

THE BUGLE CALL.

C.L.S. E.L.S.
Editors: Lynn Eberman, Ralph Himes.

The students of the H.S. were very much pleased to have Prof. Rutherford with them last Friday afternoon.

To hear him makes one wish to do his very best in everything he undertakes.

When Gladys learned for certain that the N.H.S. would come to Tillamook with their play she became so excited she could not attend school the rest of the day.

The following sayings have been heard so often around school that they are getting old:

"What do you mean by that?"
"I've told you so often."
"Can't you behave yourself?"
"You had ought to know better."
"Don't look so innocent."
"Ah! You may go elsewhere."

Mabel G.: "Napoleon trained the guns on the mob and gave 'em a shot of grape shot."
"Mr. R.: "Yes; grape shot."

The students hearts were filled to the overflowing point with joy when they learned that Miss Shirk would be with them another year. We are sure most of the parents will be very pleased, too.

Lost, a base ball glove. Finder please return to school library.

The play, "Brother Josiah," given by the N.H.S. last Saturday evening was a decided success, and the players are to be congratulated on the talent manifested by them.

"Benjamin Butler Armstrong" acted his part to perfection. "Brother Josiah's" breakfast troubles were quite laughable. All parts were very nicely taken, clear down to our little Martha (Mother Armstrong). Of course the T.H.S. was rather proud of her as she attended that school in the Freshman class last year.

The Baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Rev. Hovan, at the U. B. Church, Sunday morning, at 11 a.m.

There are no definite plans for the trip to Nehalem, but the boys are quite busy talking it up. They now think that they will give an entertainment one night and a dance another. As Nehalem will oppose the T.H.S. in athletics next year, the base ball squad may give a basket ball game one night while there to give the people an idea of how the game is played. The boys may also take one of Mr. Lanar's moving picture machines with them, which will probably constitute a part of another night's program.

Next week the final examinations will occupy the minds of a good many in the school.

Some of the little tois think it very pleasant to run with their shoes off.

Daisy was very worried last Monday. She saw Miss Shirk going down town and was so afraid she would not get back in time to teach the 9th grade Algebra class.

The eighth grade had a meeting recently, and as a result the following were decided upon:

President—Vesta Baker.
Vice-President—John Ebenger.
Sec and Treasurer—Helen Beals.
Class Colors—Grey and Pink.
Class Flower—Pink Rose.

Babby: "I think Mr. Reichen ought to let me move into one of the back seats now I've been good for two whole weeks."

The explanation for the above is simple. Babby has been absent for two weeks.

Those passing the recent eighth grade examination were:
Helen Beals, Alice Todd.
Merlin Catterlin, John Ebenger.
Harvey Ebenger, Josie Davidson.
Verle Stanley, Mary Lutkie.
Ferry Klinehan, Veda Sappington.
Eva Bailey, Vesta Baker.

A Soldier Boy.
It was on the bright sunny shores of New England that Mrs. Trea and her son lived happily together in their little brown cottage.

Ever since the death of Mr. Trea, which had happened five years ago, Harold, Mrs. Trea's son, had taken care of his little mother. At first at the age of fifteen, it had been hard for him to work in the cotton factory and miss the rest of his school days. But the boy was not the kind to give up and instead of doing so, he worked steadily at the cotton mill in the day and at night studied his books.

He was growing up to be a manly young man, becoming unselfish and kinder to his mother every day.

Although everything was bright outside the cottage the scene was not so gay inside its walls, for Harold, who was now twenty, had been called to enlist in

the army of the Southerners. He hated to leave his little mother, but he felt that duty called him to fight for his country, although he might never see her again.

They were sitting by the fireside when Harold gently took his mother's hand and said, "Mother, dear, we might as well try to be as cheerful as we can tonight for tomorrow I must go." "Oh, but, dear son I cannot help but fear for you on the battle field and if you should be taken away from me it would break your mother's heart."

"Mother, I believe our father will protect me and keep me in the very worst of the fight. Besides, I may win victories and come back a Major General," said he laughingly.

"God bless you my boy, and always remember to carry your bible with you and read a passage every day."

The next morning the mother standing in the doorway, watched her boy in blue disappear till only a mear speck of blue could be seen of him. She then went about her duties with a heavy heart, but trusting for her boys return.

