

WHAT WILL HAPPEN MARTINIQUE?

The West India island of Martinique is 19 by 43 miles in size, the base of Mount Pelee spreading almost to the ocean on the north end. There is fear that the island is doomed to destruction. An Associated Press dispatch of yesterday gives the description of what must be the grandest sight ever beheld by the eyes of man:

As the eruptions continue, the mouth of Mount Pelee grows in size. It is now of enormous proportions. Mount Pelee, one of the peaks that reared skyward from the south side of Pelee, has fallen bodily into the crater and has been completely swallowed. There seems to be a side pressure in the crater and the burning chasm widens perceptibly every day.

Clouds no more hang about the crest of Mount Pelee. The terrific heat seems to drive everything away. The column of flames and smoke rears directly into the heavens, so that its top is lost to sight. In the darkness of the night it has the appearance of a stream of molten iron, standing fixed between heaven and earth. From Mount Pelee the relief troops were compelled to make a quick retreat, although they succeeded in taking out a few wounded. The entire country, nearly to Fort de France, is buried under a deep cover of ashes.

As Fort de France lies well towards the south end of the island, on the west coast, the fearful extent of the disaster may be imagined.

OUR TARIFF MILLIONAIRES

Prussian iron manufacturers want to find out the best way to skin the public. They have elected Andy Carnegie president of their Iron and Steel Association. Andy is alright. Though not an old man he counts his fortune away about the two hundred million mark. And not only Andy got immensely rich, but scores of others have accumulated vast fortunes through the operation of unjust tariff laws. Most of these vast sums—undreamed-of wealth but a decade or two ago—has been unnecessarily taken from the people.

The same scheme is still being worked not only in the iron trade but in almost every other branch of manufacture. They tell you their country is prospering under tariff rule. Our country has vast undeveloped resources else it could not stand such terribly exhausting drains. We prosper in spite of the trusts. Yet there will come a day of retribution. It is as certain as that any violation of nature's laws must be paid for.

GOOD, PLAIN TALK.

Tom Johnson of Ohio, who is prominently mentioned as a possible Democratic candidate for president in 1904 has some plain words, with the right ring, about trusts. Here is their gist:

"For this evil our adversaries advise publicity as the remedy. Publicity! That might protect investors against fraud, but how could it protect the public against monopoly, which is the basis of trusts? Men whose incomes have increased but little or not at all, but whose living expenses have increased enormously, why should they declare for publicity? What is needed is not examination of the account books of the trusts; it is the sweeping of monopolies from the statute books of the people."

That is right! Repeal every law that makes trust combinations possible.

President Roosevelt is a firm believer in publicity. He leaves Washington at 7:30 this evening on a brief southern tour, and, besides his secretaries, physician and stenographers, will be accompanied by representatives of the three press associations, three illustrated weeklies, the Washington newspapers and the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies, and two photographers. Nothing more is desired in the way of an advertising outfit.

Portland will have a Farmer's Rest Cottage, to cost two thousand dollars built on the East Side.

President Roosevelt might well have given his advice about taking action against the trusts to go slow—to the driver who got the carriage carrying the presidential party in front of an electric car.

The speakers at a Trade Union Congress, which met at London, yesterday, were a unit in the assertion that the time had arrived "when if the state did not control the trusts the latter would control the state."

The White Star transatlantic steamer line is to build another record-breaker. The new steamer will be seven hundred feet long, a distance in comparison nearly from the First National Bank to the Rankin corner—two tall Eugene blocks with the intervening street and alleys. The new boat will have accommodations for three thousand passengers.

Some good has come out of the naval "play warfare" that has been edifying the residents of part of the New England coast for the past few days. The flagship cruiser Brooklyn ran over an uncharted rock building some of her frames toward. Now they will chart that rock, may be saving some steamer from wreck.

Governor Stone of Pennsylvania proposes to call an extra session of the legislature to pass a compulsory arbitration law. The months of the continuing strike, paralyzing all or nches of industry, is a good object lesson and one that the legislature could not ignore. Ordinarily he trusts could find means to thwart such proposed legislation, but they would be powerless to control the legislature at this time.

Mrs Green a wealthy and prominent society woman of Portland is having some very unpleasant notoriety through being caught smuggling at San Francisco. She bought to save the hundred dollar duty on a hundred dollar purchase of silks white in Japan. She was not aware that the custom officers had to be provided for with a tip, so she lost her silks. The goods, custom duty and fine cost her \$640. Then she has the notoriety, that should be appraised at a pretty good figure. Of course her friends, and some others, will not forget to remind her of the venture.

