

# Rogue River Courier.

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER, DEVOTED ESPECIALLY TO THE INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

Vol. XIV

GRANTS PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1898.

No. 48

**SMITH & HOUGH,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
Practices in all State and Federal Courts.  
Office over First National Bank.  
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

**ARTHUR P. HARTH,**  
DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY,  
Office over First National Bank,  
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

**H. C. PERKINS,**  
U. S. DEPUTY  
MINERAL SURVEYOR,  
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

Thomas Smith Residence  
P. st. & Gilbert creek  
near factory.

**SMITH & HOLMAN,**  
UNDERTAKERS,  
Parlors 6th street, opp. Court House.  
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

**Carbon Photo Studio**  
Opp. Court House

We Make a Specialty of Children's Photos.  
All Work Finished in from 3 to 6 Days, Regardless of the Weather.  
GRANTS PASS, ORE.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.  
President.....William McKinley  
Vice President.....Garret A. Hobart  
Secretary of State.....John Hay  
Secretary of Treasury.....Lyman J. Gage  
Secretary of Interior.....C. N. Bliss  
Secretary of War.....Russell A. Alger  
Secretary of Navy.....John D. Long  
Secretary of Agriculture.....James A. Wilson  
Postmaster General.....James A. Gary  
Attorney General.....Joseph McKenna  
STATE OF OREGON.  
U. S. Senators.....Geo. W. McBride  
.....Thos. H. Tongue  
Congressmen.....W. H. Ellison  
.....C. M. Helemann  
Attorney General.....W. P. Lord  
Secretary of State.....H. E. Kincaid  
Secretary of War.....C. D. Johnson  
Secretary of Navy.....John D. Long  
Secretary of Agriculture.....James A. Wilson  
Postmaster General.....James A. Gary  
Attorney General.....Joseph McKenna  
R. R. Commissioners.....J. B. Eddy  
.....H. B. Compton  
Clerk of R. R. Commission.....Lydell Baker  
Clerk Board School Land Com. ....W. H. Odeh  
FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT.  
Western Division.....Judge H. K. Hanna  
Eastern Division.....Judge H. L. Benson  
Probate Court.....C. B. Watson  
Member Board of Equalizat. ....R. A. Enmitt  
U. S. LAND OFFICE ROSEBURG.  
Receiver.....Henry Booth  
Register.....J. T. Bridges  
JOSEPHINE COUNTY.  
Joint Senator.....C. E. Harmon  
County Judge.....Abe Axtell  
Commissioner.....Nick Thoss  
County Clerk.....Roy Bartlett  
Sheriff.....Ed Lister  
Representative.....J. W. Vitour  
Treasurer.....J. T. Bryant  
School Superintendent.....J. D. Hayes  
Assessor.....Eclus Pollock  
Surveyor.....B. O. McCulloch  
Coroner.....Dr. J. Myers  
PRECINCT OFFICERS.  
Justice.....James Holman  
Constable.....J. H. Colby  
CITY OF GRANTS PASS.  
Mayor.....W. M. T. Coburn  
Auditor.....W. Elmer Metzger  
Treasurer.....T. B. Elliott  
Commissioner.....F. W. Hugerth  
.....Dr. Wm. Flanagan  
.....L. L. Jennings  
.....F. L. Coran  
.....W. A. Haslins  
.....Frank Fetsch  
.....Fred Guyer

Regular meetings of the council of Grants Pass are held in the council rooms in the city hall on the first and third Thursday evenings of each month.  
COUNCIL COURT.  
Meets on the third Monday in April and the fourth Monday in September.  
COUNTY COURT.  
Probate court meets first Monday of January, April, July and September.  
County commissioners court meets first Wednesday after the meeting of the county court.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
— OF —  
SOUTHERN OREGON.  
Capital Stock, - - \$50,000.  
Receive deposits subject to check or certificate payable on demand.  
Sells drafts on New York, San Francisco, and Portland.  
Telegraphic transfers sold on all points in the United States.  
Special Attention given to Collections and general business of our customers.  
Collections made throughout Southern Oregon, and on all accessible points.  
J. D. FRY, President.  
J. T. TUFFS, Vice President.  
R. A. Booth, Cashier

**SMITH'S CASH STORE**  
Market Street Ferry, S. F., Cal.  
All free. Money saved on every order.

## Local happenings

Shoes repaired at Hackett's. Blank notes at the Courrier office. Bicycle hospital for all repairing at Cramer Bros. Take your blacksmithing to Trimble & Bacher for first-class work. J. W. Curry and wife of Medford were in the Pass last week on business connected with the Singer Mfg. Co. Subscribers who do not receive their daily Bulletin regularly should leave word at the office.

