

**STORIES OF THE DAY.**

**How a Preacher Stopped the Flyer—Race Horse Winning Money to Educate a Girl.**

The Missouri State Association of Mexican War veterans held its twenty-first annual meeting last week at Nevada, and among the attendants was Mr. W. P. Snowden of this city, who has been identified with Omaha since its birth, being one of the first white men to come here when the place was first settled. Mr. Snowden was a member of the First Missouri Mounted volunteers. This cavalry regiment fought throughout the war and won many laurels for itself. Mr. Snowden enlisted in the early part of 1846, and when he was mustered out late in the year 1847 he traveled over 6,000 miles. He also served in the war of the rebellion, on the union side, enlisting as a corporal and being mustered out as a major in command of the Fifth Iowa cavalry. Had it not been for his age he would have taken up a gun and marched off to fight the Spaniards. Gray-haired as he is his nerves are as steady as a spirit level, and he can shoot to-day with a greater degree of accuracy than most crack shooters half his age. During the Mexican war he fought under General Kearney and General Taylor. Alex. W. Doniphan was his colonel. "It was a mighty uneven fight," remarked Mr. Snowden. "Us Missouri fellows could bring down a squirrel from the top of the highest hickory tree when we were chaps, and when you got a regiment of us started we never drew a sight but what at least one 'greaser' bit dust. Those fellows never did have any show. Take, for instance, the fight we had at Sacramento creek. We ran up against 4,400 men in embankment, while we had but 800. We counted off into tens, the tenth man remaining behind holding his horse and nine belonging to his squad doing the fighting. Then we lit into those fellows as though we had not had anything to eat for a month and each of them was a delicious fried half-chicken on a piece of nicely browned toast. When we got through we had killed, captured and wounded more of them than we had men in our command. They could never beat us fellows, not even if the odds were 40 to 1."

Otto Gebhardt, the trombonist with Belsedt's band, went for a wheel ride Tuesday morning, and that is the reason he walked about the remainder of the week as though he had several kinds of rheumatism. The morning was a beautiful one. The sky was as clear as the color of a forget-me-not and the birds were singing a chorus that even the famous band could not rival, when the soloist mounted a rented wheel and headed the machine northward for a view of the waterworks at Florence. He sped along the road, his pleasure increasing with every new view of the winding river and of the sights that abound to the northward of the city. On a rise he turned and gazed backward at the white city gleaming like marble in the morning sun. All was as merry as a marriage bell and Mr. Gebhardt's heart beat with exultation over the beauties of a perfect Nebraska morning.

On his way homeward he came by a hilly route and it was laborious work coasting down hills and dragging his wheel up the opposite incline, only to take another plunge down and another climb up. When he was nearing the city he came to quite a long hill, down which he began to coast like a school boy on his sled just after school is out. Down he went with wings like the wind, but alas for his safety of person, as he was nearing the bottom he was horror struck to see a group of gypsy children playing in the dust in the middle of the road. He could not turn out, for there were ditches on either side. He saw in his mind's eye his wheel knocking the little things right and left, and could almost hear the crunch of bones under him. He shut his eyes tightly and half fell and half jumped from the rubber-tired steed; the ground seemed to come up and hit him a broad whack on the side; there was a sudden vision of stars like the bursting of a sky rocket; a somersault; and then he picked himself up covered from head to foot with the yellow clay of Nebraska. The children had scattered in wild alarm to the side of the road and were gesticulating and jabbering in their strange language. All the beauty and poetry had been knocked from the morning. The triumphant biker crept at a snail's pace back to town and limped to his room, where the dust of his travels was removed and all trace of the morning ride obliterated save his badly braked shins and bruises that caused him to move with difficulty.

"It may sound like an exaggeration," said a man who has just come home from his summer vacation, "but it is a fact that in Chicago I saw dozens and dozens of coachmen who in physical appearance and facial expression had all kinds of edge over their masters. It was really astonishing how many of them carried themselves like princes and had the stamp of horn gentlemen in their faces and in every movement. When you looked at the man on the box and then at the man in the carriage, in the majority of cases you might have supposed the real master was indulging in a little lark and giving his man a ride just for the joke of the thing. There's no doubt about it that if you filled a ball room

with these fellows dressed in their masters' clothes, there would be an assemblage the like of which Chicago has never seen.

"A friend of mine who has lived in the eastern cities enough to discover the reason for this says that the best of the coachmen in Chicago and New York, those who have been brought over from England, came from families which have been driving for the nobility, or at least for the aristocracy, for several generations, and have at last acquired much of the trained case of manner and of the refinement of those under whom they have served. The fact that they have always worked for their daily bread has simply preserved them from deterioration which has come to many of their masters through having too much money to get rid of, and have sifted out only the good from this association. Contrast with this the family history of the rich men of Chicago, who, if they did not actually shovel coal in their early days, had fathers who did. So, it is not so strange after all that in Chicago, below stairs should often have the advantage in personality over the drawing room.

