# WOMEN WHO HUNT.

## Modern Dianas Are Numerous in the Maine Woods.

### Accompanied by Professional Guides the Fair Disciples of Nimrod Go Forth to Slay.

Though women have been hunting in the state each fall with good success for the last ten years, women have not before this ventured in unless with male escort. These women who are stepping up beyond the Depsiconneag "dead water" are some very self-reliant women from Massachusetts. They work in some of the stores in a populous city, and, being spinsters, decided to paddle their own canoe this season. One or two reliable guides accompanied them, and, according to all reports, they are doing extremely well. One of them vouchsafed the information to a passing sportsman that they were doing "a blessed sight better than if they had half a dozen men tagging them around to see that they didn't wet their feet or blow their heads off with their rifles."

"But," remarks old Jed Hawkes, "there won't be any spruce gum left in that neighborhood. Lord, how those women are yanking. They say they have chewed a great deal of gum in their lives, but that they never knew what the clear quill was till they came down here into the state of Maine. While they're about it they are going to take back all they can dig, buy or beg to the city. Even the tall trees can't hide their big lumps away from these women. Three of them wear bloomers and have lots of muscle and they kin climb anything that comes along, from trees to catamounts. Those women are safe enough."

It is said that half the parties that went into the Moosehead region last fall had women as members.

You see, the women have for so many years heard their male friends tell of the ecstatic delights of hunting in the big Maine woods that their feminine curiosity has been excited and there has been a veritable clamor to be allowed to go in. Once in awhile there is one woman who finds the trip enough to last her for a lifetime. The fun isn't at all as she has expected it would be. The woods may be good enough for the men, but as for her, she prefers the boulevard and the shopping district.

Then there are other women who meet the most ferocious weather the Maine woods have to furnish; who are drenched every other day to the skin and who get dumped out of a canoe two or three times just by the way of variety.

These women go home and tell all the folks that they have had just the most lovely time and that they are all impatience for the year to roll around, so that they may go again. These are the kind of heroines that can extract fun from every mishap. They are the only kind that should tackle the dubious pleasures of the Maine woods. For that class—and it is an extensive one—that enjoys roughing it, there is no enjoyment in all the world like the autumn forest. But the person who goes in for the first time without proper conception of the nature of the fun will be supremely miserable himself, or herself, and will make all the folks around more miserable still.

The women haven't commenced to go into the Aroostook and the Pamadumcook wilderness yet to any great extent. Last year several parties went in from Stacyville to the vicinage of old Katahdin and remained several weeks until the snow came. The women were of the right sort to stand all the adversities, though they were from the city and said that they had the best time of their lives.

And the ladies have had pretty good luck up that way in the shooting line. One Lynn doctor has been coming down into Maine every fall for years after a moose.

He has been able to shoot deer enough. But deer have got to be too small game for him. Last season he brought down his niece to see him get the prize, for he felt sure that at last his patience was to be rewarded.

One day while they were coming down Black stream the niece, who was a little way ahead in a canoe with one of the guides, saw a moose standing near the water's edge. The animal was side on and presented a splendid mark. Up went the little rifle, and though the hand of the maiden trembled convulsively good fate sped the ball true and the moose fell dead with a bullet through his heart.

That night the uncle figured up that he had spent over $1,000 in chasing after a moose through the Maine forest—and still lacked the moose. Here was his 19-year-old niece down for the week, and lo! she almost had a moose brought to her. The uncle disgustedly decided that hunting was about all luck, anyway.

There is one thing to say about the women who have been coming to Maine woods for the last ten years. Not one has yet shot one of the guides for a bear or her husband for a deer. The woodsmen say that when the women are out hunting they are very cautious, with all a woman's inherent fear that something will happen, and that no matter how unskilled the woman may be in the use of firearms they, the guides, are never apprehensive of accidents. It is the impetuous veteran who blows off his own or some one else's head.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

### Afraid He Would Be Left Out.

A gentleman who observed Jimmy carefully taking the census of a company assembled in a parlor awaiting a call to supper, inquired: "What is the matter, Jimmy?" "Why," replied the urchin, with a troubled air, "here's nine of us, counting me, and mamma has gone and cut the two pies into quarters, and that only makes eight pieces."—Stray Stories.


