New National Hymn.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of pensions fee—
Of thee I sing!
Land where war told the tale;
Land where the beef was stale;
Land where the war-generals rail
Like anything!

Oh, hear me rise and shout:
"Thank heaven, I'm mustered out!"
(That's what I sing;)
Fighting on sea and shore
Ever for me is o'er;
Bullets and beef no more!—
(That's what I sing.)

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Alcotts' Concord Home.

"The Alcotts had bought a small piece of land and a farmhouse, once good, but fallen into decay, on the Great road to Boston, a mile east of Concord," writes Edward W. Emerson in The Ladies' Home Journal. "They made some repairs and a small addition, greatly improving its appearance, and moved into it the following summer. The situation was extremely picturesque. It was backed by a range of hills clothed in the rich green of pines relieved by a tracery of gray birch. A superb elm served as a great parasol in summer, and besides were apple trees, pink and white in May and red and yellow in September, which commended the place to the fruit loving father, who called it Orchard House. In front, between the house and the wooded hills about Walden, stretched a broad meadow, said to have been an ancient bed of Concord river. A charming wood path led up a little pass among the hills behind the house, sweet with the hot breath of pine. Mr. Alcott's hands, unaided but by taste and skill, greatly beautified the place by a little terracing of the sunny slope here and there, the planting of woodbine on the porch, and the building, out of sticks cut on the place, of a rustic fence and gates and a seat around the spurs of the elm by the door."

A Literary Coincidence.

Plagiarism is a literary crime the charge of which should not be made too freely, especially where a very eminent person is concerned. Retentive memories seem to be responsible for much that in an outburst of indignant emotion we would lay to plagiarism. This, however, can hardly explain the following, which can merely be called a remarkable coincidence. We have never heard that the genial autocrat, Oliver Wendell Holmes, was ever accused of stealing from Whittier, nor do we ever remember that any one has said that the Quaker poet borrowed from the physician. Nor do the circumstances of the present case raise either issue.

We picked up the other day at a second hand bookstore a copy of The Atlantic Monthly of January, 1870 In it we found that the two eminent poets above mentioned while writing on totally different themes gave two lines that are strikingly alike. Mr. Whittier's is "Never by lover my lips be kissed," and Dr. Holmes wrote, "Lips that lover has never kissed." It is rather an extraordinary coincidence, as we have said. How curiously and scientifically and mystically the doctor must have explained it all if his attention were ever called to it!—New York Times.

His Fighting Name.

An army officer here in town tells a story which throws a side light on the ways of recruiting officers. In his command during the Cuban campaign was a private who came every day to ask for letters. Joseph Murphy was his name on the roll, but the tang of his tongue did not suggest even remotely the Emerald Isle. Day after day and no letter came. Murphy's face grew longer and his query more pathetic every time he appeared.

"No letter," said the officer one morning. "No letter for you. There's only one addressed to—let me see—to Giovanni Paladini Castellazzia—or something like that; none for you."

Murphy's face beamed with delight. "That-a one for me," he said. "My name lika that. I go to the recruiting office. I am wanting to go fight. Officer say, 'What your name?' I say, 'Giovanni Paladini Castellazzia,' and he say: 'Oh, helladam, that no name for you. You not fight with name. You fight with gun. All that name trip you up. You be Joseph Murphy.' I be Joseph Murphy now, and that is my letter."—Washington Post.

The "Letter Gae."

The leader of psalmody, or precentor, in the church of Scotland used to read from his desk in front of the pulpit the successive lines for congregational singing. He was the "letter gae"—i. e., he that let go or started the praise—and his desk was called the "letteron" (lectrinum). Pitching his voice to the first note of each line, he proceeded to chant the words in a slow, drawling monotone, prolonging the last syllable for a little and then breaking at the head of the congregation into the music set to the words thus delivered. The effect of this would no doubt be frequently more curious and entertaining than edifying and solemn, and strange developments must occasionally have occurred. The position tested not only the musical qualifications, but also the literary attainments of the leader, and there are passages in the metrical version of the Psalms as used in Scotland which must have put rural precentors on their mettle.—Notes and Queries.

Glove Cutters.

