

CAVALRY ON THE MOVE

They Usually Travel at a Walk While on a March.

CAREFUL OF THEIR HORSES.

Reasons Why a Trot or a Gallop Might Prove Disastrous to the Animals. The Wagons and Supplies—Going In to Camp at Night.

People unfamiliar with the marching of troops frequently have the impression that mounted troops usually travel at a trot or gallop while on a march. In the cavalry, however, the gait is usually a walk.

There are reasons why it is not advisable for cavalry to trot or gallop on its road marches. The trooper is required to carry his three weapons—rifle, pistol and saber—over a hundred rounds of ball ammunition, his blanket, shelter tent, canteen, extra horse-shoes and sundry other articles, all of which add considerable weight to that of the trooper.

This weight is more or less concentrated at comparatively few points instead of being uniformly distributed over the horse's back, so that at a trot, in spite of all that may be done to avoid it, the concussion at certain points is considerable and if kept up tends to develop blisters and sores on the horse's back, which may increase until the animal is no longer fit to use.

As the supply department furnishes but one horse to each trooper, differing in this respect from the mounts of the cowboy, who has as many as he wants, a constant vigilance is required on the part of the captain while on a long march in order to keep his horses serviceable and prevent his troopers from becoming dismounted.

This he accomplishes in part by marching at a walk whenever the circumstances will admit it. By means of the walk we make four miles an hour, says Captain William F. Flynn, U. S. A. In Forest and Stream, and as twenty-five miles is considered a fair day's march it is thus made in about seven hours, considering the necessary halts. The wagons carrying our supplies can go no faster than that, and there is rarely any advantage in reaching one's camping ground very much in advance of the wagons.

It is customary with individual tourists and campers upon making camp to turn their horses loose and either to watch them or else trust to luck in the matter of finding them again. We are not permitted to do this in the army. We always mean to provide grain for our animals on the march, and when we are unable to buy hay en route and thus have to rely upon grazing we put each horse out on a rope fastened to a picket pin driven in the ground.

On the march each mounted man carries his lariat and pin attached to his saddle and as soon as he unsaddles seeks a good grazing place for his horse and drives his pin in the ground. The horse thus gets a limited area upon which to graze. The pins are changed once or twice during the evening, and as the horse stays all night on his rope he gets a pretty fair chance at the grass, after all, and when we want him in the morning we can find him.

The horses having been unsaddled and disposed of, the men then put up their shelter tents. A shelter tent is a convenient little affair made in two halves to accommodate nicely two soldiers. Each soldier carries his half and his pole with him on his blanket roll attached to his saddle, so as soon as he unsaddles he can select his "bunkie" and put up his tent. The officers' tents are wall tents, carried in the wagons and cannot be put up till the wagons come in.

As soon as that takes place details of men put up the officers' tents, get wood and water for the cooks, and the latter build their fire and at once set about getting supper. Soldiers like to have their food well cooked; but, better still, they appear to like it promptly cooked, and that camp cook is always popular who yells "Come and get it!" just a little sooner than it is expected.

On the march we eat but two meals a day. After breakfast the cooks give each man a liberal sandwich of bacon and bread. This the man incloses in his meat can and when he gets hungry eats it. This constitutes his mid-day meal.

Supper over, a guard is posted to look out for the safety of the camp, and the other men usually collect fuel, build a rousing fire, gather round it and amuse themselves by singing, telling yarns and cracking jokes upon each other till bedtime, which comes pretty early with men on the march. The officers fill in the time in about the same manner.

On the march one always has to rise early. There are so many things to be done in order to get the cavalcade fairly on the road that early rising is essential. The guard rouses the cooks long before daylight, and by the time the horses are fed and brushed off the cook announces breakfast. After breakfast the tents are taken down, wagons packed, the horses saddled, and the column is once more on the march.

Described. "Pa, what is meant by a nervous wreck?"

"A nervous wreck, my boy, is something that a woman says she is every time she gets a headache."—Detroit Free Press.

A lie always has a certain amount of weight with those who wish to believe it.—Rice.

NORMAN PEASANTS.

Their Bread is Made in the Stables by the Men.

A farmer's wife in the north of France may do a good part of the heavy work about the farm, but she never thinks of making the bread. That is man's work, and it is carried on not in the kitchen, but in the stable.

The Norman peasant eats an astonishing quantity of bread. He has little else—except cider—for his breakfast and supper, and it is a very important part of his noonday meal as well.