W. Sikes came over from his mine on the Illinois river last week for the purpose of laying in his winter supply of provisions. P. P. Dickens, formerly of Jackson county, but who, for the last three or four years has been in Montana and Idaho, is now engaged in mining in Josephine county.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt at Crescent City Friday last week at 3:30 p. m. At Eureka the shock was quite severe, shaking heavily most all the buildings in town—Record.

E. L. Cass of Sumner, Iowa, writes the COURIER: "Don't stop my subscription; I am interested in hearing from three Grants Passes is good enough for anyone and I will be in misery until I get located there again." More than twenty million free samples of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve have been distributed by the manufacturers. What better proof of their confidence in its merits do you want? It cures piles, burns, scalds, sores, in the shortest space of time. W. F. Kremen.

John Young, living near Eagle Point, met with a fatal accident last Friday afternoon. He was at work repairing the roof of his barn, and fell about 14 feet, striking on a manger, breaking four or five of his ribs and crushing them in to his lungs. Although medical assistance was sent for at once, he only lived about four hours. He was 65 years old and a prominent citizen.

For a first-class meal, go to the City Hotel; B. A. Williams, proprietor. Dan Magerle and sister of Woodville, were trading in the Pass last Saturday.

H. L. Darville was visiting with his family last Saturday, they having moved over from Merlin to send the children to school this winter. One Minute Cough Cure surprises people by its quick cures and children may take it in large quantities without the least danger. It has won for itself the best reputation of any preparation used today for colds, croup, tickling in the throat or obstinate coughs. W. F. Kremen.

A wedding that savors somewhat of the romances of early days, took place in Pendleton Wednesday evening. A couple who had ridden on horseback 80 miles, from Dale, on the north fork of the John Day, appeared at the residence of Judge Peter West, and were quietly married in the presence of a few friends. They were George Friendless and Miss Ella Chase.

Truth wears well. People have learned that DeWitt's Little Early B's are reliable little pills for regulating the bowels, curing constipation and sick headache. They don't gripe. W. F. Kremen.

Rev. L. P. Desmarais, pastor of Jacksonville, Oregon, is a guest of Father Rudy. Father Desmarais will hold communion services at 7:30 next Sunday morning for the special benefit of all Catholics. He will preach at the 10:30 o'clock mass, taking for his text the words of St. Paul: "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Heb. 11:6. Father Desmarais expects to leave next Tuesday morning to attend to missionary work in Josephine county, Oregon.—Del Norte Record.

Ladies: no More Darning. The magic handloom, made of polished rolled steel, latest invention for mending clothing, underwear, table linens or heel or toe in hosiery. A child can work it. Perfect weaver; sent postpaid, 25 cents; 11 55 1/2 Washington St., Oakland, Cal.

### CRESCENT WHEELS

The High Grade Wheel

No. 9	Nos. 11 & 12
\$35	\$50



### T. A. HOOD - BICYCLE STORE

Sundries  
A large and complete assortment of Bicycle Sundries in stock.  
Repairing a Specialty  
Have a regularly equipped bicycle repair shop. Parts supplied.



### A. K. RUSS,

Bartlett's Old Stand,  
Staple and Fancy Groceries, Provisions  
FLOUR AND FEED.  
Miners' Supplies a Specialty.  
Cash Paid for Produce.

### Grants Pass Marble and Granite Works

J. B. PADDOCK, Prop'r.  
Having purchased the Marble Stock and Business heretofore owned and conducted by Will Jackson, I am now in position to furnish anything in the line of Cemetery work either in MARBLE or GRANITE. I have had over a quarter of a century of experience in the Marble and Granite Business and can fill your orders promptly and give you the best of workmanship. Will make a specialty of construction work from your own designs.  
J. B. PADDOCK.

