

**BOUNTIFUL LANDS
TRAVERSED BY LINE.**

**Trains Will Start in
Fall—Good Progress
is Being Made.**

By L. A. FERNBORTH.
TILLAMOOK, OR., July 15.—Mayo's camp, lying 45 miles from Hillsboro and 40 miles from Tillamook, midway between the ends of the road, on the line of the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company, is of singular beauty. It is in a sheltered nook just off the railroad grade of the junction of the South Fork of the Salmonberry with the main stream. E. E. Mayo, resident engineer, assisted by a staff of two, J. W. Gowser, instrument man, and E. A. Mack, road man, is in charge of the camp. Through the hospitality of these gentlemen, together with that of McClellan, the cook, I was induced to tarry two days at this place of beauty.

Having arrived about noon, an inviting table was soon spread, at which E. E. Lytle, president; C. E. Lytle, general manager; G. D. Woodbury, chief clerk, and myself occupied the extra seats. In the afternoon the cook and I strayed just across the road with hook and line, and in a short time the ugly little worm had lured a dozen finny beauties to its snare. The fish were plentiful and took the bait offered readily, but the bait itself was not so abundant. Indeed, the hardest task of our fishing venture was to dig up a sufficient number of worms. After this pastime had, by reason of the manifold success with which our small efforts were crowned, relaxed its hold upon our interest, I directed myself towards a little jaunt up the South Fork of the Salmonberry.

Scenery is unsurpassed. And a jaunt, indeed, it proved to be, a revelation anew of the Soul of Beauty—Nature in her happiest mood of unfolding charms and graces of a most exquisite type. At the foot of a deep canyon, between bouldered banks and over rugged beds—

"Leaping like a child at play," the river darts, tumbling and splashing and hurrying itself along with wanton abandon. The bed is shallow and of ample breadth. High, emerald-garnished mountain walls press close on either side along its course, and green bushes with dense undergrowth flank its edges and dip their leaves into its limpid waters, while the tall, unshaken, sentinels of the ages, cast shadows on its ripples or arch over the river's way.

I picked my way leisurely along the rough edges of the stream, stepping from boulder to boulder, scrambling over logs, walking over little patches of pebbled beach and delighting in the beauty as I went along. Continually there slipped through my mind bits of Sam Singson's immortal lines, "Beautiful Willamette," and stopping over and over again, I would find myself repeating that sublime apostrophe to our river, lovely river,

"Thou art calling to the sea;
Thou art scars us, maims and
... track or trench on thee.
... wildness that marks
the course along the stream made
progress slow, and, what with loitering and loafing on the beauty on the way before I had covered the promised mile. Trout stock the stream in abundance, lurking in deep pools and sporting in the riffles. But more than this, it is the visible form of Nature in its untouched state that will establish this retreat in the hearts of her admirers. And the South Fork is but a symposium of the beauties possessed by simultaneously along the line of the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company. Regular haunts for Nature-lovers are destined to be.

Canyon Marks Route.
The evening of my second day at Mayo's camp. Time and insistent duty demanded me further, and reluctantly I trudged away. From Mayo's camp to Cook's the next engineer's station, was 4 1/2 miles, Cook's camp being at mile post 48. There are two tunnels on this section. The road follows the Salmonberry along a much lower grade, and the mountain canyon first entered just away from Buxton, still continues. This canyon, indeed, is a direct approach to the famous "Hungry Man's Canyon," on the line of the Southern Pacific, through the Cascade Mountains, in Southern Oregon, for on the 32 miles from Hillsboro to the "Steel camp," there is but a single settler, the only one in this part being those engaged in the new construction work along the length of the canyon

itself, beginning at Buxton, and ending in the Nehalem Valley, is about 49 miles. The inspiring sublimity which pervaded the mountains as they loomed up 'round about, begins to wane, and soon gives place to more subdued scenes. Mountains and high hills, however, still continue to the ocean.

In a quarter-mile from the camp is the eleventh tunnel, and tunnel "12" a mile from tunnel "11" marks the last of the tunnels through the mountain stretch of the road. The next tunnel, the thirteenth and last one on the line, is at Hobsonville, on Tillamook Bay, 37 miles away. It is a rather pretty rock jutting out at a nose-like taper into the stream, a clump of trees on its tip, that is pierced by tunnel "12." These last two tunnels are, like some of the preceding ones, through solid rock, with no supporting timbers on the interior, except at the ends, to hold up the thin veneer of soil covering the surface.

Coast Vegetation Appears.
Upon emerging from this tunnel, which is near mile-post 36, a decided change in the character of the country becomes apparent. All things grow suggestive of the coast region. There is a heavy dampness in the ground, and the thick shrubbery and leafy trees peculiar to the coast, the salmon and elderberry bushes, the alder tree and kindred growths begin to appear. The canyon, too, becomes for a time less pronounced, and the hills, whose sides have all this while been rising abruptly on the verge of the track begin to bear away and for the first time in many miles the eye is offered the sight of practically level land. Near mile-post 47 the Salmonberry is crossed for the seventh time. The bridge here is the biggest of the bridges across this river. After crossing, the track follows the right bank of the river.

