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### TILLAMOOK'S SHIFTING BAR.

Thirteen Billion Feet of Timber  
Tributary to Tillamook Bay  
Waiting to be Manufactured.

Congressman T. H. Tongue makes an Official Visit and  
Watches a Lumber Vessel Bump on the Bar While  
Crossing Out--Tillamook's Dairy Industry.

Congressman T. H. Tongue, as a member of the rivers and harbors committee, made an official visit to Tillamook last week for the purpose of acquainting himself with the unsatisfactory state of affairs in shipping lumber to market from here and to inquire into the proposed improvement of Tillamook bar. Since Captain W. W. Harts has taken charge of the government work in this district, the improvements in Tillamook have taken a wonderful change, for it can plainly be seen that what money has been used for this purpose the past few months have been used to good advantage and with permanent improvements to show for the expenditure, consequently those who have watched the expenditure of government money to no purpose in previous years see a decided change now for the better. Hence, there is confidence in Captain Harts and his ability to carry on the work practically and with good results. He is ably assisted by Assistant-Engineer Frank Batter, who is in charge of the work here, and having had considerable experience, is carrying out the work most satisfactorily.

#### Tillamook Weather in Portland.

The weather was ideal for Mr. Tongue's visit, for Captain Dawson, our weather prophet, must have allowed a few rain clouds from Tillamook to go on a vacation to Portland, where, in a state of overjoy, they held high carnival on Wednesday of last week in the metropolis of the Northwest, so much so that the denizens of that city thought sure they were experiencing another deluge, but which, in fact, was only a Tillamook mist. This is how the storm ended up: "Rah, rah, rah! Tillamook! Spooks, spooks, spooks, Skookum! Rah, rah, rah, Tillamook!"

#### Visiting the Creameries.

It is some seven years since Congressman Tongue was in Tillamook, and knowing something of the reputation Tillamook is getting for dairying and for the manufacture of butter and cheese, he could not let this opportunity pass without seeing for himself the splendid dairy ranches which are increasing every year in this county. Accompanied by Messrs. W. H. Cooper, Arthur Beals, B. L. Eddy and the editor of the Headlight, Mr. Tongue was driven first to the Tillamook Creamery Co.'s factory, to McIntosh's cheese factory at South Prairie, and then to Roger's creamery. He was agreeably surprised at the rapid strides Tillamook had made in dairying, the revenue from which bringing nearly \$200,000 into the county annually, yet it may be said without fear of contradiction that the industry is only in its infancy. Mr. Tongue was inquisitive to know the amount of milk received at each factory and the number of patrons, also the number of creameries and cheese factories throughout the county. He was anxious to know if the dairymen of Tillamook properly understood the care of milk, and as this is one of the features of successful dairying, he thought they would obtain a good deal of useful information in a report recently prepared and sent out by the agricultural department bearing upon this subject. Mr. Tongue will send a number of these reports to each factory to be distributed. Speaking of the manufacture of oleo, Mr. Tongue is inclined to think that congress will place a tax of two cents per pound upon uncolored oleo, and ten cents upon colored oleo, which, he thinks, will have a tendency to drive it off the market. Mr. Tongue was well pleased with what he saw of the dairy farms, remarking that Tillamook was the best dairying section in Oregon. There was one thing that he pointed out which he was sure would help clear the country of brush,

and that was for each dairyman to keep a few Angora goats. He had used them on his farm, and it was surprising how soon they cleared up a piece of land with brush upon it. When informed of the difficulties attending transportation, Mr. Tongue immediately asked why the dairymen did not build and operate a steamer for carrying their products to market regularly. He thought it would pay the dairymen to form a stock company for that purpose. Mr. Tongue said he came near buying a dairy farm in Tillamook some years ago, and his visit here last week convinced him that he had missed a good thing by not doing so.

