

A TILLAMOOK GRANGER ABROAD.

He Tells a Few Things of What He Saw and Thought While at Eugene.

[EDITOR OF THE TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.] According to Genesis, the farmer was the first man made and his domain, the soil, a satellite, as it were, of the earth, his orbit, to be the circle of his farm, with ellipses enough to reach his markets and his business, like that of the moon, is to "stay with it," but sometimes this law of gravity is overcome, and the Granger, like a blazing star, shoots off into space to see what may be seen, and on his return—you want to look out for him—for he is going to tell the story thereof, and like the school-boy, who has witnessed his first circus, he has lots to tell, some things of which perhaps, you will never find out to be true as long as you live. Now your correspondent, a Granger from away back, committed this fault of late, or eccentricity in his natural orbit, and getting out of his narrow environments twixt the Coast range and tumbling Pacific, "took in" the educational capital of the state, Eugene City, which, by reason of its containing the state university, creates it a town in which we are all more or less interested, and thus will account for this article of what I saw in and about the same.

Eugene, from its location at the head of the Willamette valley, might well be called the top rose of the Willamette, has a population of 5,000 inhabitants, and has become for various reasons the brightest and chief business point in the state south of Portland. How changed the writer found it since forty years ago. Then I could have bought the whole business, body and boots, for five or six thousand dollars—had I had the money. To-day it is worth five or six millions—just my luck. The place, undoubtedly, has a future (for reasons which later on I "gore" as you geologists tripartite, the Three Sisters, hence its rapid growth. The S. P. R. R. skirts along the northern edge of the town, between it and the Willamette river, and strange to relate, has located its depot exactly at the head of Main or Willamette street, which about equally the central divides the town, east and west. Above the station the railroad track nears the river bank, cutting the ends of the streets "bias" or "goring" as you would say. I never knew precisely what those terms mean, but give them both, and those informed can take their choice. Further on the track passes very near one corner of the University campus. The grounds are slightly elevated and very beautiful. The buildings, seven in all, some of which, with a little alteration, would make such lovely dairy barns, are very imposing, especially to the traveler passing by in trains. Near the corner of Fairmount, as yet, preferring muddy streets and no sidewalks to a greater Eugene and high taxes. It seems to be the exultations, splashed up and spattered on the hill side, the offspring of the near by city. That this is not my son, I have partly thy mother's word for it, mine own opinions. A criminal trick of the eye, and dropping of the nether lip doth warrant me. A mile beyond is Henderson station side track and an empty box car, the latter a trap hotel, well recognized. Opposite, on the north bank of the river, is the village of Springfield. Here is said to be the longest single span, steel wagon bridge on the coast. Anyhow, its immense structure, costing Lane county \$40,000.

At this place is the first mill of the Booth-Kelly Lumber Co., of which they have six in all. We consider our own Truckee Lumber Co.'s saw mill no slouch, but this Lane county company is the largest single lumbering arm in the state, a fact not generally known. It employs 600 men, and has 24 miles of standard railroad. One of its mills, "the Mendling," cuts 100,000 feet per day, which capacity is to be doubled, as soon as a dynamo can be placed in the mill. Two of the other mills are very large ones. First-class lumber of this company is said to be shipped as far east as Kansas and Nebraska. All the logs that I saw rafted by way of the river were peeled. Everything on the ground seem to be taken. As I noticed many stumps that would not square over six inches, two feet being the average log in diameter, they look handsome enough, but appear small to a Tillamooker. Whilst I am working around the edges, like eating a piece of pie, I will notice the Bohemian mines, situated 50 miles up the McKenzie, on Blue river, Eugene being their supply depot. Their development is going to be a great factor in the history of the town. The mines are free milling. The principal one as yet developed, the Lucky Boy, pays a dividend of \$12,000 per month to its three owners. There, it is said, scores of other ledges just as rich in that district as this one, but only waiting development. The owners of the Lucky Boy, I was informed, were once poor prospectors financially, but instead of going to Tillamook county to sell stock, they hung on, and gradually developed the property themselves to its present great value. Question here: Does mine owners, when satisfied that their property is good, generally do this, or sell out altogether to purchasers that know their business?

Readers, how many of you know what Excelsior is? Don't all hold up your hands at once, as probing the question may embarrass some of you. It is the motto of the state of New York, and the word should be stamped on every cake of cheese and roll of butter shipped from Tillamook. But the cold manufactured article is those fine wood shavings used in packing breakable wares, etc., also beginning to be employed in the packing of fruit. The kind of wood used at Eugene is the halm, selected on account of its more spongy nature. It is hauled to the factory in two foot lengths. Rapidly descending knives shave the blocks into thin ribbons of wood. These are baled by steam and shipped away by the car load. Not perceiving clover anywhere in that country, like we do in Tillamook, I half suspected sometimes the Eugeneites fed a little of the stringy stuff to their cows. A resident of a near by and environs village assured me that the boarding-house mistresses of Eugene mixed it with their hash, and I firmly believe it to

this day that I saw it along with other three hundred Bryanites parading the streets of Tillamook City, the day before election, drilling upon a shout of some thing like:

"In Bryan we trust, For expand and we bust," "Gee whiz! Gee whiz! Gee whiz!!"

