

Tillamook



Headlight.

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MUSINGS.

A SHORT LESSON REGARDING THE
USE OF MONEY.

Little Robert—Pa, what is money?
Mr. Flatbroke—Well, my son to begin at the first, gold is dug out of the mines in Southern Oregon. It comes out in the shape of quartz. After crushing and other processes, the glittering metal is separated, and cast into small bars. The mine owner sends it to the mint to be coined into a \$20 piece. He pays the miner who dug it out in silver, if there is any balance due the miner after his bill at the mining company's store is deducted. The government gives the mine owner a twenty dollar gold piece in return for so much bullion. The mine owner invests it in government bonds, and then the government has the gold piece. The government redeems a \$20 greenback with it, and the New York banker now has the \$20 gold piece. He loans it at 10 per cent. on a Dakota farm. The farmer was building a house, and he paid the \$20 piece for some shingles. The lumber dealer sent it to a shingle mill in Oregon. The shingle maker paid it out for provisions in Portland. The Portland firm paid it to Geo. Edmunds for some butter and other produce. Mr. Edmunds paid the glittering \$20 to the HEADLIGHT man for advertising. The HEADLIGHT man paid his house rent to G. W. Pettit, (which surprised Mr. Pettit,) and Mr. Pettit paid it on his meat bill at the Central Market. Mr. Alderman took the same gold piece and paid it on account at Geo. Cohn's store. Abe Cohn paid his board bill at the Larson House. Mr. Larsen paid his taxes, and the county treasurer made a call for warrants. A bonus man happened to get the identical old \$20 piece, for one of his county warrants, and he loaned it to a farmer, taking a mortgage for security. I don't know how much bonus he got.

Robert—But what became of the twenty?
Mr. Flatbroke—Oh, the bonus man has the mortgage and the \$20 both now.

There are several newspaper schemes on foot here. We shall mention no names at present, however, certain parties have been meeting recently at night in a certain room in the courthouse to con-

sider a scheme to buy the Advocate, which we understand has been offered very cheap. The intention is to make a Simon pure Republican paper out of it, and buck the HEADLIGHT. Another party of gentlemen are forming a stock company, the incorporation papers already being signed, with the intention of buying both papers here and consolidating them. They think two papers can't exist and both do well in this county, owing to the small population. They propose, also, to run a "Simon pure Republican paper." LATER:—The first mentioned scheme has been put in effect.

FOR LUMBERMEN ONLY.

None but Loggers should read this
Foolishness.

The costume of a lumberman is a becoming one, and is never seen elsewhere than in a camp or its vicinity. Over their shoes and socks they wear long heavy stockings, or "German socks," which reach to the knees, where they are held in place by elastics and buckles. Their trousers are cut off, or, as they would say, "swiped off," at the knee. Their shirts are of heavy flannel, and their jackets, or "mackinaws," are of a great variety of colors in plaids, checks, polka dots, or even plain bright scarlet. Some of them wear ordinary head-covering; but the typical lumberman sports a gay toboggan cap.

Their conversation is well sprinkled with slang not known as a part of the English language elsewhere. Their baggage which consists of a flour-sack filled with clothing, is called a "turkey;" and eating their dinner is elegantly set forth as "shoving their chuck." The foreman is called "the push," and the superintendent "the walkin' boss;" while "takin' the tote road fer it" means that they have been discharged for some misdemeanor. I do not know that they were profane to a greater or lesser degree than other men; they certainly never used profane language in my presence.

They are not allowed to drink intoxicating liquors while in camp, and the first violation of this rule is followed by instant dismissal, which means a tramp of forty miles to the railroad, and is no light punishment. Card-playing is encouraged, but no gambling allowed.

Dancing is indulged in every Saturday night to a very late hour.

We all contributed toward buying the violin, and I used to wish I, too, might dance, when the noise of many scraping feet and a hoarse cry of "Ladies to the right and gents to the left!" stole out into the night air and over to our cabin. There were some who always impersonated the fair sex, and these were known by a rather soiled kerchief which was tied about the arm. The "ladies" always smoked corn-cob or clay pipes while dancing, but as partners they were highly appreciated. To be sure the musician could play but one tune, but it served for waltz, polka, or quadrille, and gave good satisfaction. The fiddler was to receive the violin as a mark of their appreciation when he should leave in the spring, and with this in view he played his very loudest, fearing perhaps they might change their minds.

Sunday in camp is a quiet day usually. The men wash their underwear and socks, and darn and mend their clothes.

Their mending and washing done they take turns in the barber's chair, paying the tonsorial artist with tobacco; after which they either write letters at the long tables in the cook's camp, or go for a stroll with their guns over their shoulders. Some of them made the acquaintance of the half-breed maidens living not far away, and these went to make social calls. Those who went for game always brought home a goodly supply of rabbits and partridges, and never forgot to divide their spoils with us.

The foregoing is a part of an interesting description of a Michigan logging camp in the August Demorest's Magazine. The article is well written, and may be true for all we know, but it sounds ridiculous to a Tillamooker. It contains an illustration of two horses drawing a sled, on which are about twenty logs. It might be remarked that they are smaller than Tillamook logs. The Michigan loggers would hardly know what to do with a log eight feet in diameter and as long as you please, up to 100 feet.

And, of course, none of the Tillamook boys ever visit the half-breed maidens.

Lets have the Nicaragua canal and less tariff tinkering.