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OLD SHIP CLOCKS.

Crude Devices Mariners Used In
Reckoning Time.

SANDGLASS MOST POPULAR.

If It Were Carefully Attended to the
Skipper Could Tell the Days Fairly
Well, but It Was Often Juggled—The
First Chronometers.

To ascertain the time when at sea is
now a matter of the utmost simplicity.
But such was not the case in the old
sailing days, and in order to acquire
even the vaguest idea of longitude and
time the seaman had recourse to curi-
ous devices.

Crude as these devices appear com-
pared with present day instruments,
they saved the mariner from chaos and
destruction, and even if he could not
name the hour with any degree of cer-
tainty he at least knew the day of the
week.

Eclipses of the moon and the posi-
tions of the stars afforded a little guide
to the skipper, who was, nevertheless,
greatly handicapped by his lack of as-
tronomical knowledge and the inferior
quality of his spyglass. Moreover,
eclipses could not be arranged for ev-
ery night in the week, and there were
dark nights when the stars could not
be seen, so various devices had to be
pressed into service.

The most popular form of old sea
clock was the sandglass. Many of
these glasses were timed to run twen-
ty-four hours, and prior to the ship
leaving land the glass was set exactly
to noon. If it were carefully watched
and turned as soon as the sand ran
down the skipper could reckon the
days with fair accuracy.

Side by side with the large glass were
placed half-hour and minute glasses.
The man at the helm carefully watch-
ed this old sea clock and announced
the time at regular intervals by strik-
ing a bell. It was customary to esti-
mate the duration of any incident by
so many glasses. "To flog the glass"
was an operation very congenial to
lazy seamen. It consisted in turning
the glass before all the sand had run
down so that the watch was appreci-
ably shortened.

When the twenty-four hour glass
was employed a little juggling was in-
dulged in for the purpose of finding
the longitude. The difference between
the twenty-four hour glass and the
time by the sun was estimated and
this difference was held to represent
the longitude east or west, according
as the sun's time might be before or
after the time returned by the glass.

"Taking the sun" was a weird and
wonderful operation. Clumsy quad-
rants were utilized, and toward mid-
day the captain appeared on deck to
perform his solemn duty. After much
screwing of eyes and waggling of the
quadrant the captain would haul out
to the mate, "Make it — bells!" the
number varying according to personal
idiosyncrasies.

LIFE ON A BOER FARM.

The House a Chamber of Horrors, the
Housewife Hopelessly Dull.

An American woman traveling in
South Africa was detained by floods
and compelled to spend a month on a
Boer farm. "The first night's monoto-
ny," she writes, "was broken by the
pouring of the ostriches under our win-
dow. We thought it was a tame lion."
The farmer and his family lived
chiefly on sour bread and sour skim-
milk, and I was therefore hungry
most of the time, and the ripe figs
hanging in clusters were pretty allur-
ing. After pushing back the skin of
the fig and enjoying the soft fruit,
with its tropical taste, I had a refresh-
ing night's sleep, only to awaken in
the morning pretty well scared, for my
tongue was so swollen and black that
I could not talk.

The Boer wife laughed and enjoyed
my discomfort and explained that the
skin of the fig had numerous fine
thorns and I had not been careful to
remove them when eating.

"When I told the farmer's wife that
I liked buttermilk in quantity I no-
ticed that I had a cupful or so given
me, but she threw it by the painful to
the pigs. They were of far more con-
sequence to her than I, for they would
stay longer with her and were her fa-
vorites. I was not.

"Then, again, when I was hungry for
butter on my bread a white, clammy
substance made from sheep's tail fat
was handed to me, and I could not al-
low the farmer's wife to see me eat it.
She sold her butter in the village chem-
ist at 75 cents a pound, more or less.
Sour bread and green strawberries
(plenty of them) were considered good
enough.

"This Boer family was one of the
wealthiest of their kind. There was
not a ripple of fun or exuberant life
in anything but the live stock. Con-
versation was a dead language—un-
known.

"The women are mute beings, ac-
cepting their destiny with deep still-
ness. The wife gives up her strength
to the limit, and dies after giving birth
to a dozen or more children, to make
way for wife No. 2, who gives another
dozen children to her country. Her
adobe house, with its dirt floor made
of ant hill clay mixed with beef gait,
is a chamber of horrors to an Ameri-
can traveler.

