REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND

Captain Jimmie Jones, and How He Escaped From a Customs Officer Who Had Seized His Steamer.-By Edward Huggins

I am asked whether I know anything about Captain Jimmie Jones, who, some time in the early '60s, commanded a little steamer called the Jennie Jones, which ran on Puget Sound, and for a short time carried the United States mail between Olympia and Victoria, I was well acquainted with him, and had many business transactions with him. Jimmic Jones, as he was called, was a Weishman, a small, insignificant-looking man. I think he was uneducated. He was a sailor by profession. In the early '50e he looked to be about 2 5years of age. and when I first became acquainted with him he owned and sailed a small sloop charge of Fort Nisqually, where I was chief clerk. Jimmle frequently called at the fort, and Dr. Tolmle intrusted him with the mail, which at that time was brought across the country from Fort Vancouver by the Fort Stellacoom mail. The United States commander at that yout, Captain B. H. Hill, kind-ly permitted the fert mallcarrier to bring our mail, as well as that of the Hudson's Bay Company, at Port Victoria, and ar-rangements were made by Doctor Tolmie with Captain Jones, to convey the mail Jimmle was a good-nature fellow, and at that time was apparently soher man. After the mail steamer commenced making weekly trips on the Sound, Jimmie still accasionally carried a package from Nisqually to Victoria, but course was not so frequently employed as before the advent of the steamer. Some time early in the '00s Jimmle, it would seem, had made and saved money

enough to build and own a small steamer called the Jennie Jones. She was, I Port Townsend, much to the satisfaction should think, about 100 to 120 tons burden, schooner rigged and looked more like a sulling vessel than a steamer. She Custom-House Destroyed. was a propeller, and did not look at all like a racing stramer. She was a homely-looking vessel, . I little Jimmie was very proud of her, and well he might be. To be able to build such a vessel, and com-pletely own it, with savings made out rather a weak institution, and a good deal of smuggling went on; at least, so it was supposed. When Victoria was a free port smuggling was very profitable. and it was largely carried on, so it was rumored, in little vessels like Jimmle's Wild Pigeon, which kind of boat was then quite numerous on Puget Sound do much to prevent it. The only craft they had at their disposal was one sailing cutter. I think its name was Jofferson Davis. Captain Pease in command. She could do very little to stop the illegal work of such small, swift Jimmie's Pigeon. I have no direct rea-son to think that Captain Jimmie's boat was employed in that traffic, but it was very evident that Jimmie made a deal of money in a comparatively short time, at least enough to pay for the con-struction of the steamer Jennie Jones.

Mail Carrying in Early Days.

After his steamer had been running a short time, Jimmie, to the surprise of almost overy one acquainted with him, managed to obtain the contract to carry the United States mail, weekly, between Olympia and Victoria, and all intermediate ports. In those days the mail steamer had to make the grand round-Stellacoom. Seattle, Port Madison, Port Gamble, Port Ludlow, Port Townsend, Bellingham Bay and Semiahamoo, Late in the 'los and the early 'sos were added Port Angeles (for a short time the port of entry for the District of Puget Sound) and San Juan Island. I do not know whether Jimmie was the regular con-fractor, or whether the work was sublet to him. Most likely the latter, as I think it would have been almost im sible for Captain Jimmie to obtain bond required by the Government. Jennie Jones continued to run quietly now, carrying the weekly mail, but very phere was impregnated with a very pro-nounced smell of Old Tom gin, for Jimmie, since his promotion from the command of a five or etx-ton sloop to a 190-ton steamer, had adopted some of the habits of not a few of the merchant navel marine on the Sound at that time, and had become a lover of strong drink, and his favorite tipple was Old Tom gin. The steamer then running in opposition to the Jennie Jones, or one of the steamers, was, I think, the Eliza Anderson, which was by the officers and crew. almost a new stanner, having been built at Portland. In 1858 or 75. She was a paddle-wheel steamer, of about 150 or 290 tons, but I am not certain about her In late years the Anderson, compared with other steamers then running on the Sound, was a small and very in-ferior-looking vessel, but in éarly days ferior-tooking vesses, but in early days she was considered a fine specimen of marine architecture. She was not at all fast, and after taking many trips in ber I found she was only a second or Third-class steambout. I think, by putting on full steam and with a fair wind. she might make, perhaps, 10 or 11 miles an hour. She was principally owned by Captain Tom Wright, then well known In steamboat circles on Puget Sound and Fraser River, and his brother-in-law,

Captain John Florning.