The cutters of the great glove houses at Brussels and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors in London and New York.

So difficult is this art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.—New York Telegram.

It Was Too Much.

"Your honor," said Boston Pete, almost tearfully, "it's the newspaper publicity that I hate about this thing. They will 'aver' that I 'opine' I will be 'apprehended,' then 'incarcerated,' perhaps even in 'durance vile.' But, your honor, for a man who has never demeaned himself by work this expression, 'caught in the toils,' is too much." And the wretch hid his face.—Kansas City Star.

About 4,000,000 false teeth are manufactured annually in the United States, while one ton of gold and three tons of silver and platinum, to the value of $100,000, are used in filling teeth.

A Few Pointers.

The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with Consumption. This disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 25c and 50c. For sale by all Druggists.

A DANGEROUS DUTY.

INSPECTING DOUBLE BOTTOMS IN OUR NAVAL VESSELS.

It Is Extremely Hazardous and Trying Work, and Many Precautions Are Necessary to Prevent Loss of Life During the Operation.

There is one phase of the ship life of the American naval officer that is scarcely known to the layman and that can hardly be understood by him as he looks upon the modern ship in all her attractive cleanliness and meets her neatly uniformed officers upon the spotless upper deck. Not only are the parts of the ship in sight kept clean and free from rust and decay, but also those far down, contracted spaces that never see the light of day. These include the cellular compartments between the inner and outer skins of the ship, known technically as the "double bottom," and other places that separate the magazines and various built up structures within the ship from the outer skin.

These narrow compartments are especially susceptible to dampness and rust, and in order that those who have the care of them may do their duty well and so prevent the decay of the ship a system of inspection has been devised, and the inspectors must be, under the naval regulations, commissioned officers. A permanent board of inspection is formed upon each ship, which must consist of one engineer and two line officers. The duty of this board is periodically to make personal inspections of all the parts of the ship, examine everything critically, suggest remedies for any evils that may be found to exist and to report to the commanding officer, for transmission to the navy department, the condition of the vessel in detail.

Uniforms are discarded while making these inspections, and clad in seamen's ordinary working suits these officers crawl upon all fours throughout the length of the bottom of the ship, wriggle snakelike through narrow openings and examine with their own eyes every inch of the surface of the thin steel plates. The paint of these compartments, softened by dampness in some places and by heat and the steam laden air of the boiler rooms in others, rubs off upon the working suits, and an hour's crawling transforms the neat officer into a very sorry spectacle. In some modern navies this duty is performed by the enlisted men, the officers being excused from it, but in our navy the feeling exists that an enlisted man should not be asked to go where an officer is not willing to lead. The result is that "things always work" with the Americans and the efficiency of the fleet is assured.

Numerous precautions must be taken to avoid the risk of losing life while performing this duty, for it is attended with no little danger. The atmosphere of confined spaces entirely or partly closed for a considerable length of time becomes robbed of its oxygen in the formation of rust and is soon made unfit to sustain life. If possible, such compartments are blown out with pure air led through a hose from a blower duct and all manhole plates removed before being entered. A lighted candle is always carried by the inspecting officer upon his crawling tour. If the candle burns dimly or seems upon the point of being extinguished, there is a deficiency of oxygen, and he will immediately seek the nearest opening leading from the compartment and leave it at once. Men are stationed at places as near as possible to him, so that they may hear his voice and render immediate assistance in case of need. No one is allowed to enter any confined space on board ship without an uncovered light, although in addition a portable electric light is carried frequently to render the inspection more thorough.

It not infrequently happens that officers and men become so wedged between bulkheads and beams while performing this duty as to make it extremely difficult to remove them, and more than one officer of the navy is upon the retired list today because of permanent injury to his health contracted while performing this arduous labor. Because of the care exercised it is rare that a life is lost in this service, but in one case at least the rashness of a man proved fatal to him. One of the main boilers of the cruiser Newark, while flagship of the south Atlantic station, having been tightly closed for a month, while empty, in order to preserve it from deterioration, the coppersmith of that vessel, an energetic, faithful man, thought its interior should be examined and, although warned repeatedly never to enter such a boiler without an open light, removed an upper manhole plate and crawled in upon the braces with an electric light. He told no one that he was going into the boiler, and no one was stationed to assist him in case of need. His dead body was found half out and half in the boiler manhole with the electric light still burning brightly within the boiler. He had evidently crawled in upon the braces, felt a faintness creeping over him and had endeavored to regain the open air, but lost consciousness just as life lay within his reach, and so died of asphyxiation.