And such queer looking bread as it is! The "loaves" are as round and as palely yellow as the full moon. They are often three feet in circumference and eight or ten inches thick. Seeing one of them for the first time, you would be likely to take it for a huge cheese.

Breadmaking being only a monthly occurrence in a Norman household, the operations must be on a scale of considerable magnitude if the family supply is to be sufficient to last for four weeks. The dough is always mixed in a certain inclosed space upon the floor of the barn.

At other times cats, dogs and poultry enjoy the freedom of this space but when breadmaking time comes, these are evicted and the floor is swept—let us hope very thoroughly.

There is no dough pan or trough. The flour and water are poured together upon the floor, and the farmer and his sons or hired laborers beat the mass into the proper consistency with heavy clubs widely flattened at the ends until they look something like roughly shaped snow shovels. Then a lump of leaven is added, and the mass is given ten or twelve hours to "rise."

Next it must be kneaded, a process which is accomplished with the feet. Shod in heavy sabots, or wooden shoes—not the everyday shoes, which are painted black, but made of unstained whitewood—the men leap into the midst of the dough. They jump about with agility; they stamp and kick the spongy stuff; they dance clumsy jigs in it, the stiffening dough clinging tenaciously to their shoes. It is the hardest of hard work, requiring endurance as well as strength, and before it is time to stop more than one of the men will be staggering to and fro in the pasty mass, thoroughly exhausted.

The dough is allowed to rise a second time, is again soundly beaten with the flattened clubs, is then put into great round pans and baked in the massive brick oven which stands in almost every Norman stable. The bread which results is firm, close in texture and rather dingy in color, sweet, but dry, and decidedly palatable even to those who have seen it made. As the month draws to a close the outer crust becomes so thick and hard that it can only be penetrated by a saw kept for that purpose. But this horny shell has its use, for it keeps the interior of the loaf fairly soft and fresh, sometimes for several months.—Youth's Companion.

A Use For the Jail.

Winkleborough is a flourishing little seaside resort, and during the season almost every available room is let at good prices.

A visitor to that delightful spot last season was interested to observe a policeman soundly cuff a lanky youth for some misdemeanor, and, curious to know the reason of the chastisement, he went over to the guardian of the peace.

"What's he done, constable?" inquired the visitor.

"Pickin' pockets, sir. Let me catch 'im at it ag'in an' I'll give 'im a rare good hidin'."

"But why didn't you run him in?"

"Run 'im in?" retorted the policeman. "Why, bless yer, we ain't runnin' anybody in this week. The 'plice station's let for lodgin's."—London Answers.

Wallack on the Ballet.

The late Lester Wallack once told a story of his still more famous father, James W., that as either an actor or a manager he could never tolerate the ballet, even where it was so exceedingly necessary according to custom as part of an entertainment or in the opera.

One day there came to him a friend, a man about town, who said, "My dear Wallack, it is very curious that you do not see the beauties of imagination shown by the poses of the ballet." Going on in this strain, the visitor at last wore out the patience of the actor-manager, who replied:

"Look here, it is bad enough to stand these absurdities in an opera; but, though I can comprehend people singing their joys, I am hanged if I can understand their griefs."

The Judge's Advice.

In sentencing a forger of banknotes to death an English judge said, "I can hold out no hope to you for mercy here, and I must urge you to make preparation for another world, where I hope you may obtain that mercy which a due regard to the credit of our paper currency forbids you to hope for here."

Family Connection a la Mode.

"Well, yes; we are related in a way."

"By marriage?"

"Yes. My first wife's third husband is married to his wife's second husband's fourth partner in matrimony."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Jealousy.

"May's new hat is perfectly hideous."

"It isn't a bit more hideous than mine. You're always saying nice things about May."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Clever men are good, but they are not the best.—Carlyle.

THE DARK OF THE MOON.

A Result That is Produced by the Light From the Earth.

Many people have wondered why the part of the moon that receives no sunlight is often visible to us, the term being the "old moon in the young moon's arms." The dark part is easily seen as a copper colored globe resting in the bright crescent. This that we see is nothing more or less than the earth shine on the moon. We appear the same way to the moon when we are in that phase, and our dark part is where the moonshine appears and the bright part of the sunshine.

