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**CLEMENS THE BOY**

The Budding Humorist Was the Terror of His Mother.

HE YEARNED TO BE A PIRATE

Cruising the Mississippi, Fishing, Swimming and Marauding Struck Him as the Ideal Life—The Stick He Selected For His Own Whipping.

Mark Twain the boy was leader of a band of young incorrigibles, according to Albert Bigelow Paine, Twain's secretary and biographer, who in Harper's tells something of their juvenile goings on:

His mother declared that he gave her more trouble than all the other children put together.

"He drives me crazy with his dildoes when he is in the house," she used to say, "and when he is out of it I am expecting every minute that some one will bring him home half dead."

He did, in fact, achieve the first of his "nine narrow escapes from drowning" about this time and was pulled out of the river one afternoon and brought home in a lump and unpromising condition. When with mullin tea and castor oil she had restored him to activity she said:

"I guess there wasn't much danger. People born to be hanged are safe in water."

She declared she was willing to pay somebody to take him off her hands for a part of each day and try to teach him manners.

Besides his mother, who had to contend with the bad boy, was his school-teacher, a certain Miss Horr. Mr. Paine tells how unlike to a bed of roses was her lot.

Miss Horr received 25 cents a week for each pupil and opened her school with prayer, after which came a chapter of the Bible, with explanations and the rules of conduct. Then the A B C class was called, because its recital was a hand to hand struggle, requiring no preparation.

The rules of conduct that first day interested little Sam. He calculated how much he would need to trim in to sail close to the danger line and still avoid disaster. However, he made a miscalculation during the forenoon and received warning. A second offense would mean punishment. He did not mean to be caught the second time, but he had not learned Miss Horr yet and was presently startled by being commanded to go out and bring a stick for his own correction.

This was certainly disturbing. It was sudden, and then he did not know much about the selection of sticks. Jane Clemens had usually used her hand. It required a second command to get him headed in the right direction, and he was a trifle dazed when he got outside. He had the forests of Missouri to select from, but choice was difficult. Everything looked too big and competent. Even the smallest switch had a wiry, discouraging look. Across the way was a cooper shop with a good many shavings outside. One had blown across and lay just in front of him. It was an inspiration. He picked it up and, solemnly entering the schoolroom, meekly handed it to Miss Horr.

Perhaps Miss Horr's sense of humor prompted forgiveness, but discipline must be maintained.

"Samuel Langhorne Clemens," she said (he had never heard it all strung together in that ominous way), "I am ashamed of you! Jimmy Dunlap, go bring in a switch for Sammy." And Jimmy Dunlap went, and the switch was of a sort to give the little boy an immediate and permanent distaste for school. He informed his mother when he went home at noon that he did not care for school; that he had no desire to be a great man; that he preferred to be a pirate or an Indian and scarp or drown such people as Miss Horr.

Young Sam conceived the notion that a pirate's life would be joyous and, with a couple of pals, cruised the Mississippi.

Some of their expeditions were innocent enough. They often cruised up to Turtle Island, about two miles above Hannibal, and spent the day feasting. You could have loaded a car with turtles and their eggs up there and there were quantities of mussels and plenty of fish. Fishing and swimming were their chief pastimes, with general marauding for adventure. Where the rail road bridge now ends on the Missouri side was their favorite swimming hole—that and along Bear creek, a secluded, limpid water with special interests of its own. Sometimes at evening they swam across to Glasscock's Island, the rendezvous of Tom Sawyer's "Black Avengers" and the hiding place of Huck and Nigger Jim. Once, though this was considerably later, when he was sixteen, Sam Clemens swam across to the Illinois side and then turned and swam back again without landing, a distance of at least two miles as he had to go. He was seized with a cramp on the return trip. His legs became useless, and he was obliged to make the remaining distance with his arms. It was a hardy life they led, and it is not recorded that they ever did any serious damage, though they narrowly missed it sometimes.

**A Close Relation**  
Bess—What do you think? Her aunt brought Tess only a string of cheap beads from Europe. Jess—Well, what more could she expect from a close relation?—Lippincott's

Blessedness consists in the accomplishment of our desires and in our having only regular desires.—St. Augustine.