The air in the boiler had been entirely robbed of its oxygen by the iron of the shell in the formation of rust, and the residuum was unfit to breathe. A lighted candle was snuffed out immediately upon being thrust into the boiler, and this condition prevailed until a lower manhole plate was removed, when the heavy gas ran out as water might, and the air within soon came to be quite pure. No more vivid illustration of the dangers to be encountered in the care of ships afloat and the precautions necessary to be taken in this duty could be given than this incident, which shows that shot and shell and bursting steam pipes are not the only dangers that confront the officers and men of Uncle Sam's navy.—New York Sun.

Two Immigrants.

A keen witted fellow, despite his general ignorance, was brought down to the court house to receive the rights of citizenship.

"Name the capital of the nation," said the judge.

The applicant scratched his head.

"I can't just place it, judge," he said; "but you name over a few of the towns, and I'll tell you when you strike it."

"Is it Chicago?" asked the judge.

"No."

"Is it St. Louis?"

"No."

"Is it Indiana?"

"No."

"Is it Arizona?"

"No."

"Is it Washington?"

The candidate looked puzzled; he hesitated.

"Say, judge," he slowly replied, "if that ain't th' place it's a dum close shot."

He got his papers.

Another candidate was brought in by a well-known local politician

"Let me see what you know about geography," said the judge. "Supposing you and Mr. Blank walked straight down to the lake and started across it, going due north, where would you land?"

"On the bottom," said the candidate, promptly.

He got his papers, too.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PA AND FREDDIE ABOARD.

An Exciting Time For Which There Was Really No Occasion.

As a passenger train on the Hannibal was puling out a tall countryman, incumbered with four bundles, a scythe snath, an ax handle, a bag of bananas and a small boy, came out of the depot and began to take his bearings. Up and down the tracks his gaze wandered, up and down the long lines of coaches drawn up under the sheds, and at last, as the rear coach was passing him, he caught sight of the moving train.

"Come on, Freddie! Thar she goes!" he yelled and began to transfer some of his belongings from his right hand to his left as he ran. Freddie made an amazing record for one whose legs were so short, and they were soon beside the steps on the rear end of the last coach. There was a man standing on the platform.

"Hay, stop 'er, stop 'er!" cried Freddie's pa. "Put on that ar wind brake, mister! Pull that ar rope up over your head and make 'er stop!"

But the man only reached down and caught Freddie, who was leaping and swinging and dragging by turns in his vain efforts to make his short legs stretch far enough to get his feet on the lower step. Pa held on to him with one hand and the man on the platform finally succeeded in drawing him up. Pa slung the banana bag after him. It slid on across the platform and went overboard on the other side. Pa made a leap for the steps, dropped a bundle and stooped to pick it up. The recovery of the bundle took but a second, but the train was getting well under way and was a tail's length ahead when he began the chase again. One wild spurt, with his coattails standing out behind him, a reckless leap, and pa, too, was aboard, but a bundle containing an undershirt had been lost in the tussle.

An employee of the depot picked the bundle up, and a section man who happened by appropriated the bananas to his own refreshment. The crowd that had breathlessly awaited the result of the race melted away, and the depot attendants, who had been preparing to pick pa up with shovels, went about their duties.

Half an hour later a very angry man came prancing down the depot platform. He was holding a small boy by one hand, and the ends of an ax handle and scythe snath protruded from under his arm.

It was pa. He approached a depot official and said:

"Why didn't you tell me that wasn't the Wabash? I wanted the Wabash; that's what I wanted."

The official tenderly handed pa his new undershirt and replied in the soft tones that soothe the ruffled soul:

"I believe you forgot to ask me."—Kansas City Times.

INSISTED ON PAYING.

