rich. The doctor replied in the negative, and the earl advised him never to pay an account by check, but always in coin, "for," he added, "the more you look at your money the less inclined you will be to part with it."

**His Mean Comment.**

Wife (reading)—Here's the advertisement of a matrimonial agency offering to supply any man with a wife for a guinea.

Husband—Oh, of course; it costs less to get into trouble than it does to get out again.—London Scraps.

**A Real John Doe.**

"There goes a man who would be justified in changing his name," said the city salesman. "His name is really Doe, and John in the bargain—John Doe. Moreover, he has a sister Jane. I wonder what kind of joke their parents were trying to perpetrate on those helpless mortals. Doe as a surname was bad enough without adding to the offense by tacking on John and Jane. When I first met John Doe I didn't take his name seriously. I thought the man who introduced us was enjoying a little pleasantry at my expense or maybe at the expense of John Doe. I smiled. John Doe did not smile.

"You don't believe it," he said, "but unfortunately it is true. I am the famous Doe."

"Later I met his sister Jane and the rest of that particular Doe family. They assured me that there are a number of Does in town. I presume there are, but I trust that in most cases the old folks had sense enough not to christen their offspring John and Jane."—New York Press.

**The Moor and His Horse.**

The horsemastership of the Moors is primitive and entirely successful. A Moor never walks when he can ride and never by any chance gets off to ease his beast. How a Moorish pony would have chuckled at the weary walks enforced on tired men by well meaning cavalry colonels in South Africa! He would have said to himself: "I don't think much of animals that can't carry fifteen stone fifteen hours a day. I must be a really superior kind of beast." The Moorish (and Goumler) horse always spends his nights in the open. He is never groomed or clipped. His youth is passed wandering untended over the vast fields. When in work he gets all the barley he wants at night and a drink before his feed in the evening. From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. he expects to work and to work hard without bite or sup. His saddle is a wooden tree superimposed on at least half a dozen folded blankets, the thickness of which often reaches six inches, and he never gets a sore back.—London Spectator.

**He Got the Ticket.**

"Seamen's return" tickets are issued by most British railways at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates. A rather well groomed young man demanded one to Birmingham; the booking clerk at Hull demurred.

"Seamen's returns" are only issued to sailors," he snapped.

"Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply. "I have only your word for that," said the clerk. "How am I to know it is correct?"

"How are you to know?" came the answer. "Why, you leather necked, swivel eyed son of a sea cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights you'll know I've been doing more than sit on a stool bleating all my life, and you'll haul in your jaw tackle a bit."

"Give him the ticket," said the passenger superintendent, who had overheard the dialogue; "he's a sailor, right enough."—London Scraps.

**Seeing and Thinking.**

Most people see an object when they think of it. They can see before their eyes a geometrical drawing or the figures on a chessboard when they think of them. In order to think at all most men make use of images, though they may be of different kinds. Thus one man when he thinks of "Italy" sees just the printed word; another sees the country's outline on a map; another may see the country spread out before him, with its villages and towns. Psychologists are beginning to classify the different aids or images of which men make use. Some, for example, hear the words of their thought within themselves; others read them, as if the words were written generally in black on a white ground.—London Post.

**To Pluck Them.**

Lord Justice Mathew once tried a case in which a money lender sued a youth who had fallen into his hands. The plaintiff demurred at counsel's referring to him constantly as a "money lender" and protested that he was something in addition to that.

"What is the addition?" inquired the judge.

"Well, I'm—well, a dealer in—er—birds."

"Certainly—pigeons?" quietly asked the judge.—London Telegraph.

**Something Similar.**

"Have you a copy of the 'Stolen Rope'?" inquired a visitor to a music seller.

"I am afraid I don't know of such a song."

"Why, it goes like this." And the customer hummed the tune.

"Why, you mean 'The Lost Chord'?" said the assistant.

"Ah, that's it!"

**Highly Flattered.**

"Your glasses," she said, "have made a great difference in your appearance."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"Yes. You look so intelligent with them on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Rebuked.**

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked a Dutch justice of a prisoner.

"Not guilty."

"Den vat you vant here? Go about your business!"

**Occupying.**  
Dressing dolls has become the serious business of a great many people, but especially of American men.—Puck.

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