TALES OF THE STREET AND THE TOWN

"HERE'S another Clackamas poem," said the tall young man with the bristling hair; "better take it to lighten up your 'Tales of the Town.'"

"Is it fugitive verse?"

"It might be so designated."

"It has feet, then?"

"Yes, that's why it fugits."

"Haven't you feet too, to fugit with it?"

"Look here, I'm tired of your slams inspired by my new Winter shoes. Large shoes are only hide-deep and prove no man a calf any more than the size of your ears proves you to be an ass, though there is plenty of other evidence."

The debris was removed to the hospital.

"YES," said one of the end men of the late "Press Club Minstrels," "we are sore about the write-up we got in The Oregonian."

"Didn't you deserve it?"

"Yes, but when we write up other amateur shows we always give 'em the best of it. We tell the public that John Jones, of 1711 Tenth street, showed "remarkable histrionic genius," but now we got roasted."

"Well, you did fine, but don't you think you ought to be done brown, too?"

"Say," butted in another minstrel, "I sat 'way up on one of the high back seats, but I pretty near fell off to the floor at some of those jokes."

"Hah! Zounds!" retorted the end man. "You'd have made the hit of the evening if you had."

SHE bustled into the cage and the sweeping rim of her hat brushed the ashes from the fat man's cigar into the upturned face of a small girl.

The elevator boy rattled his lever and winked gently.

This amorous demonstration was directed at the girl.

She responded with a pout as the cage shot skyward.

Then the fat man yelled "Third!"

The cage stopped and dropped a foot.

The small girl wriggled, the fat man struggled and the big girl giggled. Then the cage dropped some more and the fat man emerged with his cigar hanging like a wet feather from one corner of his mouth.

"Six!" shrieked the small girl as the elevator resumed its course. When she got out, the operator turned around and winked again.

"Go way!" said the big girl, shyly.

"You ain't mad?"

"Go 'way!"

And only the curious individual on the tenth floor knew that her modest remonstrance was in vain.

"I GUESS I'll go out for a little Hallowe'en fun tonight," said the frivolous young gentleman boarder at the dinner table last night.

"Better not come any monkey-shines around this boarding house," said the elderly boarder, who was in arrears, and felt that he had the stand-in with the landlady; and who, moreover, was fatigued by the young man.

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to watch out and see that Mrs. Jones' property is protected."

The frivolous one went forth and the elderly one took up his station at the front window upstairs overlooking the gate. He was armed with a jug of water, into which he had stirred a box of diamond dye.

In due time the watcher was rewarded by the arrival of some persons with evident mischievous designs upon the gate. It was the frivolous young man and his friends, of course, and the contents of the jug were cast upon the nearest one with unerring aim by the elderly man at the window. The party scattered, with wild yells.

An hour later the young man came in looking somewhat the worse for wear. Hastily hanging hat and coat in the hall he started upstairs, but was checked by a hail from the elderly boarder.

"Hey, Wilkins! Did you feel something drop when you were at that gate?"

"Yes, I got the whole blooming stream."

"Well, serves you right, though I'm sorry that your hat and overcoat's spoiled."

"Oh, never mind about that," returned the other. "I took the liberty of playing a little Halloween joke on you, you know, and went off wearing your hat and new overcoat. Both fitted me just swell. What? O, don't mention it."

THE Columbia was glowing in the October sunshine. The wooded shores in Autumnal garb were good to look upon. Forty miles away and 'most two miles high, Old Hood gazed down upon the reflection of his hoary head against the blue of heaven mirrored in the mighty river. Yes, it was a fine day. But upon the quarter-deck of the Vancouver ferry might have been seen a solitary figure, wrapped in the gloom of a glacial cavern. It was General Funston, the hero of the Philippies.

"Vos iss?" asked the noble captain, deferentially, approaching from the port gangway. "Why do you appear so sad, General?"

The General looked sorrowfully upon the captain and made reply:

"Because, O noble captain, this ferry makes me cross."

