

Editorial Snap Shots.

The snap shot man thinks, as the ladies are having such a delightful time at the Commercial Club on ladies' day, that they should have an entertainment committee.

Not much going on this week by way of news, only that it is cool and delightful in Tillamook. This county at this season of the year has all other parts of the country skinned for cool and delightful weather.

No, Bro. Trombley, Bro. Baker was not wearing his specks upside down when "recurring" his data. Simply a folio of copy getting misplaced. But say, Bro., please explain how you come to use the word "recurring," for "procuring."

So the Democratic anti-assembly howl don't amount to much after all, for the Republican party is going to run its own affairs in future, the same as any other organization. But we suppose a few Democratic newspapers like the Portland Journal and some of our country newspapers will continue to whine because Republican are getting together to defeat the Democratic howlers at the next State election.

The storage of gasoline on the water front is a dangerous custom and should anything occur to cause a fire it would probably wipe out the whole city. You can't play with explosives without getting bit at some time or other. What would happen to the water front, the shipping and the city if several thousand gallons of gasoline were in the midst of a fire? Why, there would be something doing in the way of valuable property going up in thick smoke.

So Bro. Hofer, who wants to be governor, succeeded in getting \$25 out of the county for some copies of the Salem Journal with a poor write of Tillamook County. We will gamble it won't do the county 25c. worth of good. Gee! This must be a wonderful county for the traveling write up men to catch suckers, and it is a wonder to us that more have not flocked into the county when they can make such easy money. Not one of the county editors would have the presumption or gall to ask pay for that kind of business.

Congressman Hawley will be a candidate to succeed himself. No doubt there will be other aspirants, but as it is getting to be generally known that he is the strongest and most active member of the Oregon delegation in Washington, and by long odds the most persistent worker for the State, and particularly his own district, it is safe to say that he will be re-elected. Anyway, there would be no sense in turning down a good congressman who is doing his level best for his constituents, and Tillamook county as well.

As Charles B. Moores is a gentleman well known to quite a number of people in Tillamook county, and who is a true blue republican, we think he is entitled to the public ear when he has something to say about politics, and we have published his letter in this issue simply that our readers, and especially the Grangers, may obtain some reliable information and reliable facts as to those who are opposed to the Republican party holding an assembly. The snap shot man has no comment to make. All we ask is that Republicans and Grangers read this interesting letter which can be found on another page.

Attorney George Willett has made the suggestion that in revising the city charter, the city adopt the commission system of conducting the city affairs, which is proving quite successful wherever it has been adopted. This is a matter which is deserving of some consideration as the present system is not conducive to a business like administration of city affairs, and anything that will bring about better results is worth trying. There is a strong sentiment amongst business men in favor of having the charter revised, and sooner it is done better will it be for the city.

The dry season is here and every precaution should be taken to prevent forest fires and a fire getting started in this city. It is just as well to be on the alert whenever there is any indication of fire or negligence on the part of campers in leaving fire. The weather has been remarkably dry this spring, with every indication that it will continue dry through the summer. We do not wish to cause undue alarm, but in preventing fires from spreading it will avoid many serious losses to property and possibly life. Let the settlers give the fire wardens every assistance possible to prevent another forest fire, the danger from which comes from careless campers.

There is one way, and but one way, to save the Republican party

from distraction and defeat. The way to bring back peace and good order in the party is for patriotic Republicans to beat the assembly in its inception and end the foolishness for all time.

Is this advice taken from a Republican newspaper? No, dear reader, it is clipped from the editorial columns of the Portland Journal, a Democratic newspaper which is doing everything in its power to stir up discord in the Republican party and which will not be found supporting a single Republican candidate for office after the primary, no matter whether such candidate may have been named by assembly or otherwise. Any Republican in Oregon who is permitting himself to be influenced by the Portland Journal is due to experience a rude awakening after the September primary.—Polk County Observer.

