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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(Strictly in Advance.)

One year.....	\$1.50
Six months.....	.75
Three months.....	.50

Entered as second class mail matter July, 1888, at the postoffice at Tillamook, Ore., under the act of March 3, 1879.

THE TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.

TILLAMOOKERS MEET WITH DIFFICULTIES.

Snider, Brown and Jones on the Trail to Skookum Lake.

We started on the trail, and followed the north bank of Fawcett Creek. The sun shone! the air was invigorating! the birds sang! and everything was beautiful. Such large fine large trees! Such lovely ferns! Such delicate tones in the different shades of green! Nowhere in the world, outside of Oregon, can this be duplicated! We exclaimed as vista after vista of magnificent forest scenes unfolded themselves before our eyes. We were enthusiastic, and even I, who somewhat ungainly and clumsy, managed to keep up speed, and sometimes lead the trail. At 11 o'clock we made halt and threw down our sacks. Snider and Brown tired their luck at fishing, and I started a fire and put on the coffee. We enjoyed our first lunch out here in that still sunny spot, far away from the throngs and madding rush of the main street of Tillamook. After luncheon we calked our shoes and took to the trail again. Walking now became more difficult as the valley narrowed down to the creek bed. The bank and the hills were getting higher and more difficult to climb, and were in places so overgrown with brush that we had to cut a trail with our butcherknife.

It was now over logs, and under logs; up hill, and down hill; through soft and marshy places; and through gulches and ravines. Snider who was the leader, would lose the trail and we would try to help him find it. Our packs began to get heavy, and with Brown to ask if we thought that we would soon be at Skookum Lake. I didn't dare to ask foolish questions, for I had been taken along only after promising that I wouldn't show the yellow streak.

"I think that we will have to get up this hill," said Snider, as we reached a high slope, thickly covered with salmonberry brush, and with packs getting heavier at every step, and with the perspiration trickling down from our aspiring brows, we climbed, crawled, hewed, and hoisted ourselves up that hill. Once in a while we would stop to get our breath, take the census, and see what was left of us.

I should have told the readers before this, that my feet don't track well even on level ground and here in the brush I was continually getting them tangled, and was nearly always behind. Once I slipped down between two logs and got tightly wedged, and my feet being of such generous dimensions, when Snider and Brown came back to help me out they stood there and looked, and didn't know which end they had better start to pull at, I was sitting on a Devil's walking cane, and the situation was almost exasperating and almost losing my temper, I said:

"Why don't you fellows read the Headlight and learn something, for the Snap Shot Man says, that if you want anything torn lose you should always start to pull at the end that hollars. I tell you fellows if you would follow the teachings of the Headlight you wouldn't go much amiss," said I after they had gotten me extracted and we had reached the top of the hill.

Here on the hill we sat down for a few moments rest and consultation, and I thought it was about time to ask a few simple questions.

"Snider," says I, "you thought that you knew the trail didn't you?"

"Yes," said he, with a sickly faroff expression on his face.

"And now you will have to acknowledge that you don't," said I.

"Yes," said he, almost with a sob. That alarmed Brown somewhat, and he began to ask if there really was such a place as Skookum Lake. We both assured him that such a place was on the maps of the Geographical Society at Cloverdale, so there could be no question of its existence. But I had my doubts about the identity of the river and said:

"Snider, are you absolutely sure that we are following the right river?" For I thought that we might have discovered new river, and if so, it would be my duty to put it on the map. But Snider assured me that this was the famous Fawcett Creek and so we slid, rolled, and tumbled, over logs, and under logs, back to the creek, and found ourselves at our starting point after an hour's good heavy travel.

We now concluded that we had better take to water and from there on we stumbled, and walked, up the creek as best we could. It was now over logs, and under logs, over boulders and into deep holes. Our bodies were wringing wet with perspiration, but our feet were like ice. I stepped on his own toes with

his calked boot and turned around and accused me of it. His feet being so cold that they didn't recognize one another. Brown slipped in crawling under a log, and his cargo shifted heavily to starboard and took water, and when we got him dragged out and examined we found that several loaves of bread had lost all shape and form in his sack, and we also found that a package of ginger-snaps had been transfigured into peanut butter. But we plunged on, for we knew that our cause was just and we also knew that faint heart never won fair lady nor fish; and we also knew that faint heart never made valuable discoveries.

Snider kept his chin elevated at an angle of 45 degrees all the way, for he was looking over the boulders ahead of him for fish.

Snider is a thorough sportsman. He has been known to lay behind a bush half a day waiting for a decoy duck to flush, and when he sees a trout he will wade in after it. So when I once heard a splash ahead, I hollered:

"Did you get it?"

"Get what?" said he, in an angry tone of voice.

"I thought I heard you jump in after a trout."