The hills are not covered with a heavy stand of timber, but bear a growth of brush and shrubbery, particularly salal, and other berries which make them the favorite haunts of bears. Big anags and fallen logs give evidence of forest fire ravages, and rocky ridges along their sides and bald rock projections at their summits are seen. They present themselves quite near, and in mighty outline, and are the first that are viewed in full and at such close range. The timber, however, does not disappear, but stands thickly in the canyons, and in irregular patches on the mountains, and when the Nehalem Valley is approached, rises in luxurious growth once more. The road breaks away from the brow of the hills and traverses the crest of long elevated ridges and overfills of close-packed rocks across the low and level stretches beside the river's bank. Sometimes a curve describes a perfect "S." In places where the confines of the river dwindle into low bottoms and marshes, these fills constitute artificial banks. Heavy "rip rap," rocks closely fitted so as to present an even surface on the sloping sides of the fills, act as breakwaters, preventing the action of the water, when the river is swollen, from undermining the fills, and keeping the water in a more defined course. In other places the banks rise steep again, and the steel runs once more on the mountain sides, through high cuts of stone and earth.

In common with the other things, the river has changed its character too. In the beginning a small and sprightly stream, frolicking and gamboling along its course in the effervescent gladness of youth, it is now a broad and placid river, moving with a stately dignity, born of the tempering ways of time.

Cook's Camp is Reached.
After a pleasant half-afternoon I arrived in the evening at Cook's camp, the third engineer's camp on the line. It is situated across the river, and to reach it I had to retrace my steps for a short distance, and then cautiously pick my way over the river on a log jam. About a mile below Cook's camp, there is a high suspension bridge, a bridge made by planks affixed by means of wire bands to two cables, which are stretched across the river at a high elevation, and fastened to the trunks of big spruce trees at either end.

Cook's camp is situated at mile post 39, and its engineers have charge of the construction work from mile post 47, to the end of the Hillsboro division at mile post 61, one mile west of the "Steel camp." It has a complement of five men, W. B. Cook is the engineer and he is assisted by W. B. Ward, instrument man; Grant Bain, force account man, and Douglas Wilson, roadman. Joe Jan, the cook, completes the staff. Most of the men attached to this and other engineering camps, have been at their posts over five years, or since the beginning of construction work on the road.

After supper at Cook's Camp, the cook went down to the river with his rod, and in scarcely an hour returned with his basket well filled with trout. To a newcomer they afforded a delicious treat, but they are a part of the routine fare at the camp. Besides the speckled beauties in the streams, there is much big game to be found in the mountains hereabouts, and deer are frequently seen.

It was only that afternoon that R. A. Mack, of Mayo's camp, had almost fallen over a doe in the mountains. In the hills just back of Mayo's camp is the rendezvous of a large herd of elk, glimpses of which are occasionally caught. One day a band of 17 of them was observed in the water at the big Salmonberry bridge, about two miles east of Cook's camp. Less than a month ago four deer were seen standing in the river a short distance from the same camp. The whistle of the engine seems to be an attraction to the deer, and creates a curiosity in them that banishes all timidity. A short time ago, below the mouth of the Salmonberry, four deer stood peering out from the bushes at the approaching train, and when it was quite near, they stalked leisurely across the track just in front of it. At another time a doe stood in the middle of the track gazing meek-eyed at the oncoming locomotive, and the engineer brought his engine to a stop just in time to keep from striking the animal. When the engine stopped the deer scurried away.

From Cook's camp it is slightly over two miles to the end of the gap and the beginning of the rails on the Tillamook end. This is at the Nehalem River, where the Salmonberry empties into it. A bridge, the biggest truss bridge on the road, is under construction across the Nehalem here. Its main span is 200 feet, and it will take some time before it is finished. At the other bridges, false work is being put in to afford a temporary viaduct. The Nehalem strikes the railroad from the north. Across it here there is a long and high cable footbridge, made similar to the one near Cook's camp. It is reached by ascending high ladders placed against the trunks of the two trees which serve as anchorages at either end. The timid ones will cross it on their hands and knees. It rocks and sways back and forth with a broad sweep as one crosses it. Over the river is a big construction camp, "Camp 12," under the supervision of C. E. Broden.

Tide Flats are Skirted.
There is a very long sand spit reaching from the north to the narrow opening at the south, where the river finds its outlet. This divides from the sea, a broad expanse of mud flat and marsh land, which, at flood tide, is covered with water. Towering to the skies, its foot spurning back the ocean's tides, rises, on the northern extremity of the bay, where the barren columns of sand dunes commence, is the famous Necarney Mountain. Joining hands with the Necarney, and stretching to the north, looms up a long and high barrier of mountains along the ocean's edge. Far in the distance may be seen Saddle Mountain, near Astoria.

