

TALES OF THE DERBY

Some of the Winners That Were Not Liked as Youngsters.

BOUGHT FOR A MERE TRIFLE.

Little Wonder, who carried off the Blue Ribbon in 1840, cost his owner only \$325—The Successes of Voltigeur and Thormanby.

Stories of Derby winners having been sold as youngsters for exceedingly small sums are fairly numerous, and without going too far back into the recesses of the past at least two instances can be cited of animals destined ultimately to win the "blue ribbon of the turf" which as yearlings no one thought good enough to buy. Voltigeur was one of these, and the other was Thormanby.

Voltigeur was bred by Robert Stephenson in 1847 and as a yearling was sent up to be sold at the Doncaster sales, a reserve price of \$1,750 being placed on him. Not a man was found to bid that much for him; consequently he was withdrawn.

In all probability he would have remained unsold had not Williamson, a relative by marriage of Lord Zetland, seen him and, having taken a fancy to him, finally persuaded his lordship to buy him.

His judgment was triumphantly vindicated, for not only did Voltigeur win the Derby and St. Leger, but he succeeded in establishing a line of thoroughbreds which is at present dominant on the English turf and likely to remain so for some time to come.

Thormanby, too, was sent up to be disposed at the Doncaster and, like Voltigeur, did not reach a nominal reserve. Desirous of getting rid of him, however, Plummer, his breeder, requested his famous trainer, Matt Dawson, to come and have a thorough look at him.

This Dawson did and, perceiving at a glance good points about him, which no one else apparently had noticed, bought him for Merry, his patron. Strange enough, Dawson gave the same figure for Thormanby as that paid for Voltigeur.

As a two-year-old Thormanby ran fourteen times and out of this number scored nine wins, and in the Derby of the following year he beat a field of thirty. It was said that the race netted Merry the nice sum of \$200,000.

The cheapest horse that ever won the Derby was Little Wonder, which was successful in 1840, for he cost his owner, Robertson, the meager sum of only \$325.

Spaniel, too, winner of the race in 1831, was picked up for a very small sum, Lord Ererton, his breeder, letting him go for \$750.

Pyrrhus J., which won in 1846, was purchased by John Day, the noted trainer, as a yearling at Doncaster, Gully, the pugilist, taking a half interest in him.

As a two-year-old the horse never ran, and seemingly his abilities were then of an unknown quantity, for at the end of the season Day agreed to sell his half share in him to Gully for \$500. Day's chagrin at his subsequent victory in the Derby was very great.

Teddington, the winner of 1851, was bred by a blacksmith, who sold him as a foal, together with his dam, to Sir Joseph Hawley for \$1,250 and a further \$5,000 if he won the Derby.

Sir Joseph and his confederate, Massey Stanhope, to whom the horse really belonged, profited largely over the success, and the jockey, Marson, who rode the horse, received \$10,000 as a token of victory, which in those days was unprecedented.

Sainfoin, which carried the colors of Sir James Miller to the front, was an exceptionally fortunate purchase by John Porter, the trainer. He bought the colt out of the Hampton Court lot of yearlings in 1888 for the very reasonable price of \$2,720, Sir Robert Darnley taking a half interest in him.

As a two-year-old he was seen only once in public, and he won his race with the greatest ease. The year following he won the Esher stakes in a canter, after which he was sold to Sir James Miller for \$30,000 and a contingency of half the stakes if he won the Derby. It was indeed a profitable deal for Porter and Sir Robert.

Another instance of Porter's shrewdness as a horse dealer was his purchase of the great horse Isomy for the bagatelle figure, comparatively speaking, of \$1,500. The real owner was Fred Gretton.

Isomy gave no real promise of his worth as a two-year-old, his only victory being a nursery stake in the latter part of the season. As a three-year-old he was not seen in public until the Cambridgeshire, which he won easily by two lengths and incidentally earned no less than \$200,000 in bets for his owner.

Had he been in the classic races he would in all probability have cleaned the board.

As a four-year-old he won the gold cup at Ascot and the Goodwood and Brighton cups and crowned these feats by literally running away with the Great Ebor handicap, carrying the crushing weight of 136 pounds.

The following year Isomy proved himself a better horse than ever, not only winning the Ascot gold cup again, but also the Manchester cup with the almost impossible burden, one would think, of 138 pounds.

