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The Tillamook Headlight. Fred C Baker, Publisher.

It is said that Harry Thaw will charge lawyers again. His chief trouble, however, appears to be in the law, not in the lawyers.

Mr. Harriman was not once on deck in coming across on the ocean liner, but he was at once on deck as soon as he reached New York.

The incubator baby continues to make more of a noise in this old world than a thousand babies being brought up on mother's milk.

Between the airship and the automobile the only safe thing to do is to take to the woods with a picnic basket and a fishing basket.

Chancellor Day has quit defending John D. Rockefeller and is now inviting public attention by predicting the early dissolution of the British Empire.

An epidemic of fraud resulting in the collection of large sums of money on worthless checks signed by irresponsible but well-dressed citizens indicated that the era of confidence is at last with us again.

Japan ridicules the idea that she is indebted to America for her progressive business spirit, and yet it was an American, Commodore Perry, who first opened the Japanese doors to universal commerce.

Mr. Heart's New York American has made a poll of the legislatures of many states and has found that twenty-seven of them favor the constitutional amendment giving Congress power to levy an income tax.

Mr. Roosevelt's assistants are clever men. The business manager keeps him on short rations at times, and the night watchman never fails to have the campers aroused at daybreak by a chorus of wild animal voices.

Of course the temperance people will make as much use of the fact that beer drinking has not restored Mr. Harriman's health as the other fellows made of the fact that his physician had told him to drink it.

The Democratic tariff tinkers who are expecting help from the insurgent Republicans will get very little from Senator Cummins. He charges that the Democratic party has thoroughly demonstrated its innocuous inability to be trusted with anything so important as a tariff law.

Changing lights are being seen on Mars nearly every night now, as the red planet draws nearer the earth. If the Martians are signaling us now, then they must have been doing so in 1891, the year of their last previous near approach, when similar lights were seen, and will discover that we are as benighted now as we were then. It might do some good to hear what they are saying of us on Mars.

Basil Hyden, of Nelson County, Ky., made a vow during the first Lincoln campaign that he would never leave his room in the event of Lincoln's election as president, and who kept it, died the other day leaving \$100,000 worth of property. The worst thing about the dissemination of this information through the Press is not in the fact of Basil Hyden's death, but in its encouragement of this delusion that the possession of sense is not necessary to the accumulation of money.

The Alabama House of Representatives has passed what is admitted to be the most severe prohibition bill ever offered in the South. By its provisions, not only is the sale of liquors prohibited, but their advertisement may not appear in any newspaper or upon any billboard, and no train may leave a car containing liquor on any track in the state. No place selling any sort of goods may be called a saloon, and officers may raid places on suspicion and destroy goods found. Corporations must promise not to bring in liquors, on penalty of having their licenses revoked automatically.

A Harry Up Call. Quick! Mr. Druggist—Quick!—A box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve—Here's a quarter—For the love of Moses, hurry! Baby's burned himself, terribly—John, tie cut his foot with the axe—Man is scalded—Pa can't walk from pile—Billie has boils—and my corns ache. She got it and soon cured all the family. It's the greatest healer on earth. Sold by Chas. I. Clough.

Just Before Departure.

Rev. Father Sullivan, in making his departure for Omaha, expresses some decided opinions touching the womanhood of the present day, its vanities, its foibles, its limitations and its aspirations. Where he a layman, it would be possible to believe that he waited until the eve of his departure before daring to give utterance to such an attack upon what is truly the better half of our American life in point of equipment for any warfare of this kind.

She is sure to look. No true daughter of Eve has the strength to look away under such circumstances. Her curiosity will get the letter of her fear, perhaps even of her pride. She will look and shriek, and it will be well then for Father Sullivan if he has put the entire distance between St. Louis and Omaha between himself and her.

