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time for one year, \$1.00.

THE ARGO WRECKED OFF THE BAR.

(Continued from second page.)
six passengers, I. A. Holdredge, W. C. King, Howard Woolfe, George Hunter, and two Sweds, names unknown, were gotten into the other boat. The strong northerly wind and ocean current took us quickly away from the ship. It having been anchored in about 20 fathoms of water.

It was now about 8.30 p.m. We saw the Captain's boat to the north of us and tried to keep in sight of it, and finally getting within hauling distance the Captain called out that there was a man left on board, and for us to go and take him off. The mate called back that we had ten in our boat and could not take on any more. We saw the captain's boat go towards the ship, we supposed for the purpose of taking him off, after which they immediately pulled towards shore. We followed them for a distance until we were satisfied they were intending to try to land through the surf. We then swung around and agreed between ourselves to try and stay as near the mouth of the bay as possible. We watched the ship and at about 9:15 saw it sink beneath the water, and as we were to the north of her and pulling as hard as we could against the wind and tide, the floating wreckage from the ship came all around us.

Mr. Holdredge and Mr. Hunter being so terribly sick, could do but little towards helping keep the boat near the mouth of the bay. We were sure it would be impossible to get ashore through the surf, and to pull out to sea we thought our chances of being picked up by a ship would be much less than to stay near where we were with the hopes that the life saving boat would be back after us, but as time went on and it grew dark we gave up hopes of that, and knew something must have happened then on their return. But we knew the gasoline ship Oshkosh had gone into the bay that morning, and was sure she would be out at least as soon as daylight came to hunt for us. We made an effort to get to the whistling buoy, thinking that if we could reach it, we could make fast to it, and that would give us a rest, but we could not make any headway against the wind and tide, and contented ourselves as we were. Howard Woolfe sat beside me and we chatted off at the oar. But little conversation was indulged in. Most of them, I suppose, was, like myself, thinking.

We had a lantern in the boat and after using up most of the matches we had, succeeded in getting it

lit, and this we held up so it could be seen by any one who might be looking for us.

We kept our boat afloat until about twelve o'clock p.m., when we saw a light crossing over the bar.

This gave us hopes as we were sure it was a boat of some description coming to our aid. Although our arms were sore and hands blistered. We did not notice it any more. The light we held up and they noticed it and came straight to us. To our joy it proved to be the gasoline ship Oshkosh.

As soon as they were near enough to hear us, we let out a yell of delight that could have been heard a long distance. The getting aboard proved to be difficult and dangerous in the extreme, especially by the passengers who were not used to the sea.

At about one o'clock we were all landed aboard safely.

I asked some of the crew of the Oshkosh if the life boat had reached shore safely, and they told me they had an awful time. I asked in what way. He said there was one woman, one child and one man drowned. He could not tell the names of the parties drowned, so I asked him to describe the women saved and he described her as a woman with round features and gray hair. Then I knew it was my wife that was saved and Mrs. Holdredge who was drowned, and the child that was drowned was Nellie Hunter, the oldest, and one of the life saving crew, Henry Wickman. Mr. Holdredge and Mr. Hunter had been deathly sick ever since they left Astoria and seemed complete wrecks, and now just as a ray of light and hope had come to hear of the loss of a wife and child was heart rending. We had the best of care and was given the best that the ship had, although there was nothing cooked on hand (all hands having been along the beach aiding at the rescue there). We were given some hardtack and coffee, and those who could eat, enjoyed it as a Thanksgiving dinner.

The captain told us as there just now was a total eclipse of the moon he would not be able to go back in over the bar, but would cruise around in an endeavor to find the captain's boat, which he did until about 9 o'clock, going as far north as Tillamook head, then giving up hopes of finding them, returned and came into the bay, reaching Tillamook City soon after 11 o'clock.

Mrs. King's Experience in the Life Boat and in the Surf.