A Man Who Wouldn't Accept Legal Advice For Nothing.

The other day an old fellow slouched into Attorney Oscar Kahn's office, on Legal row, and introduced himself as Mr. Smith, Jones, Brown, or something, of a neighboring county. He said he wanted to consult a lawyer and was accorded a seat and one of the attorney's sweetest smiles.

He then explained that while he was away from home the sheriff or some deputy had attached his wife's sewing machine and bureau for taxes. He did not propose to tolerate such imposition, he declared.

"What is the amount of taxes?" inquired the lawyer.

"Lemme see—$1.28," was the reply.

The lawyer could not conceal a smile, but hastened to say: "Well, Mr. Smith, if you want my advice, it is to go back and settle that small amount. It looks like the easiest and best way out of it."

The old fellow thought a moment and replied that he believed he would. Answering, he asked, "How much do I owe you?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," was the reply "I won't charge you anything for a little advice like that."

"But I allus pays for what I git and want ter pay yer jes' the same."

"Oh, that's all right; come in again some time when you need advice on something more important, and we'll square it then."

"Naw, I want ter pay it now. Jes' squeal out. Ef it's 25 cents, I'll pay it. Ef ye want 50, there it is!" And he threw down a half dollar and left.—Paducah (Ky.) Sun.

Harking Back.

Mrs. Acklins—I don't want to be impertinent, but how old are you anyway? Some of the ladies were discussing your age at the club the other day, and several of them claimed that you were at least 35, but I insisted that you were not more than 33.

Mrs. Biswick—I'm glad you were so kind. Of course you didn't mention the fact that you were ready to leave the grammar grade when I was in the primary class at school, did you?—New York World.

Why, of Course.

"I've called to tell you, sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory. Why, my husband looks like an ape!" "Well, madam, you should have thought of that before you had him taken."—Household Words.

The Egyptian women wore bangle hoops of gold in their ears, which were regarded as the wearer's choicest possessions, and were parted from only under direst stress. The golden calf was supposed to have been made entirely from the earrings of the people.

The death penalty is rarely enforced in Germany, Austria, Denmark or Sweden. In New York 11 out of 12 murderers escape without any punishment, and in the United States only one murderer in 50 suffers capital punishment.

Washington Letter.

(From our regular correspondent.)

Washington, July 10th, 1899.

Nations, like individuals, must be judged by their acts rather than by their talk. Notwithstanding all the billing and cooing for the past year or so between the American eagle and the British lion, the negotiations between this government and that of Great Britain for the settlement of the boundary line between Alaska and Canada are now in practically a dead lock, and the situation is officially admitted, both in Washington and London, to be serious. Everybody admits that Canadian greed is solely to blame for this unsatisfactory state of affairs, but it is not forgotten that Canada could not have brought it about had its claims not been supported by the government of Great Britain. No rupture is expected to result from this failure to agree, but the unexpected is all the time happening, and no one thing has been so prolific of ruptures between nations as a disputed boundary line. In this particular case, every concession made by this government to try to secure a settlement of the dispute has been met by a fresh demand on the part of Canada. It is understood, not officially of course, that Ambassador Choate has been instructed to inform the government of Great Britain that the United States has made its last concession in this matter.

The presence of Gov. Roosevelt in Washington Saturday night and Sunday and the knowledge that he was sent for by the president, revived interest in the stories that he might again enter the army as commander of a brigade of Rough Riders, or that he might become secretary of war. He said himself, and he ought to know, that he was sent for to give his advice concerning the appointment of some of the officers for the new regiments of volunteers, which are expected to be ready for service in five or six weeks.

An old citizen of Washington, who has made his home in London for the past 20 years has been telling his Washington friends how slow the English are in most things compared with Americans. He said: "But the slowest things in England are the workingmen, and I do not except any trade or craft. If you see a group of six carpenters, painters, plumbers, tinners or whatnot, it is ten to one but that three of the six are idle. They are the greatest shirkers of work I ever saw: that is, among white men. It is no exaggeration to say that one American workman is worth two Britons. This inefficiency, sloth and systematic 'soldiering' is today one of the greatest handicaps on manufacturing in Great Britain and explains in a great degree why the United States and Germany are taking away the English trade. The home manufacturers are being pushed to the wall through the great influx of foreign goods. We can make and sell to England any number of articles of general use, cheaper than they can be made in that country, and this I attribute to the superior activity and effectiveness of the American workingman."