Prof. Condon assures me that the only sure way to preserve relics or history for future ages is nature's way of fossilizing them under a hundred feet of sand. Now I would respectfully suggest that a few football teams be selected, together with their "rooters" and spectators, and thus buried while in their most striking attitude to be found by some spectated professor a million years hence, and set up as a wonderful curiosity in some city park of those times.

A visit to Eugene is never complete without seeing the geological museum of the university. The hundreds of specimens there are under the immediate supervision of Prof. Condon, who is an enthusiast in this his favorite study. It was my good fortune to be personally entertained on two different occasions while there by Professor's interesting explanations of those relics one by one of a bygone age, and hungered for another turn just as I did after partaking of two of Miss Rowland's doughnuts, where I boarded, but etiquette forbade the asking.

I have space to notice only one or two of those fossiliferous wonders. There is the ancient horse, the bones of the fore-leg complete, exactly the same as those of the present horse, only much smaller. This little relic was one of the fossils about 44 inches in height, its tones well turned, smooth and hard, harder than any statement that has as yet been made in this article. Just when this animal flourished seems to be about as uncertain as the office of a sociologist, but it is placed at about 400,000 years ago. You see also the legs of the ancient pterodactyle (wing-fingered), a huge bird like bat, with fingers on the points of its wing, and powerful enough to carry off a large man. But the most interesting to me of all was fossils of the dinosaurs, the monarch of the reptilian age, which grew sometimes to a length of 70 feet. It was the ne-plus-ultra of the lizard family, dragging its huge body along on four powerful legs, leaving a hollow in its wake when in soft ground like a log way of the T. L. Co.'s engine. This chap was a contemporary of the pterodactyle and flourished in the Mesozoic age, 150,000,000 years before Christ. In that age there was no coast range yet, the tremendous waves of the Mesozoic sea thundered against the rocky shores of the Cascades. Then the world was hot and steaming, its excess of heat would have destroyed man more quickly than alcohol does to day. Yet this monster, whose relics were before me, had perhaps dragged its unwieldy length along the still existant coast of the Pacific, and was, according to Darwin, one of our ancestors, a grandfather of Aguinaldo, of "Teddy," of Carrie Nation and of Bryan too. Great Scott, I could not take the old fellow into my arms, his present shape, and his weight, and collectively, he was too heavy, but I did take of my hat, it was all I could do, besides it was fashionable. "Great ancestor," I thought, "your children to day, whilst wearing ornaments cut from the food Corporates (Copites), the crystallized excretions of those ancient Sushians, yet would in the life time have reviled thy foul smelling person and called thee lizard. Yet thou dost have one eternal abiding consolation, that did not have to be a case one of thy descendants drunk or playing for higher stakes than their dinner." Heathenish theory, Heavens "What fools we mortals be."

After a few hours consideration of the relics of the long ago, solving problems in which time is measured by the million, it is impossible to get down at once to the small measure by minutes and seconds that man uses in correspondence with the precarious and brief tenacity of this globe. Hence following those lectures, the first evening, in a absent minded way, I came very near astonishing our waiter girl by ordering fried pterodactyle for supper. A little later an acquaintance asked me when I thought the Portland, Nehalem & Tillamook R. R. Co. would construct their line. My abstracted reply was "Not for 20,000 years."

In conclusion, Eugene is an up-to-date town, bright and busy. A clean moral place wherein to safely educate your children, or to dwell yourself, and as good as any other town from which to pass in your checks—you can have a choice of the two routes from there, same as in Tillamook City. I make this assertion on the authority of an old resident of the place, who assures me that Eugene has departed citizens in both places. The Eugeneites are courteous to strangers, refined and sociable among themselves. When they meet in public they bow and scrape, begging each others pardons. When dining they chase their beams all over their plate with a fork, and take their medicines—with a spoon—being manners and customs in those respects identically the same as those of the upper "four hundred" of Tillamook. F.M.L.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT. NOTICE: HERBERT GIVENS, That the undersigned administrator of the Estate of A. G. ANDERSON, deceased, has presented and filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook county, his final account in the administration of said estate, and that by order of said Court duly made, the 4th day of March, 1902, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., is the time when the hearing on said final account will be had, and any all persons having objections to said account are required to present them to said Court on or before said date of hearing. Dated this 5th day of February, 1902. F. M. LAMB, Administrator.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION. LACRA E. NICHOLS, State of Oregon has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 109, in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 15, 1896, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1897.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Departing 31st of the Interior. Land Office at Oregon City, Ore. January 11th, 1902. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Tillamook County, at Tillamook, Oregon, on February 21st, 1902, viz: ERNEST HAAS; H. E. 12162 for the sec 14 of sec 34, sec. 28, Ne 1/4 of Ne 1/4, sec. 33 and W 1/4 of Ne 1/4, sec. 34, tp. 38, R. 2 W.

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