To Mr. Cervera.

Thervera, oh! Thervera!
You have got uth in a muth;
And the papers, oh! Thervera,
They are raithing thuch a futh!
All the Union is exthited,
But, Thervera, you can calm uth,
Wath it Thamothon, thir, or Thley?

Thervera, oh! Thervera!
Won't you thet uth at our eath?
Tell uth who, thir, thent you thooting
From the Carribbean seath?
We are waiting, thir, we're waiting.
While you fix up your reply—
Pleath, Thervera, won't you tell uth,
Wath it Thampthon, thir, or Thley?

Thervera, oh! Thervera!
We have been so thad and thore
Ever since our warthips thent you
Hard upon the Cuban shore.
Rumor hath been hard at work, thir,
Mixing thingth, and that ith why
We are anxiuth that you tell uth
Wath it Thompthon, thir, or Thley?

Thervera, oh! Thervera!
You were prethenth at the time;
You were there from thart to finith,
All throughout that day thublime.
Tho to thettle all dithcuthion,
Thir, who wath it caught your eye
On that well-remembered morning?
Wath it Thampthon, thir, or Thley?
—Baltimore News.

Treat the Insurgents Like Men.

The truth about the Philippines and the insurgents is gradually coming out. When it was reported from Washington some weeks ago that General Merritt would require 50,000 troops for Luzon alone, and not less than 150,000 men to hold the Philippines, The Oregonian pointed out the utter absurdity of the statement that it would require 50,000 troops for a friendly, humane power like the United States, to maintain itself in Luzon, where the Spanish tyrant had maintained itself successfully against insurrection with only 11,000 men, and did not have in the whole group at any time more than 15,000 troops. The story that the insurgents were evil-disposed toward the Americans was evidently a fabrication. Admiral Dewey, a cool, shrewd man of the world, was favorably impressed with Aguinaldo's ability to render service. He took him from Hong Kong in his own ship to Manila and allowed him to furnish his men with arms and ammunition from the surrendered arsenal at Cavite.

Indeed, so far as Dewey is concerned, the insurgents, it is reported, fairly idolize him as a kind of father, even as the American Indians did Washington, who is included among illustrious "honorary members" of the Indian heaven, as a compimentary tribute to the exceptional worth of the only great white American who never lied to the Indian or broke faith with him. The famous Choctaw warrior chief, Pushmataha, idolized President Jackson, and trusted in him as the "white father" and friend of his tribe very much as the insurgents idolize and trust Admiral Dewey. General Merritt is but a newcomer, and probably as an old Indian fighter he is not so conciliatory in his manner toward the insurgents as the astute admiral. It has been clear for a long time that Dewey must have had some understanding with Aguinaldo, for otherwise the influence of Dewey over him and his conduct of his operations before Manila cannot be explained. Of course, Aguinaldo may be a mere mushroom leader of the Masaniello historical type, but it is not easy to assume that he imposed on so shrewd a man of the world as Admiral Dewey.

The latest report from the insurgents is that they are ready to lay down their arms at once, if assured of an American or British protectorate, but that otherwise they would not dare to disarm. The insurgents are right. They are justified in their utter dread of Spanish rule and their distrust of Spanish faith. These insurgents never ought to be remanded to the authority of a government that taxed them into the earth, robbed them by corrupt extortion, shot, drowned and smothered them by the hundred after captnre. The Spanish religious orders have been as cruel and corrupt in their persecution of the natives as ever were the executives of the Inquisition in medieval Spain, or in the Spanish provinces of America before these successfully revolted against her authority.

We should deserve the execrations of enlightened humanity if we ever remand these insurgents to the cruel and corrupt rule of Spain. We never will do it, for they ask nothing but the just and humane government that England and America extend to all persons under their flag. Absolute submission and instant laying down of arms is offered by these insurgents if they can be assured of American or British protection for primitive human life, liberty and the secure acquisition and enjoyment of property.—Oregonian.

NEGLECTING THE HINDOO.

Deplorable Condition of India's Suffering Thousands.

