

TILLAMOOKER IN MANILA.

The Odors of that City like Ten Thousand Wet Dogs before a Fire.

Private J. A. Stillwell, Co. H., Second Oregon Volunteers, writes from Manila to his relatives in Tillamook county. He says:

I will again endeavor to write another letter. I received yours of the 24th of November, '98, the day we landed in Manila, a few days ago, and you can only guess at how good it made me feel to hear from home. It was the first letter I had received since I left San Francisco, and as I had written so many and received none myself I just swore off writing any more until I received one myself. Every time the mail arrives, which is none too often, the boys raise such a hell that it makes the very old stone walls shake.

The regiment is in very good health compared to some of the others; for my part I am as well as one could expect to be in this place under such circumstances and surroundings. My company is quartered about three miles from here. They are doing custom house duty. They are acting as custom clerks and inspectors. But for my part, when my company left here, I was ordered to report at the band room for duty. I kicked, but no use, I had to stay, so have been tooting my horn ever since I've been here. You see, Fred Stoddard told the leader I could play, so all of my excuses were of no avail. I guess it is as honorable a position as any, but I enlisted to be shot like a soldier, I don't think, at least I came here to shoot and be shot at if necessary, but I guess this will never be required of us.

We had quite a stir in town one day last week. There was a gun fired off on the front, which, so it seems, the sentries on the out-post mistook for the beginning of an attack. He turned in an alarm so his regiment sounded the call to arms, which was taken up by different regiments one after another, until the whole army was in arms and in respective places. Within seven minutes from the time the bugle sounded the call to arms our regiment was marching out of their quarters into the streets. As for us band boys we were left behind, except a few that grabbed a gun and joined some company. So we begged the sergeant of the band to allow us to get guns and join the rest, which he granted. But after we got our guns the officer of the guard would not let us pass out, so we were done up again, but during the excitement most of the boys got past the guard and joined the first company they came to. I tell you the Webfets are all right. Their webs are not cold at least. Every man that was able to be out of bed shouldered his gun. Some of the boys had been on the sick list nearly ever since they have been here, but when their comrades started they started too, forgetting all about their weak condition until the excitement commenced to die out, and then they had to fall out of the ranks and return to their quarters, as they were weak to stand any longer. But happily for us it was all a scare, though we were all willing to go.

Things have been very uncertain here for some time. We expected an attack from the insurgents at any time. So were not allowed outside our quarters. The officers and men slept with their clothes on; each man had 150 rounds of ammunition and two days rations in his haversack. The officers horses were kept saddled night and day. Nearly every morning you could hear of some native trying to steal up to the magazine and getting shot, or some little trouble with or between the insurgents and our pickets. There has been signals between the insurgents and the pickets here in town nearly every night. You could see the flashes of light shoot across the city.

Dewey's fleet has been on the look out, and has a vessel placed wherever he can command any point. Their search lights are constantly scanning the bay shore. It is a pretty sight to sit on the shore of the bay during the evening and watch them signal to each other. The insurgent lines are pretty close at places, in fact they have intrenchments all around the city. One night about two weeks ago the insurgents were busy at work throwing up some more intrenchments near the shore, the Mondnock moored within a mile or so and threw their light on them and caught them hard at work. The captain said when the light shown on them they disappeared as quick as though they were struck by lightning. He says if they ever make trouble he can clean them out for ten miles back from the bay. And that is no jolly either.

But things have changed. Again things are quiet. Fifty per cent of each company are allowed out at a time each night now.

Since the chances of being allowed to stand up and be shot, or the novelty of being stabbed in the back seem to have slipped from our grasp, we can only stand up straight, swell out and exclaim with tear stained cheeks: Dear Uncle Sam, you have made a great mistake. Here stands a great soldier, perhaps a general, if you had only given him a chance to show —? How we could run? No! But what a webfooter can do.

Most of our time and the main topics of conversation are when will we get any more mail? And above all, how soon

will we be sent home?