#### On a Visit to the Bay.

On Friday morning, Congressman Tongue, accompanied by Messrs. Claude Thayer, W. S. Cone, J. E. Sibley, B. L. Eddy, A. W. Severance, P. C. Baker, F. M. Lamb, F. R. Beals, O. K. Nolan, R. M. Watson, and Assistant-Engineer Frank Batter, went down to the bay in the steamer Louise, for the purpose of inspecting the government improvements. The steamer glided gracefully down the picturesque Hoquarton slough until Dry Stacking bar was reached, where the first stop was made. This used to be the shallowest part of the slough, and considerable money was expended in previous years for the purpose of scouring this out, but to no purpose, until Captain Harts and Engineer Batter put their practical heads together, with the result that the bar was dredged and dykes constructed on either side. Instead of being a menace to navigators any longer, the work is so well done at this point that it is not likely that the bar, which was caused by a number of large snags and driftwood being covered up with sand, will ever fill up again.

Making another start, the steamer headed for Hobsonville in the face of a strong tide and a brisk breeze, which kept stoker Abe Severance busy burning lumber and his optics consulting the steam gauge. Of course a number of North Yamhill geese were seen perched upon the numerous beacons in the bay, but the party was interested in enjoying "light" refreshments to arouse much curiosity. Even our prohibition friends could find no fault, for there was not enough "spirits" aboard to arouse the peaceful slumber of the ghost of Skookum Lake.

#### Bumped the Bar.

When nearing Hobsonville the steamer Luella was seen to cast off and start on her voyage to California with a cargo of lumber from the Truckee mill. Mr. J. E. Sibley, manager of the mill, joined the party, which started for Garibaldi. Arriving there, the party made for a bluff to watch the Luella cross out. There was hardly a ripple on the bar as she did so. When outside the captain signalled fifteen feet of water on the bar and that the steamer had bumped three times. This appeared to surprise Mr. Tongue, and he asked to be furnished with an affidavit from the captain of the Luella to that effect, and from all other captains who had experienced the bumping process in crossing the bar. This unlooked for incident knocked the logic out of Major Fisk's report, which states that any vessel that can cross the bar can navigate in the bay. It was pointed out to Tongue on the government chart where there was forty feet of water in the bay, and where vessels could anchor and load. The Luella drew nearly fourteen feet of water when she left the wharf.

#### The Channel Changes.

To prove to Mr. Tongue that the channel is constantly on the change, the whistling buoy was from half to three-

quarters of a mile from the channel on Saturday, while at other times, especially in the winter, it is two miles or more north of it. Mr. Sibley thought a survey of the bar should be made in the fall and another in the winter, which would soon prove that the channel changed considerably, and he informed Mr. Tongue how five lumber vessels had been tied up from four to six weeks on account of it, and how at the end of that time he had investigated for himself on board the tug Roberts, and after a good deal of sounding he found a channel with eighteen feet of water something over two miles to the north. He also pointed out that captains crossing out could not find the same channel on their return a few months later.

#### Prejudiced Against Tillamook.

So prejudiced are owners of vessels against Tillamook that they prefer to send them to Gray's Harbor, 200 miles further north, for a cargo of lumber, than to risk their vessels being tied up in the bay on account of the bar shoaling up and the channel changing, although they are offered one dollar per thousand feet more to come to Tillamook and load.

#### A Saving of \$3,000,000.

It was pointed out to Mr. Tongue that if the bar was improved lumber could be shipped from Tillamook bay at \$4.50 per thousand, whereas the Truckee Lumber Company is now paying \$5.50 per thousand, and yet at that figure it is a difficult matter to get vessels. A reduction of \$1 per thousand in freight would be a saving of some \$13,000,000 if all the timber tributary to Tillamook bay was taken into consideration. That alone is conclusive proof that Tillamook bar should be improved, to say nothing of the value of thirteen billion feet of lumber waiting to be manufactured as soon as the bar is improved.

#### \$25,000 for a Plant.

Assistant Engineer Batter was closely questioned as to the improvements by Mr. Tongue, who furnished him with a good deal of useful information. Mr. Batter thought \$25,000 would be sufficient to construct a plant for the improvement of the bar so as to have twenty-two feet of water at low tide. He would not commit himself as to the probable cost of improving the bar.