The New York Medical Journal Sept. 2 d says that from a single case in a filthy suburb the cholera has spread, until nearly every province in Luxon has been invaded, and from these the Islands of Leyte, Mindoro, Masbate, Samar, Iloilo and Marinduque. In the city of Manila the cases have numbered from 10 to 60 daily, with a mortality rarely falling below 80 per cent. So far there have been 2506 cases, 1952 of which were fatal. For the provinces the latest reports show a total of 15 255 cases, with 11,491 deaths. The army in the Philippines has suffered severely, many hundreds dying.

The San Francisco News Letter published a story about a young woman playing tag in her nightgown with a party of friends, not mentioning any names though. A couple of fool male friends of the family concluded that they were called upon to wreak vengeance on the editor, so called him to the door of his home and shot the unsuspecting man. He may die. It was not only a criminal deed but cowardly executed. And instead of vindicating the young lady they have turned the searchlight of publicity on her unfortunate family, a sister having gone insane a few weeks since.

IF?

Oregonian: If, as asserted, the President's speeches on the trusts have made it difficult for the Republican Congressional Committee to collect campaign funds, etc. A well placed "if."

AFTER BABY COMES.

The Disappointments of a Weak Mother.

After the baby's coming the weak mother often has her first great disappointment in not being able to nurse her child. Perhaps she is not strong enough to sustain more than her own life during the days of slow convalescence. Perhaps there is a lack of the secretions which make the baby's food. In any case she feels robbed of half the joy of her maternity because she cannot nurse her child. And she envies the healthy woman who cares for it and who permits the mother to occasionally see and caress her own baby. If women would consider the matter they could hardly expect to be strong after the baby's coming if they were weak before. The woman who suffers during the prenatal period—who is nervous and sleepless and without appetite, is exhausting her vitality before the hour of her trial, and when that time comes her very weakness increases her sufferings and prolongs them. It is no wonder, if, after the baby is born, the mother has no strength to nurse it. The one great necessity for happy motherhood is good health.



THE SECRET OF HEALTHY MOTHERHOOD lies largely in the proper preparation for the great physical strain and drain which women undergo at such a time. A proper preparation for maternity will keep the nerves tranquil and the temper even; it will encourage the appetite and give restful sleep. It will enable the mother to actively engage in her household duties until the time of the baby's advent, and give her strength to give her child. Because it does all this and more women have named Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription "A God-send to mothers." "I take this opportunity of expressing my everlasting gratitude to you for the wonderful benefits I have received from the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. E. H. Newton, of Vanburner, Aroostook Co., Maine. "My baby was born in May, 1896, and for weeks after I was delirious. My friends did not know whether I would live or die. The doctor in attendance did not give much encouragement, and said that if I did get well I would never live through another such period. When I consulted you in April, 1899, I was in poor health; had been sick all winter, and to add to my trouble, was on the road to what the doctor said would end my days. I was almost discouraged; did not expect any help, but thought the end was only a matter of time, and—oh! my two poor, little, motherless children.

Personals.

- Arthur Frazier is home from Portland where he recited his concert repertoire to W Gifford Nash. Mrs J M Howe, son Fay and daughter Libbie left this morning for Brownsville on a visit. Miss Ethel LaRough today returned to Saguinaw. She was the guest of Miss Luts Dunbar in this city. Mrs L M Miller will arrive up from Portland tonight to spend a week in Eugene with relatives and friends. Rev W A Ekins went to Albany this afternoon to fill the pulpit of the Christian church there tomorrow. Chester Starr and mother, who have been in Eugene from Brownsville for a few days, left for their home this afternoon. Mrs Wilson Shields, son and daughter, who have been the guests of Mr and Mrs S M Titus, returned to Portland today. Mrs Clark Stephens has gone to Huntington, Ore, to open up in the millinery business. Her husband and children will join her in a couple of months. Miss Edith Gilstrap, daughter of Prof W H Gilstrap, curator of the Ferry Museum of Tacoma, arrived today and will be the guest of relatives here for a few days. Jerry Damon came down today from Cottage Grove where he attended to timber business. He bruised his knee in the woods out there and rheumatism makes the situation painful to him.

