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It cures by aiding all of the digestive organs—gently stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels—the only way that chronic constipation can be cured. Especially recommended for women and children. Clears blotched complexions. Pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. Sold by Chas. I. Clough.

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You awake with a mean, nasty taste in the mouth, which reminds you that your stomach is in a bad condition. It should also remind you that there is nothing so good for a disordered stomach as Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

They build up the system, assist nature to restore natural conditions, and are as gentle in their action that one hardly realizes a medicine was taken. Chamberlain's Tablets are sold everywhere. Price 25c.

Diarrhoea

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 known for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

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The P. A. Starck Piano Co.

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For their pianos. 25 year guarantee, and warranted to withstand any climate.

Composite Bell Metal Frame, Three Strings, 7 1/2 Octaves. Price, \$350.00. Piano on exhibition.

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Right prices are also assured.

CLOUGH, Reliable Druggist.

Foley Kidney Pills contain in concentrated form ingredients of established therapeutic value for the relief and cure of all kidney and bladder ailments. C. I. Clough.

Why Roosevelt Interests Europe.

Americans have been amazed at the reception given Theodore Roosevelt abroad. It seems incomprehensible that Europe, with its repose and self-sufficiency, should give so enthusiastic a reception to any American citizen, whatever his worth.

But a Leipzig publisher makes the mystery clear. Alfred Walter von Heymel, a keen observer who has been studying America, says that Europe likes Roosevelt so tremendously because he is the typical American. He represents to Europe the real significance of this big, fresh, energetic land; he typifies its power, its virtues and its faults; he is unique, as America is unique, and Europe welcomes this man Roosevelt with open arms.

"All over the United States," says von Heymel, "I have met modified types of Roosevelt. This is the new man for whom we looked to the New World. A new type of man—a man who was not merely a money seeker or an inventor or a preacher, but a man of many sides, eager to do things, and equipped to do things well.

"It is the originality of the American which impresses us, and we are all the more eager to see the American preserve that originality in every walk of life. Roosevelt dares to be himself at all times and under all conditions, and the American can only realize himself when he is genuine."

This is an excellent sermon, with Roosevelt as a text. The less America apes Europe, the more Americans dare to be themselves, the greater respect our country and our people will gain from the Old World. We have the elements that Europe lacks, as Europe has the repose and culture that we lack, but are slowly developing. It is not strange that Europe sees Roosevelt, "with all his faults" as the ideal American.—The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chamberlain's Liniment.

This is a new preparation and a good one. It is especially valuable as a cure for chronic and muscular rheumatism, and for the relief from pain which it affords in acute inflammatory rheumatism. Those who have used it have invariably spoken of it in the highest terms of praise. Lame back, lame shoulder and stiff neck are due to rheumatism of the muscles, usually brought on by exposure to cold or damp, and are quickly cured by applying this liniment freely and massaging the affected parts. Soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, is allayed by this liniment. For sale at Lamar's drug store.

For More Than Three Decades, Foley's Honey and Tar has been a household favorite for all ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. For infants and children it is best and safest as it contains no opiates and no harmful drugs. None genuine but Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package. Refuse substitutes. C. I. Clough.

Do It Now.

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You can do so by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Nine cases out of ten are simply muscular rheumatism due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, yield to the vigorous application of this liniment. Try it. You are certain to be delighted with the quick relief which it affords. Sold at Lamar's drug store.

The High Cost of Living.

Increases the price of many necessities without improving the quality. Foley's Honey and Tar maintains its high standard of excellence and its great curative qualities without any increase in cost. It is the best remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and all ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. C. I. Clough.

ROGUES IN UNIFORMS

Donned Official Clothes to Work Their Victims.

CLEVER RUSSIAN SWINDLERS.

The Plausible Old Military Man Who Made a St. Petersburg Jeweler Whom He Robbed Act as His Accomplice. The Energetic Police Agents.

Nowhere is a uniform more potent than in Russia, and that fact has more than once been utilized by swindlers in their daring operations.

