

The Plaindealer.

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ROSEBURG OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1898.

No. 82.

Society Meetings.

B. P. O. ELKS, ROSEBURG LODGE, NO. 236. Hold their regular communications at the I. O. O. F. hall every second and fourth Thursday of each month. All members requested to attend regularly, and all visiting brothers especially invited to attend.
CHAS. E. HADLEY, E. R. HA B. RIDDLER, Secretary.

DOUGLAS COUNCIL, NO. 21 J. O. U. A. M. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in the Odd Fellows hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.
C. B. CARROLL, Chairman.
Geo. W. PERRY, Recording Secretary.

LADRELL LODGE, A. F. A. M. REGULAR meetings the 31 and 4th Wednesdays in each month.
FREE JOHNSON, W. M.
N. T. JEWETT, Secy.

PHILETIAN LODGE, NO. 8, I. O. O. F. Meets Saturday evening of each week at their hall in Odd Fellows Temple at Roseburg. Members of the order in good standing are invited to attend.
J. W. STRAUBER, N. O.
N. T. JEWETT, Secy.

ROSEBURG LODGE, NO. 16, A. O. U. W. Meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at 7:30 p. m. at Odd Fellows hall. Members of the order in good standing are invited to attend.

RENO POST, NO. 9, G. A. R. Meets the first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7:30 p. m.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, NO. 10. Meets the first and third Fridays in each month.

ROSEBURG CHAPTER, NO. 8, O. E. S. MEET the first and third Thursdays of each month.
MOLLIE SHAMBRON, W. M.
REGINA HASTIE, Secy.

ROSEBURG DIVISION NO. 46, B. O. F. L. E. Meets every second and fourth Sunday.

ALPHA LODGE, NO. 4, K. O. F. MEET every Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows hall. Visiting Knights in good standing cordially invited to attend.

Professional Cards.

BROWN & TUSTIN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Rooms 7 and 8,
& Wilson Block, ROSEBURG, OR.

W. R. WILLIS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Will practice in all the courts of the State. Of-
fice in Marsters Building, Douglas county, Or.

S. M. HAMBY,
DENTIST,
Residence 112 1/2
Telephone 84 ROSEBURG, OREGON.

J. B. RIDDLER,
Attorney at Law,
Room 2,
Taylor & Wilson Bldg., ROSEBURG, OREGON.

F. W. BENSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Rooms 1 and 2,
Review Building, ROSEBURG, OREGON.

A. M. CRAWFORD,
Attorney at Law,
Rooms 1 & 2, Marsters Bldg., ROSEBURG, OR.
Day business before the U. S. Land Office and
mining cases a specialty.
Late Receiver U. S. Land Office.

Northern Pacific Railroad Company.
Are selling tickets to all points East at
half the regular rates.
D. S. K. BURCK,
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MYRA BROWN, M. D.
OFFICE, 509 Jackson Street, at res-
idence of Mrs. J. Birzer,
ROSEBURG, OR.

K. L. MILLER, M. D.,
Surgeon and Homeopathic
Physician,
Roseburg, Oregon.
Chronic diseases a specialty.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. +
HOTEL
McCLALLEN.
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HEADQUARTERS FOR TRAVELING MEN.
RATES REASONABLE.

Large, Plng Sample Rooms.
Free Bus to and From Trains. ROSEBURG.

**Crockery and
Glassware!**
Largest and Finest Assortment
ever brought to Roseburg.
Also a complete line of choice

GROCERIES
TOBACCO AND CIGARS
All kinds of Country Produce

MRS. N. BOYD
Balm of Figs.
Any one wishing to purchase "Balm of
Figs" can do so by calling on or ad-
dressing
Mrs. ANNIE BUCKLEY,
602 Cass St., Roseburg, Or.

New Store! New Goods!

Ziglers' Grocery

A FULL STOCK OF

Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES

Country Produce Bought and Sold

TAYLOR & WILSON BLOCK

Low Prices! Free Delivery

Fall and Winter Goods

Just Received
and More Coming

Call and Examine our Mammoth stock.
WOLLENBERG BROS.

SOMETHING NEW!
NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!
EVERYTHING NEW!