After Captain Florning severed his conmection with the "Anderson" in consequence of III-bealth, the business of the vessel which was very large, was in charge of a man named Finch, who was not a scaman, but was considered to be one of the best business men on Puget Sound. He was, physically, a small, del-Sound. He was, physically, a small, del-loate-looking man but must have been stronger and tougher than he looked to be, for he attended to the business of the vessel apparently, night and day. When she carried the mail, and made the round of all the ports, which the weekly mall contract required, the steamer occupied about five days in making the round trip, and Finch most of the time attended. and Finch, most of the time, attended to the business of the sceam r without any assistance. He bere n good name for fair business habits and integrity of charac-ter, but was thought by many to be very close in all his dealings, and was not credited with being at all charitably in-clined. He was a strict Methodist, and I have often heard it said, by people who knew what they were talking about, that he helped that church, financially, very freely. He was a strict tee-totaller, and had no very kindly feeling towards men addicted to excessive drinking, and am sorry to say that such men quently met with in those days, iny ousmess transactions with many pusiness transactions with Cap-tain Finch, and always found him to be suricity straightforward. He eventually became principal, if not the sole owner of the Anderson and ran her for many years, and I venture to say that the Ellza Anderson made more money upon Puget Sound than all the other signmers, running during the same time, put to-gether. He must have made a good coal of money by advancing cash for bills or orders generally paid to him in the course of a few days. I obtained a gold deal of money from him to use in buying furs. He always charged 10 per cent for the accommodation, and in my case he al-ways got his creers cashed by the Hud-son's Bay Company, at Victoria, in two or three days from date of draft. I have said a good deal about Captain Finch.

PORT NISQUALLY, Wash, Dec. 6- am under the impression that I heard of

his death some years ago.
Again referring to Captain Jones.
When his steamer commenced running,
he patronized the Hudson's Bay Campany's wharf, at Victor, and I received orders from the board of man gement of that company's affairs, at Victoria, to do all my freighting business with Cap tain Jimmie, very much to my disgust. Sometime in November, 1884, I went to Victoria, not in the Jennie Jones, though, and obtained from the company an in voice of goods, about \$300 worth, for the trade of Fort Niequally, and, as ordered. I shipped them by the Jennie Jones, and returned home in that steamer, started from Victoria about 3 P. M., steamed across the Straits for Port Angeles, for at that place was now the United States Custom-House, the Port of Entry having been changed from Port Townsend by the influence of Victor Smith, who was then the Collector of Customs. It was rumored that Smith owned large interests at Port Angeles, and that through influential friends at Washington had caused the removal of the Custom-House to the Angeles nurbor, called Port Angeles. This was a bitter blow to the prope of Fort Townsend; in fact, the majority of the business men of r'uget Sound were averse to the change. The bay itself is large and com-modious, but, if I recollect right, it is open and exposed to the wind blowing across the Straits from Vancouver Island The evening we arrived there, it was calm, but there was a heavy swell in the harbor, and the Jennie Jones rolled about very ancomfortably The Custom-House did not remain there many yars. An awful catastrophe occurred there, in which five or six lives were jost, the Custom-House destroyed, and soon after the Port of Entry was moved back to

The accident referred to I will tell in as few words as possible. Mr. Smith con-arructed a wooden building, just inside o-the mouth of a small river, which, I am told, takes its rise in the Olympic Mountains. Smith had the Government Cus tains. Smith that the Government tom-House in this building, and he and some of his assistants made their resi tle distance up the creek was a natural dam, caused by logs which had accum-mulated there for years, checking the water, which had formed a deep pond water, which had formed a deep pond just above the dam. One night, not very ong after my visit there in the Jennie Jones, and just after a heavy rain, and when all the inmates of the doomed use were wrapped in sleep, the jam gave way. The immense body of water et loose, carried everything before it, truck Smith's Custom-House, and car-led it and its sleeping inmates out into the bay, and very probably into the Straits of Fuca. Smith, and I think five or eix others who were in the house at the time, were drowned, and not a vestige of their remains was ever found. I may be wrong in some of these details, but I am sure about the loss of the bouse and the drowning of Victor Smith and five or six There was no difficulty after this awful accident about removing the Cus

tom-House to where it properly belonged.
I accompanied Captain Jones to the
Custom-House. The Collector had received the invoice, with the duties charged through the mail, from the United States Consul at Victoria, which I had helped to prepare in the office of the company at Victoria.. After a cursory examination by the Collector, or his deputy, I paid rike amount due and we returned back to the ship. It would take some time to go over the figures of or statement of duties, due upon a large and miscellaneous invoice of goods, and rather than keep or detain the collector that if any error was afterwards found in the entry or invoice, I would make it good. The bay was quite calm that right, but it seemed never to be free from rolling waves, making it very uncomfortable for landsmen who might be on board vessels lying in the harbor. I found that state of things to exist in few passengers, as she had no accommodiation for them. Her cabin was small, unfurnished and generally had an ill-not be always like that. The harbor is flavored smell about it. It was more inree and commodious, protected fully like a forcastie than a cabin. Its atmos- upon the west side by the bluffy mainland, and upon the north side, I think it is protected by a low, sandy spit, which extends out for some distance. The southeast side, to the best of my recollection, and I have not been there since 1864, is open and fully exposed to winds blowing across the Straits. We lifted the anchor and steamed away two or three hours after midnight. The weather was calm, but the fog was very thick, which necessituted slowing down and been lookout