AN East Side young man, bookkeeper by profession, knows the bitterness of bashfulness. He is about the shyest young thing that ever came down the lane. He has long cherished a secret passion for a blonde young woman who attends the same church, but had never ventured on further intimacy with her than the lifting of his hat with nervous awkwardness when she deigned to nod to him. She privately told a girl friend that she wasn't "stuck" on him and never could be, for he was so simply, awfully slow and had such big, red hands. Several times she had seen him make a convulsive move to intercept her as she passed out of the church, but his courage always had failed him. She told her friend that she was just waiting for him to "once ask" her to see her home and she'd squelch him for good—"mooning all the time at me that way, the silly thing!"

One Sunday evening, the poor young man stood at the church entrance as usual, wondering if he possibly ever could muster courage to brace up to any girl, let alone this dear object of his heart's desire.

She passed by with haughty mien. A moment later one of the choir members rushed up to him with the hasty request:

"Do run after Miss Dumpkins, Mr. Simpson, quick. Ask her if she will please wait a minute. We want to talk to her about practicing with us."

He hesitated a minute, then realizing that here at last was a chance for a word, dashed off after his Dulcina. "Miss Dumpkins," he cried, breathlessly.

She stopped under the light at the corner and turned slowly upon him, frigid as a polar berg.

"Miss Dumpkins—w—w—will you——"

"No, thank you, I take this car."

As she told her friend afterward, that squelched him. He had neither breath nor heart to make protest, and hurried away into the darkness, wishing it were deep and thick enough to hide him forever.

L. P.

HOW A WOMAN READS THE PAPER

A WELL-KNOWN business man boarded a down car at Willamette Heights yesterday morning and after lighting his cigar he fairly groaned as he began to sort out a conglomerate mass of newspaper sheets. After five or six minutes of turning and adjusting, he produced a rather disfigured and berumpled Oregonian.

"Dog been amusing himself with your paper?"

"Dog! Did you ever see a dog that could mix anything up like that? No, nor the children, either! It was my wife!"

He pulled at his cigar for three minutes before becoming communicative again.

"Guess I'll just have to take two subscriptions so she can have one of her own to convert into one of these Chinese puzzles! Say, does your wife read your paper before you start down town?"

"Well, you're in luck if she don't! Of course, I know it's just a woman's way. They don't mean any harm, but did you ever notice a woman going through a paper?"

"Well, I'll just give you an example. I got up too late to read before breakfast, but thought I'd hurry through my meal and have half an hour to spare before starting down town. My wife got through first, and took a notion that she must read that paper before doing anything else. She settled herself in a rocking chair, and without so much as a glance at the first page, looked through the back of the paper, 'to see who's dead or married,' as she expresses it. After going over the marriage licenses carefully, she exclaimed:

"'Well, if that isn't funny—Miss Blank and Mr. Jones are to be married this evening, and they haven't taken out the license yet. Maybe they bribed the clerk not to publish it! Oh, 'King Dodo's' coming next week! John, we positively must get seats for that, for everybody'll be there, and besides I want to wear my new white hat.'

"'Well, if old Mr. Coin isn't dead; They say his money accumulated so fast he really didn't know what to do with it. He certainly didn't put it on his family, for his wife is a perfect sight. Why, she wore a store-made suit all last Winter that was two seasons behind the times, and I'm sure her hat was home-made. He'd never have made so much if property out this way hadn't gone up, though!'

"I was trying to be calm, but hoping she would soon be through, so I could read a few of the issues of the day, when she dived into the real estate columns.

"'Well, I'll declare. That house on Twenty-fourth street, where the Jennings lived so long, is for rent! Where do you suppose they have moved to? I'm so glad we own our property, so we don't have to be moving around every year.

"'That new house on Hoyt street, next to Sister Jennie's, is still for rent. Who'd have thought it would stay vacant so long?'

"By this time she had all the pages loosened and mixed up, but when she struck the advertisements, I gave up in despair.

"'Well, Meier & Frank are at last going to have a glove sale! I'm certainly glad, for I need some new ones awfully bad, and they always fit in the special sale gloves, too. I must go down early, before the small numbers are all picked over!'

"And John, I never saw such bargains in cut glass as Olds, Wortman & King advertise! Don't you think now would be a good time to get that berry set I have been wanting so long?'