"The farmer depends upon his ten or
eighteen children of all sizes to help
him. A Kaffir as an employee is unde-
pendable as the winds that blow. Yet
that Kaffir is the hired man in the
mines and elsewhere in South Africa.
The white man as a day laborer is a
general failure. He cannot be worked
in droves like the Kaffir from the in-
terior, whose language, in clicks and
vowel sounds, is hardly human.

"The Boer is not long lived. One
seldom met an aged Boer of the old
stock. Oom Paul Kruger, who was
seventy-five years old when he died,
was an exception. Hatred toward the
outlander and the lust for gold and
power were what kept the fires of life
burning at white heat within him."—
Health Culture.

Oratory No Longer Soars.
"Oratory is a lost art," said a Cleve-
land man the other day. "I used to go
down to the courts just to hear the
loud speeches. Nothing doing in that
line any more. The lawyers do not
talk about flowers, rainbows and sus-
tains today."

"There was a lawyer in Cleveland
years ago—Bill Robinson was his name
—whose addresses to a jury always at-
tracted a crowd. I will forever remem-
ber one of his sentences. The man he
was fighting in the suit had a reputa-
tion as something of a miser.

JAPANESE STRATEGY.

Ingenuous Tactics That Marked the
Siege of Port Arthur.

Much of the slaughter that marked
the siege of Port Arthur centered about
the capture of what was known as 203
Meter hill. The Japanese wanted that
eminence, not to plant guns on it, but
to observe the position of the Russian
warships anchored in Port Arthur har-
bor. Before the capture of the hill the
Japanese fired into the town and the
harbor with an alarming and puzzling
accuracy, although the gunners never
saw their target.

After a time the Russians learned
that a Chinese fisherman was particu-
larly fond of a certain spot in the har-
bor. They watched him. If a shot fell
beyond a particular ship he moved his
boat in a corresponding direction. If
a shot fell to the left the simple Chi-
nese found the fishing better in that
direction. Apparently he had no mis-
sion in the world except to find the
best fishing ground. Finally it dawned
upon the Russians that his movements
could be observed by Japanese field
glasses. Fishing in the harbor was
prohibited, and the Japanese fire went
wide.

After a time the shots began hitting
their marks with the former accuracy.
The Russians looked for Chinamen.
They found one. He liked to wade
into the shallow water, apparently
looking for crabs. He had a white belt
and a black one. If a shot fell short
or went beyond the mark the white
bucket moved in sympathy. If it
went to the right or left the black
bucket was affected only. If a hit
was made the buckets came together.

Possibly it was by using the simple
Chinese that the Japanese succeeded
in mining the entrance to Port Arthur
harbor. On April 13, 1904, Admiral
Makarov came out at the head of his
fleet, his pennant flying from the Petro-
palovsk. The flagship struck a cable
that connected three floating mines.
One mine swung to port, two to star-
board. In a few minutes Makarov and
his ship went down. The fleet turned
and fled to port.—Scientific Ameri-
can.

ORNAMENTAL DRESS.

The Kind of Clothes Washington, Han-
cock and Adams Wore.

John Hancock, thin in person, six
feet in stature, was very fond of ornate
dress. He wore a wig when
abroad and a cap when at home. A
man who visited Hancock one day at
noon in June, 1782, describes him as
dressed in a red velvet cap lined with
fine white linen, which was turned up
two or three inches over the lower
edge of the velvet; a blue damask
gown lined with silk, a white silk
stock, a white satin embroidered
waistcoat, black satin small clothes,
white silk stockings and red morocco
slippers.

Washington at his receptions in
Philadelphia was dressed in black vel-
vet. His hair was powdered and gath-
ered behind in a large silk bag. His
hands were incased in yellow gloves.
He held a cocked hat with a cockade
on it and its edges adorned with a
black feather. He wore knee and shoe
buckles, and at his left hip appeared a
long sword in a polished white leather
scabbard with a polished steel hilt.

John Adams on the day of his inau-
guration was dressed in a full suit of
pearl colored broadcloth, and his hair
was powdered. Chief Justice Dana of
Massachusetts used to wear in winter
a white corduroy surcoat lined with
fur and held his hands in a large muff.
The justices of the supreme court of
Massachusetts wore until the year 1793
robes of scarlet faced with black vel-
vet in winter and black silk gowns in
summer. At the beginning of the last
century powder for the hair became
unfashionable, tying up the hair was
abandoned, colored garments went out
of use, buckles disappeared, and knee
breeches gave place to trousers.—New
York Press.

The heart has reasons that reason
does not understand.—Bossuet.