### On Every Bottle

Of Shiloh's Consumption Cure is this guarantee: "All we ask of you is to use two-thirds of the contents of this bottle faithfully, then if you can say you are not benefited return the bottle to your Druggist and he may refund the price paid." Price 25 cts., 50 cts. and $1.—W. F. Kremer. 9



### An Army and Navy

Memorandum book is what you have been wanting. The Northern Pacific has it. It contains cut of the Maine, map of Cuba, list of U. S. and Spanish navy vessels, interior drawings of a battle ship, illustrations of U. S. and Spanish ships, glossary of navy and army words, table of distances, commanders of U. S. ships and army corps, list of U. S. regiments and their commanders and other information very useful and valuable at this time.

The book fits the vest pocket and is up to date. Send Chas. S. Fee, general passenger agent, N. P. R., St. Paul, Minn., ten cents and the book is yours.


# CUT OF THE CAPES.

### It Is Easier to Make a Homemade Wrap Now Than Ever Before.

Following this season's fad, the capes are all cut with rounding fronts and sometimes sweeping around to the back in a point reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress. Many different materials are employed. Among them one sees broadcloth, ladies' cloth, faille and the pretty new eiderdown, which has a very close and crinkled cut. For the dowager's velvet capes in steel gray, mauve or a stylish old rose, all heavily embroidered in jet, are becoming.

Black or white lace appliqued, and sequins laid in fanciful designs, with sometimes a handsome silk fringe, form the trimming; and furs or chiffon ruching edge these elaborate wraps.

An odd-shaped wrap was of ivory faille, the fronts rounding to an extreme point only a few inches from the ground in the back. Taffeta of a delicate shade of rose lined the cape, the high flaring collar lending to the wearer's face a most becoming glow. Around the entire cape was a broad ruche of white chiffon, and a mother-of-pearl buckle, set in silver, held it together. A very dainty affair was a cape of Parma violet cloth, appliqued with Milanaise lace, forming large bow knots down each side and around the back. A band of beaver outlined the cape and high Medici collar, and the cape was lined with white taffeta.

Another, that suggested frosty nights, was made of white broadcloth, with silver sequins, and lined with primrose satin.

The cape was fashioned with a deep, round yoke, from which depended two circular ruffles, the under one being much deeper and both graduated to the collar, making the rounded front effect. The top ruffle was powdered with sequins, and a dainty design in the same silver sequins bordered the lower ruffle.

Around the high, square collar and outlining the yoke was a band of white astrakhan about two inches wide. This cape could be prettily made in the new eiderdown, using white, lined with a rose geranium or a poppy red taffeta.

It could be fashioned easily and inexpensively at home. As the eiderdown is a yard wide, only three or four yards would be needed, according to the length desired; the cost is 65 cents a yard, and the five yards of silk lining can be purchased in the grade and price best suiting your pocketbook.

It is said to be the desire of every woman to make a cape, though she die in the attempt; this season there need be no such perishing thought, for the capes are really quite easy to fashion. There was something exasperating about making the square-cornered cape, for, somehow, the points had a trick of coming out uneven, though the cape was measured ever so carefully. But with the round point it is different. You double the cloth, and, getting a graceful sweep, you cut around the corners and up to the neck in one long, beautiful curve. The collar is more difficult, if it be in one piece, but the novice can make the collar and sew it on afterward, concealing the junction with a ribbon or a band of fur.

Those who have trouble holding the tall collars erect can keep them up by attaching a long bow of satin ribbon to the middle of the back. Ends of ribbon are then brought around and hooked under the chin. With this strap to support it, a collar will stand upright in the stiffest breeze.

