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JONES ABROAD

TILLAMOOK TO SAN FRAN-
CISCO AND RETURN.

The steamer Truckee left Hobsonville Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock bound for San Francisco. There were sad partings at the wharf, a few tears were shed and as the wharf faded away there was waving of handkerchiefs.

The steamer had a cargo of lumber aboard, 375,000 feet of spruce lumber, a miscellaneous lot of general freight, some San Francisco people, A. P. Wilson, of Hobsonville, the editor of the HEADLIGHT and a pair of bantam chickens. Among the San Francisco people were Mr. Lauder, who is interested in the Truckee Lumber Co., and a San Francisco musician, the latter having been left stranded with a musical troupe in Portland but now cheerfully enjoying the trip home.

A stiff nor'wester was blowing, all the sails were raised as soon as outside, and the steamer Truckee with its precious cargo was soon gliding by Netarts beach and the weather being fine and clear we readily discerned the numerous camps on the beach, and the hosts of Tillamookers who had gathered there that day to witness the parade of Troupe E. of Vancouver barracks, which was outing on the beach.

Netarts passed, the picturesque Cape Lookout next attracted attention, and Capt Thomas says the cove on the south side is remarkably placid in the summer, being sheltered from the north west wind, and that he had frequently taken shelter in the cove, finding deep water. He says with the help of a cable freight can be expeditiously discharged or loaded there, and that it is an excellent place to take on lumber, as the largest ships afloat can lie there in perfect safety in the summer, though in winter he says it could not be used as a harbor.

A railroad could be built from the cove to Tillamook bay at reasonable expense, as there would be no great attitudes to cross, and the largest lumber vessels afloat could be loaded with lumber in the summer, giving a sure market for the large bodies of timber on Tillamook bay's tributaries, regardless of bar improvements. This is not idle talk but is a scheme that can be realized with great advantage to Tillamook.

Next we pass in sight of the glittering sands of Sand Cape and Siletz, almost imagining we can see the enthusiastic prospectors washing out the precious metal from the lately discovered gold beaches.

It could be noticed all along that there were fires in the mountains and a somber cloud hung over the Willamette valley. A magnificent column of smoke ascended from the summit of Mt. Hebo, giving it the appearance of old Vesuvius in her palmy days. When opposite Yaquina, Brother Wilson first showed signs of sea-sickness, more politely termed *mal de mer*, and he gracefully cast his supper windward. He said he wasn't sick particularly, and frequently did such things just after eating. A great many people have told me the same thing. Later on Mr. Wilson was stretched out on the deck, absolutely paralyzed with *mal de mer*, and entirely unresponsive to what was going on around, or the dangers of the briny deep. In fact he hoped the boat would sink. While in this condition a spunky young couple were sitting on deck, and no one being in sight (they thought) they concluded to embrace each other, and did it in a loving manner. At this juncture Mr. Wilson turned his face toward them and rolled his eyes, and the ardent lovers collapsed in a heap, the lady fainting completely into the arms of the fresh swain. Mr. Wilson was still conscious, and to allay their fears, he gallantly said: "Excuse me, friends, but don't be alarmed; I'll never live to tell what I saw."

Mr. Wilson may claim this a lie and an injustice to him, but in order to save further controversy, I'll admit it now.

Nightfall was now at hand and the fixed light at Yaquina shone out in resplendent beauty where the smoky landscape met the horizon on the east, and a pitchy fogbank on the west looked like a basaltic wall, over which Venus peeped in her soft radiance, being mistaken for another light house by our imaginative musical companion. This, and the beardless musician's expression, "that he had seen a mirage in the zoological gardens at San Francisco," revived friend Wilson, so there was no more trouble in that quarter.

The musician was asked to play some familiar tunes, but he said he didn't know anything but classical music. He

couldn't strike a note of Yankee Doodle or Capt. Jinks, but he warbled all round over Faust, Pabst, Wagner and Weinhardt. His Wagnerian renditions were excellent, and if we could have filled him up with Weinhardt, I think he could have saved off a few stanzas of Yankee Doodle without dulling his finer sensibilities. Say, his soul was full of the poetical essence and effluence of melody. He could pull out rhapsody by the yard, like unwinding a bale of binding twine. He never quavered or semi-quavered. Harmonies was his forte and his fortissimo. He didn't know much of any thing else, and didn't need to. When he went to his berth at night he opened the little round glass door that covers one of the port lights, and set his shoes in there for safe keeping during the night. He shut the blamed thing, thinking his shoes were secure until he wanted them in the morning. He opened it in the morning and reached in (out) to get his foot wear. The boat gave a little lurch and he put his arm full length into a briny wave. The steamer had traveled 400 miles since he threw his shoes out at the window, and he came on deck barefooted to ask the captain if he hadn't lost a part of the ship. He said "he put his shoes in the little cupboard in his berth last night, and this morning his shoes and the cupboard were both gone. Capt. Thomas loaned him a pair of slippers to wear to S. F., but told him to put them under the bed on retiring."

This same musician says he played second fiddle to Ysaye, the world-renowned violinist, in S. F. last winter. Ysaye didn't say so, but I say this soft young musician with lily white hands and dimpled cheeks did say so. This is all that need be said about the dapper little musician with rosy cheeks, ruby lips and auburn hair. His ethereal soul is too fantastic for practical purposes in a man, and if he had donned dresses all the male passengers except Mr. Wilson would have been flirting with him.