"I couldn't see what she wanted a berry set for just as Winter was coming on, but tried to hold my temper, while she read about the new Winter suits at $27.98 and the beautiful pillow shams for $2.39. But when she branched over to the "Lost and Found" column I couldn't hold in any longer.

"'Why, I'm reading it to you, John. Can't you listen to me as well as read it yourself?'

"Now, isn't that just like a woman?" snorted the man. "When I asked her if Lou Dillon had broken the record again she looked at me suspiciously, and when I mentioned something about the case of Parks, the walking delegate, she handed over the paper with a sniff and said she didn't bother her head with people she didn't know, as it wasn't interesting."

"Maybe she thinks Lou Dillon is a woman," was suggested.

"By George! I hadn't thought of that or I'd have got even by rubbing it in a little!" and his chuckle indicated a return of good humor as he dropped off at Third street.

OVERLOOKED BIT OF HISTORY

First Gold Discovered on the Pacific Coast Was Found in Oregon.

HISTORY records the fact that gold was first discovered on the Pacific Coast by John Marshall, at Sutter's mill, in what is now El Dorado County, California, in 1848.

As a matter of fact gold was found by an immigrant train on the old Steve Meek's Cut-Off, in Crook or Harney County in Eastern Oregon, between the Malheur and Deschutes Rivers in 1845. This fact can be yet sufficiently attested by living witnesses. The Native Sons and Daughters of Oregon should see to it that such is done in honor to their state.

Before touching upon the story of the lost Blue Bucket diggings, I wish to remark that I am aware that any man, woman, or child, negro, Indian or Chinese who attempts to particularize either as to the supposed location of this lost mine, or as to the quantity of gold found will raise a storm of protest and contest, such as no man would desire. Personally the writer has investigated at least two score of versions of both, and no two of them agree in detail, but all correspond in the essential fact, that gold was actually found.

In giving my version of the Blue Bucket diggings, as they are familiarly called, I will explain how it comes to me and by whom. My grandfather and his family were in the wagon train that broke the trail afterward known as Meek's Cut-Off. My father was at that time a boy 14 years of age. He told me the full particulars in a different country, having permanently removed from Oregon in 1869. It was not the train he was in that found the gold, but one following them, and he repeated to me from memory the story as told at the time, being unmixed with the versions of modern years.

The train encamped on a small stream somewhat along the rim of the Harney Basin, there being hills to the northward and the level stretch of the desert to the south. A freshet had sluiced out the gulch, leaving the bed rock bare. A lady passing over this bare bed rock picked up some pieces of yellow metal and came into camp, carrying it in her apron, and called attention to it. No one seemed to know what it was, and when she was asked how much of the metal she could have picked up if she wished she pointed to a wooden water bucket painted blue and replied she thought she could have picked up that bucket full in a little while; hence the name given this lost mine, "the Blue Bucket diggings."

The suggestion being made by some that it might be gold brought the wise man to the fore. He is ever with us, and it is upon these special occasions that he is wont to exhibit his marvelous wisdom. He explained that gold and silver were the only metals that had a natural ring to them (he had evidently forgotten that it was the alloy in coin that gave it its "ring"). He forthwith hammered a piece out flat upon the wagon tire and tested it for the ring. As it would not ring he promptly pronounced it brass (he had evidently also forgotten that brass was not a specific metal, but a composition) hence sometimes called the Wagon Tire diggings.

Some of this gold found its way into the Willamette Valley, being preserved as curios, but it was not until after the discovery of gold in California that those people knew what they had found and lost upon the old immigrant trail.

The old Blue Bucket has not been rediscovered. A much-credited version that Canyon City was the place is undoubtedly erroneous. After a personal examination of the country I am confident upon this point.

Another error made by these old pioneers, and it is still extant, is the confounding of Crooked River with the John Day River. They struck Crooked River near Prineville and mistook it for the John Day. They did not touch the John Day, leaving it to the north and eastward of their route. JNO. L. RIGGS.

Merlin, Or., Oct. 26, 1903.