Five years later Mrs. Trea was up at six o'clock bustling around at her morning work. She was very busy peeling potatoes, when she heard a knock at the door. Wondering who should come at such an hour she slightly opened the door to find her own dear son standing before her in a beautiful suit of blue.

The happiness which filled the little brown cottage far excelled anything outside on that summer day, and Harold in his general coat could not help but feel proud of his mother's pride in him. Everything which could make their happiness complete seemed to effect it that day, and this soldier boy and mother were truly thankful for their many blessings.

The proposed visit of the H. S. base ball team to Nehalem will involve considerable work, especially for the manager, therefore, Mr. Elmer Allen, was elected direct manager of the team.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, will cancel the following county warrants, to wit:

- No. of Date To whom war. issued. issued. Amt. Series.
4408, Nov. 6, 1901, Henry Lederer, \$8,75, F.
4465, Nov. 6, 1901, I. F. Hiner \$1,25, F.
4708, May 7, 1902, J. D. Lawrance, \$2 50, F.
4711, May 7, 1902, Chas. Farmer, \$3,75, F.
5456, Sept. 5, 1901, Chas. L. Thompson, \$1,70, E
5687, June 2, 1902, T. P. Hogan, \$3,20, E.

And that if said warrants are not presented for payment within sixty days from said first day of July, 1909, they will be cancelled and payment thereof will be refused.

By Order of the County Court, J.C. HOLDEN, County Clerk.

For Sale.

A horse, eight years old, weight about 1000 pounds. E. Atkinson, Sandlake, Oregon.

Hides Wanted.

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

Wanted.

A home for an eleven year old girl from the Boys and Girls Aid Society. Any one willing to give this little girl a home please write to L. V., care of this paper.

Timber for Sale.

For sale, 9 million feet of standing timber, about 1 1/2 mile from tide water, on the Kelchis river, at \$1 a thousand. Spruce and Hemlock. A good chance for a logger to make money.—Enquire of J. W. Jennings, Tillamook, Or.

20 Acres of Bottom Land for Sale
20 Acres of Bottom Land at Nehalem, with new barn and rough lumber house, near cheese factory and school. Will be worth \$250 an acre this time next year. To be sold for \$55 an acre. A fine place for a small family. Enquire at the Headlight office.

Horse for Sale.

A good Young Horse, cheap. Apply at the Headlight office.

Notice.

The gasoline steamer Antelope will make two regular trips each day for all points on Tillamook Bay until further notice. Fare, 25c. each way. F. N. ELLIOTT.

Smashes All Records.

As an all round laxative tonic and health builder no other pills can compare with Dr. King's New Life Pills. They tone and regulate stomach, liver and kidneys, purify the blood, strengthen the nerves, cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Chills and Malaria. Try them. 25c. at C. I. Clough's drug store.

Kills to Stop the Fiend.

The worst foe for 12 years of John Daye, of Gladwin, Mich., was a running ulcer. He paid doctors over \$400.00 without benefit. Then Bucken's Arnica Salve killed the ulcer and cured him. Cures Free-Sores, Boils, Felons, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Infallible for Piles, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns. 25c. at C. I. Clough's drug store.

HE COMPROMISED.

A Story John B. Gough Told in His Temperance Lectures.

John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, was noted as a story teller, and his stories were always well suited to his argument. W. A. Mowry in his "Recollections of a New England Educator" recalls one of them:

"Compromise, compromise! What does compromise mean? I will tell you. A colored man met a friend one day and said:

"Sambo, Sambo, do you know dat toder night I was sorely tempted? You know I used to steal. Well, since I jined de church I stopped stealing, but you know Mr. Jonsing's shoe store? Well, toder night I was in dat shoe store, and I looked on de shelf and I see a pair of boots, jes' de nicest pair of boots—jes' my size, No. 14.

"Dere was de debil, and he say, 'Take 'em, take 'em.' Den de Lord say, 'Let 'em alone; dat's stealin'.' But I wanted dem boots; mine all out at de bottom and sides. Dere was de debil and me, and we both say, 'Take 'em.' But de Lord say, 'Don't you take 'em; dat's stealin'.' Now, dere was a clear majority of two against one.