> Captain Drunk, Steamer Goes Wrong I soon found that Captain Jimmle was drinking to excess, and the engineer took me that all hands, including the cook were indulging, as well as the captain The odor of gin permented the whole ship We two sober ones soon saw by the er-ratic movements of the steamer, that the navigators were too drunk to know what they were about, and the engineer, at my request, slowed down nearly to a full at

our captain and mate of the location of miserable gin-sodden little steamer for Captain Jimmie approached me, and in thick drunken tones said he would be "blankety blanked" If he knew the whereabouts of the steamer, and asked if I knew. Of course, I could not tell anything about the location of the boat, and I spake rather roughly to the miserable little commander. The engineer and I thought that we certainly ought to be in the vicin-ity of San Juan Island. The words were no sconer spoken when the ship bumped heavily upon a rock. It could not be the shore, because we heard no surf running or beating upon the beach. The ship now gave a list, and all was dire confusion. Lucklip it was dead calm, and the fog was densely thick. The engineer sounded the well, and I was very glad to learn that the ship was not making much water. We soon ascertained that the tide

was nearly at its lowest stage, and day-light was not far off. The accident nearly sobered the cap-tain, who appeared to be in a terrible funk. We remained bard and fast upon the rock until daylight, when we found that we were actually near the entrance of San Juan Harbor, and the vessel had struck a submerged rock, and the quiet state of the weather, no doubt saved the ateamer from being neverely injured; The steamer from being severely injured. The state of the tide was also in our favor, for as the water raised the little steamer slid from the rock. We soon came safely to an suchor, and I felt thankful to Providence for having escaped so easily from what might have been, had the weather been unpropitious, and the tide unfavorable—a great catastrophe. As it was, it proved to be an expensive drunk for the little capitain, for I think I heard it rumored that he was compelled to so it rumored that he was compelled to go to the expense of lfaving the steamer hauled upon the ways and repairs made. I always thought our making so near the harbor of San Juan as we did, a strange plece of luck for I am quite sure that not one persen in the ship know anything of her wheresbouts, when she struck. When Captain Jimmle was in his soher senses, which was soon after the accident, he refused to talk about the accident and seemed to be heartly ashamed of his conduct. The rest of the passage was accounted to the passage

one morning when I was busily engaged in the trade shop with a band of down-Sound Indians, trading furs, mats, baskets, dried clams, dressed deer skins, and any thing of the slightest value, I was surprised to see the little Welsh captain walk into the store, accompanied by a gentlemanly looking man whom he introduced to me as an officer attached to the United States Custom-House at Port Townsend, Captain Jimme told at Port Townsend. Captain Jimmie told me that he had been arrested at Olympia and his darling Jennie Jones setzed for an offense he was falsely charged with having committed against the revenue laws of the United States, and that he and his ship were under arrest, and on their way to Port Townsend for trial be-fore the Admiralty Court. I forget what, the charge was, but I think it was smug-

Jimmie had persuaded the inspector, of deputy Collector in charge of him and his ship, to come round to our landing, the channel which the big mail steamers use to take in early days, when a semi of them, and the others I have for gotten. They always took the deep-water channel, around the southeast end of An-derson's Island, making the distance to Olympia from Tacoma about five or six miles further. The route now taken by passenger steamers is through Baich's passage, and round the northwest end of Anderson's Island. When I arrived in this country (April 13, 1850), the Island called Wallace's Island, after a man of that name, who took a donation claim and commenced improving the farm, now known as the Eckenstein place. Wallace was killed by the Snequalmie Indians when they attacked Fort Nisqually, on May 1, 1849. He was standing outside of the fort near the water, on the north side postern gate when the trouble side postern gate when the trouble com-menced, and refused to epter the fort, with others then outside, when he was immediatly shot dead. He was one of thes, who had great contempt for In-dians, and would say that "with a club he could, single-handed, tackle a band of Indians and make them run." I have Indians and make them run." often heard such foolish talk, as if an In dian, with a loaded gun, was not alm as good in a fight as the generality white men. Wallace was, I am told, a first cousin of Iom and Jack Hewett, old and well-known residents of Tacoma.

Declined to Go Ball. About Captain Jimmie again. He told the United States officer in charge of the vessel that I was a very close friend of his and would do anything for him. He was very confident that I could cheerfully become security for his appearance, with his vessel at court, when required, and, if necessary, I could give bonds in the name of the Hudson's Bay Company in any amount Captain Jimmie made the officer believe this nonsense, so that he came that distance out of his proper road and walked up from the beach, only to find that I would have nothing to do with Nummle or his ship, and as for my giving a bond in the name of the company a foreign company at that, the idea was indicrous, and not worth talking about. I think the wretched little captain really hough that I would become security for him, and that he would, with his steam r, he released, and from what happened ubsequently I am almost sure he thought o. When he law that he could not do anything with me, for I almost laughed in his face, his impudence struck me as being so gigantic as to make it more comical than serious. That was the last I ever saw of Captain

