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The Tillamook Headlight.
 Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

Dairy ng In Tillamook.

Tillamook County is pre-eminently the dairy county of Oregon. Its climate is moist, mild and equable, and its soil is well adapted to the production of forage plants making it an ideal grazing section. Laboring under a heavy handicap because of inadequate transportation facilities, the dairymen of that section have nevertheless made a showing in profits and products, for several years past that is truly wonderful. For a number of years the terms "Tillamook butter" and "Tillamook cheese" have been a guarantee for excellence in the quality of these staple products that has never been questioned, while year after year the quantity of these products has increased, until, as stated in a recent communication from Tillamook, the checks paid to dairymen last May called for larger amounts than ever before in a single month in the history of the dairying industry in Tillamook County.

Dairymen have taken the precaution to work together in the matter of placing their products on the market, thus securing a uniformity in price and an unquestioned guarantee of quality, together with the substantial advantages that accrue from large shipments.

Dairying in Tillamook has developed a three fold industry; it has caused much land to be cleared for growing hay, a yearly increase in surplus stock available for dairy purposes for an ever increasing meat supply, and the production of butter and cheese in constantly increasing quantity for a widening market. This is prosperity of the type that makes sure advance and is in no danger of turning suddenly upon its traces. It tells of a comfortable living under all circumstances for those who engage in it and an assured competence for those who pursue dairying intelligently and industriously, even on a small scale.—Oregonian.

Next to writing an affinity letter the most difficult task in the world is to interpret one.

Some of the people in Washington are beginning to wonder what interest Senator Tillman can have in the subject of tea culture.

Greek versus Greek is the title of the Senate case involving the merits of the Taft tax amendment and the Commis income plan.

The term "militant," as applied to the London suffragettes, seems to be extremely mild. In this country it would be supplanted by "rip-roaring."

"What has the Payne bill done for 10,000,000 or 20,000,000 mothers bringing up families on a few hundred dollars a year?" asks Ida Tarbell. Only provides the way for getting the three or four hundred. That's all.

Secretary Wilson believes that the high price of foodstuffs is largely due to the scarcity of farm hands. If this be the correct explanation it is almost certain that prices will keep on soaring, because the yeomanry are each year becoming less and less inclined to work on the farm.

If it hadn't been for another of those confounded coincidences, Prof. George Herbert Palmer of Harvard College would have picked some other day for advising young people to flirt than the same one on which it came out that the murder of Mrs. Woodhill by Eastman was the result of what began in a harmless flirtation.

If anybody wants an object lesson in the weakness of representative government, let him contemplate now the struggle in Congress to so amend pending measures with unconstitutional features that the courts will be forced to nullify them. The strangest part of all of it is that the same men who do these things are those who wonder most at demands for initiative, referendums and other paraphernalia of what they call "radicalism."

Twenty-Five Cents is the Price of Peace.
 The terrible itching and smarting, incident to certain skin diseases, is almost instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Salve. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

Everyone would be benefited by taking Foley's Orino Laxative for stomach and liver trouble and habitual constipation. It sweetens the stomach and breath, gently stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels and is much superior to pills and ordinary laxatives. Why not try Foley's Orino Laxative today?—J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

A FROG IN THE POT.

Vexing Days of the Early Tea Tax In New England.

Tea was not brought over by the first settlers. When the pilgrims landed at Plymouth tea was selling in England at from \$10 to \$50 per pound. It was a luxury that had been known to Englishmen only a few years.

Early settlers got along without India or China tea for a long time. They used roots, herbs and leaves found in the fields and woods as a substitute for tea. Sassafras tea was a common drink.

Tea was advertised for sale in Boston in 1762 for the first time, according to historians. In 1766 patriots began to take the pledge not to drink tea because of the tax that the English government placed on it. It became fashionable for patriotic ladies not to serve India tea, but as substitutes therefor "Labrador tea" and "Liberty tea."

