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LARGE FALL STOCK
is mostly in,
And we are fully prepared to fill
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Our Stock of Dress Goods is the largest and best that we have ever carried.

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In all the late shades and fancy stripes at from

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In Green, Brown, Black, Blue and Red at **\$1.00 pr yd**

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In all colors,

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Fancy Silk Waistings,
Messaline Silks.

With Each \$10.00 purchase we give a large
FRAMED PICTURE.

From the large crowds that visit our store on Wednesday afternoons shows that the people appreciate the liberal premiums we are giving.

On last Wednesday, at 2.30, Mrs. Wm. Eberman received the set of dishes, as she held the ticket 6 o'clock, 37 minutes, 9 seconds, which was the nearest to the time the clock stopped, which was 6 o'clock, 37 minutes, 11 seconds.

Save your tickets. They are good every Wednesday at 2.30 p.m.

Editorial Snap Shots.

Wonder what the croakers, who used to croak about "concrete lake," think about their croaking now?

There is a splendid opening for a salmon cannery and cold storage plant in this city or on the Tillamook river. A few rustling active men who are looking for a profitable investment and business cannot but help make money. It will not be long before someone will come in from the outside and start one, and then a number of local people will wonder how they came to overlook it and allow outsiders to jump in ahead of them.

Amongst the cargo on board the Argo on her last trip out was a large consignment of the famous Tillamook cheese, a large quantity of the famous Tillamook cranberries and some famous Tillamook hogs for the Portland market, which goes to prove that those residing within that city are being supplied with the choicest of eatable and are living on the fat of the land. And it appears to take a whole lot of this kind of truck to fill the demand, but most every county in the state is benefited by Portland's great demand for wholesome dairy products.

To obtain the highest possible score for cheese the cheese makers must have clean, wholesome milk. Milk that is left in the barns, near manure piles or placed in dirty cans is what helps to give cheese a off flavor. Deputy Dairy and Food Commissioner Catterlin has been having some trouble with a few of the dairymen who will not comply with the proper sanitary conditions for the proper care of milk and it is his intention to condemn all milk that is not properly cared for. This will have a good effect, for there is no reason why milk taken to the cheese factories should not be pure and whole some.

The snap shot man is still firmly of the opinion that the proper way and the most economical way to construct good roads is to put a practical engineer in charge of the road building. It seems that Tillamook county is not ready to make the change, but we want to say this: People will demand a change one of these days, for public sentiment is changing quite rapidly, and one of the causes which is bringing it about is the frequent reports that quite a number of men who work on the road do as little work as possible. Probably the Headlight may have to make this an issue at the coming election, but we would prefer seeing the county court give the matter a trial next year if they can find the right man to place at the head of the road building.

Nehalem Enterprise is the name of the newspaper which made its debut in the north end of the county last week. We wish it success, and with the hope that it will prosper and become most influential and a strong factor in the building up of Nehalem, which is about to emerge from its long isolation and bottled up condition to that of business activity and enterprise. If rightly conducted the Enterprise should receive the kindly support of all those who live in that part of the county, for a live, fearless newspaper is a good thing in any community. Who it is that is editing the Enterprise it fails to mention, but, perhaps, this is an oversight. Every growing community or city needs a live newspaper to help boost their advantages, and in this respect we feel glad that the county, and especially Nehalem, has another booster.

What's the matter with the valuations in Clatsop County, anyway, for the assessment only totals up \$8,887,031? One would naturally suppose that the assessment of Astoria would amount to that amount or more, but it must be that that city does not amount to very much after all when it comes to importance and valuation, if one is to judge by the assessor's figures, or it may be that the other part of the county has but a small valuation. But that is not so. There is something radically wrong with the assessment in Clatsop county, and we do not presume that there is much likelihood of Portland moving, bag and baggage, to Astoria where valuations are down to bed rock. Tillamook county, although bottled up and considered insignificant for many years, puts Clatsop county in the dark when it comes to valuations, for it is assessed at \$11,590,027.