Jimmie Jones, for what now follows I was told by a friend, well acquainted with both Jimmie and the United States officer. When the captain left our landing he was very much down in the mouth, and had little to say to the officer. The officer noticed that Jimmle was frequently conferring quietly with his mate and engineer, but he thought nothing of it, for he felt confident that nothing now could save Jimmle and his steamer from being kept in durance vile for some time at Port Townsend and he paid no attention to the mysterious conduct of Captain Jones and his two leading officers. The vessel was now drawing near to the port of entry, and the officer felt elated at the idea of entering the harbor with his successful capture. In broad daylight. But he reckoned without his host, for as stead of heading across the bay to the wharf, as is usual with steamers entering the port, she kept in the middle of the channel, with head pointing to the en-trance of the Straits. The steamer's funnel beiched clouds of smoke and streaks of fire, and the little vessel was making more knots an hour than she ever made before. The Custom-House representative conduct, and made all manner of threats. Captain Jimmle laughed, and told the dep-inquired of Jimmle what he meant by such uty to shut his d—n mouth, keep quiet and he would soon learn what Jimmle's and he would soon learn what Jimmie's intentions were. The officer stormed and raved, then begged and prayed, and endeavered to make Jimmie see the enormity of his offense. It was bad enough, he seld to run away with a vessel when in charge of a representative of the Government, but or run away with the officer too, was, in his opinion, 19 times more culturable. more culpable.

Customs Officer Put Ashore could not get anything out of Jim-but "walt awhile and you'll see and learn all about it," and sure enough the steamer went her fastest by the port of entry, loudly tooting her whistle and dip-ping her flag as a parting salute. Jimmic had no big gun or he would. I have no doubt, have fired a salute. When he had got about half way from Port Townsend to Cape Flattery he slowed down, and anpoaching the Washington shore lowered a boat and forced the United States officer into it, and he was rowed to the shore and made to land. The poor fellow was left to make the best of his way to Port Angeles, the nearest place of importance. where he could get transportation to the port of entry. He very probably met with farmsteads before arriving at Angeles, so there was no fear of his being starved while en route.

Jimmle and his Jennie Jones proceeded around the Cape and God only knows where he at last pulled up, for I never, from that day to this heard anything about him, How he could escape the law is a mystery to me, and I have often wondered how he managed to escape capture. His papers, so necessary, that all vessels should have in good order, were deficient, and as for fuel and provisions his supp must have been very scant indeed. It did not much matter being short of fuel because the little steamer was full schooner rigged, and indeed she had more of the appearance of a sailing vessel than a steamer, but provisions were another thing, and how she managed to get supply was and is a mystery to all who knew and thought about the occurrence. This is the story of the escape of the Jennie Jones, and it will no doubt be in-teresting to those who recollect the little captain. It will revive memories, perhaps long since forgotten and cause a smile to all who recall the little ill-shapen figure of the captain; his funny manner of speak. ing with a Welsh accent, and last her not least a picture of the ordinary looking vessel, the Jennie Jones. If there had been a steam cutter on the Sound in those days Captain Jimmle would not have got-

Bow Blaine Helped the Newspapers.

Saturday Evening Post.

One interesting fact about Government reports is that they are generally published on Monday mornings, and the reason for this is that the newspapers on that day are not so crowded, and thus more space is secured. James G. Blaine, who was an editor before be been ways got his orders cashed by the Hudson's Bay Company, at Victoria, in two or three days from date of draft. I have said a good deal about Captain Finch because he was a very prominent man between 1800 and 1870, and there are a great number of people on Fuget Sound today who were well acquainted with him. After he parted with the Eliza Anderson, he moved to California, and I

BERNHARDT - COQUELIN

THE FRENCH ACTRESS HAS LOST NONE OF HER POWER.

Opinions Differ as to How the Favorite Comedian of Paris Plays Tragedy.

Naturally, the one topic of the hour in New York dramatic circles just now is the advent of Bernhardt and Coquellin in Rostand's "L'Algion," which Maude Adams introduced to the public six weeks ngo The importance of the event does not hang entirely upon the dominant personality of the great actress and her coleague, but in no small measure upon the play itself, one of the finest works of dramatic literature produced in any language within a century or more, and one that needs to be seen in the original performed by French actors, to be sym pathetically understood and appreciated.

The critics in the main agree that Bern hardt has lost none of her old-time fire hardt has lost none of her old-time fire and power. A few noteworthy comments from the New York journals upon her portrayal of the Little Duke, and Coquelin's study of Flambeau, the faithful old Grenadier, are herewith given. For the sake of lucidity a brief sketch of the plot must precede these: The Little Duke of Relchstadt, son of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, of Austria, is revealed at first in his 18th year, surrounded by the say friends of his mother, now the widow of Nelpperg, and seemingly as idle and purposecess as the rest of them. He has purposetess as the rest of them. He has purposecess as the rest of them. He has aiready been approached by conspirators, anxlors to revive the Buonaparte dynasty in France; he has responded wisely but yet ambitiously to their pleadings; he has mastered the history of his father's campaigns, and loves France with all the fervor if not with all the energy, of the stanchest French patriot.

His malady tuberculosis is Monitored.

His malady, tuberculosis, is idealized and his distrust in his own powers is vividity shown. He is, in spite of his youth and his weakness, by turns the poet, the philosopher, the statesman and the dreamer.