"Jes' den Mr. Jonsing he leeb de store, and he leeb me all alone. Den de debil say, 'Take 'em quick and ske-daddle.' I could take dem boots and chuck 'em under my coat and go right away an' Mr. Jonsing would neber know nottin' about it. But, bress de Lord, I stood de temptation! I compromised and took a pair of shoes instead."

HER LOST COAT.

The Sequel to a Ladies' Afternoon Card Party.

A number of women were putting on their wraps preparatory to going home from an afternoon card party in the upper residence district of New York one afternoon last winter when a valuable fur coat belonging to one of them could not be found. There was, however, another fur coat of inferior quality in the dressing room, which the hostess said had evidently been left by mistake by the woman who had taken the other garment. The available coat was taken away by the woman whose wrap was missing in the hope that the mistake would be rectified without much trouble.

Several days passed, and no claim was made for the coat the guest had worn away from the house, and the woman took it to a dealer, where her garment had been purchased, hoping that some mark on the substituted coat might be found by which the owner could be identified. The plan was successful, and, much to her amazement, she discovered that the inferior coat was the property of her card hostess.

The "lost" coat was found, and on its return the matter was to be hushed up, but the promise of silence was evidently poorly kept. No more invitations for afternoon card parties have been issued from the house where the "mistake" was made.—New York Tribune.

Maori Women.

Maori women of New Zealand know nothing about kissing. Nose rubbing is their form of salutation, and when two friends meet they hold each other by their hands, bend their heads until their noses touch and then rub them gently from side to side. This form of greeting is not confined to the women, but is practiced by the men. They seldom meet without rubbing noses. In times of lamentation the Maori women will sit for hours with their noses touching and moan for the loss of some chief whom they have in all probability never seen. The loss of a brother or friend is enough to start them off for days, all moaning and howling piteously. They are essentially a sympathetic race, and the sorrows of one are the sorrows of all.

Too Good to Waste.

A churchgoer and a backslider met on the hillside. The churchgoer was bound double quick for the church at the foot. The backslider, oddly enough, was going up.

"Hi! You're going the wrong way!" called the churchgoer.

The backslider yelled back, but his answer was lost.

"Say," he demanded of the churchgoer the next day, "did you hear what I said?"

"No."

"Well, it's too good to waste. You said I was going the wrong way. I said you seemed to be going downhill pretty fast yourself."—New York Sun.

Gave Her Room.

A gentleman who had a very large nose while walking in a street in Leeds the other day was subject to a few remarks about it. The height of impudence, however, was reached when a woman stopped a few yards in front of him apparently to have a good look at it. The gentleman also stopped and, taking hold of his nose with his finger and thumb, pushed it on one side and calmly said:

"Now, then, missus, can you pass now?"

She went on.—London Tit-Bits.

A Pair of Bulls.

Here are a couple of Irish bulls. A son of Erin, seeing a very tiny coffin, exclaimed, "Is it possible that that coffin was intended for any living creature?" An Irish judge thus addressed a prisoner, "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

Artificial Beauty.

One reason why women suppose the men are fooled by artificial beauty is that most of the men are too gallant not to pretend that they do not know the difference.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Thrifty Wife.

A careful, prudent wife is a blessing to a man, especially to a poor man, but some wives are a little too careful. Lord Eldon's wife was somewhat "near," as they say in England. His lordship was very fond of hunting and retired to the country for a few weeks toward the end of the season, where he was in the habit of riding a little Welsh pony, for which he gave 50 shillings. One morning his lordship, intending to enjoy a few hours' sport, ordered Bob to be saddled. Lady Eldon objected, but as company was present gave no reason. In a few moments, however, the servant opened the door and announced that Bob was ready.

"Why, bless me," exclaimed her ladyship, "you can't ride him, Lord Eldon! He has no shoes on."

"Yes, my lady, he was shod this week," said the servant.

"Shameful!" exclaimed her ladyship. "How dare any one have him shod without orders? John," she continued, addressing her husband, "you know you rode the pony only a few times last year, so I had the shoes taken off and have kept them ever since in my bureau. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again. We shall be ruined at this rate."

First of the Swifts.