The average member of a government commission knows how to get all that is coming to him in the way of comfort and perques. While everybody was expressing pity for the Isthmian commission, which was supposed to be arranging for a summer stay on the Isthmus of Panama, which has never been classed as a health resort, the commission was arranging a very different sort of a trip. It was "discovered" that something valuable might be learned from the Paris end of the Panama Canal company and thither the commission will go at once, and stay there long enough to make the arrival of its members on the isthmus occur in the pleasant weather of November. Verily, man is always eager on the scent of a snap, and no snaps compare with public snaps. The Panama company offered to furnish the commission a certified copy of any desired portion of its records, but the offer was declined, because there would have been no good reason for a trip to Paris had the offer been accepted.

Quite a number of Speaker to be Henderson's constituents will have material cause to rejoice because his election to be speaker of the house is an assured fact. During the two or three days he spent in Washington, he learned the difference between the influence wielded by even a prominent member of the house, as he has been for some years, and that of the speaker. He made no secret of his having come to Washington to get some appointments for the boys in his district, nor that his visit was entirely satisfactory. Although everybody now calls him general, he never claimed such rank, as the heigth of his military career, which began as a private, was to be colonel of an Iowa regiment of volunteers. But he will be general to the end of the chapter now. He couldn't stop the toadies from giving him the title, even if he considered it worth while to try.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler is as happy as a boy with his first trousers, or a girl who has just snubbed a man she knows loves her. He has been ordered to the Philippines for duty and will sail from San Francisco on the 20th inst He says he will not resign his seat in the house as he expects the campaign will be short and successful and he will be back before congress meets. Others think that if he returns before congress meets, he will have to leave before the fighting is finished, and that is about the last thing he would wish to do.

GRANDMA
HAD
CONSUMPTION

and I am afraid I have inherited it. I do not feel well; I have a cough; my lungs are sore; am losing flesh. What shall I do?

Your doctor says take care of yourself and take plain cod-liver oil, but you can't take it. Only the strong, healthy person can take it, and they can't take it long. It is so rich it upsets the stomach. But you can take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It is very palatable and easily digested. If you will take plenty of fresh air, and exercise, and SCOTT'S EMULSION steadily, there is very little doubt about your recovery.

There are hypophosphites in it; they give strength and tone up the nervous system while the cod-liver oil feeds and nourishes.

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

"What would you like for luncheon, Tommy?" asked Tommy's mother, as they sat down in a department-store restaurant.

"Ice-cream," replied Tommy, with a smile of anticipation.

"And what else?"

"More ice-cream," said Tommy, with a larger smile than before.—Harper's Bazaar.

How Two Brave Men Died.

A flying column of British and American marines and bluejackets and some friendly natives had been pushing farther and farther inland along the bush roads, and day after day passed without any opposition. We were beginning to think that there was no fight in the rebels, when suddenly, on April 1, our small force was attacked by about a thousand Mataafa warriors, cleverly planted in ambush on the German plantation of Vailele. The attack came first from the rear, and almost simultaneously came firing all along the left of the line, as well as from the front. The Colt automatic gun which the Americans had with them, and which was capable of firing 450 rounds a minute, was brought quickly to bear by Lieutenant Lansdale, but it suddenly jammed, and the bullets of the enemy poured into the column from three sides, so that our men could find no shelter even behind the cocoanut trees with which the plantation is studded. Several men dropped under the hot fire of the enemy, and Lieutenant Lansdale, the executive officer of the Philadelphia, had his leg shattered by a rebel bullet, while endeavoring to fix up the disabled gun. Some of the officers and men wanted to charge, but that would have been of little avail. Indeed, a charge would have probably meant the surrounding of the whole force and the cutting off of the only line of retreat. And so the British and the Americans fought on shoulder to shoulder, till it became obvious that safety lay only in retreat.