Captain Page of Danvers forbade his spouse to taste tea beneath his roof as long as the tax remained upon it, but the strong minded and ingenious lady ascended to the flat roof of the house, invited her friends to follow, and there she served tea to them.

Some other ladies of the town fared less fortunately. They used to borrow for their tea parties the big teapot of the once famous Bell tavern. One day, after drinking the forbidden beverage, the master of the house unexpectedly walked in, jumped to the fire, grabbed the teapot and turned it over, and out rolled a big frog. The jovial patriots at the Bell tavern suspecting the use of the pot had placed the frog in it. Some of the dames never drank tea afterward, for it made them sick.

Isaac Wilson of Peabody persisted in selling tea, so the Sons of Liberty seized him and compelled him to walk about town penitently repeating:
 I, Isaac Wilson, a Tory be;
 I, Isaac Wilson, I sell tea.

The celebrated Boston tea party was followed by tea parties in other New England towns. In Salem, soon after the Boston party, David Mason was suspected of having had his negro servant smuggle two chests of tea into his home. Patriots entered and searched his house. They found the tea. They gave it to boys, who paraded with it to Salem common and there burned it.

Even after the Revolution trade in tea was not wholly unrestricted. It appears that in some New England places dealers in tea were required to take out a license.—Boston Globe.

THE HORSE BREAKER.

How He Cured a Valuable Animal of a Bad Habit.

The late Duke of Northumberland once purchased a beautiful and valuable horse, but no sooner had his grace begun to use him than he discovered that the horse had one very bad trick—that of suddenly lying down when his rider was on his back. This could not be endured, so he ordered his servant to get the horse properly broken in, says a writer in Chambers' Journal.

Accordingly away went the groom to a celebrated horse breaker in the city of Durham and, without mentioning the animal's particular frailty, left him with a general commission to break him in. The next day the teacher of horses rode out on an experimental trip with the duke's favorite and presently found himself gently rolled upon the soil and the horse by his side, very much at his ease.

"Oh," said the horse breaker, not at all embarrassed, "is that your custom?" So he provided himself the next day with several strong stakes and plenty of sound rope and took the unceremonious steed to a large field adjoining Durham cathedral. Ridding round and round, the animal, according to his character, soon stretched himself comfortably, rider and all, on the green sods. Without saying a word the horse breaker, getting up, seized upon his wooden stakes, drove them deep and firm into the ground all around the willful brute and then by means of the rope fastened him down exactly in the position chosen by himself, so that neither legs nor body could stir one inch. Of course after a time the horse was willing to get up, but the teacher was willing he should lie still, and there he kept him with plenty of hay and water within reach, for three days and three nights, himself sitting on his back for most of the time, smoking his pipe. The horse never again lay down with his rider on his back.

The Canny Scot's Sense of Humor.

The reason a Scot does not laugh at a joke right away, says Dean Ramsay, is not, as is the popular fiction, that he is "slow in the uptake," but that the canny man will not commit himself. He must think it over before he donates the exact amount of laughter which the joke deserves. The Scot minister, who is Scotland's common public speaker, is aware, consciously or instinctively, of this trait, and his delivery of an anecdote with a point is a thing of unique art.

Solicitude.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Tokins, "didn't you say that horse you bought has a pedigree?"
 "Yes," was the complacent reply.
 "Well, knowing how unlucky you are with horses, I consulted a veterinary surgeon. You needn't worry. The doctor says it won't hurt him in the least."—Washington Star.

Well Placed.

Bacon—That office seeking friend of yours has landed a job at last.
 Egbert—Good! What has he landed?
 "He's keeper at the pesthouse."
 "Well, he's the right man in the right place. He's the greatest pest I ever knew."—Youkers Statesman.

BRIBERY IN RUSSIA.

An Incident of the Reign of the "Czar-Liberator."