The Executive Board of the Tillamook Commercial Club had an interesting session on Friday evening, which indicates that the club is going to be an important factor in city and county affairs. The first matter which came up for consideration was the write up of Tillamook county, and as it had proved such a miserable failure, the Board at first thought it would be better to expend the money on roads, but after carefully discussing it from all points of view, the Board finally agreed that the county needed some literary matter so as to induce home seekers to locate in Tillamook, and the matter of compiling this was turned over to the editor of the Headlight and Attorney George Willett. The matter of having the city charter amended was the next question that took up some time, with the result that the Board was to call on Mayor Coates and have him appoint a committee to draw up a new charter. Some very pertinent remarks were made as to the rotten police system, the Board coming to the conclusion that it had never been worse. Some members of the Board felt a little restive on account of the delay in getting work started on the improvement of Hoquartion slough, and steps are to be taken to help bring about more activity.

Why some people should be so foolish as to say that the snap shot man is a political boss is hard to tell. The only thing that we know anything about bossing is bossing the Headlight. True we have taken a lively interest in the success of the Republican party and its candidates. The editor had little or nothing to do with nominating tickets either at conventions or at the primaries, but we did give Republican candidates, one and all, our hearty support when they received the nominations, and it would have been more honorable on the part of a number of Republicans had they done the same, for we think that a person who swears in his vote and registers as a Republican and then votes the Democratic or some other ticket commits perjury. We have never allowed any political aspirant or office holder to have any strings on the Headlight, and we have never had or attempted to obtain strings on any office holder, for we love independence and freedom of action too well in running a newspaper to want to boss others. We do say this, however, that the Headlight is a boss newspaper in staying with the Republican party and Republican candidates. So if that is what our respected Bro. intends when he calls us a "boss," then we think we are a pretty straight kind of boss for playing fair in politics.

Help for Those Who Have Stomach Trouble. After doctoring for about twelve years for a bad stomach trouble, and spending nearly five hundred dollars for medicine and doctor's fees, I purchased my wife one box of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which did her so much good that she continued to use them and they have done her more good than all of the medicine I bought before.—Samuel Boyer, Folsom, Iowa. This medicine is for sale by Lamar's Drug Store. Samples Free.

Proper Treatment for Dysentery and Diarrhoea. The great mortality from dysentery and diarrhoea is due to a lack of proper treatment at the first stages of the disease. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is a reliable and effective medicine, and when given in reasonable time will prevent any dangerous consequences. It has been in use for many years and has always met with unvarying success. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

Bowel Complaint in Children. When six months old the little daughter of E. N. Dewey, a well known merchant of Angevill, Va., had an attack of Cholera infantum. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was given and effected a complete cure. This remedy has proven very successful in cases of bowel complaint in children and when given according to the plain printed directions can be relied upon with perfect confidence. When reduced with water and sweetened it is pleasant to take, which is of great importance when a medicine must be given to young children.—For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

Filial Repartee. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was always distressed for money, was one day backing his face with a dull razor when he turned to his eldest son and said: "Tom, if you open any more oysters with my razor I'll cut you off with a shilling."

The Prize Holder. "I understand you have a fine track team here," said the visitor to the man who was showing him over the college campus. "What individual holds most of the medals?" "The town pawnbroker," answered his guide after due deliberation.—New York Journal.

Misdials. Sillibus—Love is a game in which Cupid deals the cards. Cynicus—Then why does he so often deal from the bottom of the deck?—Philadelphia Record.

SINGS ITS DEATH SONG.

A Peculiar Bird Found in the Jungles of South America.

There is a queer bird in the jungles of northern South America which is called the "paaji" by the natives, but is known to science as the galeated curasson. It is chiefly remarkable because it sings its own death song.

It does not really sing, but makes a deep humming noise which sounds very much like the Spanish words "El muerto esta aqui" (the corpse lies here). "It is while uttering this lugubrious chant," said a South American traveler, "that the paaji usually meets its death, for the hunter can then easily track it to its retreat, and it falls a victim, as the Indians say, to its own death song."