"There's another thing that I noticed in Chicago and not only in Chicago but in several eastern cities as well. Going along any street in a fashionable quarter of the town you will see one house after another bearing in its front a little notice to the word 'Please go to the back door.' These are the houses of the people who are away for the summer and your inference is that people are to go to the back of the house where the servants are. Now, the question is, why can't the servants come to the front door just as well as someone else can go around to the rear? The answer is, of course, that they could, but in that case only those who happen to have some errand to the house would ever learn that the owners were out of the city. By means of the innocent-looking little sign on the front the neighbors and passers-by are informed that the occupants are spending the summer at some resort.

"Of course, another idea naturally comes to mind. If the family finds it advisable, on consulting with the chancellor of the exchequer, to omit the usual summer tour, the little sign on the front door of the house will be tenfold more valuable. The front of the house closed up for the summer to keep out the heat and dust; the curtains are closely drawn, and the only evidence that there may be life about the place is the notice on the door. It says that all comers should apply to the back door. Of course, if the family desires to close the front of the house and live in retirement in the rear or above stairs, and the public misinterprets the notice on the front, it is none of its affair."

"I dropped into Minneapolis the other day," said J. O. Philippi, a well-known Omaha railroad man, "in search of some cool, refreshing retreat, and I found it. The strange thing is I hardly got out of Omaha before the fearfully hot weather which we had been having let up, and it was natural that I should run into a cold wave up north. When walking down the street I happened to notice, for the first time, that I had worn my straw hat. I had been a little embarrassed several times before by the crowds staring at me, and as soon as I noticed my reflection in the mirror of a store and saw that straw hat I made up my mind that that was what was attracting attention. I then investigated a little, and didn't see another straw hat while I was in the Twin Cities, but you can rest assured that I brought mine back with me. Summer is not over here by a long way, I venture to predict.

"My visit to Minneapolis was at a specially opportune time, as high carnival was in progress on account of the Minnesota State fair. The crowds in the city were immense, and of course every railroad man likes to see big crowds collect, even though his road doesn't have the advantage of hauling them. The fair seemed to be a great success, and there was a miniature midway in operation which seem to delight the crowds. I was strolling along this portion of the grounds, hemmed in by an immense crowd, when somebody shouted with a hearty greeting bred by familiar acquaintance, 'Hello, Philippi!' I looked about but didn't see anyone whom I recognized, and because of the crowd was unable to distinguish just where the voice came from. Again the shout came, 'Hello, Philippi!' I didn't think there was a soul around there that knew my name, but supposed that it was some railroad man and again looked around. I beheld a 'spicler' in front of one of the shows grinning at me, and was a little confused as I thought that my gasping inquiry as to who was shouting my name had probably been amusing and had aroused even the mirth of the 'spicler.' As I stood eyeing him, it was he who shouted, 'Hey thar, Philippi, hello! Come in and see the show on me.' I recognized him then as one of the 'star spiclers' at the Transmississippi last summer."

**City Warrants**  
The following warrants are now called in and payable when present at my office. No. 179, 200, 208, 219, 216, 221, 205, 202, 217, 207, 214, 233, 230, 213, 236, 235, 222, 224, 144, 143. Interest ceases from date of this notice, Sept. 21, 1899.  
N. THOMPSON,  
City Treasurer.

**SQUARE MEAL IN A CAPSULE.**

**Prospective Solution of Various Problems that Vex House-keepers and Caterers.**

The food of the future will be concentrated or compressed. Science has already done wonders in demonstrating the large amount of water in all that we eat, and the possibility of getting rid of it so as to have the food in the smallest compass possible. Already the housewife finds many of her problems simplified by utilizing the extracts which are increasing in the market from day to day. Will this condensed food solve the servant girl problem? It looks as if it would be largely instrumental in doing so. When instead of having to buy a soup-bone, and soup-bunch, and cooking it for three or four hours, you have simply to swallow a little capsule or pellet as a plate of soup, and the matter of housekeeping is very much simplified. But the scientists done very much more than this. They can at the present moment save us hours of time and endless trouble and expense by providing a dinner of seven courses that will go on a dinner plate and can be swallowed in five minutes. The best part of it all is that you will be better nourished than if you had sat at the table for two hours, for all of the waste portions of the food have been extracted, and you swallow only that which you can and will assimilate easily.

When the woman goes shopping she need no longer sit and fume for an hour waiting for the slow waiter to bring her chicken salad and ice cream; but she will simply ask for a glass of water and a little salt, put a lozenge of beef extract in it and have a more nourishing lunch than before, and that without losing a minute of the precious shopping time. When you come down to breakfast there need be no question: "How do you like your eggs?" but you will find a little pellet at your plate, and, washing it down with a swallow of water, you will have eaten your eggs. Do you like milk for breakfast? Have another little cube; it goes down in a moment, and you have had your milk. If you prefer chocolate or tea, there are similar compression of these liquids for the stimulating of the system.