For evening wear fine flannelette makes a very good cape, and it can be selected in sober colors, so that it looks very much like broadcloth. I saw one which I am positive was a flannelette in a beautiful dull green hue that rivaled the palms which were so liberally distributed in the lobby of the theater. As the wearer unhooked the cape I noticed that it was lined with black silk, which seemed to me rather a return toward the old dark linings. The cape was trimmed with ribbon all shirred and put on in the form of lovers' knots. These, by the way, are the easiest design one can make. The ribbon is shirred and laid around in almost any careless way so as to form two loops and two ends; the result is bound to be a "lovers' knot."

The most expensive trimming of the cape was a great quantity of fur tails, which were put on overlapping each other very close together.

These tails, I am told, can be purchased as low as one dollar a dozen, but as this is an exceptional price, it is better to quote a little more. Tails at this price are scarcely more than a finger in length, as many are required.

Capes for calling and shopping are made exactly like evening capes, only they are a little more staid in color. You see them very fancy, though, and I noticed a gray melton cloth cape, lined with pink satin, out calling recently. True, the wearer was in her coupe, for the lightness of the garment would have prevented one from walking in it. The cape was bordered with two very deep ruffles of figured silk, one falling below the other, and was trimmed around the edge with the frilled ribbon. It was a fancy little affair, pretty and warm enough for this weather.

Though they made an effort to revive the very long circular cape this year, it was unsuccessful, for young women do not like to hide their dainty figures and smart gowns under such an enveloping robe.—Philadelphia Press.

### He Had Followed the Scriptures.

A village artist and sculptor who lately was commissioned to redecorate the interior of a small village church, upon being asked by the irate vicar why in the world he had represented the cherubim and the seraphim with great tears rolling down their plaster cheeks, replied, with childlike simplicity that, according to his prayer book, both the cherubim and seraphim were wont to cry continually. — London Sketch.


### Do You Know

Consumption is preventable? Science has proven that, and also that neglect is suicidal. The worst cold or cough can be cured with Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure. Sold on positive guarantee for over 50 years.—W. F. Kremer.



### Hawaiian Pictures

Reproductions of photographs of Kalakaua I, Liliuokalana, Sanford B. Dole, the royal palace, the government buildings, royal palms, the Harbor of Honolulu, street scenes, and other interesting pictures for sale at the COURIER office, 16 for 25 cents. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper 10 by 14 inches in size, and are works of art. Send 10 cents before it is too late. We have only a few left. We also have pictures of scenes in Cuba.



### Does This Strike You?

Muddy complections, nauseating breath come from chronic constipation. Karl's Clover Root Tea is an absolute cure and has been sold for 50 years on an absolute guarantee. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts.—W. F. Kremer. 8



# Are You Easily Tired?

Just remember that all your strength must come from your food. Did you ever think of that?

Perhaps your muscles need more strength, or your nerves; or perhaps your stomach is weak and cannot digest what you eat.

If you need more strength then take

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. The oil is the most easily changed of all foods into strength; and the hypophosphites are the best tonics for the nerves.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the easiest and quickest cure for weak throats, for coughs of every kind, and for all cases of debility, weak nerves, and loss of flesh.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.


# FIRST ELEPHANT IN AMERICA.

### How Moses Smith's Eccentric Notion Made a Fortune for Another Man.

It is not generally known that a former citizen of Owensboro brought across the ocean the first elephant that was ever in America, says the Owensboro (Ky.) Inquirer. The name of the gentleman was Moses Smith, who at one time owned a vast body of land from the mouth of Panther creek up the river, embracing nearly all the present farms in the neighborhood of Sorgho.

Mr. Smith was at Paris with his brother and had "more money than he knew what to do with." He told his brother that he intended taking something to American that the people had never seen. "You had better buy an elephant," said the jocular brother and that was what Moses did. He picked out the biggest animal he could find and paid an enormous price for it. He brought it to New York, where it was a nine days' wonder, but the owner soon found that he had something worse than the proverbial white elephant on his hands. He tried to sell it, but could find no buyer and at last undertook to give it away, in which he was equally unsuccessful. Finally he found a man who agreed to pay him $100 for it and this individual put it on exhibition. He was so successful that he went into the show business and made a fortune out of Mr. Smith's folly. Col. Frank McKerness, of Adrianville, is a grandson of Mr. Smith, who lived to a great age at his home in this county.