Three miles below Wheeler the waters of the bay merge with the waters of the ocean, and here the road turns southward, and traverses the ocean's edge for a distance of nine miles, until where it meets Tillamook Bay, it again turns inland. This stretch represents one continuous expanse of ocean beach, along which many resorts are being opened. There are some pretty places on this beach, and spots that will be particularly desirable, because of being sheltered from the high winds which prevail at the ocean shores. At the edge of the broad and smooth sand pavement of the beach, spring up low, shrub-covered sand banks, and higher hills, behind which are the camping grounds. A short distance back, tree-covered hills reach up, offering a pleasing background. There are several fresh water lakes of goodly area along these sheltered spots, the development of which offers wonderful possibilities. Of these Lake Lytle and Smith's Lake are the largest.

Bay Industries Reached.
At the end of Smith's Lake is the life-saving station overlooking the bar and across the channel, the peninsula comprising Bayocean Park can be seen, dividing the bay from the ocean. A mile from the life-saving is Smith's Point, the pass over which the Hill and the Harriman systems waged such a strenuous conflict. It marks the beginning of Tillamook Bay.

The road winds around Tillamook Bay, at the very brink of the water, for seven of the next 10 miles to Tillamook. The first town is Garibaldi, a cannery town at the mouth of the bay, and the next is Hobsonville, a sawmill town, about three miles beyond. At Hobsonville is the 13th and last tunnel on the road. Bay City, a rival of Tillamook, is three miles from Hobson-

ville. Tillamook Bay proper is a body of water of surprising magnitude, and stretches out far and broad. It is said to be the largest bay between the Columbia River and the Golden Gate, but its water except in the channels, is very shallow. Capé Mears, a mountain covered with an exuberant forest wealth, rises along its southern border in a gradual and regular slope, and with the great sheet of water spreading before it, adds another picture to the many beautiful scenes on the line.

Tillamook is situated on Hoquar-ton Slough, where the bay backs up in a narrow channel, and is about two miles from the bay itself. From Bay City to Tillamook is a four-mile run. About three miles of this stretch consists of trestle work. Just out of Bay City there is a trestle one and three-tenths miles long, which at the center span crosses the Kelchis River, and a mile from this is a two-mile trestle, reaching over bottom lands, the Wilson River and several sloughs, and ending at Tillamook. At Tillamook the road runs into town along the water front, to the Pacific Navigation Company's dock, where the terminal grounds are established. That portion of the road running into Tillamook was built within the last week, and the company has already established its quarters at the dock. Just outside of Tillamook are the freight yards.

Another railroad is projected by the Pacific Railroad & Navigation Company, from a point on its line to Astoria, which may in time be taken up. Tributary to the present road are 30,000,000,000 feet of timber. When it inaugurates traffic between Portland and Tillamook September 1, as it is planned it will mean great things for Tillamook and much for Portland.

TILLAMOOK TRAINS RUN.
Rail Line to Mohler Opens 25 Miles of New Road.

The first regular train service on the Tillamook end of the Pacific Railroad & Navigation line, and the first regular train service ever seen in Tillamook County was inaugurated Monday morning, when a mixed train left Tillamook for Mohler, 25 miles away, in the Nehalem Valley. It was the intention of the road officials to inaugurate this service July 1, but owing to the delay in the arrival of rolling stock the date was postponed.

There are 16 stations between Tillamook and Mohler, and the running time, each way, is two and one-half hours. Construction work along the line, the roughness of the new road-bed, and switching causes delay. The train is scheduled to leave Tillamook every morning at 9 o'clock, and returning, leaves Mohler at 12:30 in the afternoon.

The company's depot is at the former Pacific Navigation Company's dock, purchased from B. C. Lamb, and taken possession of July 1. This dock is located on the water front, near the center of the business district. A. H. Gaylord has been appointed agent for Tillamook, the only station where an agent is stationed.

The conductor of Tillamook's first passenger train is T. B. Watkins, the engineer, Ed Wilkinson, the brakeman, U. R. Duncan and the fireman, John Sowers.

The names of the sixteen stations on the run, in their respective order from Tillamook are: Tillamook, Idaville, Bay City, Hobsonville, Garibaldi, Life Saving Station, Ocean Lake, Twin Rocks, Tillamook Beach, Rockaway Beach, Lake Lytle, Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, Fisher's, Vosburg and Mohler.

The train service is already helping business in this city in a small way, which is expected to increase from now on. About 200 cases of cheese were shipped from Mohler and Nehalem to this city on Tuesday by the train to be shipped out on the Sue H. Elmore.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the partnership existing between G. S. Wistadt and U. G. Jackson, under the name of the Wistadt Engineering Company, has been dissolved by agreement. All claims against the firm should be presented and debts owing to the firm should be paid to U. G. Jackson, at his office in Tillamook City. Dated, July 12, 1911.

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Commencing at that time will start for Nehalem, on Monday mornings and returning on Wednesday evenings until September 1st.

I will return to Tillamook County next summer with both stallions, Major Weitzel, No. 33271, and Lord Rex, No. 48862.

I am in the field for business.

Respectfully yours,

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