Turn we from the mirror to Father Sullivan's economic reflections concerning woman. He condemns, of course, the suffragist movement, and he condemns it in the strongest possible way by going back to the family as a unit of organized society, and insisting that, as the only safety of organized society is in retaining the family as the unit, so the only hope of retaining the unit is to continue relying upon those forces of natural affection and conjugal love which make the men of a household seek through the exercise of their suffrage right, the highest good of all the family groups.

Why People Disappear.

One can hardly scan a paper now without reading a notice about some man or woman who has suddenly disappeared. Yet many of these cases do not find their way into the newspapers. The police know more than the public about the numbers of people who are reported missing by their relatives and friends. And it is no new phase of social life. For years people have gone wandering away from their home circles, and most of them have never come back.

What is the secret of these missing people? What are the hidden causes which prompt them to steal away from all that should be dear to them in life—from their own little world of duty and pleasure, family and friends? The answer is not to be found in the cynical assumption that most of them have excellent reasons for disappearing. The remarkable thing about many of these missing men and women is that they have been, as far as general knowledge goes, entirely respectable; that they have not been deeply embarrassed financially, and that they have been leading quiet, steady lives, outwardly happy and not burdened with more of those cares than most of us carry in our pack.

It is this which makes these cases so baffling and mysterious. The public and the police demand a motive. "What has been up to?" they say, and await revelation. They look for a clew and when they find a hat and coat by a river-side or on the sea beach the clew seems clear enough, though no body is found. The wife is examined, and she, poor soul, can only say: "My husband had nothing to worry him. He was always good to me and devoted to the children." Or a distracted father says: "My daughter was of the happiest disposition, I am sure she had no secret love affairs. Some terrible accident must have happened to her."

time recognized in the philosophy of a policeman. The secret is psychological. If we do but think a little we must admit that in all our hearts there is at times a strange restlessness which we do not understand and could not explain. We have a longing to "get away," any where and anyhow. It is this natural instinct which has made our travelers and explorers. It is this "wandering-gest" which makes many men of today—sporting men, journalists, fiddling fellows, music hall "turns," the tramps on the highways of life—go wandering always from one city to another, from one country to another, unable to settle down or to stay long in one place.

That is one of the strongest instincts in nature, or at least in human psychology—the desire to escape. It is the secret of much of the fretfulness and restlessness of modern life, for with many of us it is a thwarted instinct. It is so difficult to get away, so difficult to escape from the self of which we are very tired. In the old days it was easier. The routine of life was not so iron bound. But now many men and women millions of them, are prisoners, as it were, in narrow cells. Respectability has narrowed them up and cramped their limbs—the respectable middle-class life of getting to an office every morning at the same hour, by the same train of meeting the same people with the same ideas.

The instinct of escape breaks out sometimes in surprising ways, and among people most content, as it seemed, with the humdrum routine. For instance, a domestic servant who had lived in model respectability for twenty years with an old maiden lady, suddenly rebelled against her narrow life and escaped with the grocer's young man. But there are some people, poets, perhaps, though they have never written verse, and philosophers, though they have not read Herbet Spencer, who become too introspective by brooding in the secret chambers of their own heart. Their family and friends do not know of their ceaseless self-omniums; outwardly they live on ordinary life; inwardly they are morbidly excited and profoundly troubled.

They have made a failure of life, perhaps. Their ambitions have been scattered and their dreams dissolved. Religion gives no answer to their questionings. There is nothing new for them or satisfying in literature. The world has been too hard on them, and their life is wearisome, and they are sick of that self in which they have lived too much.

They want to wipe the slate clean and begin all over again. They want to get away. It becomes a morbid, haunting thought. It grows stronger and more obsessing, but they hide it as a guilty thing from those who sit opposite at table, or from their bedfellows. The little things of life are done mechanically. They seem quite sane and level-headed. But all the while there is a voice calling them to come away—somewhere, somehow. They must escape.