The People's Store

I. ABRAHAM, Prop'r.

A complete line of
Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots & Shoes,
Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Capes, Jackets,
and a fine line of Millinery Goods.

Everything New, purchased for Cash direct from Eastern
manufacturers, especially for the Fall Trade.
Call and examine Goods and Prices.

Health is Wealth!

THEN USE
Pure Fresh Drugs

SOLD BY
A. C. MARSTERS & CO.

Prescriptions
Filled Accurately
And With Dispatch.

A Full Line of Patent Medicines and
Toilet Preparations

Special Sale

Great Reduction
..... in Prices of

\$75	Bed Room Suit for	\$35
45	" " " "	27.50
40	" " " "	25

A Fine Line of Chairs, formerly \$1.50, now \$1.00.
Now is the time to get Big Values.

Call, examine and be convinced.
ALEXANDER & STRONG.

AN OREGONIAN A HERO

E. A. L. Smith's Story of the Mohegan Wreck—His Rescue of a Woman Passenger

SURRENDERS RAFT TO A WOMAN

And Swims For Shore, Where He Was Picked Up by the Life Saving Crew.

ASHLAND, Or., Dec. 20.—One of the survivors of the wreck of the Mohegan, of the Atlantic Transport line, which occurred off the coast of Cornwall on the Manacle rocks, October 14, in E. A. L. Smith, now at home with his parents in Ashland. The cable reports telling of this dreadful disaster gave the name of "Smith, of Oregon," who had made a most generous sacrifice in assisting a young lady to reach the shore.

There was relief in the minds of many when no shocking details of brutality on the part of the male passengers and crew came, such as were told in the account of the loss of the big French liner La Bourgogne, in the North Atlantic a few weeks previous, which shocked humanity. On the contrary, there were some noble and courageous characters exhibited to the world by the Mohegan wreck. These were men and women who, in the darkness of night amid the roar of the sea in its terrible and ceaseless crash on the rocky coast, unknown to them, were quickly conscious of the close proximity of death, yet could deliberate upon the perilous situation with sense, and, perceiving a chance of escape coolly measure it and make a battle for life.

The most conspicuous of these was Mr. Smith, who is known among his acquaintances as "Manny" Smith. He did double service in the terrific struggle with the waters, and by a generous and heroic action, not excelled on any field of civility, saved the life of a lady passenger. It was he who surrendered the raft to Miss Rondebush, who was unable to bear up, and then struck out alone, since the raft had not sufficient buoyancy for both. He had then been in the water some two hours, and a much longer time elapsed before he reached the shore. Altogether he was in the sea five hours.

Mr. Smith was seen at home with his father. He is 19 years old, and his home has been in Oregon some ten years. He says he learned to swim in the John Day river, which runs through one of the family ranches. He has been used to outdoor exercise much, and has taken great interest in swimming, having won several swimming matches with his friends.

Mr. Smith tells of the Mohegan wreck without the least pretension, though the London and New York papers have had much to say of his exploit. He says he had just gone to his cabin to dress for dinner when the crash came. "I thought we had collided with another vessel," he said, "and was not greatly alarmed, as we were near land and could be saved by the boats. I ran out, meeting a lady with two children at the foot of the stairway, who cried, 'What shall I do with my children?' I made my way to the deck to where the sailors were, to see what the men were doing. I learned that we were on the rocks, and that the vessel was settling rapidly. I heard the captain ordering the men to lower the boats, and their response, 'Ay, ay, sir'; then, when the captain cried, 'My God, hurry up men!' they replied, 'We can't get them loose.' You have heard the story about the lowering of the boats and how they capsized or were swamped. A ship's boat was not worth much in a place like that.

"I ran back to my room after a life belt and my overcoat, which I secured, and made my way for the rigging. I saw that it was pretty full and there was not much chance for a man there. I joined others on the upper deck. Meantime the lights had gone out, so that there was no longer much hope for the life-saving crew to locate our position.