# WALK ASHORE!

It all happened at one of those pleasant sea side resorts, where life is comedy from day to day and tragedy has no place. She just stepped on the raft which she thought was moored, and in pure idleness of mood fell to rocking it from side to side. But the raft was not moored. Her rocking had slowly dislodged it from the sand, on which it was grounded, and when she turned around, she was afloat and the shore a rod behind her. She cried for help and was heard by a lonely fisherman who sat at some distance on the beach mending his nets. How slowly he got up. How slowly he tramped across the sandy shore. And

she was drifting, drifting, drifting! "Save me"! she cried, "save me"! as the old man came to the water's edge. The grizzled mariner raised his hand to the side of his mouth and cried hoarsely, "Walk ashore"!

That's all there was of it. She was still in shoal water. All she needed was the timely word of instruction and advice. But suppose it had not come? Suppose she had not heeded it? Was there no danger? The open sea, a frail raft, and a frailer woman!

The woman on the raft is a type of hundreds of thousands of her sex who are drifting into danger. Up to a definite day, they have been enjoying life in perfect security. Then, in a moment, a sense of impending danger comes. They are at the mercy of disease. Every day increases the danger. They are drifting, drifting, drifting. Then comes the cry for help. To thousands of appeals there has come the answer from Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

WALK ASHORE! WALK ASHORE!!

You are still in the shallow waters of disease. You can still get back without more than inconvenience to the land of health behind you. All you need is just the right word of advice and common sense instruction in time, and the grip of a helping hand. That is just what Dr. Pierce offers to every one suffering from disease: timely, health restoring, life saving advice, practical help. It requires some confidence to take advice when your own senses are against it. The woman on the raft could not see the bottom of the rolly water, and the land looked so far away. So the woman in disease can't see how she can be cured, and recovery of health seems hopeless. And, perhaps, the very disease that has begun to threaten her is consumption, that dreadful disease regarded by millions as incurable. Her local doctors perhaps say, "we can make your suffering a little less, but there's no hope."

Does Dr. Pierce claim to cure consumption? That question isn't worth arguing. *Look at the record.* Take a case in point.

Here is a man (or woman) with a hacking cough, a hectic flush, night-sweats, great emaciation or wasting of flesh, spitting of blood, shortness of breath and all the other symptoms. After every remedy and every local physician has failed, he, as a last resort, takes "Golden Medical Discovery" and the cough vanishes, the cheek gets back its natural color, sleep becomes sound and refreshing, the spitting of blood stops, flesh and muscles become firm, weight increases, and life goes along in quiet and comfort to the full limit of the three score years and ten.

But may be it wasn't consumption after all? May be it wasn't. You know it was something that was attacking the very citadel of life, and it was something that was cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And Dr. Pierce is curing such "somethings" right along with a record of over a quarter of a million cases, and not more than three per cent. of failures.

One fact, at least, is well established. That the "Golden Medical Discovery" does cure weak lungs, bleeding from lungs, obstinate, lingering coughs, laryngitis, bronchitis, throat disease, and kindred affections of the air passages, which, if neglected or badly treated, lead up to consumption, can no longer be doubted in view of the many thousands of well established cures of such cases reported by the most trustworthy citizens. Many of these cases have been pronounced consumption—and incurable—by the family physicians before the sufferers commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Whether the doctors have erred in their judgment in these numerous cases or not is not for us to decide.

# LENT IN OLD HAVANA

## Sights of the Cuban City in Carnival Time.

### The Streets at Night Are Thronged with Crowds of Costumed Revelers—Dancing at the Theater.

The first Sunday after our arrival was a carnival—a sort of "treating resolution" celebration, for Lent had already begun, and nothing could be less Lenten than the carriages and costumes which, about four o'clock, began to pour past our hotel (the Pasage), all making the round of the Paseo Isabella, and then out to the Prado and back—a circuit of a couple of miles or so.