These two questions are very important with us. You can only guess at how much good it does one to receive a word from loved ones at home and friends so far away. Every time the mail comes there is such a yell of mail! mail! That the very old stone walls shake. You can tell by the looks of a fellow whether he got a letter or not. Judging from the rest my under lip must have been hanging low for the last two months.

Since my last letter I have seen a good deal more of this city, but not all by any means, as it is a large city and covers a great deal of ground. I have not been able so far to see much in the day time, as we are not allowed out except on pass, and then but two hours at a time, until after retreat, 5:30 p.m. I expect to get an all day pass soon, and go to Cavite and other places of interest. But even under these cramped conditions I have been able to discover some of the great attractions of Manila. I think the first and greatest and one that will always be remembered by any American visiting this place, is the oriental smell, which strikes the senses in a very forcible if not over pleasant manner. The city is built on a very low land, but a few feet above high tide mark. The sewers were laid a few hundred years ago, and I doubt if they have ever been repaired or cleaned in any manner since. On account of the low and flat location the sewers have but little, if any fall, and as they enter the river below the surface of the water you can see the result. The tides here are very small, but yet enough to back the water up into the sewers which makes them sluggish, and oh, how they do smell at times.

It would seem to a stranger here that an old citizen could go through the town blindfolded and tell just exactly where he was by the smell, because each street, alley, turn corner, place of business and church (but here they would be excused because there is so many, and they all smell like the devil), has a peculiar smell of its own. But yet it is a fact after a person lives here awhile his senses of smell seem to have forsaken him (a wise provision of nature), because then he can go through the alleys in China town without having his breath taken away.

The first time I tried to circumnavigate this part of the city, especially in the alleys, which are about eight or ten feet wide, the balmy zephyrs that fanned my fevered brow made me think that I was in the vicinity of the infernal regions, and that about ten thousand wet dogs were being near a fire of brimstone trying to dry themselves. So with such fumes of brimstone and wet dogs, says I to myself. "Judge this is not a fit place for your honor. You had better vamoose and hunt another place to rubber neck." So saying I acted upon the suggestion and said "A de yose" got.

But now I can go most any place and never stop breathing once to hold my little nose. But yet I must still acknowledge that China town alleys have a decidedly milder smell.

Now then for the citizens. First the natives present themselves as they are the most numerous. You know if there is anything I dearly love it is the ladies. But hear I draw the line. I think the color line should be drawn in Manila. I can stand squaws and China women but excuse me from these things. Some of the girls are not so bad looking, but the older ones nearly if not all become ugly and they all chew that ever lasting betle nut and smoke cigars. If there is anything that looks disgusting to me it is to see a woman, above all, chewing and smoking. The nut colors their teeth a dark red. It is apparently very juicy as their mouth and chin shows. They spit like a man but sometimes it scatters and the corners of their mouth and chin catches a good share. Every body smokes cigarettes, babies that can scarcely walk, both girls and boys, smoke like a locomotive. The men are not so bad looking, and as we are accustomed to see our own gentlemen chewing it is not noticed so much when we see one of these seniors chewing his betle nut. These people are very small in stature, and I think are not over fond of work. Most of the work seems to be done by the children, who seem to be bright, industrious and not so bad looking. They are darker in color than the American Indian, some being very dark.

Now for the Spanish ladies. I don't know if I hardly want to say very much about them because they are just too nice for anything. Some are very pretty. But as none of them yet have shown any indications of falling in love with me there is still a chance for some Tillamook girl.

Well as the mail will close in a few minutes, I will have to draw my letter to a close. Perhaps by the time you receive it we will be on our way home. At least we all hope so and have good reasons to think so. Of course if there is any scuffling to be done we are but too willing to stay and do our duty, but it looks as though the war was over and there are regulars enough to take our place so we do not feel as though we were shirking our duty at least. We enlisted as volunteers because we thought our country demanded our services, but when they are no longer needed we want to return to our friends and loved ones at home and resume our duty to ourselves and to those to whom we are under obligations,

CHEERY CHIPS.