### SOUTHERN OREGON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

ASHLAND, OREGON.  
Located in that part of Oregon which is noted for fine climate, good health, excellent water and large peaches. This school has a regular normal course of four years. Other lines of study are sub-normal, college preparatory, music and art courses, special studies, teachers' review classes. The normal senior class practices teaching throughout the year under the direct supervision of a thorough critic teacher. The training school is graded. Grades accepted from good schools. The regular normal school diploma is granted, good every where in the state without further examination. Expenses: All expenses for school year, \$125; not including books, \$115. Next school year opens September 5. For catalogue or information address,  
W. T. VAN SCOY, President.

### Grants Pass & Crescent City --STAGE LINE--

Carries U. S. Mails, Passengers and Stage Express.  
Stages run both ways daily between Grants Pass Oregon, and Crescent City Cal., passing through the following interior points: Wilderville, Love's Anderson, Kerby, Waldo, Shelly Creek, Patrick's Creek, Gasquet.  
TIME TABLE.  
WESTBOUND EASTBOUND  
Leave Grants Pass..... 9 a. m. Leave Crescent City..... 6 a. m.  
Arrive at Waldo..... 7 p. m. Arrive at Waldo..... 8 p. m.  
Leave Waldo..... 4 a. m. Leave Waldo..... 5 p. m.  
Arrive at Crescent City..... 6 p. m. Arrive at Grants Pass..... 5 p. m.  
The scenery through which this line passes is beautiful. A delightful mountain road from Gasquet to Crescent City. Excursion rates during summer season.  
J. C. HARPER, Grants Pass, Or., Manager.

## Correspondence.

**Wilderville Items.**  
WILDEVILLE, Ore., Sept. 13, 1898.  
(Crowded out last week.)  
King McKann has returned from Roseburg. E. Erickson has also returned from Glendale. Mrs. H. D. Jones and Mrs. M. C. Lewis were at the Pass one day this week. William Ulrich of Jacksonville, passed through Wilderville with a band of a hundred calves from the coast. Mr. and Mrs. E. Erickson and James Hocking went to Grants Pass to be guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Burns for the day.

We had another successful Sunday of revival services and the meetings will continue during this week at 2:30 p. m. There will be but one evening service during this week and that will be on Thursday evening, so as to give the people a chance to rest. The afternoon services are from house to house. The service is unabated so far, there have been 12 conversions and 23 sanctifications.

The "chowder" dinner on the grounds of James Hocking last Friday was a decided success, the chowder being pronounced by competent judges, the finest made this season. The community was well represented. At 2:30 p. m. the revival services which had been transferred from the house to the grove for the day, convened. It was a very profitable service and about 5 p. m., the people left for their homes feeling not only satisfied that they had enjoyed a fine dinner but had received a spiritual uplift that would help them to be a blessing to others.

The Ladies Aid Society at the home of Mrs. H. D. Jones passed off very pleasantly. Work came in so that every one was busy and two incidents occurred to relieve the otherwise quiet afternoon. The first was the swearing in of the new stage driver, young Mr. Anderson of Grants Pass, and for a few moments we were made to feel the responsibility of holding a position or having any charge in the office of our government. The other incident was a proposition to make Rev. J. Sams an honorary member of the society. At no time was there a testimony meeting. One man to be allowed to become a member of the society. Even Mrs. Sams declared her ability to drive alone without any aid, and of course every other lady thought her husband as valuable as Rev. Sams, so the men were barred out. The next meeting will be held at the residence of Mrs. M. C. Lewis.

**DISTRICT FAIR.**  
The fifth annual exhibition of the Southern Oregon District Agricultural Society will be held at Roseburg, Douglas county, October 4 to 8, 1898; \$5,000 offered in premiums and purses; fine speed program of races each day; splendid special program also arranged for. Fine premiums are offered for high grade live stock, poultry, agricultural products, fruits, flowers, works of art, fancy work, etc. For premium list address J. L. Chapman, secretary, at Roseburg, Or.

**From an Old Timer.**  
HAMPSHIRE, Ill., Sept. 8, 1898.  
ROGUE RIVER COURIER, Grants Pass, Or.  
Gentlemen: Enclosed find money order to balance my account. I am much interested in your paper and its contents, as I was many years in Southern Oregon. I served in the Rogue River war there in 1853 and again in 1854, and then three years First regiment Oregon cavalry volunteers from Josephine county. I fought Indians there long before Grants Pass was known; went there in 1852 and left there in 1855 after the close of the war, but it always seems like home to receive your paper and occasionally hear of some of the old boys through its columns.  
Respectfully,  
CHARLES LOVELL.