It is a question whether the rock at the Red Clover factory is suitable for road building. We have our doubts about it, for it has the appearance of a soap stone or baked clay and is easily pulverised, in fact, we did not like the color of it for road purposes when look-

ing over the ledge. But the point that we want to raise is this: There should be no doubt whatsoever as to whether this rock is suitable for road purposes. There is a doubt, however, and that being the case the county court will be making a great mistake, and a costly one for the taxpayers, if the rock turns out unsuitable, which will not only be a useless proceeding to operate the rock crusher there this winter, but will retard the building of good roads in the center of the county. The best material obtainable for road building is none too good, and it is a waste of money to attempt to build roads with poor material. Before any more money is expended on crushing this rock the county court should immediately advise itself as to merits of this rock for road building and if it does not come up to the hardness and brittleness of crushed boulders, then it does not come up to the standard that it should do. Now is the time to determine this matter, not after large sums of money have been thrown away experimenting with questionable material. We do not presume to say that the rock is not suitable, but in comparing it with rock from crushed boulders we have our doubts as to its fitness for road building.

A great deal has been written and published about the famous Tillamook cheese, about Tillamook butter, honey and cranberries, yet we cannot see why Tillamook cannot become a strong competitor with Hood River for apples, with the Rogue Valley for pears, with Mount Tabor for strawberries, and with the rest of Oregon for small fruits. For a number of years the impression has gone forth that this was not a fruit country, but the Headlight will dispell that delusion and will endeavour to create some interest in fruit raising in Tillamook county. It is true that fruit trees does not do well where they are exposed to the cold north west wind which blow in the summer months, but this only extends to a limited area. There are thousands of acres of land up the Wilson and Trask rivers and in the South part of the county, especially on the hill sides which will grow just as fine apples, and of equal flavor as Hood River. This is no idle statement, but the naked truth. Take for an illustration the apples grown by Orley Kellow and others in the South part of the county last year and we will defy any part of Oregon to produce a finer apple. Or, for another illustration, the orchard of Fred C. Skomp on the Trask river. True it is that dairying absorbed the attention of the farmers in former years, but with the changed conditions which the advent of the railroad will bring about the fruit industry will claim a great deal of attention from those who want to invest in it, for there is going to be a great demand for fruit to supply the visitors who will flock to the summer resorts and beaches in this county as soon as the railroads are complete. It is surprising the amount of fruit that is consumed at the summer resorts, and to prepare for the demand for fruit in this county in the future, it appears to us that fruit farms, especially small fruits and vegetables, will prove to be highly profitable. The summer travel into this county is going to create an enormous demand for these articles, and we want to see them raised in Tillamook so that the visitors can be supplied with fresh fruit and vegetables. Those who plant out a few acres to strawberries and other small fruits this winter will find that it will prove a most profitable investment in a few years. We have offered these few suggestions, for we feel sanguine that Tillamook county will become just as famous for its fine fruit as it is famous for cheese, butter, honey and cranberries.

The Bed-Rock of Success lies in a keen, clear brain, backed by indomitable will and resistless energy. Such power comes from the splendid health that Dr. King's New Life Pills impart. They vitalize every organ and build up brain and body. J. A. Harmon, Litchmore, W. Va., writes: "They are the best pills I ever used." 25c. at Chas. I. Clough.

Diarrhoea
 Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy
 When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It never fails and is pleasant to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

Portland Business College
"THE SCHOOL OF QUALITY"
 Tenth and Morrison, Portland, Oregon. A. P. Armstrong, L.L.B., Principal. Old in years, new in methods, admittedly the high-standard commercial school of the Northwest. Open all the year. More calls for help than we can meet—position certain. Class and individual instruction. Bookkeeping from written forms and by office practice. Shorthand that excels in every respect. Special penmanship department. Write for illustrated catalogue.

HARD NAMES.

Some in Scotland That Aroused a Lady From Schenectady.

Few Americans have trouble in pronouncing the name "Schenectady," although the spelling of it is not always so easy. In "Talks in a Library" Lawrence Hutton tells of an old Scotch laird whose guest one summer was a young lady named Miss Cunningham, who came from Schenectady. "Skinney-taddy" and "Skenk ter-addy" were as near to it as the laird usually came.