The "Oldest inhabitant" now feels that his occupation is gone. The younger fellows can now refer to the winter of 1899.

Philip Peno—What is this "white man's burden" they are talking so much about?
E. Giphson—The money.

Trivet—There seems to be a great deal of prejudice against Aguinaldo on account of his gold collar.

Dicer—Yes; the prejudice could scarcely be greater if he wore a celluloid collar.

"Are we safe here?" asked Agoncillo.
"Oh, yes," replied his secretary.

"You are sure they can't cross the Canadian border after us?"
"Absolutely."
"Then let us issue another Defl."

First Citizen (contemplating temperance chart)—That do be the way a felly's stomach luk whin he's jost after hein' dhrunk!
Second Citizen—G'wan! That's the way his head feels!

"Where do you get your milk?" inquired the guest.
"The most of it, I think, comes from the country," replied the host, who could only guess at the relative proportions of the ingredients.

"Our new boarder came here just for a temporary home."
"Well?"
"Now he wants to marry my daughter."

"Have you noticed, pa, how often ma says, 'and so on, and so on?'"
"Yes, my son; but it never applies to buttons."

Ethel—Shall you give him the marble heart, Louise?
Louise—Why, really, I don't love him enough for that; but I shall try to give him a very fair plaster-of-paris imitation.

"Wesley," said his wife, sleepily as the plaintive wail of the infant broke the stillness of the midnight hour; "Wesley, heed the advice of Kipling."
"What is that?" he grunted from beneath the coverlet.
"Take up the white man's burden!"

"Mr. Spoonamore, will you please tell me what you came to me for?"
"I will, Miss McCurdy. I came to ask you to marry me."
"Well, I certainly won't. Let us now enjoy the evening. Do you play chess, Mr. Spoonamore?"

An instant later, he burst into the room, breathless.
"Let me smell your breath!" his wife at once commanded, nevertheless.

Woman is indeed unreasonable. But what would the world be without woman? Ah, too beautiful to last, perhaps!
"Oh, George! you look agitated!" she exclaimed after his first interview with her father. "What kind of an impression did papa make on you?"
"I don't know yet," he answered. "I haven't had a chance to make a personal investigation."

"Herbert is just a plan, every-day young man," said Mabel to her father. "There's precisely the object," was the prompt reply. "I might stand him every other day, but this thing of calling seven times a week becomes tiresome."

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., January 26th, 1899.
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 County Clerk of Tillamook co., at Tillamook, Oregon, on March 25th, 1899, viz:

ESTHER M. DRAMMER, formerly ESTHER M. ARCHER, H. E. No. 11,872 for the W 1/4 of Ne 1/4, Sec 14 of Ne 1/4 and No 1 of Se 1/4, Sec 37, Tp. 18, R. 10 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Edward O. Johnson, Dryden L. Baker, Axel Nelson, John Hagney, of Tillamook, Oregon; CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., February 11th, 1899.
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 County Clerk of Tillamook co., at Tillamook, Oregon, on March 25th, 1899, viz:

MYRON F. REYNOLDS, Pre. D. S. 7290 for the Se 1/4 of Se 1/4, Sec. 4, N 1/2 of Ne 1/4, Sw 1/4 of Ne 1/4, Sec. 9, Tp. 18, R. 7 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Charles E. Bester and Lucius S. Maynard, of Tillamook, Oregon; James K. Harris, of Hillsboro, Ore.; Charles Himes, of Tillamook, Ore. CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

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RUSTIC, No. 1, at \$16.00 per thousand feet.
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Water lines schedule subject to change
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OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE
OCEAN DIVISION.—Steamships sail
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Columbia sails October 5, 14 and 23; San
California on 15 October 8, 17 and 25.

COLUMBIA RIVER SUMMER SCHEDULE DIVISION.
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Steamer R. R. Thompson leaves Portl
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Steamer Ruth, for Salem and way
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and Fridays at 8 a.m.

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