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A QUAIN OLD TAVERN

The Old Cheshire Cheese, In the Heart of London.

SERVES A FAMOUS PUDDING.

A Noble Pastry It Is, and It Was Sampled by Such Men as Gladstone, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Trollope and Whistler.

Nearly all Americans when they go to London make it a point to visit that quaint old tavern in the heart of the newspaper and printing business, the Old Cheshire Cheese, to partake of its famous pudding.

It is the Londoner's delight when he gets back to Fleet street to make a rush for the pudding, and it is almost the last thing he eats before leaving it. Travelers in the Sahara have seen mirages of that pudding, and during the Beer war the men shut up in Ladysmith and Mafeking dreamed of it at regular intervals.

Precisely at 1 o'clock p. m. Tom conveys the pudding from the first to the main floor. It is a big pudding, and the price of it is just 2 shillings—that is to say, a feed of it is 2 suitings, as much as you please, as many shares as you ask for, cut and come again, at 48 cents of American coin. Cheap, aye, and, oh, how good it is! It is worth crossing the Atlantic to get a sniff of it, and the aroma lingers in the memory for many a day.

Big! The dimensions are 18x24x10. It is a round earthen vessel containing more than two dozen inches deep, with a diameter of about eighteen inches. A noble pastry, my masters!

When it is placed upon the service table an elliptical white crust meets the hungry gaze, Tom and his myrmidons take their places in front facing the host, who, knife and spoon in hand, pores with gentle dignity and benignant mien. It is a moment of solemn thought when every man hopes that his portion will be larger than his friend's and that he will be blessed with an abundance of gravy. But they ought from years of acquaintance with the host to understand that his hand is as steady as his judgment is impartial.

No more and nothing better for one than for another. He waves his weapons, and the first onslaught is made. The room is full of a delicious steam bearing with it the concentrated essences of ambrosial substances. The guests sniff it up and murmur choice blessings on the cook, the original inventor, the house and the host. It is a time when men feel good, one toward the other.

One smell of that pudding makes the whole world kin. This famous pudding, which has tickled the palates of thousands, is thus compounded:

- A crust of flour, water and suet. Beefsteak. Sheep's kidneys. Larks. Mushrooms (freshly gathered). Oysters. Stock. Pepper and salt.

But it is the boiling that does it. For at least twelve hours this heaven sent pudding is kept slowly simmering in an immense copper specially constructed for the purpose. It must not boil quickly, but the same temperature be kept up the whole period. The steak assumes a July tenderness; the larks—not sparrows, as some indignant spirit has suggested, although sparrow pudding is not to be despised—are soothed to the bone, and you can chew up each little scunner without an effort; the kidneys are soft and mushy and offer no resistance to the digestive organs, and the oysters, despite their lengthened cooking, are not leathery. The amalgamation and assimilation of the variety of constituents are perfect; the result is bliss.

There is a story told of one eminent litterateur who had seven helpings of the pudding and still yearned for more, and there is another remarkable narrative of four men who ordered a pudding of the regulation size and finished it among them.

J. Pierpont Morgan praised the pudding, and Theodore Roosevelt was delighted with it. Lord Beaconsfield bestowed his approbation thereon, and Gladstone thought it far superior to his famous "three courses." Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, Swinburne, Tennyson, Trollope, Whistler, Leighton, Sala, Phil May—all sorts of the best of men of their day have fed upon the pudding, and it no doubt helped to inspire their work.

Apparently any cook can fashion it, mix it, fix it, boil it. Let any cook try it. Lots of cooks have tried it, but the results have not been satisfactory. There was a man who once ran the Old Cheshire Cheese, and in his day the pudding first achieved its great fame. When he sold the old hostelry and took a house in the financial district he announced that the same pudding—the same in every respect—would be served every Saturday.

Many of the Cheese's old patrons came around to celebrate. There was the size, but the aroma was wanting; there were the identical materials, but the flavor was not in them. It was not the same, not a bit of it. There was something missing. It may have been the shades of the departed great ones of a bygone time. And so it is that today the famous dish of the Old Cheshire Cheese tastes as of old, and its devotees cannot be seduced by any designing invitation based upon "just as good" simply because there is nothing just as good.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Thoughts are mightier than the strength of hand.—Sophocles.

THE LION'S ROAR.

An Appalling Sound That Brings Terror to the Traveler.