### SYRUP OF FIGS



NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—  
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

## Santiago After the Surrender.

The Aransas is a steamer used in times of peace for the mule trade between New Orleans, Corpus Christi, and Havana. In times of war she is used as a transport. She draws four feet of water when she is "light," and in the trough of the sea the progress of her masts from starboard to port and back again is more rapid than her progress ahead. I boarded her first in the bay of Guantanamo on July 15, and sailed on her off Siboney, where we drifted about three days awaiting orders and taking passengers aboard—woe begone war correspondents, ragged and tired and ill, with their extra clothes, if they had any, tied up in a poncho or a blanket; a few straggling officers on sick leave, and some of the foreign military attaches. There was J. P. aboard the Aransas, when the captain was finally ordered to steam into the harbor of Santiago, the day after the surrender, July 18, to discharge the freight she had brought down in addition to the army mules and horses, and to take coal preparatory to her voyage back to Tampa.

It was about dinner time when we left Siboney behind us and followed the coast to Morón. So narrow is the harbor that it could not be made out from the distance. The masts of the ships stood in a line, and then it seems hardly wide enough to allow a good sized vessel to pass. We stood on deck in a row and leveled our cameras at the old castle, and well she stood the bombardment of peace. The little trip through the winding channel, guarded by batteries at every point, with here and there a blockhouse, was a revelation of Cuban life and Cuban landscape. Half way in on the left nestled a tiny village in the green of a hillside. At the right a white hacienda gleamed from out a grove of coconut palms, some fishermen's huts were clustered below, and back at the top of the hill, stood a wooden blockhouse. In a few moments more we glided into the glassy water of the large inland harbor—and the city of Santiago lay before us.

Santiago lies on only one side of the harbor. It extends backward over the eminence of a hill and there ends; all the most important part of it was visible to us as we stood on the deck of the Aransas. A water-colorist could have blocked down that first impression in light greens, blues and mauves, with the dark greenish-red gleam of the tiled roofs, leaving glaring white patches here and there, and at the highest point the two Moorish domes of the old cathedral, the Cathedral of Santiago De Cuba. Back of the rolling foot hills and surrounding, though many miles away, entire the harbor and its environments, rose the majestic mountains, cloud-capped here and there; the highest land in Cuba.

We pushed up to the nearest wharf and lay alongside of what was once a Spanish steamer, now an American prize. Every newspaperman on board the Aransas was on the alert. General Shafter's orders when we left Siboney were rather exclusive. They stated that any one who ventured into Santiago would be shot. The American infantry officer on board the prize was quizzed, and plans were made for a secret midnight sortie. Portholes were measured to see if they would admit of the passage of heads and shoulders, and finally several of the most enterprising made their escape in a small boat. But they were later recalled by the captain and came back looking like school-boys.

At the other side of the wharf to which the Aransas was now made fast was another prize, a beautiful white steamer with its Spanish crew and officers, and a few senoras still on board. A picturesque gateway opened from the wharf into the town. Through this came a motley crowd of visitors. A Spanish private soldier was the first in hand. By various signs he made it clearly understood that he wanted something to eat. He had a bright face and an alert eye, and singled out some of our privates who were taking passage in the steamer and were at that time hanging over the rail. It was amusing to see how well they understood each other, and one of our men good naturedly handed out some bread. The Spaniard thrust one piece in his blouse and ate the other as he grinned his thanks. A few small boys with baskets came eagerly to the ship's side. Two garments composed the most extensive wardrobe of which any of them could boast. They were after bread also. They looked inquiringly up at us and then jabbered speculatively among themselves. Some held out their money, but they relaxed with a shake of the head and the forefinger which they held opposite the nose as they shook it. Two Spanish "colones" waddled down to the end of the wharf, smoking cigarettes and talking earnestly; finally they entered the opposite ship. An old negro woman, coat black and of enormous proportions, holding a correspondingly large cigarette in her mouth, eyed us curiously.

We had been coming to the conclusion that if we left the ship nobody would shoot us, and we were now at the point where we did not care if they did. We could see the city first. So we stepped left the ship in two and three and marched on the town. Some of us went to see General McKibben, who was military governor ten years, and he gave us the welcome information that the stringent orders had been revoked and we were free to go wherever we would. We stepped forth in the city as men steps upon ice which he is not sure will hold him up. There was the yellow fever first, but that did not appear particularly evident and we soon found, what is known now so generally, that the reports of fever within the city were greatly exaggerated. Then it was had to realize that all hostile demonstrations had ceased. I, for one, had no idea that there were any Spanish soldiers at large in the city, and the thought of mixing so soon among them was not without excitement. Besides the expectant feelings in which we indulged in regard to the inhabitants, the city itself, the houses, the streets everything about us—except to those who had previously been to Cuba or to Spain—were different from anything that we had ever seen before.