Card of Thanks.

To the friends who so kindly assisted me in the last illness and death of my beloved mother, Mrs Hanna J Trine, we extend sincere thanks. W H TRINE, E E TRINE, MRS C B KELLEY, MRS M B HUNTLEY.

THE CASE OF TINY

[Original.]

"Tell me, doctor, how it is that you are working into such a splendid practice. Is it natural adaptability for the medical profession, scientific attainments or hard work?"

"It is neither of these. My start came from the faculty of adapting myself to my surroundings."

"Explain."

"On being graduated from the medical college I found it advisable to act for a time as house surgeon in a prominent hospital. I applied for a vacant position of this kind where the examination was said to be very severe and several young doctors had failed. I was told that they all knew too little about medicine to satisfy the committee. I made up my mind that they knew too much. When called before a lot of gray heads, instead of telling them about new discoveries of which they were ignorant I confined myself to the regime of thirty years before. The result was that I passed with flying colors."

"Just as I was about to leave the hospital for general practice I was called one day to go to one to the house of a maiden lady who took great interest in the hospital and was on the board of managers. The lady met me in the hall with the exclamation: 'I fear she's gone.'"

"The patient is—"

"Tiny. Come quick! And she led the way upstairs to a bedroom and to a crib in a corner. I love children and have made their ailments my specialty. Therefore I was pleased to have an opportunity to help a child. Miss Murchison went to the crib, turned down the clothing and exposed a puddle!

"Overcoming my disappointment and a repulsion I have always felt at seeing a dog treated as a child, I held the puddle's paw, took out my watch and looked dubious."

"Oh, doctor, is there any hope?"

"Tiny is suffering from a tuberculous of the left ventricle of the intestines. Formerly she must have died. Under the present methods she may be saved, but I must take her to my office and perform an operation."

"Can't it be done here?"

"On no account. All my instruments are there and all my appointments."

"I will send her at once by my man."

"I would not permit any one but myself to carry her. The heart is weak, and she must not suffer any shock."

"Oh, doctor, how good you are! Will you send me daily bulletins?"

"Every few hours till Tiny is out of danger."

"I took Tiny to my office and in an hour sent word to Miss Murchison that she was out of danger. This was the truth, for the dog was dead."

"Patients calling on me the next day were told that I had an important case on hand and would not likely be at the office till evening. I was hunting a dog that looked so much like Tiny that Miss Murchison would not know the difference. I left my practice for three days to go to the dogs, but did not find a mate for the deceased till the afternoon of the third. She was a fat little beast, and it would never do to send her home after so serious an operation in so sleek a condition, so I put her on quarter rations till her bones looked for all the world like the ribbed sea sand." Then I sent word to Miss Murchison that she was quite recovered and as soon as I could get a little flesh on her bones I would send her home. A request came back to send her at once, so I took her myself.

"Miss Murchison shed tears over Tiny's condition. The dog's appearance indicated clearly that I had had a hard struggle to save her life. I dreaded lest the lady should discover some difference between the old and the new, and she did."

"Why, doctor," she exclaimed, "how came that black spot on her stomach where it was pure white?"

"That, I said, taking out a magnifying glass to gain time. 'Oh, I see! That's where the incision was made. The skin was removed at that point, and frequently after such removal the hair grows again in a different color.'"

"But that tan on the end of her tail—did that come in the same way?"

"I pretended not to hear. When the question was repeated, I had solved the medical problem upon which my answer depended."

"Tiny's brain has had a very severe shock, and the brain and spinal column are one and the same. In nervous depression human beings are liable to a soreness of the coccyx, though we do not usually find it in dogs. But Tiny, you know, is so like a human—"

"She is, doctor, and your appreciation of this fact must have been of great advantage in the treatment."

"One disappointment is in store for you," I hurried on to divert her attention from any more difference, or, rather, to prepare for another inevitable misadventure, and it will be a week or so in fighting itself. I fear she will not remember her name. Try her!"

"Tiny, Tiny, come here!"

"The dog paid no attention to the call."

"You are right, doctor. How skillful you are! How long did you say it would be before her memory?"

"Only a few weeks. Give her plenty of food and rest, and she will come out all right."

"Miss Murchison's appreciation of my skill has given me my start. She has talked of me incessantly to her friends, calls for me to come to her at least once a week, and with this aid I am working into a good practice. Meanwhile I am doing all I can to deserve the confidence of my patients and the public."