In his eyes the orthographic and orthoepic beam of his own titles and appellations was entirely eclipsed by the marvelous note known as Schenectady, and he never realized that the inhabitants of the counties of Schenectady, Cattaraugus and Chemung in the state of New York might safely bite their thumbs at the residents of the shire of Fife in the kingdom of Scotland until his eyes were opened somewhat rudely and his sight was in a way restored.

"Uncle John," I said to him suddenly one evening when he was in convulsions over Schenectady—"Uncle John, what is the name of your place?"

"Baldubho!"

"And of your parish?"

"Aron-ran-h!"

"And of your postoffice?"

"Pittenweem."

"And of your railway station?"

"Killeenchar."

"And still, Uncle John," I continued, "you, as laird of Baldubho, the vernacular form, elder of the kirk of Arron-ran, receiving your letters and papers at Pittenweem and taking your trains at Killeenchar, think Schenectady funny?"

BREAD SHEETING.

The Sun Dried Dough of the Land of the Pyramids.

In the land of the pyramids whenever coffee is brought into a visiting guest the sun cooked bread sheeting is always served therewith. It looks like so much chamois leather and is of sweetish taste, being compounded solely of flour and the expressed pulp of sultana raisins. It is cleanly to handle and can be crumpled up in the hand without fracture.

This bread sheeting is a most important article of interior commerce, per camel-caravans, among the Asiatic kalfats and bazaars. It has for thousands of years been their combined bread, cracker and cake all in one.

The bread sheeting is used in the countries of origin as minor articles of furniture and furnishing, just as the natives of the tropics make a bewildering variety of uses of the coconut palm and its products, as sun blinds, awnings, lanterns, cashiers for holding papers and so on through a dozen uses. In their dry climates these uses are practicable, but in rainy seasons the goods if wetted collapse like paper almost.

Even in Manhattan among the Italian bakers you see the peculiar trellis work hardtack bread (made in big rings, sheets about a yard square) made to do duty as temporary shelving. It will not stand much weight, but is used for drying out light articles, as the air strikes the objects both from below and above.—Bakers' Weekly.

Use and Ornament.

Mr. Newrich, the multimillionaire, was furnishing the library of his magnificent mansion. "Let me see," he mused. "You've got the order for that \$5,000 edition de luxe of Dickens bound in levant?"

"Yes, sir," replied the bookseller.

"And the \$10,000 set of Shakespeare?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the standard authors bound in calf—Thackeray, Scott, Washington Irving, Cooper and all them other fellers?"

"Yes, sir; I have a memorandum of the entire list."

"Well, then, that's off my mind," said Mr. Newrich of Pittsburg, with a sigh of relief. "Now, what I want is something to read. Say, have you got a complete set of 'Old Sleuth'?"—New York Times.

A Hero.

Tommy's mother had made him a present of a toy shovel and sent him out in the sand lot to play with his baby brother. "Take care of baby now, Tommy, and don't let anything hurt him," was mamma's parting injunction. Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand lot. "For goodness' sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.

"There was a naughty fly biting him on top of his head, and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.—Lippincott's.

Because.

She—I tell you the moral superiority of woman is recognized in the language itself. There isn't any feminine for "rascals," is there?

He—Of course not, but that's because—

She—That's because there are no feminine rascals!—Chicago Tribune.

They Were Shady.

Bung—So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee? Genealogist—Twenty guineas for keeping quiet about them.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Homemade.

Bill—Thought you always smoked Havana cigars? Jill—So I do. Bill—it says "Colorado" on that box you just handed me.—Yonkers Statesman.

Do but half of what you can, and you will be surprised at your own diligence.

THE HUNCHBACK.

Romance of the Duke de Richelieu and Mile. de Rochechouart.

The Duke de Richelieu married when seventeen years of age Mile. de Rochechouart, a little girl of twelve. As was the custom in the eighteenth century, the young bridegroom set out on his travels after the ceremony, and the child wife remained with his relations in Paris. Three years passed, and the duke (then Count de Chinoon, who had received many charming letters and a charming miniature from his wife during his absence, determined to return home.

