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Chinese Pirates De'voted with Nemesis  
and Dispatch.

Capt. John Windrow, an old sailor of  
the Pacific, tells this to the Tacoma  
Ledger: "While I was in Shanghai  
along in 1858 or '59, the ruler of the  
city equipped two steam gunboats for  
the suppression of the piratical traffic.  
One of these he put in command of an  
American. The boat had been out on  
a cruise for several days, and early one  
afternoon they returned towing three  
piratical junks which had been cap-  
tured. I went aboard to see the  
prisoners the boats had brought in.  
An iron rail led around the gunwale  
of each of the boats, to which were  
shackled two hundred of the most vil-  
lainous-looking Chinese I had ever  
seen. Justice to such fiendish wretches  
was swift in China in those days, and  
the next morning they were led out for  
execution. In spite of the horror of  
this wholesale beheading the execu-  
tion had a streak of the comic in it.  
Two Chinese assistants of the execu-  
tioner carried a large bamboo pole.  
The condemned Chinese were in a kneeling  
posture and the assistants would clutch  
a Chinaman's queue and take a  
half-hitch around the bamboo pole.  
Then, each putting the pole on his  
shoulder, they both would suddenly  
rise up, stretching his neck away from  
the prisoner's shoulders. The execu-  
tioner stood ready with a drawn sword  
and lopped off their heads with as  
much indifference as a farmer would  
have about cutting cornstalks. Little  
baskets were ready, into which a head  
was placed, and in this manner the  
heads were hung on the walls outside  
the city gates."

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cure for catarrh and contains no mercury  
nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

# MUST HAVE SECRETARIES.

Society Women No Longer Able to Keep  
Up with Their Correspondence.

A great deal is said about how let-  
ter-writing is lost art, and lovers of  
bygone days take great pleasure and  
pride in pointing to the numberless  
epistles written in the past generation  
and then contrasting them with the  
little scribbly notes scrawled in the  
very illegible handwriting of to-day.

Within the last few years the utter im-  
possibility of any society woman at-  
tempting to keep up her own corre-  
spondence has been thoroughly proved,  
and the New York Herald thinks that  
of all the fields of employment open  
to women that of private secretary is  
most desirable and one of the most re-  
munerative. It is a post which re-  
quires business ability, great tact and  
clear handwriting and a thorough  
knowledge of composition. The  
secretary and colleague begin to realize  
how important it is to train women  
to fill these very positions, for every  
year sees the demand increasing. Some  
women require that their secretaries  
shall write a hand precisely like their  
own, so that notes of a most intimate  
character can be answered by the  
secretary without giving offense, as  
would probably be the case should the  
receiver of a note for an instant  
fancy that anyone than the person to  
whom the letter had been sent had  
answered it. Of course this position re-  
quires the most absolute trust, for the  
secretary is of necessity intrusted with  
the most intimate affairs of his  
employer. The world has certainly  
changed since the time when it was  
generally believed and universally  
stated that a woman could keep a secret,  
for many are the cases in this  
city where another person has charge  
of my lady's private affairs and never  
has there been known a time as yet  
when such confidence has been abused.  
The duties of a secretary are manifold  
and require considerable knowledge of  
social and its requirements. She must  
know to whom cards should be sent,  
keep up a visiting list and be sure  
that invitations for receptions and  
dances are sent out that none of the  
dead friends are invited. In some  
places the secretary has charge of the  
household affairs as well.

**HORRIBLE CARGOES.**

Life on Bone-Laden Ships Rendered Al-  
most Unbearable.