If the paaji gets suspicious it immediately ceases humming, and that is a sure indication to the hunter that the bird has seen him or scents danger. In such a case the only thing for the sportsman to do is to remain perfectly still. The bird may become reassured after waiting while and again begin to call, "The corpse lies here." It can then be cautiously approached and killed.

If it is only wounded the paaji usually escapes, though it cannot fly much better than the ordinary domestic fowl. It is very fleet of foot and will outrun the hunter until it is lost in the dense undergrowth of the jungle.

In the mating season the male paaji is the most pugnacious of birds and will fight his own kind whenever it meets them. Often the fight ends in the annihilation of both combatants.

SALVE FOR HIS WOUND.

A Strenuous Scene That Was Not on the Bill of the Play.

Giovanni Grasso, a Sicilian actor of unusual dramatic energy, was playing in Florence in one of his finest parts, where he had to stab his enemy with a dagger. Suddenly, in the heat of his passion, Grasso let the weapon slip out of his hand. It alighted in the pit on a man's head, cutting it slightly.

An indignant member of the audience dug the knife back to the stage, where it was dexterously caught by Grasso. Raising it aloft in his hand and as if it were accursed, Grasso smashed it in two and then stamped upon it.

Then, with a swift bound, Grasso was in the pit beside the injured man. The next minute he had climbed back to the boards, with the victim in his arms.

After setting him in a chair Grasso threw himself on his knees and began a long entreaty for forgiveness. This was rapidly granted by the much embarrassed playgoer, who on his side begged to be allowed to return to his seat.

But this was not to be until Grasso, weeping copiously, had bestowed no fewer than fifty resounding kisses on the man's blushing cheeks.

The action was greeted with loud cheers, and after Grasso had gracefully bowed his thanks the play was resumed and successfully concluded.—London Express.

Perils of the Hair Cut.

"Ouch!" cried the barber and something besides. He stuck the end of his thumb in his mouth and began sucking it.

"Cut yourself?" asked the man in the chair.

"No; it's an ingrowing hair," replied the barber—"an ingrowing hair under my thumb nail."

"Fact," said the barber. "It isn't an uncommon thing either. In giving a customer a hair cut a bit of hair often lodges under the finger nail, and if it isn't removed it is apt to fester and get sore. Sometimes we don't even know it's there until it begins to get in its fine work. It hurts like the dickens sometimes. If you don't believe me, ask any barber and he'll tell you the same thing."—New York Times.

A Gun Club's Treasure.

Thirteen million cartridge shells, the result of eleven years of shooting by the members of a gun club, have been gathered into a huge pile by one of the leading sporting organizations of England. Eleven years ago one of the members conceived the idea of having the members save all their shells and deposit them on the pile. The shell bank is now the club's most prized possession. If a single man were to shoot one cartridge a second day and night it would take him about twenty-five years to discharge 13,000,000. The club maintains a vigilant guard over its precious shell pile.

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Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was always distressed for money, was one day backing his face with a dull razor when he turned to his eldest son and said: "Tom, if you open any more oysters with my razor I'll cut you off with a shilling."

"Very well, father," said Tom, "but where will you get the shilling?"

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"The town pawnbroker," answered his guide after due deliberation.—New York Journal.

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TWO STOCK DEALS.

Sherwood Took Flood's Boast and Later Handed It Back.

In Joseph L. King's "History of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board" is this story of Flood and Sherwood:

In the early days, in the seventies, quite a number of operators would gather together in Cahill's office on Montgomery street, near California. Among them were Mr. James C. Flood and Mr. Robert Sherwood. Sherwood had 1,000 Consolidated Virginia, the stock selling at about \$100. One day Sherwood, on looking at the prices, remarked that he was getting tired of that Consolidated Virginia; it did not move much. Mr. Flood said: "What are you growling about? If you are tired of that stock I will take it off your hands at \$100." "Sold," said Sherwood, and the stock changed hands.