In India a famine rages and the report of it creates not so much as a ripple of excitement. There is no doubt that it is a dire calamity. There is no question that the southern stars gleam like wolves' eyes upon vast stretches of territory where hunger has weakened the inhabitants and the very landscape, and made all look haggard and worn. In that faraway country there are many who, at this time, are dying for want of bread, and whose gaunt fingers would serve, specter-like enough, to terrify any banquet gathering. There are thousands who walk the earth wondering in their distress and dire agony if there really is an overruling Providence and whether, of all the widely cared for, they are overlooked and forgotten. They probably know that the whole earth is not smitten with drought and shortage, but they live to realize that that which on earth is abundant is not necessarily free, and that, although there may be sufficient for all, some may still hunger and be left to die.

It does not seem plausible, but there is a vast disproportion in the quality of sympathy extended to forms of suffering generally. If thousands were butchered by the order of a living Turk, as in Armenia, there would be a great hubbub and to-do, even though there were not much alms distributed—for a visible "serene highness" would be clearly at fault; but let nature go awry in her beneficence and withhold coolness and rain so that thousands are brought to suffering, and nothing is said.

It is not that the agony superinduced by a destructive season is any less than that brought about by a destructive Turk, but only that the latter is where earthly vengeance may still be wreaked upon him, while nature is over all and smiles unchangingly at man's direst need. With her there is no great and no small, while with the sultan there are both, and some who may do him injury. The very thought that summary justice may be measured out to an offending monarch—that he may be dragged down from his throne and made lowly and miserable—is enough to excite interest in an authority-loving worldling. Let it appear, however, that unconquerable nature is to be hopelessly buffeted, and behold! its victims are not worried over, if they be not near. They may be as miserable as the downtrodden Armenians, and their death (as from famine) may be more lingering and more sure, but supposedly they are at the mercy of God, and therefore—what of it? The others are under the sultan, a very much more evident influence, and therefore all interest is in Turkey. The Hindoo may perish for lack of a visible earthly oppressor.—

THE MAJOR'S EXPERIENCE.

How He Spent the Greater Part of His Life—A Time When His Life was in Danger.

From the Free Press, Detroit, Mich.

One of the staunchest supporters of the deep-water way from the Great Lakes to the ocean is Maj. A. C. Bishop, of 715 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich.

MAJOR A. C. BISHOP.

Maj. Bishop has had unusual experience in that line of work and probably few are so well qualified to speak intelligently of it as he. For the greater part of his life he has been engaged in water ways, and is one of the oldest and best known civil engineers north of the Ohio river.

Commencing in 1856, he was for a number of years an assistant engineer for the Hudson River Railroad, and later held like positions with the Genesee Valley Canal, New York, and also the Des Moines River Improvement and Railroad Co.

He has been superintendent of large mining operations and when the State Reformatory at Elmira, N. Y., was built, he was superintendent and engineer in charge of the construction.

Major Bishop was attached to the staff of Brigadier General Chamberlin, of the National Guard of New York, with the rank of Major from 1857 to 1865.

He has been located in Detroit since 1885, and has a large acquaintance among the business men and citizens of this city.

Two years ago, for the first time, Major Bishop was in the hospital. For two months he had the best of medical attendance but when he was discharged he was not like the Major Bishop of old.

When asked regarding his health, he said: "When I had my last spell of sickness and came out of the hospital I was a sorry sight. I could not gain my strength, and could not walk over a block for several weeks.

"I noticed some articles in the newspapers regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which convinced me that they were worth trying and bought two boxes. I did not take them for my complexion but for strength. After using them I felt better, and know they did me worlds of good. I am pleased to recommend them to invalids who need a tonic or to build up a shattered constitution. "A. C. BISHOP."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighth day of January, 1898.

ROBERT E. HELL, JR., *Notary Public.*

The pure, powerful vegetable ingredients in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People supply the antidote for poisonous matter in the blood and add those elements needed to build up body and brains. Many diseases long supposed by the medical profession to be incurable have succumbed to the potent influence of these pills. They can be taken by young or old, being harmless in their nature, but powerful in eliminating disease.