Gustavus Franklin Swift, the first of this commercial dynasty, was a Cape Cod Yankee, who bought a steer now and then and peddled the meat from the back of a certain goat which has since become famous. He moved to Albany and went deeper into meats, discarding one after another partners who had not the foresight and daring which he possessed. He located in Chicago at the beginning of those days of great possibilities in bringing into touch the new west and the older east. It was he who invented the first refrigerator car. This was the one revolutionary act which put his sons and a few other sons in very fair control of half of the meat of America. He saw the market for dressed beef extended only after the hardest of fights. All great revolutions are fought against. All the rest, all England, all Europe, fought the idea of dressed beef and then accepted it. I doubt if we could do without it now.—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

A Voice From the "Gods."

In a certain theater which makes a specialty of melodrama there is a large following of gallery "gods," and very naturally the "sky" assemblage is composed of knowing critics, who are loud in their demands to be pleased. Woe unto the actor who is unfortunate enough to incur their displeasure!

Recently a play with a hair raising plot was put on the boards. The hero was evidently new to his part, for he fumbled his lines badly and spoke in a faltering tone. Perhaps it was for this reason that he did not meet with the sympathy of the gallery.

Just before the crisis of the play the hero clasped his sweetheart in his arms and said:

"Keep a brave heart, my darling. The worst is yet to come."

Whereupon a voice that had no doubt received its training in crying "Extry!" on the street yelled out:

"What are y' goin' t' do, mister-sing?"—London Tit-Bits.

There Was Something Doing.

In a barber's shop the other day I saw a man for whom I felt sorry—not that he needed my sympathy from the standpoint of charity, for he was a well to do man, having many business affairs, but I felt sorry for him because of what he was doing. A barber was cutting his hair. He was having his left hand manncured. In his right hand he held a newspaper. He was smoking a cigar, and a porter was shining his shoes. There he sat reading a newspaper. Three persons were busy waiting on him, doing their best to please him, and he was oblivious to the joy which his opportunity afforded him.—Fort Worth Star.

What's In a Name.

Talking of names, what's in them? A good lot sometimes. We knew a girl named Rose once. She was a daughter of old Rose, and he, being a little romantic, christened her Wild. Certainly Wild Rose is a pretty name. But, alas, the old man was not farseeing! She married a man named Bull.

Then, again, we happen to know a carpenter named Pierrotic Zrnchstarowski. Now, whenever a fellow workman saws down on a nail this chap always sings out, "What is it?" He thinks they are calling him. Yes, there's a good deal in a name.—London Scraps.

Partners in Crime.

The hard looking customer had been arrested for stealing an umbrella.

Knowing.

"Does he know much?"

"Well, he not only knows that he doesn't know much, but he knows enough to keep others from knowing it."—Judge.

The Unfeeling World.

"Did you ever feel that the world was against you?"

"Sure. I felt it this morning when I slipped on the sidewalk."—Pittsburg Observer.

As we grow less young the aged grow less old.—Bacon.

Successful Applicants for Eighth Grade Diplomas at the Recent Examinations

- Dist. No.
1.—Bennie Neilson.
2.—Flora Edgar.
5.—August Schollmeyer, Fred Snyder.
6.—Edward Mendenhall, Frank Follett.
9.—John Ebinger, Eva Bailey, Veta Baker, Merlin Catterlin, Alice Todd, Jessie Davidson, Harvey Ebinger, Veda Sappington, Verle Stanley, Helen Beals, Ferry Klinehan.
10.—Alphid Swensen.
11.—Melissa Scovell, Cynthia Scovell, Irena Alley, Dan Alley, Basil Scovell, Elmer Scovell, Lee Alley.
13.—Myrtle Cross.
26.—Hortense Fichereau, Nelie Blanchard.
28.—Gilbert Zaddach, Frank McKimens, Ansel Lommen, Rudolph Tohl.
31.—Ernest P. Watt.
32.—Lillibelle Bays, Bennie Mills.
33.—Gertrude Schlappi, Blanche Pearson.
35.—Jessie Brown.
39.—Frank Thompson.
40.—Rudolph Hanenkratt, Marie Hanenkratt, Edith Anderson.

Applicants that will be permitted to complete the examination in June.

- Dist. No.
1.—Merna Parkhurst, Ethelyn Crawford, Alvin Stasek, Rudolph Stasek, Frank Ebbesen, Emery Wagner, Agness Tuttle.
2.—Paul Edgar, Reed West, Linnie Pesterfield, Iva Wells.
6.—Ruth Mendenhall, John Rook.

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