Lansdale and brave Ensign Monaghan by some means or other, got left behind. They were probably lost sight of in the trees or the long grass of the plantation. For a time a sailor was with them, but his ammunition was exhausted, and Lansdale, now badly wounded, asked his comrades to save themselves. The sailor went, but Monaghan refused to budge, and continued to help along his superior officer, whose leg was shattered. They found his body next day, not far from Lansdale's. Both had their heads cut off. Between the two lay a dead Mataafa warrior. Two other dead men lay near; and Lansdale, in addition to his shattered leg, had now a bullet through his heart. It was easy to read the story. The brave young ensign, surrounded by the rebels, fought till the last, and not till his comrade was shot dead did he think of retreat. And I have no manner of doubt that it was his rifle or revolver that had accounted for the three dead Samoans who lay near. The American navy lost two brave officers, but the American nation is the richer for a story that will live in history.—Malcolm Ross, in Harper's Weekly.

Dewey's Greatest Feats

In a forcible address before the Boston Chamber of Commerce, the Hon John Barrett, former minister to Siam, testified that Aguinaldo's rebellion against the authority of the United States was incited by the words and deeds of the "anti-imperialists." He said in part:

"I have every consideration for those men who object to the acquisition of the Philippines, and believe that discussion leads us to come to a clearer and truer understanding of the whole situation I bring a message from the 30,000 soldiers there, and I say that the injury was not done in the way of hindering our men in their efforts on the field of battle, but in spurring on and giving new life to their enemies.

"Dewey's greatest feat was not that of destroying the Spanish fleet in Manila bay, but that of making the United States respected as a first class power in every Oriental capital. If you wish to bend your energies for the greatest degree of concord and prosperity which this country has ever experienced, use your strong influence in Boston and New England, with San Francisco and the Pacific coast, not only to successfully grapple with the problems in the Philippines, but to maintain the open door and freedom of trade throughout all China. "I am not an imperialist nor an expansionist in the wanton and unreasonable meaning of these misleading terms, but a simple believer in meeting our moral responsibilities, where failure to do so would have complicated us in acts of far greater unrighteousness than those in which we are now concerned; such as, for instance, international war on the one hand or absolute anarchy in the islands on the other hand, in the event, as would have been necessary, that we had left Manila and the islands before stable native government or accepting foreign protectorate had been established, neither of which could have been accomplished in case of our departure within a year after Dewey entered Manila bay.

"I wish to protest against the most unfortunate influence of this Anti Imperialistic society, which has resulted not in reaching to any great degree our military or naval forces, but has given unlimited comfort, aid and encouragement to their enemies. I speak in no exaggerated terms. On the battle field, along the firing-line and in the camps and hospitals I heard the rank and file of our brave soldiers inveigh against the effect of this agitation on the enemy; from the mouths of not only Admiral Dewey and General Otis, but Generals MacArthur, Anderson, Hale, Lawton and Brigadier-General Otis, Colonels Smith of California, and Summers of Oregon, aside from scores of other army and navy officers, I heard the opinion expressed in no uncertain terms that the most encouraging influence for the Filipinos in fighting us, and hence the most unfortunate one for our soldiers and sailors to combat against, was the spreading of the sentiment and ideas through the ranks of the Filipino army and among the masses of the natives that our occupation of the islands was unwarranted, the war unprovoked, our army and navy unsupported by our people, and our country about to demand the withdrawal from our responsibilities—incurred, in fact, not by a spirit of conquest, but by the logical development of war where we had to protect our interests and destroy those of the enemy, wherever they came in contact or competition.

"When I think of the regiments losing so many good lives in battles, which I believe could have been avoided had the treaty been ratified at an early date, and the Filipinos not been led to believe that by holding out and fighting, they could gain their end, I contend that I am indeed provided with a sufficient excuse to refer to this subject with so much plainness on this occasion.