An old and long retired Russian general, a man of the "old school," related the following story in illustration of the official bribery that prevails in Russia, the incident being one within his own personal knowledge:

During the reign of Alexander II the "czar-liberator," the widow of a distinguished general endeavored to obtain an appointment in a certain ministry for her only son, a young man of superior education and intelligence. The minister promised the widow to reserve the first occurring vacancy in his department. She waited in vain for the fulfillment of the promise and twice repeated her appeal by letter. She learned, too, that in the meantime several vacancies had been filled by other candidates.

The widow then waited upon the emperor and told his majesty of the minister's broken promises and her own deep disappointment, and after a few moments' consideration the czar asked her if she had inclosed a gift of money to the minister with her written application.

"Why, certainly not, your majesty. I should not dare put such an affront upon his excellency."
 "Do not trouble yourself about the affront, madame," replied the czar "but renew your prowsie to the minister and inclose £1,000 to him."
 "But I have no such sum of money, your majesty," said the widow dolefully.

"Oh, as to that, I will lend you the money, and the minister will no doubt repay me, and you will inform me, please, of the result of your renewed application with the inclosure."

The widow sent her son to the minister with the £1,000 lent by the czar inclosed with a politely written note, the result being that the young man received the desired appointment the same day.

About a week later the minister had just concluded his customary official report to the czar when his majesty observed, "By the way, there is a very intelligent and promising young man, the son of the late General —, for whom you can perhaps find a fairly prospective position in your department."

"But, your majesty," said the minister, "that young man is already in my department, and I should say that he is likely to make a career for himself."

"Tell me, please," quietly asked the czar, "how much did this youth's mother pay you for the appointment?"

The minister was too wily and tactful outwardly to manifest his surprise and chagrin, and he knew, too, that his safety demanded a perfectly candid reply to his sovereign.

"Would your majesty be interested," he said, "to hear what I myself paid for the influence which procured my portfolio from your gracious hands? The total sum was £22,500, and, relatively speaking, I do not think, with all humility, that this lady has paid at all dearly for the prospects of her son."

The minister repaid to the czar the £1,000 and was not unkindly dismissed from the audience, and he also retained his portfolio.—Odessa Cor. London Standard.

The African Buffalo.

A wounded buffalo is vastly more dangerous when he runs away than when he charges, for in nine cases out of ten after a dash that may be for a few hundred yards or a mile he will reverently circle back to an interception of his own trail, stand hidden in grass or thicket until his pursuer comes plodding along the trail and then charge upon him. Despite the fierce temper of a lone bull, his savagery and his great, charging bulk, I believe him much less dangerous than the lion, for he has far less speed, lacks the lion's poisoned claws and is a much bigger target. This opinion is substantiated by the indisputable fact that at least ten men are killed or mangled by lion to one killed by buffalo.—Edgar Beecher Bronson in Century.

The Temple of Zeus.

All that remains of the great temple of Zeus, which was 700 years in building, is to be found about 150 yards from the foot of the Acropolis at Athens. The ruins consist of sixteen columns of the Corinthian order, six and one-half feet in diameter and sixty feet high. It was the second largest temple erected by the Greeks, one superior to it in size being the temple of Diana at Ephesus. According to a legend, its foundation was built by Dukalion, the Greek Noah, who from this point witnessed the waters of the flood subside. An opening in the ground is said to be the orifice through which the flood disappeared.

Amended.

In a book of musical criticism the author alluded in flattering terms to the works of his friend Herr Q. Unfortunately during the printing of the volume the two friends quarreled. Then the offended author had inserted in each copy of the book a slip of paper with the following note: "Erratum, page 94, line 21, for 'Herr Q., the eminent composer and distinguished musician,' read 'Herr Q., the pretensions violinist and impudent and clumsy pianist!'"—London Mail.

Testing Dear Little Fido's Milk.

"Algy, dear," remarked a young wife to her husband, "I wish you would taste this milk and see if it is perfectly sweet. If it's the least bit sour I mustn't give any of it to dear little Fido!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Man's Religion never dies so long as he uses the Golden Rule in measuring his actions.

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