On his arrival he was met on the grand staircase of the Hotel de Richelieu by his family, and, to his horror, instead of the pretty girl of fifteen that he expected to see, the count saw a little hunch-back who was none other than his wife. The unhappy young man, who was horror stricken, left Paris that night and for fifteen years remained away.

The poor little wife possessed a beautiful and generous disposition, and, so far from being embittered by her husband's behavior, she did her best to prevent any family dissensions arising through it and went to live on her estate of Courtailles, near Paris. It is said that she was deeply in love with the duke, and in time the accounts of her unselfishness and devotion to his family so touched her husband that he went to visit her.

The first visit led to many, and this strange couple became firm friends, and just before he died the duke continued residing permanently at Courtailles with his wife, from whom he had fled in disgust many years before.—Chicago News.

TRANSPLANTED A POND.

Showing What an Enthusiast Will Do to Have a Garden.

Many a country laborer will do much for the sake of a garden, but few perhaps would be willing to go to such pains in the pursuit of their hobby as did an enthusiastic navy with whom Dean Hole once came in contact.

This man, having obtained the position of gatekeeper on a railway, found himself the possessor of a barren gravel pit as an apology for a garden. The dean, who knew the spot well, visited it some twelve months after the man had taken possession, and the sight which met his eyes astonished him.

"Was it a miracle I saw upon the sandy desert? There were vegetables, fruit, bushes and fruit trees, all in vigorous health. There were flowers and the queen flower in her glory."

"Why," I exclaimed, "what have you done to the gravel pit?"

"'Lor' bless yer," he replied, grinning. "I hadn't been here a fortnight afore I swapped it for a pond."

A further inquiry elicited the fact that this most ardent garden lover had, after an agreement with a neighboring farmer, removed with pick and barrow his sandy stratum to the depth of about three feet and wheeled it to the margin of an old pond, which had been gradually filled up with leaves and silt. The rich, productive mold from the pond he had taken home to his garden, replacing it with gravel and leveling as per contract.—Westminster Gazette.

Antiquity of Nicknames.

The origin of the word as well as the exact date of appearance of the custom of "nicknaming" is unknown. Such names are as old at least as the most venerable chronicles, for upon diving into ancient history we have no trouble at all in proving that Plato was called the "Attic Bee" and Socrates "Old Flat Nose." There isn't the least doubt but that many of our surnames come from nicknames applied to our ancestors, such, for instance, as "Dollard," "Oxenrider," "Bright," "Lightfoot," "Walkingshaw," "Red-head," "Longman," "Longfellow," etc.

Julius Caesar was popularly styled "Baldhead," and even the third Ramesses is said to have been known by an Egyptian word which signifies "limpy." No one has been able to escape the blighting or benign influence of the nickname. Kings, queens, philosophers, divines, statesmen, as well as many other eminent persons, have been made to prosper or suffer by having some appropriate or ridiculous sobriquet bestowed upon them.

I Remember.

I remember, I remember the house where I was born; the voice of dad that belted forth to rouse me every morn; the picnic that I always had when winter breezes blew to clear the sidewalk of the snow, the chores I had to do. I remember, I remember, the old time days in school, the Hekings that I always got for breaking some darned rule; the moonlight nights I used to go out in the old bob sleigh and hug and kiss the pretty girls beneath the robes and hay. I remember, I remember, oh, no, I'll not forget; I'd like to wander back again to those old days, you bet!—Los Angeles Express.

Just a Ruse.

"Will you take something to drink?" "With pleasure."

The photograph was taken, and the sitter said, "But what about that little invitation?"

"Oh, sir, that is just a trade ruse of mine to give a natural and interested expression to the face."—London Answers.

On the Toboggan.

"Many a man," said Uncle Eben, "thinks he's havin' a tremendous big time as a sport when he is merely goin' through de initiation of de Downs and Out club."—Washington Star.

A good heart overcomes evil fortune.—Don Quixote.