"I thought over the situation. I had seen a light just a short time before the crash, and I did not think we could be far from shore. I felt that there was a chance for me to swim to land, or long enough to be picked up. I pulled off my shoes. Water came over the deck rapidly. The people huddled there seemed to place their main hope on boats from the coast station. All was dark; we could see but little, but people would say, 'There they come,' and others, 'Yonder they are: don't you see them?' There was imagination born of hope, for there was nothing to be seen. As we would all shout together to make the lifesavers hear us, but there could not be much hope of that in the great roar of those waves. Some of us thought we would try a boat on the deck—water was then over the deck—and I cut it loose. I was overcrowded with people lashed together and I left it.

"I think it was sucked down when the ship sank; anyway, it was lost. I saw it was time to be getting away from that

ship. Just before I jumped over the rails a man and his wife clinging to each other were near by. The lady said to me very naturally, 'There seems to be no chance, no hope for our lives whatever.' I replied that it looked that way. This couple were apparently resigned to their fate.

"Soon after jumping over a drowning man and his son grabbed me, but I managed to break away and was soon alone. I had been out some time when I came on a piece of the wheelhouse. I pulled myself on it and found with it a boat's sail. I tried to pull it up so as to catch some wind, but would be thrown off the raft every time, so I could not use the sail at all. The raft carried me very well and after a time I was attracted by the cries of a woman near by, 'Oh, God save me!' She had on a life belt. I told her to get onto the raft, which she did, when it at once sank with both of us. The lady whom I learned afterwards was Miss Rondebush, was about gone. We could not both use the raft, so I told her to cling to it and the chances were she would be picked up; we had already been in the water a long time.

"I struck out, seeing no more of the raft, and it was two hours and more afterward when my feet struck the rocks in a cove. I would fall on one, then another, being dashed down by the waves, so that I was battered and bruised my feet bleeding when I reached a place of safety. Then I heard voices and saw a light, and the men of the life station came up to me. Thirteen of the passengers were saved, among them Miss Rondebush, who was rescued from the raft by a lifeboat. She is an American girl about 20 years old. She had nerve; otherwise she would not have survived that terrible night. She told the people how she had gotten the raft, and was of course very grateful to me.

"The people on the coast were very kind to us at St. Keverne and elsewhere. My father was born close to that village."

The New Squadrons

New York, Dec. 20.—A special to the Herald from Washington says: Secretary Long, Acting Secretary Allen and Captain Crowinshield, chief of the bureau of navigation, have been giving a great deal of attention to the number and character of ships to be distributed among the North Atlantic, European and South Atlantic stations. It is desired to retain a strong force of the home station and to send a respectable naval force to Europe, but the ships available in view of the strengthening of Rear-Admiral Dewey's command are very few.

The only armor clads under the command of Rear-Admiral Sampson are the battle-ships, Indiana, Massachusetts and Texas and the cruisers Brooklyn and New York. Only four protected cruisers are in commission on the North Atlantic coast, the Chicago, Cincinnati, Newark, New Orleans. The New Orleans will be placed out of commission to receive several improvements, and the smoke-stack of the Newark is to be lengthened. The Cincinnati upon arrival at New York will also be placed out of commission.

It is expected that the cruiser Atlanta will be commissioned next month. The Newark will likely be sent to the South and she will be reinforced by the Wilmington and Castine. Most of the gunboats which are being prepared at the navy-yards will be required for service in Cuban and Porto Rican waters, and these will be attached to the North Atlantic squadron.

Ethan A. Hitchcock For The Interior Portfolio.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—The president today nominated Ethan A. Hitchcock, of Missouri, to be secretary of the interior, and F. M. Johnson, of California, to be register of the land office at Marysville, Cal.

Hitchcock is at present ambassador to Russia. He was appointed minister more than a year ago, and when the rank was raised to an embassy he was reappointed.

Hitchcock is a wealthy lawyer and business man of St. Louis, and was for some time an extensive plate glass manufacturer. He is a great-grandson of Ethan Allen, of Revolutionary fame. His ancestors were from Vermont, but his father moved south and Hitchcock was born at Mobile, Ala.

Agoncillo Makes Protest.

PAIS, Dec. 21.—The American peace commission leaves for Havre and Southampton tonight, and will sail for New York tomorrow on the steamer St. Louis.