Some years ago a jeweler on the Nevsky Prospekt of St. Petersburg received a visit one sunny afternoon from an old and decrepit officer in the uniform of a general. The old gentleman was assisted from his carriage to the counter by an attentive footman in livery. The smiling jeweler received him with the deference due to his rank and accommodated him with a chair. The gentleman had come to choose a birthday present for his wife.

The tradesman displayed his most valuable collars and tiaras. The veteran lingered over them lovingly. At last he made choice of a costly suit and intimated that it would meet his purpose.

Tremblingly the old soldier sought in his breast for his pocketbook. He had sallied forth without it. The disappointment of both shopman and customer was acute. The general, however, was not a strategist without resource. With apologies he asked for writing materials and essayed to pen a letter to his home. The excitement acting upon his palsied hands made his writing illegible. The jeweler was in despair. The old man sighed and remarked upon the sad consequences of campaigns. The jeweler was touched. He had an inspiration.

"Will your excellency permit me to write the instruction to your dictation?"

The general was delighted and most gratefully accepted the offer.

On the business paper of his firm the jeweler wrote the stumbling words of the veteran:

Dear Anna—I have need of money. Please take 5,000 rubles from my safe and return by bearer. Lovingly yours, IVAN

The general's own footman was dispatched with the note. The old man sat admiring the jewels until in due course the servant returned with the 5,000 rubles. The tiara was bought and paid for. The jeweler escorted his distinguished client to the carriage and stood bowing as he drove away.

That evening when the jeweler returned to his home his wife asked why he had withdrawn so large a sum from the family safe.

"What sum?" asked the shopkeeper in surprise.

"Why, the 5,000 rubles you sent for this afternoon."

"Five thousand rubles! I don't understand."

"Heaven, here's your letter!"

The wife produced the letter in the jeweler's own handwriting upon the jeweler's own business note paper, and he for the first time realized that the common name of Anna and the common name of Ivan were respectively those of himself and his wife as well as of the palsied officer and his visionary spouse.

The jeweler had paid for the officer's tiara.

Of the same genre, though differing in detail, was another swindle perpetrated upon a jeweler in St. Petersburg. The mystery surrounding the composition of the secret service force is the most effective, too, in the hands of the intelligent Russian criminal. On the Grande Morskaya is one of the most magnificent jewelry stores in Europe, the house of Fauberge. To it one day drove up a splendidly appointed equipage, in which were seated two ladies. The ladies descended at Fauberge's and were received as customers of distinction. The older lady introduced herself as the wife of a well known statesman recently returned from abroad. She explained that she had been authorized by her husband to choose a collar of diamonds. The jeweler spread before her the gems of his collection.

After much hesitation the lady picked one of the most expensive, but to her dismay the price exceeded that suggested by her husband. The salesman dreaded to lose so profitable a customer. Could not madam obtain the consent of her excellency's husband to the purchase? The lady meditated and at length begged permission to drive to the office of her husband's ministry—the distance was not great—to show him the collar and gain his permission to buy it. Her companion would remain in the shop during her absence as a hostage. The jeweler was delighted with the suggestion.

The lady departed in her carriage. Time passed—quarter of an hour, half an hour, three-quarters of an hour.

Suddenly there rushed into the shop two police agents, who announced their authority and showed their official badges. They assured the astonished Fauberge that he had been swindled. The jeweler trembled. He produced his hostage. The detectives seized upon her. Protesting, she was hustled into a hack and driven away to the police office.

It was the last the jeweler saw of the woman, the police agents or the diamonds. The detectives were the coachman and the footman of the brilliant equipage, who had changed their clothes and returned to receive their accomplice.

THE SPEED OF NO RETURN.

Velocity a Body Must Have to Leave Earth and Never Come Back.