Once in the lion country you learn the real reason why he is termed the king of beasts. He looks it. Besides, there is the terror he casts over all the brute creation about him. And as for terror, there is one feature of life in East Africa that the traveler never forgets—the lion's roaring. To me no other sound in nature is more awe inspiring, more appalling, especially if heard at really close range or among hills, where the echo resounds in its rolling double bass. Contrary to the common idea, lions do not confine their thunderous calls to the night only. Frequently in open daylight one may be startled by a sudden outburst. They are a noisy lot too. At night I have heard a hand keep up the dire chorus for hours at a time, a blood curdling concert that brings to mind every tale, fanciful or true, of their daring, of their nerve rapacity and might. It seems, still further, to have an added dreadfulness when one is lying within the frail walls of a tent, with only its canvas between one and the formidable musician.

Listen now! There goes one booming in the distance, a roaring obligato that breaks into from six to a dozen calls. From the first to the fourth the volume usually increases; then it dies down. At very close quarters one hears the roar melt gradually into a purr, itself diminishing to a growling, disconcerted mumble that lasts for about half a minute, or there is the other sound, equally menacing—a soft and suggestive crunched noise, as though the beast had already settled to a greivous meal. The lion's voice is mighty, as mighty as his strength. Forget his habits, his love of carrion and his daylight turn of cowardice and you have the impression of a king of beasts—a real royalty along the brute creation.—Everybody's Magazine.

GUILT ON DISCIPLINE.

Big Department Stores Are Managed Like an Army.

"This is like an army," the manager explained when I went to him to ascertain by what system he handled the big department store. "The assistant managers are the generals, the department heads the colonels, the floorwalkers majors, and so on down the line. Only matters which are out of the ordinary routine are brought to the commander in chief.

"The organization is built on discipline. Each individual knows what work he has to do, and if he fails the failure reacts directly upon him. Thus each in turn is responsible to the one above him until the responsibility reaches this office. In the final analysis I am responsible to the firm. If a girl ties a bundle wrong or there is a dispute with a customer I am directly responsible, although I have probably known nothing of the incident. I pass the actual administration of authority and responsibility right down the line until the person who is at fault feels it personally. Doubtless hundreds of things happen in this store every day of which I have no knowledge, and I don't need to know about them. So long as the man to whom I have delegated the authority delegates it in turn to some one who knows how to use it properly there is no reason why I should interfere.

"This is the way it should be. I should not consider that we had an effective system if it were otherwise. A system must be so perfectly organized and every man must know and live up to his responsibilities so sincerely that I could walk out of this office today and not return for six months."—Interview With Manager of New York Store in Bookkeeper.

Eating Away an Island.

Strength is not a thing usually connected with maidenhair fern, yet if its roots have not sufficient room they will break the pot in which the plant grows. Blades of grass will force the curbstones between which they spring up out of their place, and in a single night a crop of small mushrooms have lifted a large stone. Indeed, plants have been known to break the hardest rocks. The island of Aldabra, to the northwest of Madagascar, is becoming smaller and smaller through the action of the manurees that grow along the foot of the cliffs. They eat their way into the rock in all directions, and into the gaps thus formed the waves force their way. In time they will probably reduce the island to pieces.—London Globe.

The Judge's Error.

"Give one verse of 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"
"I can't do it, judge."
"Quote a passage from the constitution."
"Too many for me."
"Then I can't naturalize you, my man."
"But I was born here, judge. I don't want to be naturalized. I'm after a bailiff's job."—Kansas City Journal.

Unkind.

The Kind Lady—You clear off or I'll set the dog at you.
The Tramp—Ah, 'ow deceptive is 'umans natur'. Fer two nights I've slept in your barn, eaten of yer poultry an' drunk of yer elder, and now yer treats me as an utter stranger.—London Sketch.

The Sphinx.

"What was the riddle of the sphinx?"
"I don't know; but, judging by a sphinx's facial expression, I don't believe it was very funny."—Washington Star.

PERSIAN WEAVERS.

The Way the Carpets Are Made by the Hand Workers.

In describing Persian Industries Mrs. Hume Griffith, in "Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia," tells how the beautiful carpets of that country are made, of course without machinery of any kind. The warp is stretched on a loom, which is merely a frame. The woof consists of short threads woven and knotted by hand without the aid of a shuttle. When a row is finished it is pressed tightly to the rest of the web by means of a comb inserted into the warp.

"The weaver does not see the pattern as he works, for he sits with the reverse side of the web toward him. The looms are generally kept in an underground vaulted room, often with water running through the center. At each loom three or four workers sit, according to the size of the carpet. Sometimes the workers consist of one man and two children, and occasionally the owner uses boys and girls only for the weaving.