**REED AND CARLISLE.**

A Verbal Duel in the House Between the Parliamentary Masters.

Following is an interesting story of an encounter between Reed and Carlisle as Senator La Follette reports it in his autobiography in the American Magazine:

"Reed was one of the ablest men in either house of congress. Some of his passages with Carlisle when Carlisle was speaker were among the best examples of close forensic reasoning I have ever heard. Both were as fine parliamentary athletes as were ever to be found. I remember vividly a characteristic passage between them. It was near the end of the session and 3 o'clock in the morning. An appropriation bill was pending. Some one offered an amendment. If it passed some advantage would accrue to the Democrats; if it failed, some advantage to the Republicans. A point of order was raised against it, and Carlisle overruled the point. Reed was on his feet—Reed, 300 pounds, six feet tall. He was the leader on the Republican side. I remember he had just two gestures, one an impressive downward movement with his extended index finger, and in the other during his higher flights he held one great clinched fist high above his head, like some colossus. He was a striking figure.

"I contend," he said on the occasion to which I refer, "that the speaker is wrong."

"Carlisle, standing there in the speaker's place, answered, 'I shall be glad to hear the gentleman from Maine.'"

"Reed retorted, 'The speaker is wrong for this reason'—and put it in a nutshell.

"'Ab, but the gentleman from Maine is in error because'—and Carlisle stated his contention without a superfluous word.

"'Yes,' answered Reed, 'but Mr. Speaker, and for ten or fifteen minutes it was parry and thrust, thrust and parry, Reed pressing Carlisle from position to position until finally the speaker said:

"'The gentleman from Maine is clearly right. The speaker is wrong and reverses his ruling.'"

**FORGED SIGNATURES.**

Little Things That Expose the Fraud to Handwriting Experts.

Forgery has a great attraction to a certain element of the criminal world. Some are so skillful in this line of work as to get past the most eagle-eyed bank teller, but always when the microscope is brought into play it is possible to detect the fraud, or, if not the microscope, then more modern testing appliances are used.

Here is a secret divulged by a man who has made a study of handwriting: No person ever yet wrote his name twice alike. In some small or big detail one signature always differs from another. Therefore when the same man's name appears twice alike—as it does in the course of business events, when the forger gets after a little easy coin—there must be a matter of tracing. It stands to reason that the exact fac simile of the one has been gained by the overlying or tracing process.

When a man undertakes to write another man's name in the free hand style of Jim the Penman there is always noticeable to the practiced eye a cramping movement or a radical departure from the way in which the name should be written. Such a small thing as the particular position of the dot above the "i," for instance, will reveal forgery or the crossing of the "t" or the shading of up or down strokes. A man will overlook the fact that the name he is writing when written by its owner always leaves the straight line at a certain letter and returns on another certain letter. Some business men place after their signatures on checks a period, some a comma, some a rough star, others a short or a long dash, making the genuineness of the signature depend more upon this slight characteristic than the name itself.—New York Tribune.

**Beau Brummel's Impudence.**  
Beau Brummel's favorite dish was roasted capon stuffed with truffles. When he was living almost on the country of Mr. Marshall he attended a dinner party at that gentleman's house, taking with him, according to his most impudent custom, one of his favorite dogs. The Beau was helped to a wing of roast capon; but, choosing to fancy that the wing was tough, he delicately seized the end of it with a napkin covered finger and thumb and passed it under the table to his dog with the remark, "Here, Atout, try if you can get your teeth through this, for I'll be — if I can!"

**More Likely.**  
"They say she fell in love with him while he was filling her teeth."

"No; that's a mistake. She went to him to have some of her teeth filled, but it was when he informed her some of them required filling she fell in love with him."—Judge.

**Meeting Sorrow.**  
Courage for the great sorrows of life and patience for the small ones, and when you have accomplished your daily task go sleep in peace. God is awake.—Victor Hugo.

**Naturally.**  
"A friend of mine has invented a new electric button."  
"Is he doing anything with it?"  
"Oh, yes, pushing it."—Baltimore American.

Fear is far more painful to cowardice than death to true courage.—Sir I. Sidney.