Answer a few questions and get a trial treatment free. It is free. The questions are asked, as no two questions are alike, and the treatment must be prepared specially. A special treatment will be prepared for you free. If you suffer from Nervous Debility, Night Losses, Lost Manhood, Emissions, Melancholy, Dizzy Spells, Spots Before the Eyes, Sleeplessness, you ought to get a special treatment. No patent medicine, but a carefully prepared treatment. Every man can have a trial treatment free. Thousands have been cured, and they write in black and white saying so. Answer questions and get a trial free.

Special Treatment

Are you weak? Where? How long?
Do you have pains? Where? How long?
Night sweats? How often?
Do your eyes blur? When?
Do you sleep at night? How long?
Are you constipated?

Answer these questions and a special trial treatment will be prepared and sent to you by mail free. You take no chances. Address

DR. J. H. HUDSON,
7 STOCKTON STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Treatment of Low-Grade Copper Ore.

An Arizona subscriber says, "Do you consider it practical to leach a copper ore carrying 5 or 6 per cent copper, which is too silicious to melt?" To one unacquainted with the exact circumstances it is difficult to give more than an approximately correct answer. In general, it may be said that a 6 per cent copper ore can be leached successfully—that is from a chemical or laboratory point of view, though the commercial results may not always be favorable. The proposition of our Arizona enquirer does not look encouraging from an economical standpoint. If there are large quantities of that ore and he has command of considerable money, he may make a commercial success of it. The process itself is not a difficult one. The copper must be transformed into a sulphate, if water is to be the leaching medium. In case sulphuric acid can be secured cheaply a simple oxdizing roasting will bring the copper to a condition where it will disolve in diluted sulphuric acid. In case the copper in the ore is carbonate, the roasting, of course, can be omitted in the acid leaching. It is a common metallurgical practice in this case to pile the ore, allowing the rain and air to oxydize the copper sulphides, forming copper sulphate, which water will extract from the ores; but this is a slow process, involving a very long wait for the returns. There is an electrolytic treatment to leach auriferous copper ore that, if it gets beyond the laboratory stage, may be of some practical use in such cases. In the process mentioned the ore carrying a little gold and copper can be leached with a hot solution of cupric chloride in a rotating barrel, through which a slow alternating current of electricity is passed. This cupric chloride solution is prepared with a saturated solution of calcium or magnesium, chloride or salt, so that the combined chemical and electrical action extracts all the copper from the ore. The clear solution is run through a barrel containing copper oxides or hydrates, which removes all the iron and similiar impurities from the solution, leaving in it only pure copper. This solution is then passed into rectangular vats containing porous asbestos partitions with electrodes for conveying the current to the solution as it passes in the vats. As the copper is deposited, the solution is pumped back to a reservoir for further use, this being made to last indefinitely, a little water being added to make up for evaporation and a little chemical to supply losses by leakage. The ore being freed from copper is then in condition for cyaniding. It should be added that, so far as known, the above has not been tried on a scale that would entitle it to endorcement from a commercial standpoint. As our Arizona enquirer doubtless knows, a process that may be satisfactory and successful on a very small scale oftimes fails to produce dividends or even the requisite amounts for salaries, etc.

Carbonate copper ore is susceptible to leaching with sulphuric acid and disposition by electrolysis. A generator of 100 amperes, through a series of 230 vats or plates, will, theoretically, deposit 2000 pounds of copper per twenty-four hours from a sulphate solution and nearly 4000 from chloride solution. The per cent of bluestone is proportionate to the increase or decrease of surface; with 8 per cent it would be about 10 feet. Where sulphate is used and insoluble anodes, lead or carbon would do for the anodes. The vats in such case should be small so that the slimes deposited from aeration of the solution could be easily cleaned out without disturbing too much of the series. A convenient size would be 4 feet square on each end and from 5 to 8 feet in length if a simple series is used, or 15 feet if tandem series; anodes 36x40, or with common series can be composed of smaller pieces. With such plate service the generator should have about 125 voltage.