There are a great many odd terms in science none of which has a title so weird as the speed of no return. This means the velocity a body must have in leaving the earth in order for it never to come back. It has been accurately worked out and is found to be about seven miles a second. Now, though this speed has never been obtained by artificial means on the earth, still it is interesting to note the theory as regards the further actions of the body. It would continue outward in a curved line until it was controlled by balancing forces, mainly the earth, moon and sun, in such a way as to make it have an orbit of its own. So it would go on revolving forever just as any other planet.

Although this speed has never been obtained by artificial means, it is found in nature on the earth, and its application has a great deal to do with animal life on our planet. As is well known, it is a pet theory of the scientists that the earth is losing its atmosphere, just as the moon has already lost hers, on account of the wonderful vibrational speed of the molecules of a gas. Hydrogen gas is known to have a molecular velocity of over the necessary amount, and it is a startling proof of the theory that no free hydrogen is found in our atmosphere. The theory is that this gas on being set free rises on account of its lightness and when it gets to the outside edge of our ocean of air is left behind on one of its jumps, the earth going forward at a great rate itself, something like eight miles a second.

As the earth gradually lost its atmosphere it would become colder and colder on account of its inability to hold the heat received from the sun, and all animal and vegetable life would cease. This has already happened to the moon, its temperature never rising above zero, though the sun shines on it for two weeks at a time.

It is needless to say that even if this speed could be obtained by a cannon ball or other comparatively small body the friction with the air on its way would immediately burn it up, just as the shooting stars we see are burned up before reaching the earth. So if the visiting of the moon ever takes place it will have to be accomplished in a carriage with very thick sides and made of a material whose melting point is very high.—New York Tribune.

A POLISH WEDDING.

Fun and Profit Strangely Mingled in the Festivities.

A wedding among the Poles may certainly be said to hold its own among the more entertaining of marriage customs. There fun and profit are strangely mingled in the marriage festivities, for the bride depends upon the wedding festival for her dowry and rarely fails to get enough to enable her to begin housekeeping with comfort.

After the wedding feast a dance is in order, and at that dance every man who would distinguish himself must once in the evening at least claim the bride for a partner. The honor of dancing with her, however, is not to be obtained lightly. The aspirant must win the privilege and pay for it.

In one corner of the room the mother of the bride has taken up her position with a plate in her lap. The wise woman has chosen that plate carefully. It is made after the plan of an eating house coffee cup and could not justly be described as frail.

The gallant who wishes to dance with the bride—and, as has been said, all are in honor bound to do so—must pull out a piece of silver and throw it into the plate. Not until he has succeeded in breaking or chipping that almost invincible piece of crockery has he won the honor he seeks. Few succeed in making an impression upon the plate for less than a sum equal to 50 cents of our money.

The money thus accumulated goes to the bride and not unusually amounts to seventy-five or one hundred dollars, even where the crowd is apparently as poor as it can well be. This sum in a rural district of Poland is enough to start the young couple fairly in housekeeping.—Detroit Free Press.

An Unsafe Bird.

"How did the new parrot turn out?" "Oh, he's a fine talker, but I'm awfully afraid I can't keep him."

"Why not?" "He used to live in a medical college, and the students taught him a whole lot of professional terms. I was so mortified the other night. That rich Miss Morris was calling on us, and somebody asked her to sing. You know what a voice she has! Well, she sang a long French ballad for us, and the instant she finished the last verse that dreadful bird screeched 'Chloroform her!'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lack of Originality.

Says a Philadelphia physician: "The utter lack of originality in the human mind vexes me. Even the insane are not original in their delusions and manias, but they can be divided into classes, and each class has its one little uniform and unvarying set of aberrations. The insane cannot be other than imitative and commonplace."

Diplomacy.

"I can't get along with that cook." "But have you tried diplomacy, my dear?"

"I have. Today I handed the mixer her passports."—Washington Herald.

Evil often triumphs, but never conquers.—Roux.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

The Romance That Kept Charles Villiers Single All His Life.