"I sat on the high stool by the side of a tiny girl, whose fingers were working away so fast I could hardly follow her movements. The overseer was walking up and down the room calling out instructions to the workers. To me it sounded a horrible, incoherent jumble, but the children seemed to understand it perfectly.

"The overseer held in his hand a paper, from which he was apparently reading out instructions. It was something like this:
"To No. 1, three blue threads, one white, two green; No. 2, four yellow, one white, and so on, each child repeating after the 'master' the instructions given. As it was all said in a high pitched monotone the result was confusing and deafening. But there the little weavers sit, day in, day out, week after week, in this dark, gloomy cellar, kept hard at it by the overseer."

WONDERS OF A WATCH.

Its Marvelous Mechanism and the Power That Moves It.

We hear much from time to time of the wonders of this or that complicated and intricate machine, but there are few pieces of machinery more marvelous than that of the common watch.

A watch, it may be stated as a general proposition, is the smallest, most delicate instrument of the same number of parts that has ever been devised. About 175 different pieces of material enter into its construction, and upward of 2,400 separate operations are comprised in its manufacture.

Certain of the facts connected with its performance are well known and incredible when considered as a whole. A blacksmith strikes several hundred blows on his anvil in a day and, as a matter of course, is glad when Sunday comes, but the roller jewel of a watch makes every day—and day after day—432,000 impacts against the fork, or 157,080,000 blows during the course of a year, without stop or rest—some 3,153,600,000 blows during the space of twenty years, the period for which a watch is usually guaranteed to keep good time.

But the wonder of it does not cease here. It has been calculated that the power that moves the watch is equivalent to only four times the force used in a flea's jump. The watch power is therefore what might be termed the equivalent of a four flea-power. One horsepower would suffice to operate 270,000,000 watches.

Furthermore, the balance wheel of a watch is moved by this four flea-power 1 43-100 inches with each vibration, or 3,558 miles continuously in one year. Not much oil is required to lubricate the little machine on its 3,500 mile run. It takes only one-tenth of a drop to oil the entire machinery for a year's service.—Harper's Weekly.

Duck by Duck.

An old farmer had brought twenty ducks to the market to sell and, after the usual amount of haggling inseparable from a bargain of that description, managed to dispose of the lot to a dealer.

"That's 30 shillings I have to give you," said the dealer as he proceeded to count it out.

But the old chap's strong point was not arithmetic, and he was not satisfied with this mode of payment.

"Noa, noa!" he exclaimed. "Ye bought them at wan an' six pence, an' ye'll jist pay for them duck by duck."

And "duck by duck" it had to be.—London Scraps.

How It Is Done.

Returning from school the other afternoon, a little girl proudly informed her mother that she had learned to "punctuate."

"Well, dear," said her mother, "and how is it done?"

"You see, mother," explained the child, "when you write 'Hark!' you put a hatpin after it, and when you ask a question you put a buttonhook!"

In Doubt.

Visitor—So your boy is in college, is he, Mr. Coratoussie? Farmer—I can't say exactly. He's in the ball nine, an' in the rowin' crew, an' in the jinnayzeum, an' in the domitory, but whether he's ever in the college is more a I kin find out by his letters.—Harper's Bazar.

Time's Changes.

Father (meditating on time's changes)—Ah, yes, the fashion of this world passeth away! Daughter—Indeed it does, papa. I shall want a new hat next week.

Employment and hardships prevent melancholy.—Johnson.

WEINHARD'S COLUMBIA BEER, EXPORT BEER, KAISER BLUME, Unsung, Non-Intoxicating, MALT TEA. STAR BREWERY Hop Gold Beer, Special Brew. BOTTLED BY THE Columbia Bottling Co., Astoria, Oregon. Soda Waters, Siphons, Bartlett Mineral Water.

FLANEUR, No. 56331. Only Imported Percheron Stallion in Tillamook County. The most perfect individual and is breeding true to his type. Will make the season of 1910 at Easter's old stand in Tillamook City until June 15th, and from June 15th at Nehalem as long as necessary. For terms apply to B. L. BEALS, Nehalem Horse Company.

Foley's Kidney Pills. What They Will Do for You. They will cure your backache, strengthen your kidneys, correct urinary irregularities, build up the worn out tissues, and eliminate the excess uric acid that causes rheumatism. Prevent Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and restore health and strength. Refuse substitutes. Sold by Chas. I. Clough.