Before attempting anything in the line suggested, there should be detailed exhaustive examination and expert advise secured and economy exercised. In this case as in others, economy means the judicious expenditure of money, and it would be good economy to first spend $2000 or $3000 in the way suggested in determining whether it would be worth while to go any further in the matter.—Mining and Scientific Press.

HOW 2,500 VOLTS FEEL.

That Is If the Shock Doesn't Kill You Outright.

The following details of a recent electric accident are interesting, and may be useful. November 20 an electrical engineer was standing on a chair ready to move a reversing switch on the arc lamp side of a rectifier for lighting a series of 60 lamps (3,000 volts). He casually placed his hand on the metal cover of an ammeter (which was in series with another 60-lamp circuit), and, turning to the left and leaning back to make an observation (still standing on the chair), he placed his left hand on an iron pillar. Now, the ammeter case proved to be in metallic contact (accidental) with the light leads, and as the return wire was "earthed" there played through the body from hand to hand a current under pressure of (normally) 3,000 volts. As a matter of fact, the electro-motive force tested between the points of contact by a Kelvin electrostatic volt meter proved to be 2,500 volts.

He says that the first thing he realized was that he found himself standing on the floor, but has no clear idea as to whether he jumped off or was "knocked off." The forearm was "drawn up close to the chest" and the hands clinched. From a little above the elbow down he described a "feeling of pulsation" and a violent beating in exact step with the alternators (running 83 periods per second). All power of movement below the elbow was absolutely lost, but the arm at the shoulder could be moved from the side. The pulsations, although still retaining their periodicity, soon became less violent, and motor power returned successively in the muscles that move the elbow, wrist and fingers. In three minutes he felt "none the worse." There was no sensation of burning at the moment, but ten minutes afterward the hands became painful, and examination showed a burn on the tip of the left middle and ring fingers and on the back of the right little and ring fingers, with a seared line across the lower portion of the palm. There has been no other effect except that he expresses himself as feeling "decidedly better in general health."

Which current did the body receive? With the contacts named, I estimate that the resistance of the body might be 10,000 ohms.—Lyndon Lorrest.

COLONIAL RUINS IN GEORGIA.

Some Strange Reminders of an Ancient Settlement.

Near the town of Lexington, in the eastern part of Georgia, are located some of the most interesting and historic ruins that are to be found in the south. The pen of the historian has failed to record the adventures of those to whose handiwork these remains of ancient fortifications are attributable, and the story of the ancient settlement has only been preserved in the traditions of the community. Away back in 1770, five years prior to the declaration of independence, six men and their families dwelling in Wyoming valley, in the colony of Pennsylvania, gathered together their effects and with their families started on a long journey toward the south. They were Scotch Presbyterians, and, not being in touch with their Quaker neighbors in Penn's colony, they decided to try their fortunes in the wilds of the lands of the Cherokees.

Through Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina they took their way, and not until they had crossed the Savannah river and were beyond the jurisdiction of the lords proprietors of the colonies of the Carolinas did they make a halt within the borders of the vast and fertile territory claimed by the Cherokees. The Indians had at that time become incolved in a quarrel with the white colonists at Savannah, and a desultory warfare was going on which deterred the travelers from proceeding further southward. They selected the highest hill in all that section as a coign of vantage, where they constructed at first a rude blockhouse, surrounded by a tall palisade, and then cleared the slopes of the trees and underbrush so the savage foe could not approach within bowshot without being discovered.

The corner stones of the old fort still remain in their places, huge flint bowlders that supported the rugged walls, the stones of which are scattered on the barren hill slopes around the old settlement. Upon the mossy gravestones are rudely inscribed the names of various members of the six original families. Newton, Richards, Baldwin, Landrum, Martin and Gilham. Many are the legends and traditions that cling about the environs of the ancient settlement, and the strange adventures of the valiant pioneers have been handed down from sire to son. Were they collected they would make an entertaining addition to the history of the early settlement of this country.—N. Y. Post.

SHE MADE HIM HEAR.

Had Some Feelings, if the Trunk Hadn't.