Recalling the old proverb about Rome and the Romans, we accepted the invitation of friends to join the gay procession, and were presently seated in a fine barouche drawn by four horses, their tails plaited with red, white and blue ribbon—a delicate compliment to our nationality—and tied to the saddles in true Cuban fashion, while our negro driver was gotten up in the height of barbaric splendor.

In spite of our determination to be Roman, we had instinctively put on our hats to go out, but although the use of bonnets is becoming quite general in Cuba, they are not so during the carnival time, for nearly all the fair Habaneras whose carriages we met or passed had their own magnificent hair elaborately dressed and ornamented as their only headgear; and many of them were costumed as if for a ball—with uncovered shoulders and arms, and richly ornamented dresses of white or delicately tinted silk, with a profusion of jewels.

A few persons, both male and female, wore half masks, and a good many, apparently not of the haut ton, were draped in fancy costumes, some of them rather funny, but generally in poor taste; indeed, the same rule applied here which is found universal all over the world on such occasions—the best people were the quietest in dress, manner and deportment.

A few volantes, richly ornamented, as were the harnesses of the horses and the livery of the valeseros guiding them, joined the procession; but these carriages are almost banished from Havana by the more convenient victoria or barouche, while a few misguided emigres have brought home coupes, which look sadly out of place in this out-of-door climate.

In the evening we attended the ball at the Tacon theater, and from a colgne of vantage in the first tier of boxes looked at the motley crowd of revelers below. Here again fancy dresses were the exception, and plain black dominoes and masks the rule; a favorite disguise being a complete and tight-fitting covering of black for the head, neck and shoulders, passing down inside the dress, so that not one line or point of those portions remained possible to recognition; while a handsome bandanna handkerchief was wound, negro fashion, around the head.

Many of them also had their skin covered and wore wigs of negro wool, with black gloves, but no bona fide negroes of either sex were admitted, and the company is as select as can in such cases be managed; plenty of balls being available at the same hour for persons of other classes.

Two bands at opposite points in the gallery furnished music of an exceedingly inartificial nature, but well adapted to its use of marking time for the dancers, who filled the floor without intermission from eight o'clock until three or four o'clock in the morning.

The only dance, however, was the danza criolla, or Cuban waltz, occasionally amplified into the four simple figures of the quadrille, but always coming back to the waltz movement peculiar to this climate and people, and more resembling the graceful posturing and undulatory movement of the Egyptian ghawazee than the rapid, heating, ungraceful gyrations of our American waltzers.

Returned to our pretty apartment, we seated ourselves in the balcony, and for another hour enjoyed the gay life of the city spread out at our feet, for, although it was past midnight, the carriages rolled by us as merrily as ever; the plaza in front of the house was thronged with promenaders; the dance music floated through the fresh air not only from the Tacon theater opposite, but from a French ball going on at a hotel upon the Paseo Isabella, while the brilliant row of gaslights branching away in every direction mapped out the streets more clearly than by day.

Night is, after all, the time to see Havana and its people to the best advantage, for it is seldom until about sunset that the ladies venture out except to early mass, while the evening is always chosen for the most ceremonious visits.—Mrs. Frank Leslie, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

### What Happened to the Crow?

A novel way of discovering a gold field was recounted by Hon. E. H. Wittenoom, agent-general for western Australia, in his lecture at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, held at the Whitehall rooms recently, under the presidency of the earl of Onslow. In 1888 the Mallina gold field was discovered by a lad in this wise: The boy in picking up a stone to throw at a crow observed a speck of gold in it, and reported it to the nearest resident magistrate. This gentleman was so excited at the news that he telegraphed to the then governor and stated that a lad picked up a stone to throw at a crow, in his excitement omitting to say "and saw gold in it." So the governor wired back these words: "What happened to the crow?"—London Telegraph.


### Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her, and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night; and with two bottles has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at W. F. Kremer's drug store. Regular Size 50c and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed. 4


Mr. S. A. Fackler, Editor of the Micanopy, (Fla.) Hustler, with his wife and children, suffered terribly from La Grippe. One Minute Cough Cure was the only remedy that helped them. It acted quickly. Thousands of others use this remedy as a specific for La Grippe and its exhausting after effects.—W. F. Kremer.

# HUMOR IN SMALL "ADS."

### Some Funny Things Are Found in the "For Sale or Exchange" Column.

There is more than one way of getting rid of some article you don't want and getting hold of something you really need, or think you need, which is the same thing. If a man owns a dog and hankers for a watch, he doesn't have to sell the animal and then use that money in purchasing the timepiece. That was the way it was done years ago, but the "For Sale or Exchange" column in the Sunday newspapers have changed the method of operation. Pianos are exchanged for sealskins and jewelry. Books are taken in trade for silverware for the table and harnesses. Sign painting goes for clothes, and stenography for bicycles. One young woman advertises: "First-class teacher, with best of references, will give stage or society dancing lessons for dry goods, shoes or anything useful." Another person says: "Opals or amethysts for silverware, typewriter or hardware." A laundress who wants to learn to play the piano says: "Wanted—Piano lessons in exchange for laundry work, or what have you?"

Apparently many of these traders are willing to take nearly anything of value, and, of course, each one expects to get the best of the bargain. There must often be heart-burnings and many sad words when the man who has traded an Angora cat for dental work finds that his teeth have been filled with plumbers' solder, or the woman who has exchanged a Persian rug for an alarm clock discovers that the timepiece runs only on Thursday afternoons, and then strikes nothing but 33.

One enterprising individual advertises: "Best French conversation in exchange for cash or solid goods." It may be said that there are many persons who would also like to trade large bunches of "best English conversation" for cheese sandwiches or an old pair of pants.

A family with lots of board, but a houseful of leaky pipes, wants to "exchange good board for plumbing; walking distance," and a man with a large wardrobe but nothing to hunt with wants "up-to-date gun for winter suit, No. 42." A hotel man will "give interest in the business for use of furniture for 15 rooms," while a man on the South side would like to exchange dentistry for housework.

One advertisement which is slightly ambiguous reads: "Wanted—Lady for light housekeeping in exchange for good home," and a "competent stenographer" desires to exchange her services for board and room, while still a third says: "Bookkeeper's desk, show case and gun for tailoring or any old thing."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

# THE ALASKAN VESUVIUS.

### The Glare from the Spouting Lava Turns Night Into Day—Not Yet Named.

Further infomation of the active volcano discovered in the Atlin gold district in British Columbia is to the effect that the volcano furnishes the miners a light by which to work their claims during the long darkness of the Arctic winter. The glare from the spouting lava, reflected back against the sky, gives an almost continuous twilight to the upper end of the Atlin district.

All the passengers of the steamer Cottage City, arriving from Alaska, have stories to tell of the volcano, but from Dr. W. B. Kinsloe and T. H. James, mining men of Denver, who have been making an examination of the Atlin country, comes the best and apparently most authentic description of the Alaskan Vesuvius.

"The mountain in eruption," said Dr. Kinsloe, "is the second in a range of four towering peaks lying about 5 miles due south of Lake Gladies and a slightly shorter distance from Atlin City. These mountains are of at least 14,000 feet altitude, the crater resting slightly below its three brother peaks.

"It was in the early part of October that the smoke was first seen issuing from the mountain. With the thought of a volcano furthest from their minds the miners attributed these first signs of an eruption to clouds hanging about the peak. So constant, however, was the cloud that it became an object of daily observation from Atlin City. Then, on November 8, the mountain burst forth in flames. Through the smoke cloud there shot a stream of molten lava, bowlders and ashes that brightened the sky for a radius of nearly 40 miles and sent its reflected light through the darkness down upon the men working on Birch, Discovery, McKee, Pine and other creeks, the sides of whose banks face towards the volcano.