The story of the wrecking of the lifeboat, as told by Mrs. W. C. King, who seemed to have had wonderful presence of mind all

through the struggle, follows:

After we left the ship the life saving crew asked us all to take off the life preservers we had put on at the ship, as they were poor ones, and to put on the cork ones they had in the boat, which they all did, except Mrs. Holdredge, who was so deathly sick, she told them that she could not and that the one she had was good enough. The boat was bailed out the best they could, and they pulled for shore. After looking up and down for the best place for a landing, decided to make the attempt about half mile north of the twin rocks. Just before they made a dive into the first breaker the captain told them all to hold fast. They had their drag out, but as the breakers struck them the boat was lifted endwise, and the fastening of the drag was torn loose and the boat was hurled into the air and turned completely over, throwing everybody into the water.

From that on for an hour breaker after breaker struck them, sometimes they were far under water and again rising to the surface. After the first great breaker struck them and the water leveled down they could see each other floating around. All tried to get to the boat and right it and get in, but before they had time another mighty breaker struck them and they were whirled in every direction, only to come to the surface for a few minutes before another breaker whirled them away again. Before each breaker came Mrs. King, would fill her lungs full of air, close her mouth and hold her breath for five minutes, it seemed before she would come to the surface. Then she would strike out and paddle for the shore, which seemed, so far away. The captain of the life saving crew took her by the hand with his broken arm and guided her to the boat and they rested there, with three others, by hanging onto the boat. At one time one of the girls was pulled up on to the bottom of the boat by one of the men, but the first breaker took them all away.

Just as she was almost ready to give up the struggle the last breaker struck them and they were thrown out into wading water. Two of the men caught her and led her to other men that had waded in to meet them. She was met by another with a bottle of brandy and made to take several swallows, then put into Dr. Hawk's buggy, which was to take the first one that came ashore. And quickly driven to the life saving station. Two men lifted her out and carried her into the home of Mr. Eastman, where she was quickly put into dry clothing in a warm bed with hot irons all around her, but for two hours she shivered until nearly exhausted.

The others came ashore shortly after, except Henry Wickman, one of the crew, Nellie Hunter and Mrs. Holdredge, who were drowned.

The body of Mrs. Holdredge was found later washed up on the beach, but that of the other two have not as yet been found.

Too much credit cannot be given those who did so noble work at the rescue, especially the captain with a broken arm, whose only thought was for others.

Inquest upon Mrs. Holdredge.

Coroner Dr. Hawk held an inquest on Saturday upon the remains of Mrs. Catherine Holdredge and the only witness was George Nelson, who was an eye witness to the drowning. He testified the he was near her after the boat upset. She was floating when he saw her and the blood was running down one side of her face. She was making an effort to save herself and was shouting for assistance, when he lost sight of her. Drowning was the direct cause of her death.

The verdict of the jury was: "We find that the deceased, Mrs. Catherine Holdredge, of Roseburg, Oregon, and aged 33 years, came to her death on the 28th day of November, 1909, by accidental drowning while being rescued from the steamer Argo, which was on a voyage from Astoria to Tillamook, Oregon."

Funeral of Mrs. Holdredge.

The remains of Mrs. Holdredge were brought to the city, and it was intended to bury the unfortunate woman on Monday, but owing to the heavy rain and wind storm it was put off until the next day. The religious service was held in the M. E. church on Tuesday, which was attended by a large number of persons. Rev. J. F. Dunlop, the pastor, conducted the service and the burial was in the Oddfellows' cemetery. Messrs. Woolfe, King and Millard, who were on the Argo on her fatal trip, acted as pall bearers.

ARGO SURVIVORS LAND SAFE, SOUND.

Capt. Snyder, of Sunken Craft, Says Broken Wheel Caused Disaster.

ASTORIA, Ore., Nov. 30.—"It seems good to be ashore again, but land never looked better to me than did the lightship at the mouth of the Columbia River when we reached her last Saturday morning," said Captain Snyder, of the wrecked steamer Argo, who with nine other men, survivors from the ill-fated craft, was brought to Astoria today by the lighthouse tender Manzanita, Captain Byrne went outside early this morning to bring the men ashore. The men accompanying Captain Snyder and those who made the perilous trip with him, came out from the scene of the wreck, a distance of about 30 miles, to the lightship, were:

J. H. Snyder, chief-engineer; Thomas Russell, assistant-engineer; W. A. Simpson, purser; C. Graves, steward; Carl Frederickson, fireman; Magnus Peterson, oiler; John Waldhouse and A. Meckelberg, sailors, and C. Higley, of Tillamook, a passenger.