HOW WOULD YOU DECIDE THIS JACK-POT?

A Situation at Draw-Poker Not Covered by Any Existing Rule.

ADAM'S BASIN, N. Y., Oct. 26.—Poker authorities are being invoked to decide the ownership of a jackpot which was opened here three days ago. The community is divided into factions over the game, and the coming election will doubtless feel the effects.

The game was played in Lowry Thompson's dryhouse, and up to the last jackpot progressed harmoniously. Eggs at one and a half cents apiece were used as chips, and if six of the eggs had not incubated all would have been well.

Rollo Trueman is believed to be the cause of all the dissension. Trueman had been playing in hard luck, and had edged away four dozen eggs within an hour without having a single opportunity to play.

"If I had eggs enough to stick to the game I could even up," he declared as he lost 9 cents' worth on aces up.

"Cleaned out, Rollo?" asked Thompson, who had won heavily.

"Not quite. Wait a minute." And Trueman ran out to his wagon and brought back one dozen chips.

"Fresh?" inquired Thompson, suspiciously.

"I should say they was," replied Trueman.

It was a jackpot, and William Ferguson opened for three eggs, holding up sevens and deuces. Thompson boosted it an egg on jacks and trays.

Trueman knew it was make or break, and came in on two pair, sixes up. On the draw Ferguson failed to better, Thompson caught another three spot, Trueman didn't better.

"Bet you five," said Ferguson, and Thompson raised it one, just to coax the others.

Trueman saw, but did not raise. It had just come to Ferguson again when Trueman's horse, hitched outside, broke his halter and ran away. Thus far the three men agree in their versions of the game.

The trio dashed away from the dryhouse, leaving the eggs on the table. What was their surprise on returning to find that six of the eggs had hatched. Six fuzzy bunches of yellow were trying to stand on their wobbly legs amid the ruins of their former homes.

"Great Scott!" cried Trueman. "The stove has hatched out six of my eggs!"

"Not by a derned sight!" retorted Thompson, warmly. "You said your eggs were fresh. The chicks are mine."

"Don't see how you make that out," expostulated Ferguson. "I hadn't called your raise or had a chance to raise you back. We'll divide 'em."

"Raised nothing," snarled Thompson. "I had you beat."

"Mebbe you would have quit on my boost," contended Ferguson.

"See here, fellows," said Trueman, "them was my eggs. I had a setting in an incubator out in my wagon. They was just the same as a promissory note."

"That setting of eggs represented fresh eggs. Now, I intended to put in just eggs. They turn out to be chickens. I was beat but I have a drag of six chickens out of that pot. I'll go home and get the six eggs I owe. Good Lord! I bet eggs didn't I? We wasn't playing for chickens.

"It's just the same as if we were playing for a quarter and by mistake I tossed in half a dollar. I'd have the quarter drag, wouldn't I?" argued Trueman.

"The fairest way is to divide the pot," persisted Ferguson.

"Not by a derned sight!" protested Thompson. "I won the pot and all that was in it, eggs, feathers and all. That throws Ferg. out. You, True., deceived me. It's just the same as if you had a foul hand. No, sirree! I keep the feathers." And he did.

But Ferguson and Trueman have registered an oath that if a certain man runs for Highway Commissioner on November 3, he will lose by as many votes as he won chickens.

"A GAMBLER" MAKES THREATS

Walter J. Honeyman Receives a Letter of Warning.

Using letter paper with a black, death border around it, a person signing himself "A Gambler" has sent a message by post presumably intended for Walter J. Honeyman, president of the Municipal Association, threatening him with two separate and distinct bullets if he does not stop his crusade against the gamblers. The message is written with weak ink, and shows signs of illiteracy. The letter is addressed to "Mr. W. B. Honnenan," but the envelope bears this inscription: "Mr. W. B. Honeyman, No. 133 Third street, City," and the postmark is: "Portland, Ore., Oct. 28, 1903, 8:30 A. M." There is no water-mark either in the note paper or envelope.

The letter was first handed to W. B. Honeyman, who, after reading the lurid contents, decided that it was meant for Walter J. Honeyman. The latter is treating it with the indifference it deserves, and neither he nor his friends are in the least alarmed at receiving such a worthless warning.