#### Derrick Should be Kept at Work.

After the party had partaken of dinner at McMillan's restaurant, a start was made for this city. On reaching the government derrick, now at work in the upper end of Hoquarton slough, the party stopped there a few minutes to watch the process of removing snags from the slough. It is now some five months since the derrick commenced work, it having made some fine improvement in that time. It was pointed out to Mr. Tongue that the derrick should be kept at work continuously. The expense of doing so, including wear and tear, amounts to about \$600 a month, and as there is considerable work to be done in the slough and bay, it would delay the improvements to tie the derrick up after the money is expended which was appropriated in the last rivers and harbors bill, which, of course, cannot last much longer, for the present derrick and plant had to be paid for out of that sum. This greatly decreased the amount of work which would have been performed had these appliances been on hand when the appropriation was made. If funds cannot be obtained it is more than probable that work will have to stop before a great while, or until congress makes another appropriation for the slough and bay. It may be stated right here that of all the money appropriated for the improvement of the slough and bay the last \$25,000 appropriated in the rivers and harbors bill has bought about better results, did more work and was more judiciously expended than all the money put together for like improvements in the past. First, we have to thank Congressman Tongue for his perseverance in securing this appropriation; and second, a word of commendation is due Captain Harts and Engineer Batter for their ability in which they have planned and carried out the work.

#### The Lumber Industry.

It is plain to those who have gone over the situation that Tillamook bar must be improved before the lumber industry of this county can be developed, for under present conditions it is impossible to manufacture lumber to any large extent. But, from all indications, the present efforts put forth to improve the bar will result in the accomplishment of this desired and necessary improvement.

#### Another "Army" Pest.

"What's struck Tillamook?" "A pest that will beggar people in less time than the army worm."

This is a fact, for a prosperous country and a thrifty class of dairymen are sure to fall a prey to more than one pest, and it is surprising what a lot of people have come into Tillamook this year to find, well, what shall we call them, "Stuckers" or "tarnation fools" having their eye teeth cut.

"But how does this come about?" "In this way. You cannot go out into the country without running across a legion of pests preying upon the unsuspecting dairyman or his wife, trying to convince them that black is white, and white is black, and black is no color at all, this being the razzle-dazzle process to ascertain whether you are a big sucker, a little sucker, or no sucker at all. While the editor of the Headlight was rubber-necking out in the country he came across pest number one: This was a quack doctor who pretended he could cure all manner of diseases—and, by the way it was stated he had no legal right to practice medicine in this state and should be arrested. If you want to keep away from the silent city of the dead or save your pocket book from being emptied, tell this fakir pest to take his own medicine.

Then there's the stock-broker with his plausible story of rich gold mines, which will bring a fortune to those who buy mining stock. And it is wonderful how people bit and grab up mining stock only to find at some later date how they were duped by a lot of schemers.

Another thriving business is that of the traveling spectacle and eye-glass sellers, who have the presumption not only to call themselves "professors" but "oculists," when, as a rule, they know as much about the treatment of the eye as a goose does about shooting a gun. Some of these fellows are so persuasive that they make people believe they will lose their sight, thus drawing the wool over their eyes. And the first thing the spectacle seller knows is that he has received from five to ten dollars for an article which perhaps cost him not more than fifty cents. How people would ho-wif local business men sold at that margin of profit. All we hope is that these so-called oculists won't come into Tillamook and persuade people that the dairy herd need spectacles.

Life insurance men chew the rag from morning till night at jaw-breaking speed, thereby catching a number of persons who had no idea of insuring their lives, consequently they get tired paying after two or three years and then quit, when the insurance man smiles and says to himself "There goes another sucker who helped the old line company accumulate a big reserve fund."

We will only mention a few more of these prouling pests and then quit. There is the molar puller extracting teeth without pain, a legion of book-agent pests, organ and harmonium agents, sewing and washing machine solicitors, the agent who takes orders for shoddy clothing, parties who sell corn cure and those pester one with pain cure.

It's not all pleasure living in a prosperous county after all, for these pests dump themselves into Tillamook at this time of the year in such large number that the editor is forced to forget his good morals and say "Tax 'em darn good and rid the county of them."

Local merchants should be protected, for they help pay the taxes, while peddlars who come here and fleece and impose upon the people pay no taxes.

Yet how peculiar and truthful it is that so many people will buy of a perfect stranger something they have never seen at an exorbitant price when they could have saved money by trading with the respectable business firms of Tillamook city.

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### GHOSTS OF SKOOKUM LAKE.