All Found Well.

All bear evidence of the strenuous trip in the small boat and of the worry and strain attending the wreck, but all are in excellent health. They are profuse in their praise of the crew of the lightship for the treatment and courtesies extended to them. In addition to the deaths already reported as a result of the wreck, the men confirm the reported death of Martin Anderson, a fireman, who was washed overboard, soon after the Argo struck the spit. They also tell the death of Tony Rigoletti, an Italian passenger, who is believed to have jumped overboard, thus increasing the death list, including one member of the life-saving crew, to five.

Captain Snyder said today that the wreck was caused by the breaking of the port wheel, which rendered the vessel unmanageable, and had that not occurred all would have been well. Continuing, he said:

Port Wheel Breaks.

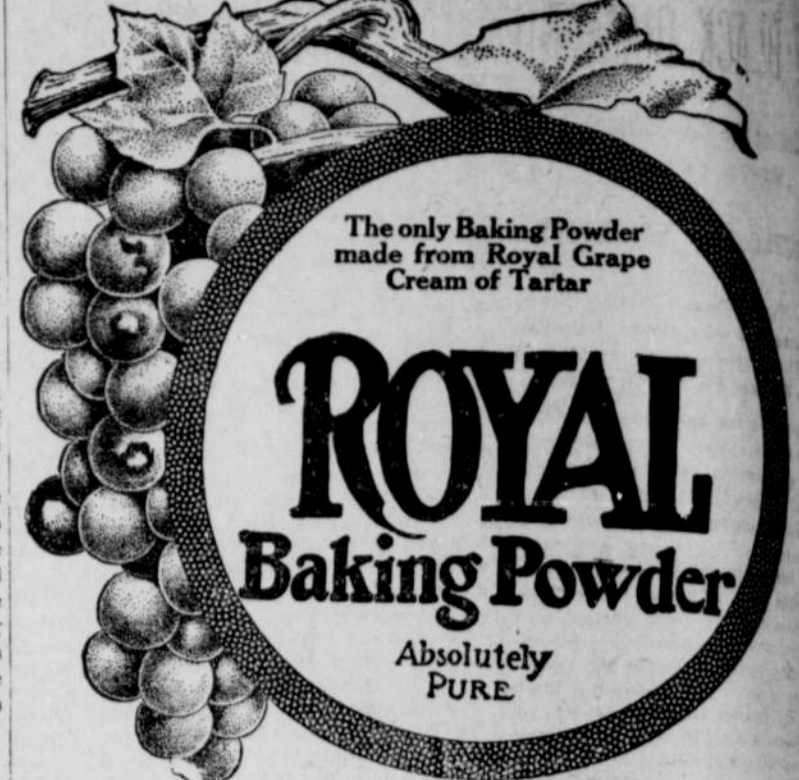
"I see by the papers that several stories have been told about the wreck that are utterly false. However, I do not care to deny them now, but will when the proper time comes and before the proper authorities.

"We left Astoria about 6 o'clock on Friday morning, with a big load of freight and several passengers, crossing out over the bar a little over an hour later. The conditions were favorable outside, and we made the run down the coast in good order, starting in across the Tillamook bar about 2:30 o'clock that afternoon.

"The seas were running high, and everything looking all right, until suddenly, when we were about half way across the shoal, the port wheel carried away. You know the Argo was a twin-screw vessel and with the loss of the port wheel she swung around like a top, striking hard on the north spit and breaking a steam pipe. Then we were helpless and the steamer drifted on to the south spit. There she pounded several times forward and must have stove a hole in her hull, as she soon began to fill.

Gale Becomes Fierce.