In course of time the Nevada bank building was erected on the corner of Pine and Montgomery streets. On meeting Sherwood one day Mr. Flood remarked: "We built that Nevada block on the profits of that 1,000 shares of Consolidated Virginia you sold us."

Subsequently, in the Sierra Nevada and Union deal, Mr. Flood approached Sherwood on the street and bought from him 5,000 Union at \$200 a share, the transaction footing up \$1,000,000.

Sherwood built the Union block, on the corner of Pine, Davis and Market streets. Meeting Flood one day, he remarked, "I built that Union block with the profits of that 5,000 Union I sold you."

A WARM GREETING.

She Overcame the Rules and Met Him at the Station.

She was rushing through the gate past Bill Gibson, the gateman, like a passenger train by a flag station, but Gibson stopped her.

"Let's see your ticket, lady," he asked politely enough.

"Oh, I have no ticket," she said, "but won't you please let me through. I want to—"

"It's against the rules," cut in Gibson.

"Yes, but I want to be there on the platform"—all this breathlessly—"I'm so anxious to meet him."

"Well, go on through," Gibson told her. "I guess it'll be all right." Then to himself he soliloquized: "Why not? Perhaps she won't always be so keen to meet him; probably hasn't been married but a month or so; maybe isn't married yet at all. Far be it from me to interrupt her at such nice little attentions."

The train came in. Gibson sort of looked out of the tail of his eye for a chance to witness the happy reunion. Such sights illumine the dark recesses of the dingy old depot.

In a moment he caught sight of her. But her husband or sweetheart—if she had one or the other—was not with her. However, she was not alone. Under her arm she clutched tightly a compact brindle English bulldog with a countenance like a disipated gargoyle.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Price of Eloquence.

The auctioneer held up a battered fiddle.

"What am I offered for this antique violin?" he pathetically inquired. "Look it over. See the blurred finger marks of remorseless time. Note the stains of the hurrying years. To the merry notes of this fine old instrument the brocaded dames of fair France may have danced the minuet in glittering Versailles. Perhaps the vestal virgins marched to its stirring rhythms in the feasts of Lupercalia. Ha, it bears an abrasion—perhaps a touch of fire. Why, this may have been the very fiddle on which Nero played when Rome burned."

"Thirty cents," said a red nosed man in the front row.

"It's yours!" cried the auctioneer cheerfully. "What next?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A South Arabian Food Plant.

Jowari, a tall slender plant resembling corn and headed with a grain something like millet, is the Abball's chief crop. He feeds the stalk to his camels and eats the grain himself. Three crops a year are produced. Jowari requires little cultivation except weeding, which the Abball does by hand, and when ripe he cuts it off close to the ground with his hunting knife. New shoots spring up from the roots to become the next crop. For a camel load of about 125 pounds he receives at Aden an average of two rupees, or \$04.88. A fair yearly yield is twenty camel loads an acre.—Consular and Trade Reports.

Fairly Warned.

"Mr. Sault," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."—Success.

Seeking Information.

Miss Yankee—And what has Lord Chichester done that you think so interesting? Lord Defendus—He won a Derby, y' know. Miss Yankee—How lovely! On an election bet?

Talk For Grandmother.

There is hardly anything that flatters a grandmother more than telling her you don't believe she is one.—Galveston News.

It is a great misfortune not to have enough wit to speak well or not enough judgment to keep silent.—La Bruyere.

FREEZING CAVERNS.

Subterranean Caves That Are Lined With Crystalline Ice.

There are deep cavities and tunneled recesses in the earth far away from sunlight and held in the tight embrace of rocky strata where secret boards of glittering ice find habitation all the year round. Yet down in these queer places the ice is as clear and crystalline as any that nature maintains in the open air. Moreover, it occurs on a truly grand and massive scale.