Virtually a prisoner at the Austria; court, under the watchful eye of Metter of Flambeau, and in his flight gets as far as the battle-field of Wagram, where

On the Battle-Field.

Left alone on the field with his dying enchman, the young Prince; to console Flambeau, dwells on the glory of death in such an environment to a French patriot, and in so doing works himself into a frenzy of passelon. He hears again the groans of the thousands wounded in battle, and the idea possesses him that his life is an expiation for the cruelties of war under his father. In the last act the Prince dies of his maiady, with his imperial cradle standing by his deathbed and his gentleman-in-waiting reading excerpts from the chronicle of his

A striking scene of the play is that in which crafty Metternich forces the Prince to look into the mirror upon his feeble Hapsburg features and terrifes him by proclaiming the weakness and madness of his line; though the measured cadences of the French dramatic verse restrict the play of passions here within rather coldly

lassical limits.

The frenzy of the defeated youth on the ground of his father's famous victory is a passage fairly untranslatable into Eng-lish, both its spirit and its literary form. It is a splendidly imagined episode, Following are the press comments: The New York Times—Mme. Barnhardt

and M. Coquelin have both been seen here, of course, in characters more show-ily effective than the young Duke aspiring to the Eagle's throne, and his fol-lower, the stanch old Grenadier. Bu they have had few really worthier roles, nevertheless, and none they have ever acted in a worthier manner. There is no reaching for startling effects in this per fectly sympathetic and harmonious representation of poetic drama. In fact, it is now seen that there is no episode, like those craftily built up by Sardou in the dramas he wrote for Mme, Bernhardt. which the blase first nighters will teil you is "all there is" of the play. Bernhardt's portrayal of the unhappy son of Napoleon has all the qualities one would expect to find in it, and is such a piece of acting in its dominating spirit, its artis-tic dignity and grace, its modifying force, its blazing passion, its exquisite pathos as cannot be matched on the contempo-

match the finest efforts of his associate artist. A better dramatic representation by French actors has probably never been seen in New York. Every role is well acted and none is overacted.

Better Than in Paris.

New York Herald-Both Mme, Bern hardt and M. Coquelin have freely said that the play never went so well in Paris as it has here in New York. It had a phenomenal run there, filling the theater all through what we call the torrid dog days of Summer, when many other play-houses had a "beggarly array of empty benches." It must have been a superb performance that Mme. Bernhardt gave there, or Paris—art devoted, yet some-times fickle Paris—would not have been times fickle Paris—would not have been held keenly interested month after month through the hot Midsummer evenings, nightly crowding the house to see Sarah Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon." Yet, as just said, both actors say that no such résults were obtained there, no such artistic finesse was exhibited then as now. It is not only that M Coquelin has come to add the strength of his Flambeau to her L'Aiglon but that each has been so her L'Aigion, but that each has been so inspired by the other, so stirred to greater achievements, that they both have been carried to higher planes of dramatic enthusiasm and power. No greater success, artistic, personal and financial, has been made in New York in many a day than has been won by Bernhardt and Coquelin in Rostand's "L'Algion," at the Garden Theater. The most brilliant audience that has guthered at any dramatic premiere here ushered in the engagement last Monday night, and every performance since has been witnessed by notable gatherings that have even crowded the standing room. New York Tribune—Sarah Bernhardt

may not be a dazzling prodigy; it is easily possible to gaze upon her without the use of blue glasses; but, in contract with such a vapid, flaccid and coloriess performer as Miss Maude Adams, she is

performer as Miss Maude Adams, she is a leopard alongside of a kitten.

There are, in the drama of "L'Aigion," two dramatic situations of extraordinary artistic felicity, providing occasion for a moving, and even a splendid, display of character and emotion. One of them is the scene at the mirror; the other is the scene on the haunted battle-field of Waggram The character of the Duke of Reich. ram. The character of the Duke of Reichstadt is weak and trivial, but Sarah Bern, hard, is a woman of great personal force, and an actress of great skill and trained ability, and in both those situations she was superb.

Frenzied With Self-Scorn.

At the mirror, beholding his fatal reemblance to the Austrian line, and goaded by the icy, ironical, cruel barb of Metternich's merciless sarcasm, the wretched boy becomes frenzied with self-scorn and self-disgust, to think himself the son of Napoleon Bonaparte, and to know himself nerveless and helpless, 'un-stable as the wind, infirm as foam.' On the lonely battle-field, in the middle of the night, hearing, as in a horrid dream, "the thunder of the Captains and the shouting," the yells of murderous rage and the groans of angulah, he is driven momentarily mad with conflicting emotions, so that he raves with frenzy

and desperately launches himself into furious fight with the phantoms of his

marred by the introduction of waving of great riches that the possessor is made spectres, and a sudden and slily yellow the target of an incessant fire of appeals calcium. Sarah Bernhardt's supreme for financial help from all sorts of people charm is her voice, and of that the liquid for all manner of purposes. If he hapsweetness remains unchanged-in itself a marvel, after all the vicissitudes and ravages of a crowded professional career of nearly 40 years; for this actress made her first appearance at the Comedie Fran-calse in 1862, at the age of 17, and she has been in the storm and stress of an ambitious, laborious, impulsive and exhaus-