When the seven-hundred-ton Aus-  
trian bark *Vila* was picked up at sea  
by the Norwegian fruit steamer *Breid-*  
*ablik* and brought to New York a  
couple of months ago much curiosity  
was expressed as to what could have  
caused her crew to desert her. With  
the exception of being partially dis-  
masted, it was in perfect condition,  
says the New York Tribune, and the  
loss of its masts might have occurred  
after the crew left it. It had sailed  
from Egypt with a cargo chiefly made  
up of old bones, and no word was heard  
of it until it was picked up off Hatteras  
by the *Breidablik*. All the bark's  
papers and every scrap of food had  
been taken from it and the fate of its  
crew was a mystery. The experience of  
the three-masted schooner *Wallace J.*  
*Boyd*, which recently arrived at  
Philadelphia from Montevideo with a  
similar cargo of old bones may afford  
an explanation of the mystery sur-  
rounding the *Vila*. The crew of the  
*Boyd* say that nothing could ever in-  
duce them to ship again on a bone-  
laden vessel. Within a few days after  
leaving port the vessel became infested  
with scorpions and other pestiferous  
bugs, which came out of the cargo and  
poisoned every nook and corner of  
the craft. The men were obliged to  
their bunks in the fore-cabin and every  
effort to rid the schooner of the  
plague was unavailing. Five or six  
times a day all hands were compelled  
to strip, bathe and change their cloth-  
ing, but the smaller insects held on in  
spite of all this. On a day which was  
damp and warm the torment was ag-  
gravated by the appearance of large  
green bugs, which swarmed over every-  
thing and continued to multiply until  
part of the vessel was reached. It is believed  
that the creatures were in the bones  
when they were gathered on the  
Argentine plains, and the excessive  
heat of the hold during the voyage  
through the tropics caused them to  
breed in enormous numbers and forced  
them on deck. It is possible that the  
crew of the *Vila* was driven from it by  
a similar cause and met a worse fate.

**BEFORE THE ENGINE.**

Animals That Meet Death on the  
Railroad Track.

A Veteran Locomotive Engineer Re-  
lates His Experiences—The An-  
imals He Most Dreads to  
Encounter.

"Of all animals that wander along the  
railroad track," declared a veteran loco-  
motive engineer to a Washington Star  
reporter, "goats are the most irritating.  
It's next to impossible to kill them, and  
that's not the least tantalizing feature  
about them from the standpoint of our  
profession. No matter how fast you  
may be running or how quietly you steal  
down upon him, Mr. Goat will see you  
out of the corner of his eye and manage  
to get away just in time to miss the  
cowcatcher as the engine rushes by him  
at lightning speed. Cows and horses  
are generally disposed of with ease,  
though sometimes they get under the  
wheels and cause a bad wreck. But  
they're so large that the pilot gets under  
them and throws them off to one side.  
The goat, though, never always suc-  
ceeds in getting as worked to a high  
pitch of nervousness and then contrives  
to get off without a scratch, and that's  
what we don't like.

"Speaking of striking animals on the  
rail," continued the engineer, "the one  
thing we most dread to meet on the  
track is a hog. Nine chances out of  
ten the hog'll throw you. He is tough  
and greasy, you know, and if an en-  
gineer has any show at all it's best for  
him to stop the train as quick as it can  
be done and drive the animal off the  
track.

"When the pilot of an engine hits a  
hog it usually knocks him down, and  
then rolls him for a few yards before  
the trucks strike him; and when they  
do there's great danger of their  
leaving the rails. The drivers are  
almost certain to follow the trucks,  
and you're lucky if you don't go down  
the bank. So you see what havoc one  
pig can make with a railroad. Another  
disagreeable thing about a pig is that  
he never stops squealing from the time  
he is hit until he is stone dead.

"Sheep are the most pitiful of all an-  
imals to run down. They seem to re-  
alize the danger they're in and huddle  
together between the rails awaiting  
death. Their innocent eyes stare at  
you so mournfully and sadly that they  
hant you for days to come. A loco-  
motive seems to take a savage delight  
in destroying sheep. It throws them in  
every direction and will kill a whole  
flock in an instant.

"I struck a flock of geese once," pro-  
ceeded the engineer. "Well, I never  
thought there were so many feathers in  
the world. I couldn't see anything but  
feathers for ten minutes, and when we  
reached the station my engine looked  
as if she had received a coat of tar and  
feathers."

Here the engineer's eyes began to  
sparkle, and he stopped talking to hold  
his fat sides, shaken with suppressed  
laughter over his funny recollection.  
"Mentioning feathers," he explained  
after a pause, "recalls to my mind a  
comical experience I had a few years  
ago in running a fast limited passenger  
train over the Pennsylvania main line  
from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia. We'd  
gone through the town of Huntingdon,  
on the Juniata, without slackening up,  
and had whirled safely around the base  
of the ridge east of there, when we  
struck a little stretch of straight level  
between high dirt banks, known as  
Snyder's cut. I cast my eyes on ahead  
as we scudded along to a wagon road  
crossing near the lower end of the cut.  
Just as we approached it a two-horse  
team was driven down from the turp-  
line at the right side, apparently with  
the intention to cross. But instead of  
crossing the team stood still. Two men  
were in the wagon, and they seemed to  
be having an altercation as to whether  
they should cross or go back. As we  
approached they just stood there on  
the track. I reversed the engine and  
whistled down brakes, but it was too  
late. We struck the team square in the  
middle, and then—O, my!"