**SAVED THE NORTHWEST.**

Dr. Whitman Kept It From Being Traded to England.

But for the foresight, it is said, of a missionary this country would have "traded off" to Great Britain that immense territory that now forms two of the greatest states of the northwest—Oregon and Washington.

Marcus Whitman had crossed the plains and the mountains to Oregon and knew from a year's residence the value of the country. He also knew that the Hudson Bay company was anxious to obtain possession of the whole northwest and had circulated the report that it was impossible for emigrants to cross the mountains in wagons.

At a dinner given in 1842, at which Dr. Whitman and several of the company's chief officers were present, news was received that a band of British emigrants had crossed the mountains. Toasts were drunk in honor of the event. "Now the Americans may whistle—the country is ours!" one of the Englishmen is reported to have exclaimed jubilantly.

But Whitman thought otherwise. The next day he started for Washington on horseback. He made the journey in winter and with frozen limbs called on Daniel Webster, then secretary of state. Upon his presentation of the situation Whitman was gruffly told by Webster that the country was worthless and that he, as secretary of state, was about to trade that "worthless region" for valuable concessions with reference to the Newfoundland fisheries.

Finding that a treaty had already been approved by the senate and was awaiting formal ratification and proclamation by President Tyler, Dr. Whitman sought the president. When the missionary had finished his story the president said:

"Sir, your frozen limbs attest your sincerity. Can you take emigrants across the mountains in wagons?"

"Give me six months and I will take 1,000 across," answered the doctor.

"If you can take them across," added Tyler, "the treaty shall not be ratified."

In 1843 a band of emigrants under the guidance of the doctor started from Missouri for Oregon. A deputation from the Hudson Bay company met them on the plains, advising them that it was impossible for them to cross the mountains in their wagons. The emigrants decided to leave their wagons and finish the journey on horseback.

As this course would have ruined Whitman's plan of saving the country to the United States, he labored with the leaders of the band until they consented to follow the doctor's advice and guidance. The band did cross the mountains in their wagons, the treaty was not ratified, and the fertile northwest was saved to the United States.—New York Herald.

**An Odd Superstition.**

A strange superstition is that of an otherwise perfectly normal western man who as a buyer for a very large department store of the country has had marvelous success. His talent seems to lie in reading the hidden thoughts of men and in that way securing bargains few others can ever seem to get. To a few of his intimates, not his trade friends, he gives a weird explanation of this power. Wherever he can he says he drinks water from the same glass as the person with whom he is about to do business, taking care to drink after him. There is not a doubt in his mind that there is truth in the old belief that if two drink water out of one glass the last to drink will know the other's secrets. At all events this man says the test never fails.—New York Sun.

**Amulets of the Burman.**

Highly prized by the Burman are the following gems: Ruby, diamond or crystal, pearl, coral, topaz, sapphire, catseye, amethyst and emerald. Collectively they ward off sickness or danger. The catseye is supposed to secure invulnerability in war. Incantations are muttered over some or all of these stones, and the water in which they are immersed is drunk in order to secure immunity from all evil. Spells are uttered over rubies, and they are inserted as amulets in the flesh of men who desire to be immune from wounds inflicted by sword, spear or gun.

**One of Tom Hood's.**

There was a noted brand of tobacco which the sailors of England chewed in the early years of the nineteenth century—"pigtail." And it is commemorated in one of the most ingenious of Thomas Hood's punning verses, in which he recounts the life, love and sorrow of a sailor, a British sailor:

His head was turned, and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

The lower deck today would be puzzled to see the joke of that!—London Tatler.

**Brought the Wrinkles.**

On one occasion an actress grew tempestuous with Perrin, the Parisian manager, and gave him a stormy quarter of an hour.

"And what did you do, my dear Perrin?" asked Febvre.

"I said nothing and watched her grow old."

**He Knew.**

"The Malays have a queer marriage custom," remarked the traveler. "The groom holds his nose against a small cylindrical object. I couldn't quite make out what it was."

"A grindstone probably," interposed Mr. Grouch.—Exchange.

Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy and can make them wretched.—Feltbam.