Imagine thick underground ice walls and doors and craftily fissured columns beautiful in shape and color, streaming from roof to floor of lofty rock chambers! And under the slow drip, drip, drip of percolating water this same ice learns to fashion itself into cave adornments—frozen water droplets, curling slopes, stalactites and stalagmites of fantastic shape and rainbow hues.

Subterranean cold waves, or "glaciers," as they are frequently called, crop up in some 300 scattered localities in Europe, Asia and America, but all, with rare exceptions, whether true ice caverns or grottoes and deep hollows, are confined to the north temperate regions of these continents—that is, to places where there is a sufficiently low temperature at some portion of the year to reach freezing point and render snowfall possible.—Pearson's Magazine.

THEY SIT AND LOOK.

Women Who Watch For Celebrities In a New York Restaurant.

"I always wonder," said a New York woman who lunches out a good deal, "what satisfaction the women get out of life who flock to a certain fashionable uptown restaurant at luncheon time just to see celebrities."

"They look as if they cannot afford to be there, and the truth is they do not apparently go there for food. I have watched them ordering and noted what was brought them, and almost invariably it is some such thing as cafe parfalt, or an ice of some kind, or a cup of tea or of chocolate and a sandwich."

"They sit and look. The moment some stage celebrity comes in there is a craning of necks, and you hear excited whisperings. 'Oh, there's So-and-so!' mentioning an actress or a matinee idol, and the neck craning keeps on until a fresh subject for scrutiny comes in."

"You can see this sort of thing every luncheon time at this restaurant. There is a regular contingent of these rubber-neckers, and they are not visitors from the far west, either."—New York Sun.

Growing Corn For Cob Pipes.

Probably not one smoker in a hundred who likes the "real American pipe"—the corn-cob—is aware of the fact that many acres in Ohio, Illinois, Missouri and Nebraska are devoted to raising corn for the especial purpose of producing cobs suitable for fashioning into pipe bowls. The grain itself is marketed, of course, but the cob on which it grows is the real harvest and is cut carefully into proper lengths, smoothed and polished, the soft inner pulp being gouged out by specially constructed machinery. The corn-cob pipe goes to every country in the world where men smoke and is especially in favor in Australia and New Zealand, where it is regarded as characteristically American, because it suggests the idea of Yankee ingenuity. The brier is the favorite with Englishmen, who are probably the greatest pipe smokers in the world.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Waiting For the Note.

An English churchman tells the following: "At one of our cathedrals the minor canon was ill and could not sing. A suffragan bishop had a good voice and volunteered to sing the litany. 'Go,' he said to the vergier, 'and tell the organist that I will sing the litany and ask him to give me the reciting note.' 'Please, sir,' said the vergier to the organist, 'the bishop has sent me to you to say he will sing the litany.' 'All right,' said the organist. Seeing the vergier remain, he said, 'You need not stay.' 'Please, sir, the bishop asked me to ask you if you would give him a something—I didn't quite catch—note.' 'You mean the reciting note.' 'That's it, sir; that's it.' Seeing the vergier still remaining, he said, 'You need not stay.' To which the vergier said, 'Please, sir, shall I take it to his lordship?'"

Camel Carriages.

Camel carriages are not common conveyances in most parts of India, but on the great trunk road leading to Delhi they are frequently to be seen. They are large, double story wagons, drawn sometimes by one, sometimes by two or even three camels, according to their size. Iron bars which give them a cage-like appearance were originally intended as a defense against robbers, and the carts were probably also used for the conveyance of prisoners.

Her Sad Fate.

"What a beautiful little girl she is!" "Yes, and just think, she'll have to marry a mere American unless her father chinks up and exhibits more ability as a financier than he has ever shown thus far."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stingy.

"He is a stingy old curmudgeon, isn't he?" "The worst I ever saw. Why, he'd haggle over the cost of building a spite fence."—Exchange.

He who flatters you is your enemy.—Cardan.

A SERIOUS DINER.

The Way the Great Emperor Charles V. Ate His Meals.