And so one day the respectable and respected husband, the good father, the quiet daughter, steal away, without a word, and go wondering. Sometimes they are very cunning, with the cunning of madness. Sometimes they just walk out into the streets and take a railway ticket, or a steamer ticket, not careful to hide their traces, but careless of everything except that one terrible irresistible desire which drives them away. What has happened to those missing people? Some of them have built up new lives in new places, hiding that old life and self like the secret of a crime. Others have escaped through the great gate which is closed after all who enter it. They have taken the easiest and saddest way.—Detroit Free Press.

Tillamook County has ordered another rock crusher, roller and engine and with the arrival of the machine, will have more than \$10,000 invested in equipment for road work. This will not seem surprising to anyone who has traveled over Tillamook County Roads. Tillamook is a big county, with a small population and limited development which, of course, restricts the revenues and prevents elaborate improvement throughout the county. In the best developed portion of the county, however, in the vicinity of Tillamook City and Nehalem, will be found some of the best country roads that have been built anywhere in the State of Oregon. As all of the farmers and dairymen using these roads are highly prosperous, it is apparent that the value of good roads is fully appreciated in this remote county. The railroad will increase the population of Tillamook quite rapidly, but there will be a distinct advantage in road building for many years.—Oregonian.

Testifies After Four Years. Carlisle Center, N.Y. G. B. Burbans, writes: "About four years ago I wrote you that I had been entirely cured of kidney trouble by taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy, and after four years I am again pleased to state that I have never had any return of those symptoms, and I am evidently cured to stay cured." Foley's Kidney Remedy will do the same for you. J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

Health and Beauty Aid. Cosmetics and lotions will not clear your complexion of pimples and blotches like Foley's Orino Laxative, for indigestion, stomach and liver trouble and habitual constipation. Cleanses the system and is pleasant to take. J. S. Lamar, Tillamook; Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

The Best Hotel. THE ALLEN HOUSE, J. P. ALLEN, Proprietor. Headquarters for Travelling Men.

Special Attention paid to Tourists. A First Class Table. Comfortable Beds and Accommodation.

SUGAR always advances before berry season. We have a good supply on hand and will sell our friends and customers while it last. 100 lbs. sk. PURE CANE SUGAR. C. & H. Berry Sugar, \$5.80 a sk.

Steamer Sue H. Elmore. (CAPT. P. SCHRADER).

Portland and Tillamook. FREIGHT, \$3.00 PER TON. Sails from Couch st. Wharf, Portland, Oregon, EVERY TUESDAY THAT'S ALL.

HARNES, COLLARS, etc. You Use Them. We Sell Them. W. A. WILLIAMS & CO., Next Door to Tillamook County Bank.

HOTEL RAMSEY, Tillamook, Oregon. The Only First Class Hotel in Tillamook, Ore.

S. S. "ARGO." The only REAL opposition steamer sailing between Bay points and Portland. IT IS TO THE ADVANTAGE of the people of Tillamook County to patronize this line. Route all your shipments care steamer Argo.

H. T. BOTTS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Complete set of Abstract Books in office. Taxes paid for non-Residents. Office opposite Post Office. Both phones.

W. H. COOPER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

CARL HABERLACH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Deutscher Advokat, Office across the street and north from the Post Office.

T. H. GOYNE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Opposite Court House, TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

A. W. SEVERANCE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TILLAMOOK OREGON.

R. T. BOALS, M.D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, TILLAMOOK. Office: Olson Building. Residence: Mrs. Weis' house, west of Mrs. Walker's.

D. R. I. M. SMITH, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office over J. A. Todd & Co., Tillamook, Ore.

W. C. HAWK, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, BAY CITY, OREGON.

F. R. BEALS, REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AGENT, Tillamook, Oregon.

D. R. P. J. SHARP, RESIDENT DENTIST, Office across the street from the Court House. Dr. Wise's office.

T. SARCHET, The Fashionable Tailor. Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing a Specialty. Store in Heins Photographic Gallery.

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