Agoncillo, the representative of Aguinaldo, has lodged a strongly worded protest with the commission. He says that before the declaration of war the American consul-general, Pratt, Willman, Williams and Captain Wood, in Hong Kong, offered to recognize the independence of the Philippine islands.

Grasped a Live Wire.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—Among a network of wires 20 feet above the ground, Rodrick Chisholm, an electrician, was slowly burned to death in sight of several hundred spectators at the corner of

Fifty-fifth and State streets. For nearly 10 minutes the horror-stricken crowd watched the workmen in their frantic efforts to release their comrade from among the wires.

Chisholm was employed by the Commonwealth Electric Company, and with a number of other men was stringing wires along State street. While at the top of one of the poles it is supposed he grasped a live wire. He was seen to fall back among the wires apparently lifeless.

Ladders were secured, and after considerable difficulty and not a little danger to the rescuers, Chisholm was gotten to the street.

A Legend of Malate Trenches.

(From The Manila American Soldier.)

In the trenches lay at night, all, Mid the shadows gaily dancing, Pennsylvania's gallant soldiers, And the Mormon boys from Utah, Fought they there the great mosquito, Fiercest beast in all the tropics, Life blood sucking great mosquito, Terror of the Yankee soldier, And the great mosquito conquered; Sucked the blood from every artery, Bit a hole in every man there, Of the army Americano.

When the darkness all enshrouded, In the mango trees so leafy And the bamboo tall and slender Told they to the busy fire dies All the history of their battles.

In the silent, yellow moonlight Worked the men with pick and shovel Throwing up the trenches mighty To protect the brave in battle. All at once the bamboo thickets, Laying off towards Manila, Rang aloud with muckee bang bang, Mingling with the fierce loud war cry Of two thousand Spanish soldiers.

Bullets whizzed above the trenches Tearing down the stately mangroves, Snapping off the bamboo branches, Covering all the ground with wreckage, Shells came tearing down the roadway, Bursting o'er the startled soldiers, Tearing holes and digging furrows, Splashing mud o'er the pickets, Though surprised they kept their courage.

Each man dropped his spade or shovel, Each man grabbed his Springfield rifle; Utaha loaded up their cannon With the schrappel shell so dreadful, Then commenced an awful bang-bang In the swamps around Malate.

Every Springfield barged with anger Thunder spoke from every cannon, On the right, the natives allies, Men of dark skins, darker actions, Fled in terror from the trenches They had promised to hold for us Ran they on till past the distance That the maner ball is deadly, Then the cowards, who deserted, Sat and listened to the noise Of their friends they left alone there.

Fought they there with heavy losses Holding their first position, Till at last their ammunition Was exhausted by the fighting.

Then the mighty Colonel Hawkins, Chief Grand Sactem at the trenches, Told his men to hold their courage, Told them all to fix their bayonets And he down to wait the moment, When the foe should charge the earth-works.

Closer, closer came the army Lander, londer popped the mousers, But the courage of the Sachem, Never wavered for an instant, In the knee deep mud so sticky Mid the rain which fell in torrents, Stood he calm, but yet determined, Cried a captain filled with terror "Colonel, let my men retreat sir Or the hand will all be slaughtered By the charging Spanish devils."

But the Sachem answered frowning With a voice of angered thunder, "So, Sir, not if hell drops on us Will we leave this place we're holding. In disorderly retreat, sir!"

For the volunteers are green yet In that part of army tactics, So they lay, each one preparing For the charge they knew was coming, Offered muttered prayers the brave men For the loved ones o'er the ocean. Many fell and cried while dying "Tell my folks I died a fighting."

Mid these scenes there came an echo O'er the fields away behind them Like the horns of some great Gabriel Sounding forth the resurrection, Londer, londer grew the noise, Nearer, nearer came the succor Came the gallant Third Artillery Charging up the shell tore roadway Then at last they got to popping With them kraigs so "muckee weno" Driving death into the Spaniards Keeping back their planned advance.

Till arrived the California From the camp, aroused at midnight By the thunder of the battle, Soon the Spaniards vamoused backward Through the rice field newly flooded, Never stopping till their fortress Shilded them from vengeful Yankee.