The reason the copper color appears is because light has to traverse the atmosphere of the earth three times—once on coming from the sun to the earth, once when reflected to the moon and again on being reflected back to us. Our atmosphere possesses the peculiar property of absorbing the blue rays of this white light and allowing only the red and orange to go through, thus causing the appearance of copper color by the triple absorption.

An odd thing connected with this phenomenon, though having nothing to do with it, is this: That part of the moon which appears dark to us is the same part of the earth that appears light to the moon at any specified time, and that part of the moon which appears bright to us corresponds to the portion of the earth appearing dark to the moon.

Of course it is well known that the moon gives out no light whatever itself, the moonshine being merely the light of the sun on the moon reflected to us. The same applies with the earth in its shine on the moon, save that we do give out glow, no doubt, around great cities at night, on account of the enormous number of lights. One thing, however, in which moonshine excels the earth shine is its constant character. Where the earth possesses varying clouds the old moon never has any at all.—St. Louis Republic.

A PUNJAB CIRCUS.

Program, in "Punch and Jab" English, as Good as the Show.

The sun never sets on the English language. This overdose of sunshine sometimes warps it out of shape. In the Malay it becomes "pigeon," in the south seas it is either "sandalwood" or "beche de mer," and among the erudite along the water front at Yokohama it is "buzual." Here is a sample of a brand sometimes called "punch and jab" English. It was captured alive by a Calcutta exchange editor armed with his scissors in the jungle of advertising literature that threw its shadow ahead of a native Punjab circus:

PROGRAMME.

Under patronage of Royal Duke of Knaught, K. C. B., &c.

N. B.—This Circus is the very better, therefore he comes to see that.

The performance preparation will commence at 8 p. m. sharp.

PART I.

1. Some horse will make very good tricks.

2. The clown will come and talk with that horses, therefore audience will laugh itself very much.

3. The lady will walk on horses back and horse is jumping very much also.

4. The clown will make a joking words and lady will become angry therefore clown will run himself away.

5. One boy will fall a ball from top side, then he can catch that ball before that ball can fall.

6. This is the very better jumping trick. Refreshments 10 minutes.

PART II.

1. One man will make so tricks of trapeze. Audience will afraid himself, very much.

2. Dogs will jump and roll in the mud. Then everybody he will think, that he is the rubber lady.

3. This is the very grand display.

4. This is the very better gymnastics.

5. One man will walk on wire tight, he is doing very nicely because he is a professional of that.

PART III.

Then will come the very good Dramatic.

No sticks will be allowed in the spectator, and he shall not smoke also.

Charges for Entrance.

1st class ..... Rs. 2

2nd class ..... Rs. 1

3rd class ..... Rs. 1

There is no any 4th class.

—New York Tribune.

Lost Temper. "Lost temper does great harm," said a politician. "I once knew a man who held thirteen trumps at whist, and on account of his partner's temper he took only one trick with that ideal hand."

"Impossible!" sneered a reporter who conducted a weekly bridge column.

"Impossible? Not at all," was the politician's reply. "You see, as soon as this man trumped his partner's ace on the first play his partner in a rage jumped up and kicked him out of the room."

Accounting For Patrick Henry. It is related that Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase on stopping at the birthplace of Patrick Henry in Virginia exclaimed: "What an atmosphere! What a view! What glorious mountains! No wonder that Patrick Henry grew here!" Whereupon an honest native dryly remarked that the atmosphere, the view and the mountains had been there for ages, but that only one Patrick Henry had been produced.—Macon Telegraph.

Pretty Blunt. Elderly Lady—Doctor, I am troubled with a hallucination that I am being followed by a man. What sort of cure would you suggest? Honest Physician—A mirror.—Cleveland Leader.

If we cannot live so as to be happy we can at least live so as to deserve it.—Fitch.

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Tomatoes, \$1.90 a case, 2 doz. Cans.

Corn . . . 2.20 a case, " "

Peas . . . 2.50 a case, " "

Beans . . . 2.10 " " "

Peaches . . . 3.30 " " "

Pears . . . 3.90 " " "

Cherries . . . 3.75 " " "

50 lbs., 3 CROWN RASINS..... \$3.00

50 lbs., FANCY DRIED APPLES..... 5.60

25 lbs., FANCY PEACHES..... 2.15

25 lbs., FANCY AFRICOTS..... 3.40

25 lbs., LARGE ITALIAN PRUNES..... 1.30

25 lbs., SMALL ITALIAN PRUNES..... 1.10

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