It has been calculated that altogether Isomy won for his owner upward of \$500,000 in stakes and bets, which for an \$1,500 investment was a most successful profit—Brooklyn Eagle.

If you will not take pains, you will lose you.—Whately.

NEW YORK'S BOWERY.

Why the Upper Part of It Was Named Fourth Avenue.

In the early forties of the last century there lived in Brooklyn a Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Mr. Smith was a rising civil engineer, and most of his work was in New York. It was necessary that he be nearer his place of business than Brooklyn, for in those days ferries were slow and infrequent, no bridges spanned the river, and horse cars were the speediest means of transit. Being a man of moderate means, Mr. Smith went house hunting through the streets of New York, seeking a modest but respectable abode. Near the upper end of the Bowery he found a small house. Elated with his success, he rushed home with the news to his wife. But when he mentioned the name of the street in which this house stood his wife's face fell.

"How could you think of it?" she asked, Smith was in despair.

Even as far back as 1840 the Bowery had acquired an unenviable reputation. Mr. Smith tried to explain that the upper part of the Bowery was still untarnished; that many very respectable people lived in that part of town; that it would be many long years before crime and sin would spread that far north.

It was all wasted energy. The fact that she would be living on the Bowery was sufficient for Mrs. Smith.

As a civil engineer it was Mr. Smith's custom to overcome obstacles. The following day he hired a conveyance, and he and Mrs. Smith went house hunting together. Mrs. Smith knew her Brooklyn thoroughly, but had only a slight acquaintance with New York. After driving through many streets without finding a suitable house the husband quietly turned into the Bowery at Union square and slowly walked the horse in the direction of the house he had found the previous day.

Suddenly Mrs. Smith exclaimed, "Why, there's a pretty place to let, dear?"

"Where?" listlessly questioned her husband, purposely looking in the opposite direction. Had Mrs. Smith not been so intent upon the house in question she might have noticed the merry twinkle in her husband's eyes and suspected something.

"Right over there," she replied, pointing to the house with the "To Let" sign.

An examination of the premises convinced Mrs. Smith that she must have the place, and when she learned that her neighbors were old friends of hers she had her husband close the bargain at once.

All this time no mention was made of the street. How Smith managed to move into the house and keep Mrs. Smith in the dark as to the name of the street is a mystery. But there came a day, and there was a storm. The tear fall was something heretofore unknown in the Smith household.

Once again Mr. Smith's habit of overcoming obstacles stood him in good stead. His wife would not live on the Bowery. Her home was ideal, her neighbors were good people, but they lived on the Bowery. So Smith and one of his neighbors went before the board of aldermen. The neighbor had influence. The street signs from Union square down to Fourth street were changed. Instead of "Bowery" the words "Fourth Avenue" were substituted.

And Mrs. Smith was happy ever after.—New York World.

A Curious Spanish Custom.

Ellen Maury Slayden in the Century in an account of her own and her husband's lavish entertainment in a Spanish household says:

"No custom of the house was so unaccountable as that of having people come to see you eat! Enjoying a square meal while our guests inhaled cigarette smoke seemed so inhospitable that I sometimes playfully insisted upon their having something with us. It was always laughingly declined, except once when a particularly lively youth took a piece of ham and ate it with all sorts of self-conscious little antics, as if he were acting a pantomime."

Shortening of the Day.

It has long been known theoretically that the tides act as a brake on the rotating earth and tend to lengthen the day. The effect, however, is so slight that it cannot be measured in any length of time at man's disposal. It may be estimated with the aid of certain assumptions, and, using the data available, W. D. MacMillan made the necessary computation by the formulas used by engineers. He finds for the increase of the length of the day one second in 460,000 years.

Waiting.

"Where are you lurching now?" "Over here at one of these places where you wait on yourself. Where are you eating?" "Oh, I'm still over there where you wait on the waiter."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Good Guesser.

Aubrey—I say, old chap, I suppose you can't lend me a fiver? Plantagenet—No, my dear boy, but a man with your capacity for guessing the right thing ought to be able to win a fortune on the turf.—London Telegraph.

Expert Criticism.

"I don't like that judge," said the smooth crook; "his speech is so jerky." "I would say," remarked the Boston burglar, "that, though they are unorthodox, I rather like his short sentences."—Baltimore American.