Here the engineer laughed without  
restraint. Then he resumed: "The  
men in the wagon were evidently  
farmers returning from town in a boister-  
ous humor after a day's market-  
ing, carrying home a queer cargo  
of 'store goods.' Curious to relate they  
weren't hurt in the least, nor were the  
horses. The wagon, and what we cut it  
clean in two, contained a feather bed,  
a keg of nails and a barrel of whisky.  
"Now we struck them all at the same  
instant. The nails flew 'way up in the  
sky, as it seemed, and came down with  
a pepping rattle over the roofs of all  
the coaches in the train for at least five  
minutes. The feathers scattered far  
and wide through the air like a driving  
snowstorm and seemed to come from a  
thousand bursted feather beds instead  
of one. The whisky got mixed with  
the feathers, and spouted high up in  
every direction, falling in a fine spray  
principally over the engine, the tender  
and the first couple of coaches. The  
whisky and feathers hung to the tops  
and sides of the cars and against the  
window panes for the remainder of the  
trip, and the passengers, as I was told  
afterward, all got thirsty with rain  
longings from soiling the run-walked  
atmosphere. It was altogether the fun-  
niest and most comical scene I ever saw  
in my combination. Think of it—nails,  
whisky and feathers—all flying through  
the air and following us for miles and  
miles, O, my!" And the jolly engineer  
laughed again and again, until he  
actually cried, at the picture he had in  
mind.

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in mines will be glad to know that Henry  
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work has been almost entirely rewritten  
by a Colorado mining engineer who has  
had years of experience as a prospector,  
surveyor and superintendent of mines and  
United States surveyor.

The book is a popular treatise on as-  
saying and assaying, and will be  
found useful to all who wish to discover  
mines. The first part of the work gives  
the United States mining laws and regu-  
lations, how to locate and survey a  
mining claim, various forms and much val-  
uable information. The price is 25 cents  
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Queen. There was a young lover who  
was a compound—very rare—of high  
rank and great abilities, with sweet-  
ness, great modesty and shyness. Most  
noble lords know their own value, and  
behave accordingly. This noble lord,  
however, was modest. He thought  
himself so far—so very far—below the  
worth of the young lady whom he  
loved that he was afraid to speak.  
Some women do not understand this  
modesty. Believe me, ladies, 'tis a  
sure and certain sign of a noble char-  
acter, because only a lofty soul can  
conceive the existence of a goddess; we  
measure others, you see, by our-  
selves. It is also a sure sign of love,  
because such a man can only love a  
woman whom he deeply respects. En-  
courage this modesty, my daughters,  
above all, do not laugh at it. This  
young man, therefore, was afraid to  
speak, and the delay, which is at first,  
I am told, pleasing and exciting, be-  
gan to grow monotonous.

One day they were playing cards for  
money, after the fashion of their gen-  
eration. The lady won; the loser paid.  
"It is," he said, "half a crown. I  
wish, indeed, it were a crown."

"At least," replied the lady, "your  
lordship can give me a coronet."

And behold a miracle! For his  
tongue was loosened, and his eyes  
glowed and his lips spake. They lived  
happy, one may add, though it is an  
unusual ending to a story, ever after-  
ward.

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is \$1.50. Any one subscribing for the  
Gazette and paying for one year in  
advance can get both the Gazette and  
Weekly Oregonian for \$3.50. All old sub-  
scribers paying their subscriptions for  
one year in advance will be entitled to  
the same.

New FARM YARD.—Wm. Gordon has  
opened up the feed yard next door to  
the Gazette office, and now solicits a  
share of your patronage. Billy is right  
at home at this business, and your  
horses will be well looked after. Prices  
reasonable. Hay and grain for sale. If

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