

### Tales of the Street and Town

As it was my first visit in New York and as no first visit there is complete without some sea-and-shell experience, I was prepared to have something happen during my stay," said L., a local webfoot, lately returned from a trip East.

"But I hadn't expected to be buncoed before I'd got away from the depot."

"I carried a suitcase which had cost me a week's salary, to say nothing of the toothbrush and pajamas I hoped to use during my stay at the Waldorf Astoria. I hadn't taken more than two sniffs and a cough of the genuine New York air before a chap, dressed like a hackdriver, ran up to me with, 'Have a cab, sir?'"

"I thought I would have come to keep from getting lost in the great city, and so handed him the suitcase. You can guess my feelings when I saw that chap take it and run like the devil. He was a real sprinter, and I realized that I could not hope to overtake him. I could only stand and stare after him as his figure rapidly diminished with the perspective of distance."

"Well, I'll be hornswoggled!" said L. At that moment one of his confederates, also dressed like a hackman, approached and tried to reassure me by saying that the fellow hadn't stolen my "rip"; that he had only hurried off to get his place in the line of hacks. I noticed that the line was about a quarter of a mile long.

"Did you get your suitcase?"

"Just wait. I suppose they saw I was not the man to be tried with, or else they were noting in the case that they really wanted. At any rate, after I had resolutely waited for some time, my man drove up. It may have been foolhardy, but I committed myself to his care and was safely driven to my hotel."

"OREGON is a great apple country." Two or three frisky young bloods were standing at the entrance to a cafe at Fourth and Washington streets yesterday watching the antics of an alleged wild man across the street.

The "wild man's" chief stunt consisted of thrusting a remarkably made-up black face out of the entrance to a snake show and emitting from the said face the sound:

"Oo-hoo!"

"Oo-hoo!"

Just then a particularly tough-looking messenger boy appeared, riding his wheel. He was called to the curb and the chief joker said to him:

"See that wild man over there? I will give you 2 bits to soak him with an apple."

"But, he'll get me," said the boy.

"No, he won't. I'll get an apple for you; you take it and stand in the doorway just below there, with your wheel all ready. When he pops his head out and says 'oo-hoo,' soak him and skip. He can't catch you. A particularly soft and aged apple was procured from a fruit stand."

"A good apple would hurt him, perhaps," said the chief joker. "We don't want to hurt the poor fellow."

The programme was then carried out. The boy took up his position with his wheel handy and the apple in hand, while the jokers took front seats in a showman across the street. The "wild man" popped out:

"Oo-hoo!"

"Squash!"

Squaring against his left ear landed the apple. It filled the ear and played havoc with the make-up. The "wild man" made a rush, but the pavement was slippery and down he came—kerflop! wetting his tight and shaking off a lot of feathers.

After quiet was restored the three jokers crossed the street and stood in front of the snake show.

"This is a great country for fruit, isn't it?" remarked one.

"Yes," said another. "It's a great apple country, especially."

At this juncture the wild man betrayed signs of unusual wildness and the trio drifted on.

A VALUABLE placer claim has been located in the heart of this city. It is being so energetically worked that the paystreak is not expected to last long.

At the eastern end of Madison-street bridge yesterday morning a little knot of people was observed looking over the rail. The object of their gaze was a man, vigorously digging up the sand near the base of several half-burnt piles of the forest left by the old Wolf & Zwicker log works fire. Shovelful after shovelful he carried to the water's edge, where he deposited the sand upon a small platform of boards. Having built up quite a heap of "pay-dirt" he next began to sluice it with buckets of river water. In a moment the nuggets began to show. They were boiler-bolts. Having washed them clean, the man gathered them up with his fingers and put them into a gunny sack. In a skiff moored near were 20 or 30 pounds in sacks, ready for the market.

"That 'ere feller's got a gold mine, while it lasts," said a bewhiskered old gentleman, one of the spectators. "If 'ee, they was tons of bolts stored in kegs in one corner of Wolf & Zwicker's shop. They went down into the water 'durin' the fire and got all mixed and covered with sand."

"An old chap that lives in a scow down yonder, got to prospectin' round here awhile ago and found whar all them bolts lit. 'Course its only at low water, like this, with the tide out, too, that the ground kin be worked. Well, he made 'bout \$5 or \$6 a day, but the rheumatism got into his joints so he let out his claim to this young feller on halves. Them bolts is high, an' he gits 4 cents a pound, an' it don't take many bolts to make 100 pounds."

A CERTAIN lady of this city recently made a curious mistake about a pair of opera glasses. She had visited one of the vaudeville shows early in the evening and later had gone to the Marquam with her husband.

No sooner was she seated than she exclaimed:

"George, I have been robbed of my glasses!"

"Robbed? Are you sure?"

"Yes, I left them on the vacant seat next me at the theater a little while ago. Two very peculiar looking women sat just beyond, and if those glasses aren't on the seat there, now those women have them."

The husband rushed to the phone. In a few moments the vaudeville show had reported that the glasses were not to be found, but that the two women described were still in their seats. Excitement ran high. In a few moments more Joe Day and the officer of the beat had arrived, breathless. Joe Day took charge of the situation in his usual masterly fashion.

The women were pointed out to him and as no first visit there is complete without some sea-and-shell experience, I was prepared to have something happen during my stay," said L., a local webfoot, lately returned from a trip East.

"But I hadn't expected to be buncoed before I'd got away from the depot."

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# Great Reduction Sale

Too many woollens for this time of year, "that's why."

Suit and extra pants of same or striped material for \$25 and \$30.

Overcoats, including English rainproof woollens, any length you like, from \$20.

Garments to order for cost of material and making for a short while just to turn a portion of our immense stock of woollens into money.

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## Street Tailor

108 Third Street

### In the City's Trouble Shop

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BENJAMIN SMITH and his sweetheart heard that a final breakup.

Benjamin, being 19 years old and inexperienced, was deeply affected by the incident. After spending a sleepless night and leaving his breakfast untouched Benjamin's agony became so intense that he could bear it no longer—as he thought. If he could only forget it all or get away from the terrible monotony of the gnawing which was eating his heart, he would be glad to die. He thought of the morning air. His trouble was still with him.

The boy wandered about the streets of Oregon City, his home town, until nearly noon, and then went into a shooting gallery, being attracted by a photograph and a crowd of men who were competing in a live turkey-shooting contest. He staggered up to the counter and tried his marksmanship, only to find his sight was quite unsteady by his legs.

Unusual interest had been created by the donation of cups as prizes for each of the following classes: Landscape, marine, portrait and genre, in addition to the Judd cup, covering a general exhibit, which is now in competition for the sixth year and which, to be won permanently, must be won by the same member three times.

A committee will be in attendance and each visitor will be supplied with a catalogue. The public is invited to attend and no charge whatever is made.

country have all moved Westward. The Mississippi Valley is now the center of the Nation's wealth.

to show the public what can be done by the amateur photographers of this city and immediate vicinity, and the prints exhibited are the work of amateurs only, the club being the only one of the kind in this state. Each year the work has improved, and it is expected that the exhibition of the present year will surpass all previous efforts in quality and numbers.

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