"No I fell in a hole," said he, in a pitiful tone of voice.

"Why don't you look and see where you are going?" said I.

"Well," said he, "I read an article in the Herald once, headed, 'Still Water Runs Deep,' and since the water here ran so swift, I thought that it was shallow."

"Well," said I, "you can't go by that paper at all. The Herald is a 'dry' sheet alright; but if you follow its doctrines you will go with wet feet the year 'round. Now look where you are going after this, both of you."

This I spoke with some authority, for both Mrs. Snider and Mrs. Brown had told me to look after them, since neither one of them were ever allowed out after dark nor far away from home.

Thus we stumbled, and walked, up stream as best we could. We began to encourage Snider to fish now and then. Finally he caught one speckled little fellow. Brown rushed up to see it and lost both heels off his boots in the scuffle.

"That fish is illegitimate; it isn't six inches," says I "throw it back;"

But Snider hated to give it up, as he sat there and petted it, and talked to it, and fumbled around and got his rule out of his hip-pocket, and stretched and measured, and stretched and measured, until I got considerably provoked, and said:

"Snider, I have always stood for law and order; but we certainly can't stand in this cold water, and wait for that fish to grow."

"It's illegitimate," says I, "and no amount of stretching can make it anything else."

So he finally threw it back, and we stumbled and plowed our way up the creek. Our packs getting heavier the further we went, we would more often induce Snider to fish, and Brown and I would take a little rest. Once while thus stopping to rest Brown had crawled up on a boulder and sat there with his feet dangling in the foaming water, and looking up at the beautiful green hills. I hadn't quite caught up with them, and was making my way trying to steer my feet between the boulders as best I could when Brown hollered:

"Don't you wish we had a moving picture of all this Jones?"

"Yes you would make a fine looking mermaid, sitting there on a wet rock, and turning a wayworn traveler like me on to death and destruction; but you would have to get your face remodeled, and get yourself a wig with long yellow curls, and then you would have to try to look more pleasant, Brown," said I, for he sat there and looked at the hills with a woebegone, I-wish-I-hadn't-come expression on his face, that would never do for a film, especially in Tillamook where they have no whistle to go by.

We had now nearly arrived at the head of the creek, and as soon as we could we made an ascension and got over a hill and into the woods, and we succeeded in finding a trail. It was now up hill and down hill; over logs, and under logs, and through brush again, but we were now glad to walk on dry land and get the blood to circulate through our feet. And the trail being fairly plain, we marched briskly along, until near sundown.

Snider, who was in the lead, called out "Skookum!"

After emerging from the woods, we found ourselves in one of the little marsh meadows which form the southwestern part of the lake basin. We soon discovered the lake itself, and skirting the north shore we found a camping place on a gravel tongue in the north east corner, a camping place that would have delighted the heart of Robinson Crusoe.

Our camping place lay on the gravel tongue, and a clear little riverlet rippled down through it, from the cool hills above, and emptied into the lake near our door. A party had been there before us, and we found a hut, built of poles and fir branches. In the front of our door lay the butt-end of a large log forming a convenient fire-place. The former occupants had been kind enough to leave a bed of leaves, a lard can, a skillet and some salt.

Soon supper was cooked and over and we flopped.

"Did you hear it?" said Brown, who slept in the middle.

"Hear what?" said I, after he had poked me a few times with his elbow.

"It sounds like a cow-bell," said he. "Maybe it is the spirit of a lost cow," said I. "That is undoubtedly what scared the former party; but you cover up your head, and say your prayers, and go to sleep, Brown; if it comes this way I will attend to the milking."

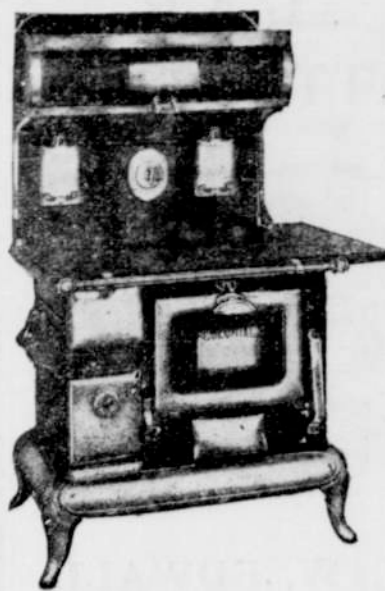
(To be continued next week.)

Senator La Follette is credited with a speech that makes 368 printed pages—a record that will stand until the Wisconsin statesman shall have had time to gather himself for another forensic outburst.

A woman is entitled to divorce from a man who has kept a diary for years, setting down his version of their domestic squabbles.

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Her Majesty's Blend, 1/2 pound 25c. Her Majesty's Blend, 1/2 pound 50c.
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