Two wharves away from us the Red Cross ship, the State of Texas, was unloading her tone of provisions. Already she had risen several feet higher out of the water. The boxes, barrels and bags were being hastily tumbled to the warehouse on shore, and a vast crowd of hungry people—who shall say how hungry?—were watching the process with absorbing interest. As time passed and it became evident that no supplies were to be delivered to them that night, they departed one by one to their homes.

My first stroll in Santiago was on the wide street or plaza which runs along the water front. In the middle is a long grass plot with a plastered wall on each side. The whole plaza is about 150 feet wide. A few benches are placed at intervals on the open side, their backs to the harbor. It took me some time to realize that people lived in them. They looked like little stables with their doors and windows so large as to be out of all proportion to the small size of the dwelling, but when I saw family groups seated in front, who eyed us curiously as we passed, I came to the conclusion that they were seated in front of their family mansions. At the end of this plaza is a house in the midst of a little garden in which the flowers of all varieties were running riot. A great royal Poinciana rose above the others. I leaned over the fence and plucked a yellow primrose, such as grow in the dear old gardens of New England.

W returned back, as we did so a group of well dressed men and women who had been talking excitedly near by suddenly became silent and watched us intently as we passed, with an eye decidedly unfriendly. One of the men shrugged his shoulders and cast upon me such a look of hatred that it made me shudder. I mentioned this because it was the only unfriendly demonstration that came to my notice during the two days that I spent in the city.

We turned into a narrow street which led up the hill to the cathedral plaza, upon which face also the military palace, the Venus Cafe, and the swell Cuban Club. Several Spanish officers rode clattering past. The streets of Santiago are all paved with large stones, some of which are sinking to join some subterranean geological stratum, leaving their companion pieces in their original places. The sidewalks—where there are any—are composed of a series of single flat stones, not wide enough for two to walk abreast. The small horses which the Spanish officers ride center at full speed down streets rivaling in their peril the stone stairway over which our Gallican pursuer dashed. But the Spaniard sits back jauntily with a cigarette in his mouth and glances nonchalantly to the right or left, wherever he can catch a glimpse of a pretty senorita. The Spanish officers are good horsemen. The four things that impressed me most in regard to the Spaniards were their small stature and comparative cleanliness, respectability, and intelligence of the men of the ranks. The officers are, in most all cases, gentlemen. The idea in my mind which these later observations displaced was that old Spain had called so often for troops, and more troops, that she had used up her best element and had fallen back largely on her proletariat. Another thing which was impressed was the smiling good humor invariably pictured on the face of every Spanish soldier that we met. It was not their war.

We passed by some shops in which there were hardly any customers, and every few paces we were accosted by a woman, foreign or child begging "bread." At the Military Palace we found officers of the Ninth United States Infantry. In the doorway sat a Cuban, his wife, and little baby; they rose respectfully as we passed. The Palace is a large square building of stone, with spacious stone paved rooms, and a small court yard, with a large fountain in the center. Huge portraits of some of the Spanish sovereigns hang on the walls and gaze upon the present occupants with unchanged expression. Some of the Spanish officials talked together in a corner of one of the large rooms, and stood up with elaborate ceremony as we entered. There seems to be no twilight in Cuba, or none worth mentioning. It was dark when we left the governor's palace. There are some street-lamps in Santiago, and a little boy who was lighting them on the plaza came to us for a match. The streets were not only dark but quiet. The houses are all built close to the street and close to each other. They are of plaster or of stone. The windows and doors are large. The former are without window-glass, but are heavily barred instead, and most of the doors are so large that there is a small door for ordinary use cut into them at the side. As the darkness falls the inside shutters are thrown open, and the families sit in the windows, or out on the porch, if there happens to be one—it is generally enclosed by shutters—on the doorway on the side streets. Near the top of the hill on which stands the cathedral are houses of the wealthier classes, and a number of powdered senoritas—those who had not fled to El Caney—regarded us as curiously from behind their heavy bars as we regarded them.