The letter follows:

Portland, Or., Oct. 27, 1903.—Mr. W. B. Honnenan—Dear Sir: I want to call your attention to the fact that you have gained wrong notriety, and if you do not at once stop this Gambling crusade you can bet your Life that your Family will be useing this kind of paper, and you, you d—d old fool won't know what struck you. Don't you know that gambling cannot be stoped? Dont the big fellows gamble by the millions? Does any one kick at them? No. But if we are stoped here when my Family depend on my earnings as a Gambler employe, I tell you plainly and sincerly, I will put a Bullet or 2 through you, and perhaps one or 2 of your Leaders. I mean what I say. I am no blufer as I am no slouch with the pistol. This is fair warning. Yours Truly,

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HOWL AGAINST WIND SHIELDS.

Alfred Reeves Defends Use of His Invention by Turf Stars.

The howl against the use of wind shields, which have only lately been used by such turf stars as Lou Dillon, Major Delmar, Dan Patch and Prince Alert, is still going on, and many of the more conservative horsemen are violently opposed to its use. The wind shield, which has enabled these horses to shatter records, is the invention of Alfred Reeves, secretary of the Empire City Trotting Club, and the device was first used when Prince Alert took a fall out of the pacing record. The performance of Prince Alert was a painful jolt to the lovers of pure blood in racing stock, for the gelding is a rank plebeian, and in a headlong rush to throw mud at his wonderful mile, they pounced upon the use of the wind shield. The howl became so long and loud that Mr. Reeves comes out in the following letter to an Eastern horse paper in defense of the wind shield:

"As I was responsible for the wind shield that Prince Alert and Major Delmar used at the Empire City track at our Fall meeting, and as that affair seems to have created a general stir in the trotting world, with considerable comment, one way and another, it might not be amiss to give my reasons for its use; together with some idea as to its advantages. The wind shield is of decided advantage to a horse, probably three to four seconds when he is properly rated, but I do not see why records so made should not be officially recognized. To be sure we make the task a little easier for the animal in which we are all interested, but why his time should be discredited simply because he is given every possible advantage is more than I can understand. Prince Alert has gone with the wind shield, Major Delmar has gone with the wind shield and there is no reason why every other horse in the country should not be permitted to do likewise. If it is of advantage to Prince Alert it is certainly of advantage to Dan Patch or any other horse who is struggling against Father Time. Nevertheless I do believe that the governing body of the sport should make a rule stating just how many square inches of the wind shield should be carried by the pacemaker in front, so that wind shields shall come within a reasonable limit. Records so made should, in my opinion, be placed in a class by themselves, but by no means discredited.

"Whether we should make it easier for the horse when he is struggling against that good old scythe-bearing gentleman known as Father Time; whether we should cater to the public demand for fast time, and whether we should be modern in the conduct of trotting as a great American sport, are three very important questions that occurred to me in connection with this wind-shield discussion.

"It does seem to me that in an effort to beat time we should give the horse every possible advantage within reason, and I do not think it is unreasonable to give him any shelter that does not look ridiculous on the track. The size of the shield can be carried to excess, and for that reason I believe in a rule limiting the size.

"It was some six or seven years ago that I saw the wind shield used for the first time by bicycle riders in Paris. Its advantage was so apparent that it was adopted universally by the men who rode bicycles. When the idea arrived in this country the riders immediately started wearing heavy sweaters and built their machines so as to give the greatest amount of wind-resisting surface. It was then that the governing body ruled as to the size of pacing machines, and this rule is now in effect.

As to its advantages in the bicycle game I might say that the fastest mile ever made by a bicycle rider alone on a track is 1:53 2-5, whereas behind a pacing machine fitted with a wind shield he has covered a mile in 1:09, traveling more than 50 miles an hour. Another incident that proves the marked advantage of wind shields was the ride of Charles Murphy behind a train on the Long Island Railroad a few years ago. He traveled a mile behind a car fitted with a special hood in 0:57 3-5 seconds, and at the finish was unable to get out of the suction, and we had to lift the man and his bicycle aboard the train.