"Now, last, I must tell you something, as citizens of Boston and Massachusetts, which I dislike to tell you, but still which is true. It refers to the effect of the speech of one of your senators against the treaty. As he is a great and good man, in my honest opinion, I would make no observations whatever against his personal character. I merely relate a few facts. It happened that I was in Hong-Kong the day that the report of this senator's speech against the treaty arrived. Meeting a prominent man connected with the Philippine Junta, I was shown by him with great satisfaction a long telegram which he had just received from Washington. He handed it to me to read. It contained a verbatim report of the most sensational or strongest part of the senator's speech; that was followed by a summary of his other remarks, and that in turn by a statement of the names and number of the senators who were expected to oppose the treaty, and finally concluding with advice to the Filipinos to hold out without surrender or yielding to the Americans. This was so extensive and so well done in its way that it almost stunned him. When I recovered from my surprise I asked the owner of the dispatch what he intended to do with it.

"'Hand it to Aguinaldo, of course, and he will have copies of it distributed through his army and among the people,' he replied.

"I need only add that he did succeed in doing this, although personally I did my best, as did others, to prevent such encouragement reaching the Filipino forces. Gentlemen, you can draw your own conclusions as to the effect of such literature among a people excited as the Filipinos. It was like water for the parched mouth of a man dying of thirst. It did not merely quench the thirst and keep him cool, but it made him a maniac, so that he resorted to fighting and even treachery until death."

Notice to Creditors.

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

In the matter of the estate of Abram Cole, deceased. } Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Abram Cole, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of Abe Axtell, county judge, at Grants Pass, Josephine county, Oregon, or to me in person at my residence on Louse creek, Josephine county, Oregon.

MAURICE SAVAGE,
Administrator of the estate of Abram Cole, deceased.

Dated at Grants Pass Oregon, January 31, 1899.

First Step in Photography.

This little book should be in the hands of every amateur photographer. It contains complete information for the beginner and will save many disappointments and failures. Only 15c. For sale by A. E. Voorhies. Courier office.

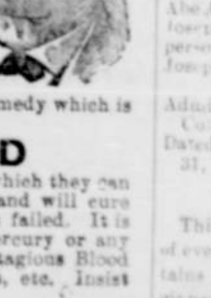
RAW AS BEEF FROM ECZEMA!

No Torture Equal to the Itching and Burning of This Fearful Disease.

Not much attention is often paid to the first symptoms of Eczema, but it is not long before the little redness begins to itch and burn. This is but the beginning, and will lead to suffering and torture almost unendurable. It is a common mistake to regard a roughness and redness of the skin as merely a local irritation; it is but an indication of a humor in the blood—of terrible Eczema—which is more than skin-deep, and can not be reached by local applications of ointments, salves, etc., applied to the surface. The disease itself, the real cause of the trouble, is in the blood, although all suffering is produced through the skin; the only way to reach the disease, therefore, is through the blood.

Mr. Phil T. Jones, of Mixersville, Ind., writes:

"I had Eczema thirty years, and after a great deal of treatment my leg was so raw and sore that it gave me constant pain. It finally broke into a running sore, and began to spread and grow worse. For the past five or six years I have suffered untold agony and had given up all hope of ever being free from the disease, as I have been treated by some of the best physicians and have taken many blood medicines, all in vain. With little faith left I began to take S. S. S., and it apparently made the Eczema worse, but I knew that this was the way the remedy got rid of the poison. Continuing S. S. S., the sore healed up entirely, the skin became clear and smooth, and I was cured perfectly."



Eczema is an obstinate disease and can not be cured by a remedy which is only a tonic. Swift's Specific—

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—is superior to other blood remedies because it cures diseases which they can not reach. It goes to the bottom—to the cause of the disease—and will cure the worst case of Eczema, no matter what other treatment has failed. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed to be free from potash, mercury or any other mineral, and never fails to cure Eczema, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, Cancer, Tetter, Rheumatism, Open Sores, Ulcers, Boils, etc. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place.

Books on these diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

Paralysis

is sometimes caused by overwork, either mental or physical. There are many other exciting causes, such as exposure to cold, excesses, emotional influences, etc. The approach of the disease is generally gradual. Frequently the first warning is a vague feeling of headache, vertigo and muscular weakness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

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"One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I immediately commenced their use, throwing all other medicines away. Before I had finished my first box I found that they were benefiting me. I used twelve boxes in all and was perfectly cured."
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