A Morning Reminder. 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 as a disordered stomach as Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They build up the system, assist nature in restoring natural conditions, and are so valuable in their action that one hardly realizes how valuable Chamberlain's medicine was taken. Chamberlain's Tablets are sold everywhere. Price 25c.

Diarrhoea. When you want a quick cure without loss of time, and one that is followed by good results, use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It never fails and is pleasant to take. Equally valuable for children. It is one of the best cures ever for a long list of ailments.

Pianos. The P. A. Starck Piano Co. Has established a permanent Agency in TILLAMOOK COUNTY. 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. MISS FLORENCE EVENS, Agent. Gus Kunze House, 2nd Ave. E. W. J. Garrett's Phone.

FAMILY RECIPES. The valued family recipes for cough and cold cure, liniments, tonics and other remedies have as careful attention here as the most intricate prescriptions. Our fresh, high grade drugs will help to make these remedies more effective than ever. Right prices are also assured.

CLOUGH, Reliable Druggist. Foley's Kidney Remedy may be given to children with admirable results. It does away with bed wetting, and is also recommended for use after measles and scarlet fever. Sold by Chas. I. Clough.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U.S. Land Office, at Portland, Ore., April 8th, 1910. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That MARY E. SMITH, whose post-office address is Hobsonville, Tillamook Co., Oregon, did, on the 18th day of October, 1909, file in this office sworn statement and application, No. 02271, to purchase the Ne 1/4 of Ne 1/4 Section 18, Township 2 North, Range 9 West, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," as such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 20,000 board feet at \$2.25 per M., 150 poles, 15c each; cedar poles, 50 pieces, 35c each; and the land \$10.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement, on the 29th day of June, 1910, before T. H. Goyle, United States Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issue, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry. CHAS. B. MERRICK, Register.

Notice of Final Account. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, her final account as administrator of the estate of William M. Mills, deceased, and that said Court has appointed Monday, June 6th, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the office of the County Judge, in the Court House in Tillamook City, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account and the settlement thereof. Dated this May 5th, 1910. VIOLA MILLS, Administratrix. H. T. BORTS, Attorney for Administratrix.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, in the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of the said William M. Mills, deceased, the undersigned, as administrator of the said estate, do hereby certify that the said Court has appointed Monday, June 6th, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the office of the County Judge, in the Court House in Tillamook City, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account and the settlement thereof. Dated this May 5th, 1910. VIOLA MILLS, Administratrix. H. T. BORTS, Attorney for Administratrix.

One-half interest in Lots 4 and 5, of Sec 1, Township 1 South of Range 10 West of Willamette Meridian. An undivided one-fourth interest in Lot 2, Block 6, Cone & Company's addition to Bay City, Lots 2 and 3, Block 7, and Lots 3 and 4, Block 13 Fuller's addition to Bay City, Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, in Block 4, Hay's addition to Tillamook City, all in Tillamook County, Oregon. Also an undivided one-third interest in Block 2, in Laurel Park addition as laid out by H. C. Thompson in Clatsop County, Oregon.

It is further ordered that this order be served by publishing for at least three successive weeks in the Tillamook Headlight, a newspaper circulating in Tillamook County, Oregon. H. P. GOODPASTER, County Judge, State of Oregon. J. C. HOLDEN, County Clerk and Clerk of the County Court, of the County and State aforesaid, do hereby certify that the foregoing copy of Order has been by me compared with the original, and that it is a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of such original order as the same appears of record at my office and in my custody.

I, witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court this 24th day of May, 1910. J. C. HOLDEN, Clerk.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook, did on the 7th day of February, 1910, duly make and enter in the Journal of said court, an order and decree, decreeing that the name of Harry William Angelo be changed to that of Harry William Scovell; that the name of the said person shall forever hereafter be Harry William Scovell, and that due, lawful and public notice of such change of name be published in the Tillamook Headlight, and this notice is published pursuant to said order and decree. In witness whereof, the Clerk of the County Court aforesaid has set his hand and affixed his official seal on this 19th day of February, 1910. J. C. HOLDEN, County Clerk.

Marvelous Discoveries mark the wonderful progress of the age. Air flights on heavy machines, telegrams without wires, terrible war inventions to kill men, and that wonder of wonders—Dr. King's New Discovery—to save life when threatened by coughs, colds, grippe, asthma, croup, bronchitis, hemorrhages, hay fever, and whooping cough or lung trouble. For all bronchial affections it has no equal. It relieves instantly. Its the surest cure. James M. Black of Asheville, N. C. R. E. No. 4, writes it cured him of an obstinate cough after all other remedies failed. 50c. and \$1.00. A trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough.