PRETTY ROMANCE OF TWO IRISH PATRIOTS

All the World Interested in Courtship of This Famous Couple Who Were Recently Wedded.

The love that all the world has for a lover finds peculiar delight in this pleasant romance of Maude Gonne and Colonel McBride.

Thousands of true Irish hearts—beating with the tenderness that marks the Celtic nature—have been stirred by the announcement of "Joan of Arc's" surrender to the bold fighting man who led his compatriots against the forces of Britain in South Africa.

As everyone knows, McBride was one of the redoubtable figures of the Boer war. It was he that organized the famous "Irish Brigade." And let it be remembered to his greater credit that after organizing the famous band he modestly declined its first command—to which all wanted him appointed—and instead of seeking his own aggrandizement he urged the appointment of Colonel Blake, an American and a West Point graduate.

Having shown his modesty, McBride showed equally well his valor in the field.

At Ladysmith the work of guarding the siege guns grew too tame for the brigade, though there were almost daily skirmishes, and McBride got leave to go down to the Tugela River, which the famous Buller was then "ferrying."

He had a leading part in that memorable action, in which 11 British guns were captured, and it was he who personally made a prisoner of Colonel Bullock, commander of the British artillery.

It was Major McBride who at the first step of invasion by the Boers over the border of Natal refused the unbounded enthusiasm of the burgher forces by carrying an Irish flag into British territory and waving it proudly above his head.

All these exploits were duly cabled to the Emerald Isle, and nowhere did they meet a keener appreciation than in the bosom of the tall Irish beauty, whose every thought for years had been of her country, its wrongs, its honor and its defenders. Here was a man worthy, she believed, to divide her attention. In thinking of him she would also be thinking of patriotism in its highest form, for was not his career an embodiment of the spirit of Irish patriotism?

Every day during the war, when the clouds were lowering over England, this Irish Joan of Arc would read the dispatches from the scene of battle with a beating heart. Every reverse to the arms of the nation she looked upon as the oppressor of her people shed a ray of hope in her expectant bosom.

The slaughter at Spion Kop, the long beleaguerment of Ladysmith, the blundering campaign of Buller and the innumerable delays that showed England's weakness, all brought a proportionate delight to this fair apostle of Ireland's cause. And together with this patriotic delight there was constantly growing an interest in the person of the man who—true patriot as herself—was periling his life daily and achieving conquests in the sun-parched deserts of South Africa.

When the long struggle drew to a close—when the exhausted Boers were no longer able to meet the fresh drafts of their colossal enemy with new supplies from their impoverished fields—then the active ray of hope that had lightened Maude Gonne's breast with thoughts of a present deliverance faded away. But not so her feeling for Colonel McBride. Interest was fast ripening into love, which no reverses of fortune could shake or shatter.

A happy man, indeed, was the brave colonel on the day he returned from campaigning to meet his lady fair in the friendly city of Paris. There rested but one cloud on their horizon, and that was caused by a difference in their religious faith. Maude Gonne was a Protestant, while the man who had, by his valor and patriotism, won her love, was a Catholic.

Yet this was not a sufficient obstacle to daunt the resolution of two such ardent and strong natures as these. Miss Gonne, despite her firmness, is a woman of great breadth of mind, as she has more than once shown practically. She determined to embrace the creed of her future husband, and accordingly arranged to undergo that preparation which the Catholic faith prescribes in such instances.

On all sides the match is regarded as an ideal one. Romances have seldom united their heroes and heroines under circumstances more propitious or more truly idyllic.

Not since the days of the inspired peasant maid of Domremy, who girt on sword and armor to oust the English from her native land, has there entered into a national struggle a woman of such fire, ability and commanding personality as Miss Maude Gonne.

She is a stately beauty whose 35 years rest upon her with the grace and charm of 19.

Of a long line of English ancestry, she is Irish born and a living proof of the ineffectuality of subduing the Irish national spirit by colonization.

Maude Gonne has many warm admirers and friends in London, especially among the home-rule section of the Liberal party, who like her as much as the ultra-Unionists hate her. Her great beauty, her youth and the glamor of her wealth, together with her passionate devotion to the cause of Irish liberty, have made her one of the most notable figures of the last quarter of the Nineteenth century and the beginning of the Twentieth.

She inherited the wealth of her father, who was a rich colonel of a regiment of the British army. She was born in Dublin Castle, and before her conversion to the cause of Ireland she was the pet of the viceregal set in Dublin.

One day she saw an eviction, and the sight of the helpless farmers, driven ruthlessly from their poor cottages, so vividly impressed her that thenceforth she swore to live only for the uplifting of the Irish people and the righting of their wrongs.

Miss Gonne was, of course, ostracised by her anti-Irish acquaintances, but for some years she has been the ideal of the people of her adoption. She has made campaigns in half of the countries of Europe, especially France and Belgium.

As a Protestant there was no more outspoken opponent of the anti-Catholic oath of King Edward. But now she has given up her Protestantism with her spinsterhood, and has adopted the Catholic religion.

Together she and McBride made a tour of this country after the Irish Brigade of the Transvaal was mustered out. He adopted it from the time, early in the war, that Colonel Blake was wounded at Colenso. How McBride is regarded by extreme Nationalists is pithily told in a paragraph of the address delivered to him by the Mayo Women's Association of New York:

"It is our fondest hope that the day will soon come when you will lead another Irish brigade to drive the English garrison forever from our own green isle."

Colonel John McBride was born in Westport, County Mayo, about 36 years ago. He is of small stature, being only 5 feet 6 inches tall, and is of a very quiet, unassuming manner. The McBride family is prominent in his native place, and one brother is an eminent physician of London.

His lecturing here was for the purpose of demonstrating to his fellow countrymen that an armed Ireland can surely win independence. Miss Gonne seconded him, and appealed to the women of Irish birth to do everything possible to prevent the recruiting of their kinsmen at home by the British. Both received a continuous ovation while here, and both are very friendly to the chiefs of the Irish militant organization here, whose services to the disbanded soldiers of the brigade have been graciously acknowledged by McBride.

It is said that the renowned Kitchener himself was a suitor at one time for the hand of Maude Gonne, and that she agreed to accept him if he would lead an Irish army against England. But, according to the story, Kitchener's loyalty to England was stronger than his love.

A SCENE FROM SHENANDOAH.

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Kola Makes Muscle — **Celery** Quiets the Nerves — and **Pepsin** Aids Digestion

Kola Tonic Wine is sold over all Leading Hotel Bars, and is drank as a Tonic Wine or Brace Up. Kola Tonic Wine is also put up for Medicinal Purposes, and sold by all Leading Druggists. There is nothing better than the best. Beware of worthless imitations. References and testimonials, and analysist's report on the quality and purity of our Wine at the

Hygiene Kola Co.

305 Stark Street.

RECALLS TERRIBLE DISASTER AT SAMOA

Graphic Story of the Hurricane, Such as That Which Swept Over Tahiti and Caused Death and Ruin.

The recent disasters in the Marquesas Islands recall the terrible fate of the United States sailors at Apia years ago. Last Saturday was the fourteenth anniversary of the great Apia hurricane. In speaking of the matter, a Washington postoffice official who served in the Navy told the following interesting story:

"In the harbor prior to the hurricane that dealt such desolation and destruction, not only to the shipping assembled lying peacefully at anchor, but to the whole group of islands, with the consequent great loss of life, were the fleets of Germany and the United States, the occasion for such a fleet in a small and almost unknown corner of the globe being the struggles for political ascendancy of the two rival factions of natives represented by Mataafa and Tamasese, respectively.

"I was attached to the Trenton, which received orders in Payti, Peru, to proceed to Panama and await the arrival of the U. S. S. Dolphin, having on board Rear Admiral Kimberly, who would transfer his flag to the Trenton. Prior to the arrival of the Dolphin it was rumored that the Germans had fired into and sunk the Nipsic at Apia for interfering with the local native affair. Of course, we were anxious for the Admiral's arrival to proceed to the scene of German interference. Kimberly transferred his flag and we immediately sailed for Apia, drilling constantly day and night.

In due time the Trenton arrived at Papeete, Tahiti, where we took on coal, a wise precaution at the time. When we sighted the Samoan Islands the natives came off to the ship in small dugouts; some swam and clambered on board. They wanted to see the great ship and the great chief who had come to settle their troubles. We arrived on the morning of the 14th, moored the ship broadside to the town and shipping. The foreign and United States naval officers in port immediately came on board to report their views of the case.

"We found the Nipsic lying peacefully at anchor, and not sunk, as reported in the United States. I say peacefully advisedly, as the Vandalia and Nipsic had just passed through successfully a heavy gale of wind. The only anchorage for shipping was in a channel formed by the coral reefs. We on the Trenton were employed in clearing the ship for a long stay in port. The sky to the northeast looked very black and forbidding, with a low barometer, the wind singing a mournful tune through the ship's masts and rigging.

Preparing For a Blow.

"Toward evening on the day of our arrival we slipped the stern moorings and dropped an additional anchor and sent down the light mast and yards. It was reported at this time that our Admiral signaled the Germans, asking them if they would go to sea, receiving a negative answer. We made preparations for a hard blow. We got up steam in an additional boiler, dropped the third anchor, battened down all hatches, sent down the topmasts and lower yards, virtually stripping the ship of her heavy top hamper. This was no mean work, as the old navy sailors know.

"The ship commenced to tug and strain at her cables until relieved by the engines, which were kept going until the [illegible] got aboard into the ship finally put out the boiler fires, driving the firemen up on the gun deck. I escaped from the dynamo room, where the water was up to the deck, the Trenton being the first warship in the world to be equipped with electric illuminating, firing and searchlight fittings.

"The ship's crew were divided into squads, endeavoring by all known means to save the ship. Our detail wrapped the cables with clothing, allowing some to pay out, so as to stop up the hawse pipes, which came in on our berth deck, a structural error; others worked at the hand pumps, others bailed water out with buckets and passed some up to the spar deck; others at the tiller ropes, the steering gear having broken, including the steam and hand wheel; others carrying up tinned provisions and biscuits clear of the submerged decks for use to sustain life during the struggle. During this time the Nipsic had been providentially beached near the mouth of a river, the only sand patch in the harbor. Her crew had succeded in escaping on shore excepting seven men drowned by attempting to escape in the gig. The Vandalia had been drifted ashore, but was submerged above her rail, and what remained of her crew were in her rigging exposed to the full fury of the elements. The Calliope (British) had managed to slip her cable, and steamed past us. We gave her three cheers, receiving only the response from her commander, who, standing on her bridge, acknowledged same by lifting his cap. She managed to clear the reefs and get to sea.

"The German ship Olga was considerable worriment to us as she appeared not to be under control. She, at one critical period, almost ran the Trenton down. The Adler, a ship of 2,500 tons, was picked up bodily by the sea and hurled bottom up 1,000 feet from the edge of the reef on dry land. The mountainous sea, destructive though it was, was her salvation. Her commander at a critical moment slipping her cable, she rose bodily on the mountain of water and was carried bodily to her berth, where she now lies beached in the sun.

"The Eber was driven underneath the coral growth of the reef and at least half on board were lost. For three days we on the Trenton had been living in suspense. Our cable snapped when not relieved by the propeller. We drifted near the edge of the reef, scraping it, and losing our rudder, stern post and propeller.

Manned the Rigging.

"If it had been the ship's side, she would have foundered in a minute, and probably this would have been the case, only for the prompt order of that representative for the old school of Annapolis, Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, who gave the order to man the mizzen rigging. The force of the wind on the men's backs so situated was such that it veered the ship off. The wind's velocity was estimated from, during the gale, 80 to 120 miles an hour during the three days. On and on we Vandalia and her crew, but, providentially, a sea pitched the Trenton to one side. We threw lines to the poor Vandalia's men, and rescued them, thirty-five in all. Many of her men sacrificed their lives in attempts to cross the inner whirlpool of waters to succor those whom we finally saved. Our captain ordered us to cheer the Vandalia at this time, which we did with a will, giving vent to our suspended excitement.

"During the three days of suspense humor as well as pathos caught the attention of all, with death staring us in the face. Many were the acts of heroism unrecorded, which demonstrated that the deeds of 1812 still existed in our naval representatives. Some of the men laughed at each succeeding destructive sea impelled by the fury of the elements; some swore, others kept silent, thinking no doubt, of the doom awaiting them.

"Our chaplain endeavored to engage the crew in prayers, but without avail there was no time for religious observance. Every one was doing his utmost to save the ship up to the last moment. Death, destruction and desolation reigned supreme. Finally, at the break of morning, we found the Trenton resting with her bow on the bottom and her stern resting on a ledge of coral, the ship submerged to her gun deck. The back of the ship had been broken like a piece of wood.

Reached the Land.

"We managed to get ashore, some walking over the reef, others in boats, until all landed. We established a camp, with all its details, including several beach patrols to pick up the bodies of those who had lost their lives, both German and American. They we carried to a morgue and identification established as much as possible, the German dead being sent to their camp.

"The harbor and shore line were pictures of desolation. On the water, riding at anchor, three days previous, were the fleets of Germany and the United States; also twenty-six merchant ships. Now nothing but the remains of them sunk or strewn along the beach. The German Olga and United States Nipsic were floated, repaired as much as our facilities allowed and sent to Honolulu. The British warship Calliope returned to Apia harbor when the hurricane had subsider. Her captain came on shore in his gig and was met by our admiral on the beach, he being shorn of all his insignia of rank. They met and their meeting spoke worlds of comfort and sympathy. The British captain put his ship at the command of Admiral Kimberly and told him that he cheer of the Trenton's crew as he passed out of the harbor had added life and vigor to his own worn-out crew and was instrumental in spurring him and his crew on to a successful end of his great feat of seamanship in forcing the Calliope through the blinding storm of wind and water.

"After organizing our camp, establishing order out of chaos, we were mustered and the articles of war read to the assembled crew. Prayers were offered publicly by our chaplain for the lost and a thanksgiving for those saved. The Calliope was dispatched to Auckland by our admiral, with his aide on board, to acquaint the Navy Department of our plight. A steamer at Auckland was secured and the majority of the crews of the American ships were sent to San Francisco and home.

"A word here in regard to the natives' conduct during the hurricane is not amiss. They organized themselves into beach patrols and saved many a poor man, and after the hurricane they helped us in securing the dead and identifying them. The Samoans appeared to be a deeply religious people, equally divided between the two great Christian faiths. Our band leader composed a national air for them made up from their own war songs, playing same each morning at flag raising after 'Hail Columbia.'"

A MEASURE OF MERIT

Portland Citizens Should Weigh Well This Evidence.

Proof of merit in the evidence.
Convincing evidence in Portland.
Is not the testimony of strangers.
But the endorsement of Portland people.
That's the kind of proof given here.
The statement of a Portland citizen.

G. H. Springmeyer, expressman, residing at 1016 First street, says: "Exposure to rough weather and the constant jarring of the wagon while I was riding brought on kidney trouble. My back ached almost constantly and the muscles controlling the bladder appeared weak and their action far too frequent. Doan's Kidney Pills came to my notice and I got a box at the Laue-Davis Drug Company's store, corner of Yamhill and Third streets. The pain in my back was relieved and the kidney secretions became normal. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills brought about this result, and it is with pleasure that I recommend this effective preparation to others."

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name — Doan's — and take no other.

Every Woman

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MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Syringe. Injection and Suction. Best—Safest—Most Convenient. It Cleanses Instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. MARVEL CO., Room 16 K, Times Bldg., New York. For sale by WOODARD, CLARKE & CO.

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BOSWELL SPRINGS HOTEL

CLOSED UNTIL MAY 1st.

CAPTURES WEALTHY WIDOW

(Journal Special Service.)

NEW YORK, March 21.—Society was much interested today in the wedding of Mrs. William Earle Dodge, one of the wealthiest widows in New York, to Stephen H. Olin, a prominent lawyer. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride by the Rev. Dr. Grosvenor, rector of the Church of the Incarnation.

The bride is a daughter of Oliver Harriman and a granddaughter-in-law of William Earle Dodge, the philanthropist. She inherited a widow's share of the immense Dodge estate, and her father, Oliver Harriman, has had his wealth divided by order of the court, he having been adjudged incompetent.

Mr. Olin is the son of the Rev. Dr. Stephen Olin. Although he is connected with the well known Livingston family, he has not been known for his wealth so much as for his prominence as a lawyer. He is a graduate of Wesleyan University and a member of several prominent clubs.

After a wedding tour in Europe Mr. and Mrs. Olin will take up their home in the handsome residence in East Thirty-fifth street, given to the bride as a present on the occasion of her marriage today by William Earle Dodge, the father of her first husband.

VICKSBURG NOW THREATENED

MEMPHIS, March 21.—The river is beginning to fall at this point and danger is practically over at Memphis. The danger point is now between this city and Vicksburg, where the strain will last for at least 48 hours longer. Work has not yet been abandoned on the levee and hundreds are today strengthening the only barrier that lies between the city of Memphis and the turbid Mississippi.

TO ENTERTAIN MEDICS

NEW ORLEANS, La., March 21.—Though the date for the annual convention of the American Medical Association, to be held in this city in May, is still somewhat distant, preparations for the entertainment of the visitors on that occasion have begun. Judging from advices already received by the local committee on arrangements the gathering will be one of record-breaking size, even for an association which is noted for the large and representative character of its annual gatherings. Besides the eminent physicians and surgeons from all parts of the United States, Canada will send many of its most noted medical men, while the proximity to Mexico insures a larger attendance from that republic than ever before in the history of the association. The full program of papers and discussions will be announced shortly.

AFTER COAL IN THE SOUTH

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 12.—The Illinois Central Railroad has about completed the survey of a line between Bemis, on the main line of the system from Fulton to Jackson, Miss., by way of Jackson, Tenn., to Tuscumbia, Ala., with a view to tapping the rich coal and iron fields of Alabama. The survey runs through the Shiloh National Park, and then parallels the Tennessee River to Tuscumbia. The line, when built, will open up a section rich in timber and agricultural resources, and will at the same time give the Illinois Central a direct line for the handling of its share of the coal and mineral traffic now originating in the Alabama and Tennessee fields.

BRITISH COLONY FOR CANADA

LONDON, March 21.—A party of British colonists, consisting of nearly 2,000 persons, sailed from Liverpool today for St. John, N. B. Rev. J. M. Barr has the authority of the Dominion government to take out these emigrants, and foreigners will not be permitted to settle on the territory reserved for them at Saskatoon.

Tomorrow the Oregon Water Power & Railway Company will run 30-minute schedule to Willamette Falls. This being the season when the Falls are at their best. 25c round trip. Cars will leave for Gresham at 7:25, 11:05 a. m., and 4:05 p. m.; 15-minute cars to Sellwood. All cars leave from First and Alder streets.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

The following marriage licenses have been issued at the County Clerk's office: Harry W. Price, aged 39 years, and Marcia Evers, aged 29 years, both of Multnomah County; John L. Northrup, aged 36, and Carrie Axley, aged 28, both of Portland; Henry J. Brucker, aged 23 years, and Rede D. Taylor, aged 23, both of Portland.

BIRTHS.

March 20—To the wife of Joseph G. Berkshire, a son.

March 20—To the wife of John E. Shupe, a son.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

March 20—May Busby, at 22 Union avenue, with measles.

March 20—Catherine Beck, at Belmont and East Twelfth streets, with measles.

March 20—Esther Bodwell, at 1001 East Yamhill street, with diphtheria.

March 20—Alice Webster, at 594 Pettygrove street, with scarlatina.

March 18—Julia Whitmer, at 688 Irvin street, with scarlet fever.

March 20—Pearl Rivers, at 370 1-2 East Pine street, with measles.

March 18—Margaret Lagur, at 426 Alder street, with measles.

March 20—Irene Bancom, at 853 Belmont street, with scarlatina.

March 20—Rosco Anderson, at 148 1-2 First street, with chickenpox.

March 20—Hazel Royce, at 143 Abernathy street, with scarlet fever.

March 20—Dorothy Moser, at 68 East Tenth street, with measles.

March 20—Miss Ethel Sonee, at 243 Yamhill street, with smallpox.

March 20—Phil S. Powell, at 251 1-2 First street, with diphtheria.

DEATHS.

March 20—Vesta Grace McCare, at 403 Grand avenue, aged 14 years; of tuberculosis.

March 17—Martha Jane Charity, at 106 Mason street, aged 76 years; of pneumonia.

March 17—Ferdinand C. Smith, at 226 Twelfth street, aged 68 years; of malarial fever.

March 18—Dorothy Hulschinger, at 309 Nicholl street, aged 7 months; of pneumonia.

March 20—Elizabeth Richards, at 433 Williams avenue, aged 70 years; of acute bronchitis.

The Edward Holman Undertaking Co., funeral directors and embalmers, 220 Yamhill. Phone 507.

J. P. Finley & Son, funeral directors and embalmers, have removed to their new establishment, corner Third and Madison streets. Both phones No. 9.

Crematorium, on Oregon City car line, near Sellwood; modern, scientific, complete. Charges—Adults, $30; children, $25. Visitors, 9 to 5 p. m. Portland Cremation Association, Portland, Or.

Clark Bros. for flowers, 289 Morrison street.

Tomorrow the Oregon Water Power & Railway Company will run 30-minute schedule to Willamette Falls. This being the season when the Falls are at their best. 25c round trip. Cars will leave for Gresham at 7:25, 11:05 a. m. and 4:05 p. m.; 15-minute cars to Sellwood. All cars leave from First and Alder streets.

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