Indians will Not go Near the  
Place—Ghosts Manifest Them-  
selves in Many Forms.

"The ghosts of Skookum Lake, Tillamook County, have for many years puzzled the white settlers of the locality, and struck terror to the hearts of the native red Indians," said Phil H. Slosson, in the Evening Telegram.

"Skookum Lake is located on top of Skookum Mountain, and every Summer season hundreds of campers on their way to or from the beach go there in hope of seeing the spooks and solving the mystery. They have no trouble in seeing the ghosts. The departed spirits are there every night ready to exhibit themselves to all comers. But no one has ever been able to give substantial foundation for their appearance, and they vanish in thin air.

"Indians think the place is cursed and never visit it. Indeed, it would prove a hard matter to haul one there with a double ox team, so great is their fear.

"I have never been able to secure time to go and investigate the matter, but I expect to do so yet this season. The ghosts manifest themselves in many ways. There is an old cabin there, but it is so full of vermin that nobody will sleep in it. It is said that at 12 o'clock every night a man of enormous stature, dressed in a soldier's uniform of the style of 400 years ago, and bearing in his hand a spear, on which is an Indian's head, stalks out from the door, and with measured tread goes to the edge of the lake, wades in, deeper and deeper, and then disappears from sight completely.

"A friend of mine who saw this apparition declares that he was within ten feet of where the shade walked by, and although the path was strewn with leaves and twigs he made not a sound. The giant stature of the spirit awed him, and he felt afraid, but did not dare run. The man, he said, was as tall as that young fellow who advertises coffee around town, but was big in proportion. He said that a substantial man of that size would weigh 450 pounds.

"The horribly dead look on the face of the spirit was one to remember," he said. "The face was cut and bloody and blackened, and the eyes had a wide-open, staring appearance."

"There are many other ghosts seen around Skookum Lake. Some of them are only seen once in a season. Some nights there are groans and shrieks heard in the cabin and from the woods about the lake. Nobody has ever been able to prove that human agency is responsible for the manifestations.

"Of course, there are stories to account for the presence of ghosts. The Indians tell a tale, it is said, of a ship laden with beeswax going ashore a wreck many, many years ago. The crew escaped, and brought with them a chest, so heavy that six men were required to carry it. They carried it to the shores of Skookum Lake. A hole was dug, and the chest placed in it. Then the white men killed an Indian and buried him with it, well knowing the Indian custom of never disturbing a grave.

"Then the men fell to and built a cabin of logs. There was room for but a few, and the rest slept out of doors, as it was Summer. The Indians held the white men in great awe at first, but they wanted revenge for the death of the buck. They watched their chance, and one day when a party of three sailors wandered away some distance without guns, they did not come back. A large party of Indians had overpowered and killed them.

"Presently some more were missed, and then yet others, and then the Indians made an attack on the place and killed several. The Indians watched without ceasing, and soon but a few of the white men remained. These were killed off one by one until only one was left. He was a giant. Such a man the Indians had never seen. He was a match for a dozen of them. He killed many Indians and while he was wounded sorely, he would not surrender.

"The Indians set about to starve him out. He had no water in the cabin. He stood it for many days, and when a venturesome buck would steal to the cabin to see if the man had not succumbed the Indian would come back badly wounded or not at all.

"There was a young chief among the

savages who thirsted for glory. So when the white giant had been without food or water for many days, the young chief armed himself with a sword taken from the whites and sallied forth. He went cautiously to the door of the cabin, and then went in. Then those on the outside heard a terrible hand-to-hand struggle begin. Blow after blow the swords struck, but the white giant was tired, and his superior skill availed him little against the strong thrusts of his wary antagonist. The white man was wounded many times and he resolved to parry the Indian's blows and save his strength for an opportunity to strike hard. It came and the giant completely severed the Indian's head with a single blow. Then putting it on the end of a spear, he staggered out, down to the lake, into its waters and waded out deep until the lake closed over his head.

"When the white settlers went to Tillamook 50 or 60 years ago, it is said, traces of the old cabin were found. A new one, the present one, was built where the former one stood, and it is now the scene of ghostly revelries.

"Many have tried to locate the buried chest for the treasure it is supposed to contain but the Indians kept no record of where it was buried, and the spot was forgotten long ago."

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