Half past six is an excellent hour for a morning walk in Cuba, and we were all abroad at that time the next day. I went straight to the cathedral. The whole city seemed awake and up, and how different it looked bathed in the sunshine of a cloudless day! The coloring of the houses stood out vividly, as did also the crumbling plaster and the marks traced by the elements of wind and rain on buildings that had stood a

hundred years or more. I wondered if repairing was ever done in Santiago, for I saw no signs of it. On the way to the cathedral we passed the market. As it is on a steep hill which leads up a steep hill, great walls of stone have been built, presenting an unbroken surface to the street, and on the top of this the market stalls. The stalls were almost empty, except for a little fruit, yet people hovered about, drawn there, perhaps, by the force of association.

There were a few early worshippers in the cathedral, and as we approached the old bell clanged forth, mellow, deep toned, well seasoned. The few women who were telling their beads were not so absorbed in their devotions that they had no time to regard visitors. On the contrary, all faces were turned in our direction. A priest and a little acolyte in black cassocks stood near by, and finally came nearer in order to observe us more closely. The priests form a picturesque element in Santiago. I had noticed them the night before walking along the lower plaza in long black cassocks and black beaver shovel hats. They are all typical Spaniards; and for that reason I could not help wondering if the young priest at the cathedral was filled with resentment or curiosity. We walked inside and pointed to our cameras. He nodded his head, so we set them up and took some photographs of an opposite shrine. Presently the priest beckoned to us to follow him, and we did so, passing a tinsel effigy in the corner of Alfonso Something-or-Other on horseback waving a banner in the air. Behind the altar we went, and into the sacristy, and from thence to a pair of stairs which led to a balcony overlooking the church, where we took more pictures. In the rooms below which we had passed I had caught a glimpse of some old portraits so when we went down again we lingered to look. There were the pictures in oil of all the Archbishops of Santiago De Cuba beginning with the first one in 15—. I cannot call them portraits because that would imply a certain degree of likeness, and I should be sorry if they bore a resemblance to any of the godly and venerable Archbishops of Santiago. But they were so quaint and flat and altogether fascinating always bringing into such prominence the archiepiscopal ring, that I could have gazed at them much longer. Most of them were hung in the council room, in the center of which stood a massive old table, and chairs of the same pattern were grouped about it.

We fortunately ran across an intelligent Cuban who kindly took us in tow and conducted us in the least time to all the places to which we should have gone. First of all, we took him back to breakfast with us and extended to him the privilege of eating our awful ship's fare which, poor though it was, I am sure he appreciated very highly. In all probability he had left an empty larder at home.

There was only one house in Santiago that was much injured by our shells. This stands close to the oldest church in the city. The shell fell in through the roof and exploded, going out again at several places and leaving behind it a scene of ruin and confusion. It wrecked two rooms, but the rest of the house is intact. The old parish priest welcomed us at the church across the street and stood benignantly by while we set off a flash-light.

From the church we clambered up a so-called street. There was an open sewer in the middle. Goats barked near the top and small Cuban children played in the dirt, very lightly provided for as to clothes. The military hospital, an enormous low, square building colored a dull terra cotta, lay before us. It was still under the Spanish officials, and the smart looking soldier at the door waved us blandly to enter. Over 1700 Spanish sick and wounded were quartered here and very comfortable they seemed to be. They were waited upon by Sisters of Charity, and many of them had their beds in the court yard. The officers' private rooms ran along if the outer building. Usually they had a growth of black beard and, in the white gowns provided by the hospital, their racial characteristics were accentuated—they were unmistakably Latins. I was surprised at the general cleanliness and good order. To be sure there were piles of rubbish in a back court and the horns and skin of an ox lay there just as they had been taken off from the animal, but there were such things as that on every street of the city—the carcasses of dogs and rats and other refuse too filthy to describe. The odors arising from them were not pleasant and seemed sufficiently strong to germinate any kind of disease on the caecum. The people show a supreme indifference—an unconsciousness—in regard to such matters which demonstrates that this condition must be habitual and any departure from it would be hailed with astonishment.