He was a sharp-looking little man who was handling the baggage, and it was a rosy-cheeked little woman who was watching him handling her old trunk with ungentle haste, says the Detroit Free Press. It was not that she cared so much for the trunk, but she had come from the same part of the country and knew the baggageman's wife before he did, and here he had quite forgotten her. She did not know, either, that the roar of the city and the crash of breaking trunks had made him deaf.

Just as the lid of her trunk came asunder from the body she asked, timidly:

"How is your wife, Mr. Peters?"

"I can't help it; you ought to have a stronger trunk," answered the baggageman, instantly on the warpath.

"Oh, no matter about the trunk. How are Mary and the children?"

"Tied up with a piece of rope, ma'am, it will look as well as it ever did."

"Mary and the children," shrieked the little woman.

"It's nothing of the kind. Report me all you want to. That old trunk isn't fit for the ark," and he gave it a savage kick.

"I don't care a copper about that old trunk," screamed the now angry woman, "but if you kick it again I'll have you arrested and fined and sent to jail. I've got some feeling if that trunk hasn't, Bill Peters!"

And that time the baggageman heard.

PECULIARITIES OF MILLIONAIRES

Use Halfpenny Stamps and Have a Poor Dinner.

I have been asked whether I ever receive social invitations from millionaires in open envelopes, with halfpenny stamps, and what I think of the practice on the part of the millionaires, says London Truth. It is not often that I am privileged to receive invitations from millionaires under any circumstances, but it is a remarkable fact that I have had such an invitation addressed to me at the halfpenny rate of postage, and as others have had a similar experience I suppose that millionaires as a class have a weakness for halfpenny postage stamps. Probably this weakness has something to do with their having become or remained millionaires.

A worse failing on the part of millionaires of which I have experience is that they occasionally ask their friends to dinner and sit them down to a meal quite unfit to eat. Personally, I would rather that a man took a halfpenny off the postage of my invitation and spent it on the dinner. So far as the invitation is concerned, there may possible be many people who, when invited to the houses of millionaires, would wish the fact widely known and would prefer, if possible, that the invitation should be sent on a postcard, so that all who run may read. Perhaps it is from this kindly motive rather than from parsimony that millionaires patronize the halfpenny post. Let us think as well of Dives as we can.

EXPRESSED AN OPINION.

What a Countryman Thought of the Work of a Physician.

One of the most prominent physicians in Washington owns a farm somewhere in New England, and whenever he gets unbearably tired of his fashionable patients in town he goes there, puts on his oldest clothes, lays in a stock of corncob pipes and rustication. One day last summer, says the Washington Post, he was jogging lazily along a country road in a rickety old cart drawn by a horse almost as rickety. A countryman walking on the same road asked for a lift and the two fell into conversation.

"Who are you working for?" asked the countryman.

"Oh, I'm working for Dr. J——, down there," answered the physician.

"What doin'?"

"Oh," went on the doctor. "I do everything for him. I take care of him, you know. I dress him and I feed him, and I even wash his face and put him to bed. I do everything he needs done."

"How much do you get for it?" asked the native.

"My board and clothes."

"An' you do all that for him—wash him, an' dress him, an' feed him, an' all that?"

"Yes."

The countryman looked at the doctor a moment in silence. Then he leaned over the wheel and spat solemnly.

"Well, of all the dern fools I ever see!" was all he said.

Mining blanks at the COURIER office.

Little Pimples Turn to Cancer.

Cancer often results from an impurity in the blood, inherited from generations back. Few people are entirely free from some taint in the blood, and it is impossible to tell when it will break out in the form of dreaded Cancer. What has appeared to be a mere pimple or scratch has developed into the most malignant Cancer.

"I had a severe Cancer which was at first only a few blotches, that I thought would soon pass away. I was treated by several able physicians, but in spite of their efforts the Cancer spread until my condition became alarming. After many months of treatment and growing steadily worse, I decided to try S. S. S. which was so strongly recommended. The first bottle produced an improvement. I continued the medicine, and in four months the last little scab dropped off. Ten years have elapsed, and not a sign of the disease has returned."