Sixteen Curtain Calls

Such a part as the little Duke could resent no difficulties for such an actress, Every element of it-the lassitude, the petula ce, the irritability, the mental dispetula oce, the irritability, the mental dis-gust, the mordant and consuming fever, the thirst for action and the sense of weakness—was distinctly expressed, and above all the reckless avandonment to sensual joys which, in such a tempera-ment as that of the Eaglet, might well result from baffled ambition and a curbed or broken spirit. The impersonation will long be remembered as one of beautiful symmetry. The actress however was symmetry. The actress, however, was more honored than the performance; the appliance that greeted her was like the fall of a cataract, and it followed her like the waves of the sea. There were at least 16 curtain calls.

Mr. Coquelin acted Flambeau—an easy are the control of the control of

part for any experienced actor, and an especially easy part for him. Flambeau is the representative soldier of Napoleon the veteran in whose eyes the little Corsican was a hero and in whose memory he is a god. Courage, tenderness, humor, blunt honesty, simple truth and herofsm blend in such a character, and—as shown, for example, in Dagobert, in Sue's great novel—greatly endear it to the sympa-thetic heart. Mr. Coquelin entered fully into the spirit of the part and made it the most natural and affecting figure in the drama.

It is within the experience of every votary of the theater that some actors touch the heart, illumine the imagination, and cast a magical charm over life, so that their images linger in the memory, from youth to age, and are cherished with a kind of worship. Sarah Bernhardt is not of this hallowed

company, and it is useless to demand of the heart a tribute that it does not voi-untarily offer. No actress better under-stands the mechanism of acting. No actress possesses a wider command of the resources of dramatic expression, No actress could more readily conquer ap-probation or leave the observer more com-pletely cold. Of this homage to the high-est order of mind and soul it might well be said, as it has been said of a kindred

Love gives itself, and, if not given, No genius, beauty, worth nor wit, No gold of earth, no gem of heaven, Is rich enough to purchase it.

Eclipses All but Rachel. New York Commercial Advertiser-Sarah Bernnardt, in the permanent history of the stage, will surely rank above every

other woman save Rachel. other woman save Rachel.

When she steps upon the stage in the
firs' act, looking the young Duke so well
that the admiration of Paris for this external aspect of her skill is explained, she strikes at once the opening note of amia-ble mediocrity. Her own temperament, abundant and conquering, never gets between the specator and that other temperament, gentle, excitable and weak. The

frony of the young man is set in weari-ness and lack of heart. The looking-glass scene is something of a surprise. In the whole working-up it Bernhardt is matchless in sincerity and tensity of dread and impotent wish to escape, but when she finally smashes the glass there is a drop. She pushes the lamp timidly, backhanded, through the mirror, admirable psychologically, but avoiding a climax when theatrically one seems called for.

Field of Wagran The scene upon the field of Wagram is the only point in which the effect is weaker than at the Knickerbocker. How such a mistake could be made it is not easy to understand. The mystical echoes and visions of the place, instead of being dimly given in the distant background, are noise to the ear and literal and lively ghosts to the eye, so that attention t forced away from the eaglet in the fore-ground, and what in reading seems the high point, dramatically, of the play, looks like cheap theatrical machinery. Rernhardt corresponds, and, competing with all the noise and shows, brings the lessened force and beauty of her voice rather than her priceless remaining gifts. At the end she is again herself. The well known, languid, tender and

hopeless way in which she has so often given the poetry, the horror and the beauty of death, is still hers, and makes her acting worthy of its subpect.

Coquelin, the versatile and wonderfully finished actor, is not at his best in Flambary of course, his almost unrivalled. beau. Of course, his almost unrivailed enunciation, his skill in make-up, and his general technical knowledge, give con-stant pleasure; but the comedian in him itches to get out, he secures illegitimate laughs, and he misses much of the Impressiveness of Flambeau in forcing out the amusing side of him.

Helen Gould's Begging Letters. Leslie's Weenry.

It may, perhaps, be regarded as one of the penalties attaching to the possession



MEN **Cured While** You Sleep In Fifteen Days

"Gran-Bolvent" dissolves Siricturs like snow be-menth the sun, reduces Enlarged Prestate and girengthens the Seminal Deets, aleopying Praiss and Emissions in Fitteen Days.
No drugs to rain the stomach, but a direct lecal and positive application to the onlyst are that the Gran-Selvant is not a liquid. It is pengared in the form of Grayons or Papella, amodels and fazzhle, and so farrow as to gase the subject Streenure.

Every Man Should Know Himself. The St. James Assn. Bor St. Cinchnast, C. his presented at great expanse an exhaust-ire illustrated Treatise upon the sale FREE!

St. James Ase'n, 244 Elm St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MEN No Cure

THE MODERN APPLIANCE.—A positive way to perfect manbood. The VACUUM TREATMENT curves you without medicine of all nervous or diseases of the generative organs, such as lost manhood exhaustive drains, varicoccie, impotency, etc. Men are quickly restored to perfect health and strength. Write for circulars. Correspondence confidential. THE HEALTH APPLIANCE CO, rooms 47-49, Safe Deposit Bidg., Seattle, Wash.