Whales, porpoises and sharks were sighted at various times, and they were generally in schools, but some times in pairs. It might be well to state right here that the whales are opposed to whaling in their schools.

Mr. Lauder amused himself Monday by trying to hook some porpoises that were racing with the boat. These fish are about six feet long and are quite lively, always following steamers up and down the coast, and seem to take great sport in racing. Mr. Lauder baited a large hook with a piece of meat on a line about 20 feet long, and on the other end fastened a tightly-corked, beer bottle. A large porpoise took the hook, and the bottle was thrown overboard. This seemed to please the great fish and he sped along faster, apparently enjoying the sport. The bottle bobbed up and down like a cork, alongside the steamer, and occasionally the fish would turn a summersault in the air to add zest to the race. This was on Monday evening, and on Tuesday morning Mr. Porpoise was still alongside. Later on he broke the bottle and we lost sight of him.

The next thing of interest was the silvery flying fish. There are myriads of them off the California coast, and they can fly several hundred yards by darting down and dipping their wings in the water. In appearance they are much like a trout, except the wings and they are excellent eating. Mr. Lauder sat on the hurricane deck with a bucket between his knees, and at the end of a long thread he dangled a fly. The fish flew after the swinging fly, and Mr. Lauder caught them in the bucket. He cut their wings off and took some home to show the trout he caught in Tillamook.

A queer little fish that floats on the water by means of a small sail is found on many parts of our journey, and they are commonly known as "Portuguese Men of War." Frequently they may be seen, a dozen hitched in a string, towing an abalone shell, loaded with supplies. In places these sailing fish are so thick that they resemble vast beds of sea weed, and in some places the water is so thick with their spawn that it resembles butter milk, and in such places the boat made slow progress. She left a deep furrow for her wake, which did not close up for hours, and as there is phosphorus in the spawn, it was like a streak of livid fire after night.

On our way we met the steamer Columbia on her way to Portland, and the collier Mackinaw, bound for Seattle to get coal. The steamer State of California overtook us Tuesday evening off Pt. Arena, Cal.

The coast of California for the first time was visible at Pt. Arena, a dense fog prevailing on land. Enough could

FREE DISCUSSION

On all topics in this paper, no matter what's your religion, politics, color or present condition of poverty.

TILLAMOOK NEWS

AS TOLD IN THE VALLEY PAPERS.

Statesman: Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Parmenter leave today for Woods, Tillamook county, where they will remain a couple of weeks.

Mrs. R. H. Leabo leaves today for Cape Meares light house, on the Tillamook coast, where she will visit her brother Edward Brooks for a month. The latter is assistant light-keeper at that place.

H. M. Branson and D. A. White have returned from Slab Creek, where their families will remain a couple of weeks longer. They report everything lovely on the coast and roads.

Yamhill Record: Phil Messner, Harry Gist and Mr. Hogg started on last night's stage for Tillamook, for a few days recreation.

Mrs. Bedwell and Grandma Perkins are rusticated at Netarts for a couple of weeks.

The family of Editor Guild, of the Sheridan Sun, are outing on Netarts beach.

The family of H. P. Messner returned from Trask last Thursday. They had a pleasant time.

Valley Transcript: Johnny Fletcher and wife left Tuesday for Netarts where they will spend a few days.

Miss Grace Sutherland started Monday for Tillamook with a party of Washington county friends. They went via North Yamhill.

Newberg Graphic: Nate Stanley spent last week with his brother who is located near the city of Tillamook, in Tillamook county.

James Newman and family left for Tillamook bay this week.

Itemizer: H. J. Fenton and O. J. Cosper and families are over along Tillamook's western shore.

Enterprise: Mr. Williams and Mr. Crowley, of this city, in company with their families, have gone to Salmon river for an outing.

Hatchet: Prof. J. W. Marsh went to Tillamook Tuesday by stage to lecture on grammar before the annual county institute there.

Mr. Philip Beal and family are spending a few weeks at Netarts.

McNamer's stage took five passengers to Tillamook on its Tuesday trip.

F. G. Times: Mrs. McNamer and her daughter, Miss Blanch, are stopping at McNamer's camp on Wilson river.

Telephone Register: E. N. Ford and family left Tuesday morning for Slab Creek.

Dan Thurber and family returned from Tillamook, on Saturday last.

F. R. Beals, one of Tillamook's representative business men, was in the city the first of the week.

E. C. and H. Walker returned from the coast on Saturday. They spent a very pleasant time at Slab Creek.

Capital Journal: Rev. Wm. Kelloway and son, Newman, returned from Netarts bay, today. J. L. Kaplinger brought them over.

Mr. O. H. Fay, Mrs. Given and her son and daughter, Mrs. Nellie Fay and Miss Lucy Davis have gone for an outing at Slab Creek.

Albert Grilley, assistant secretary to the Y. M. C. A. returned this noon from a weeks outing at Neskowin. Joseph Evans who started on the return trip with Mr. Grilley, had the misfortune to break his wheel soon after starting and had to stop at Slab Creek for repairs.

be seen however to show that the whole coast of California and Oregon is a precipitous, uninviting series of mountains, but as at Tillamook there are many little valleys following the direction of the coast line just inside, and larger valleys further in.

In conclusion must say that the accommodations on the Truckee are first class and Capt. Thomas, besides all the crew, are obliging and courteous to the passengers.

Wednesday morning at 6 o'clock we reached San Francisco, the city of harbors and contract marriages, and the steamer State of California followed us in, having been belogged several hours after passing us Tuesday.