R. F. WILLIAMS,
Gillsburg, Miss.

It is dangerous to experiment with Cancer. The disease is beyond the skill of physicians. S. S. S. is the only cure, because it is the only remedy which goes deep enough to reach Cancer.

S.S.S. For The Blood

(Swift's Specific) is the only blood remedy guaranteed Purely Vegetable. All others contain potash and mercury, the most dangerous of minerals. Books on Cancer and blood diseases mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

GOLF AND ITS ETIQUETTE.

There Are Many Little Actions Considered Bad Form When Playing the Game.

As in cycling, so in golf, is etiquette most important. The observance of it does much to make or mar not only the pleasure but the success of the game. The woman contemplating joining a golf club has not only to master the 54 rules of the game, but she has its etiquette to learn and to put into practice. If she aims to be a popular member of her club she will do well to remember: That it is better to be seen and not heard on the golf links when a game is in progress, good driving requiring absolute concentration of mind. That a woman who chatters incessantly, and is especially communicative just when a critical drive is about to be made is not the most desirable of partners. That standing so that a shadow falls upon your partner's ball is not only impolite but detrimental to the success of your partner's play. That standing on the putting-green, after you have "holed out," whether it is to gaze at the scenery or write down your score, will exasperate the best friend on earth, if he or she happens to be playing behind you. That to play first, and to shout "fore" afterward is apt to add insult to injury; "fore" is called as a warning that a "drive" is about to be made, it is not an expression of consolation after one has been hit.

WHERE TWILIGHT LASTS LONG

Skaguay Now Has Barely Five Hours of Darkness Out of Twenty-Four.

"Now is a good time for people who love long hours of daylight to sojourn for awhile at Skaguay," said R. E. Lyle, of Seattle, to a Washington Post man.

"It doesn't begin to grow dark up there till 9:30 in the evening, and dawn comes about 2:30 a. m. Five hours of darkness and 19 hours of light make a rather queer day to folks who are used to a more equal division of the two. To see people up and working at an hour when citizens in the states are peacefully snoring the hours away struck me as a very novel sight. I don't mean to say that everybody gets up early in Skaguay. In fact, I suppose that on the average people there sleep just as many hours as they do anywhere else.

"It is a hustling little town, and every man in it believes it is going to be the metropolis of Alaska. They will tell you that when they get a railroad built into the interior of the country Skaguay will be to the territory what New York is to the east and San Francisco is to the Pacific coast. They have a daily paper, a steam-heated theater, a brewery, and nearly all other conveniences of modern life."

DOGS ON THE WAGON SEATS.

Faithful Canine Guardians of Their Masters' Property.

One of the familiar sights of city life in Chicago is the dog perched on the seat of a delivery wagon or with his head protruding from the rear of the vehicle and barking lustily at some supposed intruder. The sight has become so common as to attract but little attention from the passers-by, but only a few years ago its rarity would have demanded instant attention. Take it around the big wholesale grocery houses down-town and the majority of the wagons that are backed up to the curbstone have a vigilant four-footed guardian in them. Most of these dogs are shaggy-coated terriers of one kind or another, without any claim to high breeding, but with the merit of incessant and wiry watchfulness. Let anyone but the owner lay his hand upon the horse, wagon or contents and at once the dog sets up a savage and noisy protest, in which all the dogs in the line of wagons join.

One of these truckmen, when asked why it was that so many of them had a dog on the wagon, answered: "To watch out for thieves. You see," he continued, "we carry many small packages, and maybe before I get rid of my load I have to visit a dozen places, leaving my wagon and contents unprotected while I go into each house. There are always thieves watching for just such opportunities, and before I had a dog every little while something would be stolen from my wagon and I would have to pay the loss. Since I have had my dog I have not lost anything.

"How did I train the dog to stay in the wagon? Oh, that was easy. I just tied him there and kept him tied for three or four months, and by that time he was on to his job. Then the dogs develop generally great affection for the horses and stay nights with them. My dog sleeps in the stall with my horse and the animals are almost inseparable. I have tried to take the horse out without the dog once or twice, just to try him, but the pup set up such a racket when left in the barn alone that I was glad to let him out."