"Although I may be wrong, I think that the wind shield will result in a general breaking of records for the entire year to come, and it is record-breaking that interests the public. People who attend race meets are little concerned as to just how records are broken, just so long as a horse travels faster than he ever traveled before in his history. I am a strong advocate in encouraging the breeders of this country, but I cannot see where the general use of wind shields will harm their interests in any way.

To interest the public means bigger attendance at the race tracks, greater interest in the performance of horses and a greater demand for light harness horses in general, in all of which the track-owners are as vitally interested as any one else who loves the trotter.

"I first suggested the idea of a wind shield to our president, James Butler, and subsequently turned over plans for it to our superintendent, Mr. Treanor. I am now planning a wind shield of a little different nature from the one used at our Fall meeting and feel sure it will prove of at least five seconds' advantage to any horse that can be properly rated to go behind it. Yours truly,

"ALFRED REEVES,
"Secretary Empire City Trotting Club."

Building the Furnace Fire.

New York Press.

Personally I have yet to learn the difference between red-ash and white-ash coal as regards merit. Here is my luck: First, a few newspapers crumpled up and lighted; secondly, a bushel of kindling wood; thirdly, a shoveiful of coal; fourthly, a wait of half an hour for the coal to start; fifthly, more coal; sixthly, my morning ablutions in blissful consciousness of duty well done; seventhly, a return to the cellar to find—a roaring chilliness, the furnace doors frigid to the hinges and the furnace itself in danger of collapsing in liquefied air. I then drop a small word or two in the cold quiet of my subterraneanism and calmly proceed to shake out that "roaring fire" (expected) into the bottomless ash pit. The dust gets into my five senses and my hair, all over my shoes, up my breeches, down my collar. I am hot enough by that time to look at a fire and make it burn.

There are times when a man needs solitude, and one of those times is when he has built the third fire and had it go out on him. It is then in order to lock the cellar door and do some hard thinking. By all means prevent the officious-looking member of the family from coming to the head of the stairs with an amiable inclination to "rubber." Don't give a petticoat a chance to break in on your melancholy with—"Dear, the house is delightfully warm. You must have a nice fire in the furnace." Just commune softly with yourself 13 minutes; then build that fire and go to town across lots. In the evening you will return penitent and find that somebody has a roaring fire, furnace doors red hot, the furnace itself in danger of melting, and a gentle hint that some men are cranks. It takes a man with a temper to build a fire, we have been told from infancy. I never knew what it meant till I tackled a furnace.

A FOOD RESCUE

What a Physician's Wife Found Out.

The wife of a well-known physician of Oakland, Cal., was brought back to health and strength by food alone at a time when she had prepared to die.

She says of her experience: "I am the wife of a physician and have suffered from catarrh of the stomach more than ten years, during which time I suffered untold agonies of mind and body for I could not eat solid food and even liquid foods give me great distress.

"I was brought at last to confront the crisis of my life. I actually made ready for my departure from friends and husband for I expected to die. When in that state I was induced to try Grape-Nuts and the wonderful effects of this food prove completely that all my trouble was due to improper feeding.

"I began to improve immediately and my weight increased until I have gained 20 pounds since I began the use of Grape-Nuts, while my stomach is as sound and well as ever it was and my husband gives all the credit for my wonderful recovery to Grape-Nuts. I have no set time for eating Grape-Nuts but just feast on it whenever I please. I wish I might tell my sisters everywhere of the marvelous health and strength-giving, flesh-building elements of Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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I wish to thank my neighbors and friends for their kind support and expressions of friendship during my late bereavement.

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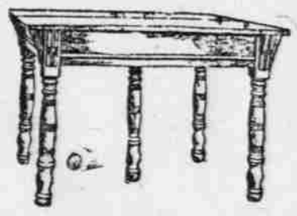

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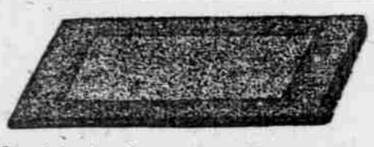

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