WILCOX TANSY PILLS

of great riches that the possessor is made the target of an incessant fire of appeals for financial help from all sorts of people for all manner of purposes. If he hap-pens to be a person of a naturally gen-erous disposition, finding joy and satis-faction in deeds of beneficence, so much the worse for him so far as the appeals are concerned; their volume is increased in the ratio of his known acts of charity and goodness. Probably no owner of a large fortune suffers more, so to speak, from a reputation for large and noble philanthropy than Miss Helen Gould. She spends her life in doing good, and her gifts for charitable, educational, and other worthy objects are frequent and of large proportions. But if Miss Gould should comply with all the demands made upon her for gifts of money, even her millions would hardly last for a fortnight. The actual truth of this statement
was verified by the appearance in the
daily press a few days ago of a circular
prepared by Mins Gould, showing the
number and character of the requests
made of her in a single week, and giving the amounts she was asked to contribute. A copy of this circular is now
sent by Mins Gould's secretary to all persons asking favors of her which she feels
compelled to deny. The tabulated statement of the requests received in one week her millions would hardly last for a fort ment of the requests received in one week leads off with one asking for \$1,000,000 to "form a colony in "Cuba." Two hundred and thirty-one requests for cash foot up \$187,580; M requests to raise mortgage \$156,303; 63 requests to aid churches, \$56 981, and five requests to buy places, \$5200 Among the hundreds of other petitions are those for money to buy inventions, to erect monuments, to pay expenses of sickness, and to redeem jewels. Thirty-four persons write for old clothes, 15 for tickets and passes, 17 for advice and one for permission to sell Mise Gould's photographs. The total number of requests for the week is 1305 and the total cash asked for is \$1.545,502. It is not surprising

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

to be told that since Miss Gould has been sending out these circulars the number of appeals made to her has been falling



A Right To be Proud

There is one feature of the Burngton's service of which it has a right to be proud-the dining-cars. Railroad men who have traveled over the Burlington admit that its dining-car service is without an equal; that the meals are the best to be had on any railroad in the country.

Neither pains, nor effort, nor expense is spared. The instructions are: "Make it the best in the world and keep it there." And they are The traveling public gets the ben-

Omaha, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis-everywhere East and South.

TICKET OFFICE

Cer. Third and Stark Sta.

R. W. FOSTER. City Ticket Agent.

THE GREAT NORTHERN

Ticket Office 268 Marrison St. 'Phone 680 LEAVE No. 4 The Firer, daily to and from St. Paul, MinneNo. 3 No. 3 No. 3 ARRIVE No. 3
1:00 P.M. and all points East. 7:00 A. M

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Dining and Buffet Smoking-Library Cars. JAPAN - AMERICAN LINE

STEAMSHIP IDZUMI MARU For Japan, China and all Asiatic points will leave Seattle

About December 10th

Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co.

For Maygers, Ratnier, ARRIVES
Clatekanie, Westport, UNION
Clifton, Astoria, Warrenton, Fiavel, Hammond, Fort Stevens,
Gearhart Pk., Seaside,
Astoria and Seashore
Express,
Daily,
Astoria Express,
Daily,
Astoria Express,
Daily.

Ticket office 255 Morrison st. and Union Depot. J. C. MAYO, Gen. Pass. Agt., Astoria, Or.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co. FOR ALASKA

THE COMPANY'S elegant steamships Cottage City, City of Topeka and Al - Ki leave TACOMA Al I A. M.; SEATTLE 9 P. M., Dec. i, 6, 11, 16, 21, 29, 31; Jan. 5, 10, 15, 20, 20; 7eb. 4. Steamer leaves svery fith day thereafter. Turther information obtain right to change steamers, saling dates and bours of sailing without previous notice.

AGENTS—N. POSTON, 240 Washington st., Fortland, Or.; F.W. CAHLETON, N. P. R. R. Dock, Tacoma TICKET OFFICE, 618 First aye., Seattle: M. TALHOT, Commi. Agent; C. W. MILLER, Asst. Gen'l Agent, Ocean Dock, Seattle. GOODALL PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.,

For freight or passage apply to T. M. Stevens & Co., Inc.

WASHINGTON & ALASKA

STEAMSHIP CO. The fast mail steamship "CITY OF SEAT-TLE," eailing from Seattle every 10 days for Ragway, calling at Port Townsend, Keschikan and Juneau. Steamers "ABERDEEN" and "RUTH," Se-attle to Skagway, and intermediate points,

every seven days.

Through tickets to Dawson, \$75, first class, and \$56, second class.

DODWELL & CO. Ltd.,

252 (bak at. Telephone Main 96. OREGON & ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP CO'S

Steamer "EVA" will sall about January com Portland to Hong Kong and other Orien-

nom Pyrian in Protection of Care Oregon & Oriental Reamship Co., Portland."