The diary of a German courtier, Bartholomew Sustrow, who lived in the time of the Emperor Charles, gives us a good idea of the gastronomic customs of those times. Sustrow's description of the table habits of the greatest ruler in his day is very interesting.

Young princes and counts served the repast. There were invariably five courses of six dishes. The emperor had no one to carve for him. He began by cutting his bread in pieces large enough for one mouthful, and attacked his plate. He often used his fingers while he held the plate with his chin with the other hand.

When he felt thirsty he made a drink of the "doctor" standing by the table, then they went to the sideboard for two silver flagons and filled a goblet which held about a measure and a half. The emperor drained it to the last drop, practically at one draft.

During the meal he never uttered a syllable, scarcely smiled at the most amusing sallies of the jesters behind his chair, finally picked his teeth with quills and, after washing his hands, retired to a window recess, where any body could approach him with a petition.

SALT WATER.

Deep Seas Are More Saline Than Those That Are Shallow.

The density of sea water depends upon the quantity of saline matter it contains. The proportion is generally about 3 or 4 per cent, though it varies in different places. The ocean contains more salt in the southern than in the northern hemisphere, and the Atlantic contains more than the Pacific. The greatest proportion of salt in the Pacific is in the parallels of 2 degrees north latitude and 17 degrees south latitude. Near the equator it is less, and in the polar seas it is beyond the melting of the ice.

The saltness varies with the season in these regions, and the fresh water being lighter, is uppermost, thus making the surface of the sea fresher than the interior parts, and the influx of rivers renders the ocean less salt at their estuaries.

Deep seas are more saline than those that are shallow, and inland seas communicating with the main are less salt from the rivers that flow into them. To this, however, the Mediterranean is an exception, owing to great evaporation and the influx of salt water from the Black sea and the Atlantic. The water in the strait of Gibraltar at the depth of 670 fathoms is 34 times as salt as that at the surface. St. James' Gazette.

Lore of the Clover.

Any one who carries about a few leaved clover will be lucky and will have the power of discovering ghosts or evil spirits. With it under the low the lover may insure dreams of the beloved one. A fragment in the shoe of a traveler ensures a safe journey. Of the five leaved clover it is declared that if it be worn on the left side of a maiden's dress or fastened behind the hall door the Christian name of the first man who enters will be the same as that of the future husband. The power of the four leaved shamrock for good is familiar to all from Lover's pretty and once popular song, the speaker in which promises what she would do should she find the magic plant:

I would play the enchanter's part and scatter bliss around,  
And not a tear or aching heart about the world be found.

The Nature of Friendship.

Friendship may be fostered, but it cannot be forced. Two are as one, not because it is in the will of either, but because it is in the nature of both. When souls of similar fiber encounter each other the gods preside at the meeting. I may not cockle my eye, I will make this man my friend. It is either is or is not my friend without any decision of mine or his. The gods have been shaping the two of us and if we fit into each other well and good, if not, we know it instinctively and are worlds apart though we toast and shine at the same fire and bawdy with till doomsday.—Richard Wightman's Metropolitan Magazine.

Consolation.

There had been a little quarrel with the honey moon.

"And just look at my pretty little collar," sobbed the young wife, "my tears have trickled down and washed it out of shape. You haven't a bit of feeling."

"Indeed I have," laughed the husband, "I'm going to fix things up." "E-how, George?"

"Why, the next time I go downtown I am going to buy you a waterproof collar."—Chicago News.

A Special Brand.

Mrs. Recentmarrie—I want half a dozen red lemons. The Fruiterer—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Recentmarrie—Yes, ma'am. I want to surprise my husband by making him some red lemons.—Chicago News.

The Two Periods.

The career of every successful man may be divided into two periods—when he is not given credit for what he knows and second, when he is given credit for what he doesn't know.—Life.

Do not talk about disgrace from a thing being known when the disgrace is that the thing should exist.—Cooper.