Charles Villiers, long the "father of the house of commons," never married, but he was the hero of a romance which is described in the "Reminiscences and Correspondence of Mme. Olga Norikoff" as having lasted all his life.

Villiers was once on the eve of marrying a very rich spinster. The lady, however, was imprudent enough one day to say to her fiancé that she would very well be only wanted to marry her money and not herself.

Villiers' aristocratic dignity manifested itself. He took his hat, bowed to the lady and said that after that remark there could be no more question of marriage between them. So he went.

Strangely enough, the deserted spinster spent the next thirty years in trying in vain to see him to make up a chance of coming near him. "I do not know," remarked Lady Gilbert, who told me the story, "she still knew him and cherishes his memory."

"Oh, that is charming! Quite a romance!" I exclaimed. "Tell the lady to lunch with me tomorrow." We were acquainted. "Charles Villiers is coming."

Lady Gilbert delivered my message. The two old people met at my house after which the lady humbly asked Charles Villiers to call on her. He accepted the invitation. When we were alone together she said: "Do you know, Mme. Norikoff, he is not in the least altered after all these years. He is exactly the same in looks and manners."

Of that, of course, I could have no opinion. But surely thirty years before the old Charles Villiers was no other than a half bent old man. However, the old time friendship was renewed and lasted until the lady's death a few years later.

She left him the greatest part of her very great fortune. Charles Villiers became very rich in money, but unfortunately he was then very rich in years also.

STALKED BY VULTURES.

While a Man Trained a Buck the Birds Followed the Man.

"I met with a curious and not altogether pleasant experience," writes an Anglo-Indian correspondent who has done a good deal of large and small game shooting in India, "when I was one day stalking a black buck. Between me and my quarry lay a large flat field of black cotton soil bordered by a very low, straggling and thin growing hedge of small babul trees. My only way to get a shot was to cross this, keeping the bushiest tree between me and the buck, which had not much to browse on and was therefore seldom motionless. I proceeded to do the lured yards on the flat of my stomach. This on loose, hard baked black cotton soil was no joke. I pushed my rifle ahead. Then, wriggling past it until the muzzle was near my knee, I would pass it on in front again, and so on.

"Progress was slow, and I was so absorbed that I failed to observe shadows crossing and recrossing my path and circling around until I had gone some fifty yards. Then the whirring of wings attracted my ears, and almost at the same moment a vulture landed on the ground not twenty yards away. I looked up. The air was alive with these repulsive looking birds. Then it flashed across me that I was being stalked! Doubtless these birds were attracted by my extraordinary method of procedure and mistook me for a wounded or dying man making a final effort to reach some shady spot. This was especially possible, as the experience occurred in a famine district where deaths by the wayside were not infrequent. By looking up I had evidently shown myself to the buck, for he was now off at full tilt. I therefore took pot shot at the vulture at twenty yards, but did not allow for the sighting sufficiently and missed him. The thought of being waited for by a flock of vultures while very much alive and well was, to say the least, uncanny."—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Bird's Tail.

In his "Story of the Birds" James Newton Basket says: To a slight extent in some birds the tail may be used as a rudder, but where the wing is perfected turning is effected with a very scant tail. The use of the tail always has more reference to the up and down movements than to the lateral. It comes into play in alighting (as a brake) or in rising (as a kite-like surface) and is used dexterously by the soaring birds in balancing themselves against varying currents of air.

Quaint Picture of Gladstone.

According to a Turkish newspaper of 1876, William E. Gladstone was born in 1790. For father he had a Bulgarian. His gluttony for gold made him yellow. He was of medium height, his whiskers were cropped close to his face, and "as a sign of his satanic spirit his forehead and upper forehead were bare. His evil temper has made his hair fall off, so that from a distance he might be taken for quite bald."

What He Lacked.

"They tell me," said the innocent maid, "that your marriage was the result of love at first sight. Is it true?" "It is," answered the round shouldered man sadly. "Had I been gifted with second sight I'd still be in the bachelor class!"—Chicago Record-Herald.