For cargo space reservation address

J. CAMPBELL, General Agent,

Portland, Co.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

THREE TRAINS DAILY

FOR ALL POINTS EAST "CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL" Leaves for the East, via Huntington, at 9:00 A. M.; arrives at 4:30 P. M.

SPOKANE FLYER, For Spokane, Eastern Washington, and Great Northern points, leaves at 6 P. M.; arrives at 7 A. M. ATLANTIC EXPRESS.

Leaves for the East, via Huntington, at 9:00 M.; arrives at 5:40 A. M. THROUGH PULLMAN AND TOURIST OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE.

water loss scotum of the property of the prope COLUMBIA RIVER DIVISION.

PORTLAND AND ASTORIA.

Steamer Hassalo leaves Portland dally, except Sunday, at 8.00 P. M.; on Saturday at 0.00 P. M. Returning, leaves Autoria dally, toopt Sunday, at 7.00 A. M.

WILLAMETTE RIVER DIVISION.

PORTLAND AND SALEM, OR Steamer Ruth, for Salem, OR.

Steamer Ruth, for Salem, independence and
way points, leaves from Ash-street Dock at 6
A. M. on Mondays, Wedpendays and Fridays,
Returning, leaves independence at 5 A. M.,
and Salem at 6 A. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays
and Saturdays.

CORVALLIS AND ALBANY Steamer Modoc leaves Portland at 6 A M. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, Ba-arning, leaves Corvalis at 6 A. M. on Mon-sys. Wednesdays and Fridays.

TAMBILL RIVER ROUTE. PORTLAND AND DATTON, OR.

Steamer Elmure, for Orenon City, Butteville, Champoeg, Dayton and way landings, leaves Portland, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 A. M. Leaves Dayton for Portland and way points Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays at 6 A. M. SNAKE RIVER BOUTE.

RIPARIA, WASH., AND LEWISTON, IDAHO Steamer Spokane or steamer Lewiston leaves Riparia daily at 3.40 A. M., arriving at Lewiston about 3 P. M. Returning, the Spokane or Lewiston leaves Lewiston daily at 8.30 A. M., arriving at Riparia same evening.

W. H. HURLBURT, General Passenger Agent.

V. A. SCHILLING, City Ticket Agent. Telephone Main 712, 50 Third st., cor. Oak

STEAMSHIP LINE TO THE ORIENT

CHINA AND JAPAN, FROM PORTLAND. For rates, accommodations, etc. apply to OREGON HAILROAD & NAV CO., Agents, Portland, Or.



Depot Fifth and I Streets. Arrive OVERLAND EX-

PRESS TRAINS, for Salem, Russ-burg, Ashland, Sac-ramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mo-jave, Los Angelea, El Paso, New Or-leans and the East. *7:45 A. M. At Woodburn (daily except Sunday), morning train connects with train for Mt. Angel, Silverton, Browns, wille, Springdeld, and Natron, and excepting train for

evening train for Mt. Angel and Sil-%-00 P. M.

[[7:30 A. M | Corvailts passenger ||4:50 P. M. | Sheridan pass'gr .. ||8:25 A. M. *Daily. ||Daily except Sunday.

*8:30 P. M.

*8:30 A. M.

Rebate tickets on sale between Portland, Bac-ramento and Ban Francisco. Net rates \$17 first class and \$11 second class, including sleeper. Rates and tickets to Eastern points and Eu-rope. Also JAPAN, CHINA. HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA. Can be obtained from J. B. KIRKLAND, Ticket Agent, 140 Third street.

TAMBILL DIVISION. Passenger Depct, foot of Jefferson street

Leave for Oswego daily at 7.20, *9:40 A. M.; 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 4:40, 6:25, 8:30, 11:35 P. M.; and 9:39 A. M. on Sundaya only. Arrive at Portland daily at *6:35, 8:30, *10:30 A. M.; 1:35, 3:10, 6:30, 6:15, 7:40, 10:00 P. M.; 12:40 A. M. daily, except Monday, 8:30 and 10:05 A. M. on Sundaya only. Leave for Dailas daily, except Sunday, at 5:00 P. M. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 A. M. Passenger train leaves Dailas for Airie Mondaya, Wednesdaya and Fridaya at 2:45 P. M. Returns Tuesdaya, Thursdaya and Saturdaya. *Except Sunday.

R. KOEHLER, Manager

ONLY 70 HOURS PORTLAND TO CHICAGO



UNION PACIFIC R. R. CO. OREGON SHORT LINE R. R. CO.

OREGON R. R. & NAVIGATION CO.

TWO TRAINS DAILY TO THE EAST

NO CHANGE OF CARS to Denver, Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago.

Only Four Days To New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington.

Palace Sleepers, Tourist Sleepers, Dining Cars, Library Cars, Free Reclining-Chair Cars, Steam Heat, Pintsch Light, Fast Time. Inion Depots. Baggage checked to des

CITY TICKET OFFICE 135 Third Street Portland, Oregon J. H. LOTHBOP, GEORGE LANG, Gen'l Agent. City Page. & Tht. Age.

Steamers

Altona and Pomona