"A panic ensued among the miners when the ashes began falling down upon them.

"The ashes fell to a depth of several inches and the stream down the mountain side increased in magnitude. The fall of ashes later stopped and the men returned to work.

"When we left the miners were working nights, gladly profiting by the mellow twilight caused by the volcano's glare, which turned night into day.

"No name has as yet been given to the mountain, but when we left, the Canadian officials at Atlin were preparing for an expedition to the volcano and will undoubtedly christen it."—St. Louis Republic.


### A Bright Stove Blacking.

Finely powder half a pound of ordinary blacklead, sift it and mix with the whites of three eggs, well beaten. Dilute these ingredients with sour beer until a thin liquid, like French leather polish, is obtained, and set it over a hot fire to simmer for about a quarter of an hour. When cold the blacking will be quite ready for use.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.



### Tell Your Sister

A Beautiful Complexion is an impossibility without good pure blood, the sort that always exists in connection with good digestion, a healthy liver and bowels. Karl's Clover Root Tea acts directly on the bowels, liver and kidneys, keeping them in perfect health. Price 25 cts., and 50 cts.—W. F. Kremer. 6


### Notice of Proving Will

In the county court, of Josephine county, state of Oregon.

In the matter of the estate of Abram Cole, deceased.

Pursuance to an order of said court, made on the 27th, day of December, 1898, notice is hereby given, that on Friday the 27th day of January, 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court room of said court, in said county and state, has been appointed as the time and place for the proving the will of said Abram Cole, deceased, and for hearing the application of said Agnes Montgomery, daughter of said deceased, for the issuance to Maurice Savage, Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same. R. L. BANTLETT,
County Clerk.

December 27, A. D. 1898.

# GOOD IDEA TO BORROW.

### It Is That of Having an Official Drafter of Bills.

One of the minor features of the English legislative system might with propriety and profit be reproduced in the state and national legislatures of America, says the Kansas City Journal. Every measure, before it is brought before the house of commons, is submitted to the examination of the official drafter of bills. This official is a man well versed in the history of law and lawmaking, a constitutional lawyer of high rank. He examines the bill, points out anything in it that is in conflict with the constitution, elucidates obscurities and indicates omissions and redundancies. More than that, he will, on request, draft any measure which a member may desire to bring before the house.

The result of this is a wonderful economy of the time of the parliament and of the courts. Unconstitutional bills are often killed by the hand of the bill drafter, and all measures submitted to the legislative body are clear in import and full, yet concise, in form. We need something of this kind here. Excellent measures are not seldom the offspring of the brains of men who are not trained constitutional lawyers, and they fail of enactment, or of enforcement if enacted, on account of technical blemishes which might easily be removed. The records of our legislators and courts are full of the obituaries of such laws. The appointment of a capable drafter of bills to aid legislators in the preparation of prospective laws would enable each measure to stand or fall squarely on its merits, irrespective of considerations merely technical.

# SHE WAS TRUSTFUL.

### Never Thought of the Man's Honesty Until She Had Her Hat.

A middle-aged woman came through the gate at one of the railway stations the other afternoon with a crowd of passengers from a train which had just arrived, says the Washington Post. She wore a gray gown and she carried a small bag; a fur cape hung over her arm, but her head was bare. She did not remember the fact until she had passed the wicket. Suddenly she clapped her hand to her head.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Here, hold these!" and flinging the bag and cape into the hands of an astonished young man, who happened to be standing near, she plunged through the crowd and ran back to the train. Presently she emerged, her hat on her head, a smile of perfect content on her face, a smile which failed the moment she set foot on the platform again. She fairly galloped through the gate, and looked wildly about for her fur cape and her traveling bag. The astonished-looking young man was still holding them. The middle-aged woman possessed herself of her belongings. Then she gave a sigh of relief.

"My land," she said, with feeling, "suppose you hadn't been honest!" and the crowd swallowed her up.


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