**Waste in the Kitchen.**

Only a housekeeper has any idea of the tremendous mass of material that is not consumed but wasted every day in preparing the meals. It is a fact that a man six feet tall eats seven times his weight during a single year. If he were to live on compressed food he would find that he consumed only one and one half times his size. So great is the difference between the food of the past and the food of the future. But it is easy to see how true this statement is by a glance at the pictures of different foods in their natural state and compressed. There is an egg, and its equivalent is hardly more than a dot in comparison, hardly any bigger than a bonbon. There is a plate of soup, and its actual food value is only a good sized pill. Tea is compressed so well that even the aroma is preserved in the little ball that stands for a cupful. The condensing of milk has reached perfection only lately, and here it is shown how small is the actual contents of a glassful of this nourishing liquid. You can "drink" a glass of mineral water by swallowing a little pill, and, queerly enough, it will quench your thirst better than the original. It is now stated that a man can swallow a cake of mineral water the size of a visiting card and require no more liquid for the whole day. The compression of meat has been accomplished to perfection, so that you can have a slice of roast beef in the shape of a pill or thin wafer of extract. This food of the future must make many changes in our mode of life, and largely contribute to our health and comfort. When there is no more marketing necessary, no more quarrelling with the butcher over short weight and poor steak, when Briget can't burn the steak to a crisp any more, and there is neither need for the ice man or the garbage man, living will be relieved of many of the terrors which have driven housekeepers out of their wits.

**Away With the Dinner Pail.**

This compressed compared food will also be of great value to the working-man, who will merely slip a lozenge or two into his pocket instead of carrying a tin pail full of all kinds of things that are a mess when it is time to eat them. It must be cheaper than the food of the present, for it will be prepared in large quantities and there will be no waste. All parts of the ox, for instance, are equally nourishing, and the neck will be as valuable for this food as the tenderloin. It is impossible to think of all the problems which this food may aid in solving. But of one thing we may be certain, that it will be of infinite value to the employer and the traveler. Polar expeditions will be greatly simplified, for a man can easily pull on a sled all the food he will want for a year in the compressed form. There is no need for whole colonies of reindeer or dogs to drag the provisions; each man can take all he needs for a long time to come. But undoubtedly the chief boon of this food of the future will be in solution of the housewife's problems of help and supply.

Miles—My wife never objects when I go to a lodge meeting.  
Giles—Neither does mine; it's when I get home that she objects.

**DID NOT BOAST HIS HONESTY.**

**Confession of the Tramp Who Found a \$1,000 Bill and Restored It.**

"I've slept in under a shed with the thermometer way below zero," said the tramp to the Boston Herald man, "and I've gone two long days with nothing to eat, but I'm telling you straight that when I once had \$1,000 in my pocket I was worse off than at any other time I can remember. I had just been let out of the bridewell in Chicago and was begging on the streets and being turned down on every hand, when I picked up a \$1,000 bill on the sidewalk. I thought it was \$1 and you bet I made a hustle to get down a side street. When I dodged into a doorway and made out that I was \$1,000 ahead of the game the sweat started from every pore and my knees knocked together. I was regular seasick for ten minutes and my heart thumped away until I thought it would break out."

But I was so excited that it was two hours before I could do any planning. The first thing was to buy a new suit of clothes, and I entered a store and picked them out. When I exhibited that \$1,000 bill the clothier ran to the door to call a policeman. I got away by a close squeeze, and then I realize the situation. Tramp that I was, I couldn't get it changed at a bank nor use it to make me more comfortable. If it had been a ten I could have had lodgings and a bed, but I'm telling you that I walked the streets as hungry as a shark and slept at police stations and in lumber yards.

"Under the circumstances the bill might as well have been a piece of brown paper. I tried all sorts of dodges to get it busted, but it was no go. Every time I showed it I ran the risk of arrest. I offered a butcher \$100 to get in changed, but he refused to have any thing to do with it. I'd have sold it for half price and been glad to, but there was no such thing as to make a deal. Finally, in despair, I went into one of the newspaper offices and looked up the advertisements for the week past. The loser had advertised and I went to his office in a big building and gave up the bill. The reward was \$50, but he counted out \$10 on top of that and said:

"I wouldn't have believed there was such honesty in the world. You could have kept the bill as well as not."

"He took down my name and all that and gave the affairs away to the reporters. They wrote me up as the 'honest tramp' and had my picture in the papers, but you may guess I didn't enjoy it overmuch. I had \$60 in place of \$1,000, and as for my honesty, it was all bosh. I returned the bill because I had to, and though I'm hungry and dead broke and don't know where to turn in for the night, I'm not looking for any more big finds. Something with a figure '2' on the corner will just about fit my vest pocket."

**One Wife Surely Enough.**

Margherita Arlina Hamm, the well-known traveler and author, called when in China upon the wife, or rather the wives, of a great madam, relates the Philadelphia Post. Her visit partook of the nature of a festival, so novel was the experience to the Chinese women, whose lives are passed almost entirely within the walls of their yamen. They examined her clothing, and were partly pleased and partly astonished at it. They were shocked by her shoes, and especially by the fact that her feet were not confined by binding. Finally one of them said, through the interpreter, "You can walk and run just as well as a man?" "Why, certainly." "Can you ride a pony as well as a man?" "Of course." "Then you must be as strong as most men." "Yes, I think I am." "You wouldn't let a man beat you, not even your husband, would you?" "Not at all." The Chinese woman paused, laughed, and then said: "Now I understand why foreigners never take more than one wife. They are afraid to."



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