When old Sol awoke next morning In the land of Dewey's glory In the home of ants and lizard, Of the typhoon and the cloud burst, They in silent approbation Smiled upon the victors lying Shivering in the mud and water, Then the warlike fierce mosquito Viewed with pain the shattered bamboo And the Mango torn to pieces.

They for years had been his palace So he fought again for vengeance Conquering all who crossed his pathway For the warlike great mosquito Fights much better than the Spaniar I This is the old legend ended.

—Short Fellow, with apologies to Long fellow.

State Press Comment.

Newberg Graphic: The New York Voice says the prohibition party will be compelled to adopt different methods before it can ever hope to win. This Voice has been very slow to get its eyes open to see a thing that has been remarkably plain to most people for a long time.

Salem Statesman: Delaware republicans, with a majority in the legislature, are torn up again by the candidacy of "Gas" Addicks for the senate. It's a great pity they can't blow out "Gas" Addicks.

Moonshiners Battle With Revenue Men.

Middleboro, Ky., Dec. 21.—Advices from Knox county, in this state, tell of a deadly conflict which occurred there between violators of the revenue laws and United States officials. The tragedy was the result of an attempt made by Federal Deputy Marshals to make a number of arrests, and three moonshiners—Jacob Lambert, a man named Greer and a third, who is unknown—were killed and several of their comrades wounded in the battle which resulted. No one in the officers' posse, according to the advices so far received, was hurt.

There is to be an Irish Fair in Portland from January 21st to February 4th 1899. It comes in the merry month of January, after the holiday festivities are all evaporated and faded. There will be excursions, and all the surrounding leg country can take advantage of this occasion and its charms. It is for a most worth charity—the Home for the Aged—but it will not be conducted on the order of church fairs. In all ways the Irish Fair will be an exposition, and a most attractive one at that. It is an elaboration of the industrial exhibition, carried out on new ideas. Most of the booths will be illustrative of Irish architecture, and will be miniature productions, on a sufficiently large and massive scale to be beautiful, of the elaborated structures of the "green little isle."

News Notes.

Why does Lady Cook, formerly Tennessee Claflin, need to earn money as a broker? Has she already "broke" her titled and supposedly wealthy husband?

The son of a German baron recently obtained the entire into certain exclusive Indiana houses—and because of it has been sent to jail for five years. He got in through the windows and they called it burglary.

Once more President Heuroux of San-to Domingo has had the now familiar pleasure of hearing that he was dead. If this thing continues, the dark-skinned ruler, when he really is dead, may refuse to believe it and make it and make lots of trouble.

The mystery of womanhood is full of deep unanswerable enigmas. Why should women be compelled to suffer simply because they are women? Why is it that the source of their highest joys is at the same time the cause of their greatest wretchedness? The very attributes which make it possible for women to be happy wives and mothers also render them liable to the utmost physical misery and pain.

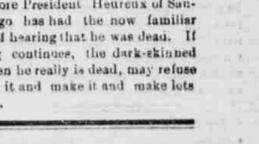
The sufferings of body and mind caused by some weakness of the distinctly feminine organs are so almost universal among women that the question might well be asked: "Is this Nature's punishment for the crime of being a woman?"

The true answer is No! These sufferings are neither natural nor necessary. They would not exist if the organism was healthy. No woman ought to endure such troubles. There is no need of it. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a perfect and positive cure for feminine weakness and disease. It gives health and strength to the special organs and nerve-centres; heals inflammation; stops weakening drains; promotes functional regularity; and restores the normal, vigorous and painless condition, which Nature intended.

It is the only medicine of its kind invented by an educated and experienced physician. It is the only medicine which makes baby's coming safe and comparatively painless.

Any woman who would like to know more about this medicine and about her own physical make-up should send 21 cent stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., to pay the cost of mailing only on an absolutely free copy of his thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," or, 31 stamps for cloth covered.

A sure and permanent cure for constipation is Dr. Pierce's Peppermint "Pill." It is a gentle laxative, two a mild cathartic.



The mystery of womanhood is full of deep unanswerable enigmas. Why should women be compelled to suffer simply because they are women? Why is it that the source of their highest joys is at the same time the cause of their greatest wretchedness? The very attributes which make it possible for women to be happy wives and mothers also render them liable to the utmost physical misery and pain.