If you intend to do a mean thing wait till tomorrow. If you intend to do a noble thing do it now.

HIS MISTAKE.

It Was Costly, but Cured Him of an Irritating Habit.

Bunsen was always a great kiddler. He isn't any more. Bunsen is a lawyer, although, of course, he is known by a different name. Don't ever get the idea, though, that this didn't really happen just because Bunsen's real nomination isn't mentioned.

As we were saying, Bunsen used to be pretty much of a kiddler. He would even kid his own patient little wife. Those who care to read on down a little farther will learn why he ceased to be a kiddler.

One evening last week when Bunsen got home his wife had a new hat to show him. It was some hat. Anybody could have seen that it was the final phrase in female headgear.

But Bunsen started in to make fun of it. He said it looked as if it had been trimmed by a cross-eyed milliner on an empty stomach. And he made a lot of other disparaging remarks that were extremely harassing to poor Mrs. Bunsen.

"D'ye buy it sight unseen?" he inquired. "Say, how much do they pay the girl that sold you that? She ought to have a raise. Any girl who could put that one over a customer must be something of a smooth saleslady. I'm here to remark."

Mrs. Bunsen was almost in tears. Bunsen had to go into the other room to have a quiet laugh at her expense. Oh, he was the great kiddler, all right! The next day, though, he had forgotten all about the hat.

The day after that he was reminded of his little jokefesty Mrs. Bunsen handed him a slip of paper when he came home to get his victuals that evening. It was a bill for retrimming that hat; \$18.34 it came to.

Bunsen paid it without a murmur and said the revised edition of the hat was just exactly right. He isn't making fun of hats any more.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NOTED ANAGRAMS.

Ingenious Transmutation of Names of Well Known Persons.

Anagrams that transmute the names of well known men and women are often startlingly appropriate. What could be better in this way than those announcements, evolved from two great statesmen's names when the reins of power changed hands: Gladstone, "G leads not" Disraeli, "I lead sir!" Quite as happy is the comment on the devoted nursing of Florence Nightingale, whose name yields "F in on, cheering angel." Among those that are most often quoted we may mention Horatio Nelson, "Honor est a Nil"; Charles James Stuart, "Claims Arthur's seat;" Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" ("What is truth?"), answered by "Est vir qui adest" ("It is the man here present"); Swedish nightingale, "Sing high, sweet Linda"; David Livingstone, "D. V., go and visit Nile"; the Marquiss of Ripon (who resigned the grand mastership of Freemasons when he became a Romanist), "R. I. P., quoth Freemasons;" Charles, prince of Wales, "All France calls Oh, help!" Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, baronet, "Yon horrid butcher Orton, biggest rascal here," and many shorter specimens, such as telegraph, "great help;" astronomers, "no more stars" and "moon starrers;" "so tired," tournament, "to run at men;" penitentiary, "may, I repeat;" old England, "golden land;" revolution, "to love ruin;" fashionable, "one-half blues;" lawyers, "sly wares;" midshipman, "mind his map;" poorhouse, "Oh, soon hope;" Presbyterian, "best in prayer;" sweetheart, "there we, matrimony;" "into my arm."—Chambers' Journal.

Air and Water "Cures."

It is a remarkable fact that, as with various natural so-called "mineral waters" so with various "airs" which people find beneficial, no one has yet clearly and decisively shown, in the first place, whether they exert any chemical effect of a special kind on the people who seem to benefit by drinking the one or breathing the other. Still less has any one shown what is the particular chemical ingredient of the air or of the water of any given resort which exerts the beneficial effect attributed to that air or that water.—Sir E. Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

A Habit He Won't Contract.

A man who signs himself "A Son of Rest" sends us the following: "Several people have asked me why I never work. I take this means of replying to all.

"The habit of working is like a habit of taking dope. If a man is a dope fiend and stops it he dies. Now, if a man gets the habit of working and then stops it he starves to death. Same thing. I shall never contract such a habit."—Cleveland Leader.

Moral of the Garden.

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You may go round and watch the opening bud from day to day, but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced it is only torn to pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive.—Exchange.

Experience.

"Experience would be a wonderful asset but for one thing." "What's that?" "You never can sell it for what it cost you."—Cleveland Leader.

One day is worth two tomorrows. Have you something to do tomorrow? Do it today.—B. Franklin.

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