MIRIAM BAYNE.

ASSISTING CUPID

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Every business morning for more than a year Amy Preston had taken the 8:30 train from Rosland. She was a stenographer in the law office of Bingham, Worthington & Hatch, and the 8:59 landed her at her desk ten minutes before 10. Every morning Harris French caught the 8:42 from Chatham, which enabled him to reach his office in the brokerage firm of Avery, Ellis & Co. at five minutes before 10. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the 8:42 from Chatham was the 8:59 from Rosland.

French was a member of the Rosland Progressive Euchre club because Amy Preston was also a member. After that they occupied the same seat. George King, who was the conductor on the train, had grown so used to seeing the two together that he was surprised to see French board the train one morning and make direct for the smoker. "Aren't you going back, Mr. French?" he asked as he punched his ticket.

French shook his head savagely. "No; I'm going to stay here." When Amy Preston did not board the train at Rosland, King understood that there had been a kink in the course of true love. Later on Appell told him that Miss Preston was coming into town on his train, which reached Rosland at 8:41. It was a through train and did not stop at Chatham.

The cause of the trouble was simple enough. He had been playing with Amy at the euchre club and had been in wretched form. She, on the contrary, had been winning steadily, and on the last game she and Mrs. Lane and Alice Stanton were tied for first place. She had glanced at French's card when she moved up to his table and noted with surprise that he had but three games credited to his score. "You'll have to do better than that, Harry," she said, "if you're going to play with me, or I won't be able to play off the drive."

There had been a slight panic on the street that afternoon, in which stocks had taken unaccountable drops, and the excitement had brought on a headache that left French unfit for playing. Amy's remark only added to his confusion, and the result was that he took her king with his ace and sacrificed the winning trick.

While the other leaders were deciding on the prizes French, in his bedridden state, had said things more sharply than he had intended, with the result that he had driven back to Chatham with Amy's engagement ring in his pocket. He resigned from the club, and for five weeks neither had seen the other. Each was too proud to write, and while Amy cried softly to herself as she sat in the 8:41, French smoked stronger cigars than were good for him and tried to grow interested in card games in the smoker.

King took a fatherly interest in the commuters under his charge and noted with some surprise the persistence with which Amy kept off his train. But it is not for a train conductor to regulate the love affairs of his passengers.

It was the middle of the sixth week, when, to his surprise, he saw Amy standing on the Rosland platform as the train pulled in. For the first time since the estrangement she had missed the earlier train and had to choose between the 8:59, which would get her to the office on time, and the 9:15.

"You're quite a stranger," he said as he punched her ticket, but she said nothing.

He hurried through the train back to the smoker. "Miss Preston is on the train," he said as he passed French. The latter went red, then white, and half rose from his seat. Then he appeared to change his mind. "I suppose she has a right to ride on this train," he said shortly as he sank back into his seat, and King passed, shaking his head.

"Try as he would he could not get the picture of Amy's wistful face out of his mind. When the engine whistled Carrollton, which was the last station before they reached the ferry, he made up his mind to make one last effort. "Only ten minutes to town, Mr. French," he warned. "Miss Preston is in the second car behind. I guess she's been sick. She looks very poorly."

French started again to rise from his seat, and King hurried to his. To his dismay he found that Freddie Smith was sitting next to Amy Preston, and there was no seat near by. He glanced back and could see French making his way through the car ahead. "Will you come out on the platform, Mr. Smith?" he said. "I'd like to speak to you a moment." Freddie followed wonderingly.

"What is it?" he asked as they stood at the door.

King grasped him by the arm, so that he could see French sitting beside Amy. "It wasn't something I wanted to say," he answered, "but I thought Mr. French might want your seat."

Freddie whistled softly. "Well, if he does," he said, "he's welcome to it. Say, King, you don't look much like Cupid; but, by Jove, I think you're his understudy! If you don't get a piece of wedding cake, French is an ungrateful dog."

Seven minutes later King stood at the gate and watched his charges flock out of the ferry. Almost the last of the trainload came French and Amy Preston. On her left hand there flashed a solitary that had not been there when she handed up her ticket.

As they passed the gate French stepped out a handsome leather cigar case and passed it over. "There are some good smokes in there, King," he said, "and keep the case too. You understand?"

And King, as he pulled a choice preference, understood.

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