After leaving the hospital we skirted by the Spanish hospital and entered a street that led us past several barricades (to be sure how, the barred windows, and the batteries. On either side, in small plastered or brick houses which had been deserted by their owners, 1000 or more Spanish soldiers must have quartered. They literally swarmed over the porches and doorways. Some were eating a late breakfast of beans and coffee and oranges. An orderly sent into town from our headquarters had stopped to chaff in a language of broken sentences and gestures. Take them as a whole they did not look very disappointed, not so much so as many of our poor fellows. The Spanish uniform is especially adapted to the climate. It looks like bed ticking only it is much thinner. The campaign hats are of straw, sometimes with a cockade at the side. Sergeants had two long red stripes running down from the shoulder to the waist of the blouse. All of the fire arms had been given up, but many of the men still carried machetes.

## JUST COME TO LIGHT

An Ashland Witness of Dr. Darrin's Cures  
Ma. Editor:—For the benefit of the afflicted, I wish to state that I know of Dr. Darrin.  
Five years ago Mrs. G. W. Applegate, of Yoncola, Ore., was induced by my wife to visit Dr. Darrin in Portland, for almost total deafness that had troubled her for several years. She was cured in a few months and remains permanent to this day. My wife visited Dr. Darrin for an ovarian tumor. He pronounced the case incurable and would not take the case. I reside at the Hotel Oregon, Ashland, and can be referred to at any time. While in Portland, I saw an old lady carried to the doctor's office, being crippled with chronic rheumatism. In a few days she was walking about, a cured woman.  
H. J. MATOON.

DEAFNESS CURED.  
Ma. Editor:—For years I have heard of "Dr. Darrin's ten minute cures," but I confess I had little faith in him or the reported cures, until Oct. 14th when I mustered up faith enough to try him for almost total deafness. I had been bothered with gradual deafness for about six years. The past few days I was unable to hear any conversation and was almost run over by a team. Dr. Darrin cured me with electricity free in ten minutes so I can hear a whisper. I can never thank Dr. Darrin enough and most emphatically recommend him to all. I have lived in Tolo, Jackson county, Ore., the past three years and will gladly answer any inquiries by letter or in person.  
J. P. HARR.

DR. STEELE CURED BY DR. DARRIN.  
FROM THE MARSHFIELD NEWS.  
The advent in this city of Dr. Darrin recalls the wonderful cure he performed eight years ago on one of our townsmen, Dr. Steele, after the failure of 15 other physicians. Dr. Steele was in a critical condition for a long time with neuralgia of the heart. He was cured in Portland, by Dr. Darrin in ten minutes by electricity, and has enjoyed the blessings of health since, with no recurrence of the disease.

Dr. Darrin was among the first to introduce electrical treatment in his practice and has perfected himself in its application. Dr. Darrin will visit Grants Pass September 25th to October 2nd only, stopping at the Hotel Josephine. Go and be healed.

The University of Oregon graduated last June the largest class in its history. The class numbered thirty. The fall term will begin September 19th. Students who have completed the tenth grade branches can enter the sub-freshman class. No examinations are required for graduates of accredited schools. Reasonable equivalents are accepted for some of the required entrance studies. Catalogues will be sent free to all applicants. Persons desiring information may address the president, Secretary J. J. Walton, or Mr. Max A. Plumb all of Eugene, Oregon. The courses offered are departments of modern and ancient languages, physics, chemistry, biology, geology, English, psychology, mathematics, elocution, advanced engineering, astronomy, logic, philosophy, and physical education. Music and drawing are also taught. The tuition is free. All students pay an incidental fee of ten dollars yearly. Board, lodging, heat and light in dormitory cost \$2.50 per week.

Good!  
People who buy Schilling's Best drink more tea a year than other people.

The State Normal at Ashland.  
This school reopened in 1895, and its attendance has gradually increased each year. The new year to open Sept. 5th, promises the largest attendance and the most successful work in the history of the school. It is the first normal in the state to establish a four-year course of study and compete with California normals in the amount of work done to obtain a state normal school diploma. The work completed by graduates admits them to the Freshman class of the state university with 67 credits. Other lines of study can be pursued by students not wishing to become teachers. Special advantages in higher mathematics, elocution, languages and literature.

### Tested and Tried For 25 Years

Would you feel perfectly safe to put all your money in a new bank? One you have just heard of?  
But how about an old bank? One that has done business for over a quarter of a century? One that has always kept its promises? One that never failed; never misled you in any way? You could trust such a bank, couldn't you?  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
OF COD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES is just like such a bank. It has never disappointed you, never will. Look out that someone does not try to make you disinvest your health in a new tonic, some new medicine you know nothing of.  
50c and \$1.00 all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.