Some of the big express companies are now putting dogs in their wagons as additional safeguard. One noticed yesterday had a bull terrier of most ferocious mien on the seat. Pity the sneak thief who ever attempts to filch anything from that wagon! He never will get away with it.—Chicago Chronicle.

NEW WOMAN IN MEXICO.

She Fights Bulls and Does Other Manly Things.

Among Them She Gives Physic to the Sick and Holds Government Positions—Supplanting the Men.

Spain continues to furnish our principal amusements, for at the theaters one hears Spanish plays, the Basque ball players, the "pelotaris," continue to attract great crowds, and now we are about to have a season of bull fighting with Manzantini as the "espada principal," accompanied by a first-class troupe of performers. But even more sensational will be the advent of "the lady bull fighters," now on their way from Spain to this land of winter sunshine.

"Las toreras," or the feminine fighters of bulls, will be greeted with enthusiasm, for they will be a distinct novelty, and are bound to make an impression on the susceptible masculine public. And why not lady bull fighters as well as the "new woman" of northern and colder climes? The girl who enters the arena to confront the "toro bravo," the fierce bull pawing the sand, and, head down, awaiting his human foe, must have "sand" herself, and one can fancy how convenient it would be to marry one of them, and so have always a valiant enemy of burglars in the house. At the first alarm, at dead of night, one could awaken one's lady bull-fighting consort with: "Oye, tu, Mariquita de mia alma, get up quick; there's some one in the dining-room packing up the silver!" And the wife of your bosom, arrayed in a wrapper and carrying her trusty sword in her hand, would descend to the lower floor to give the burglar an "estocada" in the most classic and approved form!

I don't think the new woman of the north can approach in interest the corresponding "feminine new departure" coming out of Spain in these days. In Georgia a female company of militia has been formed, and the gallant governor has a lady colonel on his staff. Chicago presents women footpads who assail and rob male victims in the most approved style of highwaymanship. Everywhere lovely woman is making progress, and it is fitting that the Latin races should produce, as their choicest exhibit, the lady bull fighter!

In Mexico the woman doctor has arrived, and is building up a clientele, and we have also a woman lawyer, besides innumerable teachers of the "female persuasion," all bright, capable and energetic young women. Women are being employed in the national postal service and are giving satisfaction. Soon they will begin to invade the great government departments, and will supplant the languid young dudes who now smoke cigarettes incessantly and manage to kill time at the government expense. The dudelet of the national palace and of the government offices outside is a study in pink shirts and tall collars. He certainly toils not, although he spins yarns in office hours, and he is "the man with two hats," for one is soft, which he can carry in an inside pocket, and the other hard, of the derby quality, which he leaves on his desk while he saunters out of doors, wearing his soft hat! The chief of his bureau comes to his desk and asks, absent-mindedly: "Where is Carlitos? Ah, I see he is in some other office, for here's his hat!" Credulous chief of bureau! your Carlitos is even now down on Plateros street, ogling the pretty girls and "throwing them flowers," as they say in Spanish.—Boston Herald.

Hood's Pills

Stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure biliousness, headache, dizziness, sour stomach, constipation, etc. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

ONE FOR A DOSE.

Remove Pimples, Prevent Biliousness, Purify the Blood, Cure Headache and Dyspepsia. A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince yourself, we will send samples free on request. Regular size, 25c. Sold by druggists. DR. BOSANKO CO. Phila. Pa.

N. E. McGrew

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Executor's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Horace Woodcock, deceased; notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been by the county court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Josephine, sitting in Probate is duly appointed sole executor of the estate of Horace Woodcock; deceased, with his will annexed.

All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to call on the undersigned and settle without delay; and all persons having claims against said estate will present the same, duly verified as required by law, within six months from this date.

HORACE S. WOODCOCK,
Executor of said estate with will annexed
DAVIS BROWER,
Attorney for the estate.

Dated July 2d, 1898.

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