"We set some sail and shortly afterwards the craft slid off into deep water. In the meantime a gale was coming on, and the sea was continually growing larger. As quickly as possible after seeing our predicament, the Garibaldi life-



Impressions of Kansas.

TO THE EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.
I thought some of my Oregon friends and neighbors might be interested in hearing from sunny Kansas. This state surely deserves that name, as such beautiful bright warm weather in November I have never seen before. But there are drawbacks. On Sunday, November 7th, I arrived in Kansas City. My friend and I started to my sister-in-law's home on an electric car. One of the worst thunder storms I ever experienced was raging. The lightning struck the tower of a building as we were going by and the tiles from the roof fell in showers. The report was deafening. One car was disabled and for a few moments we sat there the lightning striking close in several directions. I saw the fire department going where the lightning had struck. The rain fell in torrents, and such a turmoil I never heard. However, next morning all was clear and cold. On the 16th a cyclone passed along near here, but did little damage, except to barns, etc. Again it thundered and lightened. I am glad I live in Oregon. Good old Tillamook county suits me fine. One day I was in Ottawa and from a clear sky the wind almost blew me off my feet. With these exceptions the weather has been fine ever since I left Portland, November 2.

Favorable Winds Help.

"Neither the mate's boat nor any other craft was in sight, so we started up the coast, hoping to meet some vessel or to make the light ship. It was a long trip, but we were going with the wind, which helped us greatly, and without suffering any further accident we made the lightship at 4:30 o'clock Saturday morning.

"I have seen some pleasant sights in my life, but nothing that ever looked better than did the light ship as we drew alongside of her. Mate Nelson, who was in command during the absence of Captain Rasmussen, took us on board and he and his crew did everything possible to make our stay a pleasant one. For this we feel extremely grateful and desire to express our heartfelt appreciation. This morning the Manzanita came out and brought us ashore. This evening I will go to Portland to make my report to the owners."

Purser Simpson, who was, so far as known, the last to see Tony Rigoletti, the missing passenger, says he believes the man jumped overboard and was drowned.

"Rigoletti complained of being sick," said Mr. Simpson, "and at the time of the accident was in his berth. When the captain ordered all hands to the boats Stewart Graves and I went after Rigoletti and brought him to the rail of the vessel, telling him to get into the mate's boat. This I supposed he did, but after we left the craft we circled around her three times to see if any one was left, and no one could be seen. If Rigoletti was not in the mate's boat, he must in his excitement jumped overboard and been drowned."

While Captain Snyder would not discuss the matter, there is an intimation that there was some friction among the officers of the Argo after the accident occurred and a rumor is afloat, evidently emanating from some of the crew, that Mate Johnson was deserted by the master and that the story will be an interesting one when it comes out.

The rumor however could not be confirmed. Johnson is now at his home in Portland.

JENNIE A. REBER.

Lyndon, Kansas, Nov. 49, 1909.

There is no fruit here at all this year, a late freeze killed all the apples. I have not seen a decent apple—not one—since leaving meekly apple, which would not be allowed to be offered for sale in Oregon. In Pueblo, Colorado, the Kansas laws allow no public drinking cups, either in the cars, or in the schools, or anywhere. Every one carries his own cup. A good law I think. I visited the home where we lived twenty-two years ago, and did not know it when my friend stopped. Where there was not a tree when we lived there, are now great maples eighteen inches in diameter or more. But our old friends who remain here are just the same, only gray haired and older. Just as good and kind as ever. Many are dead. So many fine shade trees have been grown, the country is greatly changed.

John Beard, a neighbor of ours, sold his fine big black walnut trees, virgin timber, at \$15 a thousand stumpage. The company got 300 logs, for which Mr. Beard only realized about \$300. My sister-in-law was burning black walnut blocks a foot through in her heating stove. I wish we had some of this fine prairie in Oregon, which there is no sale here for at four or five dollars a ton.

I go from here to Oklahoma City and from thence to Los Angeles, through Texas and Arizona before I get back home. If I find any items of interest may write you again.

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