

## SMART OLD BEAR

Tells a True Story of Her  
Adventures

ED. MAIL:

Well you see it was this way—my name is Mrs. Bear, and though I don't mean to boast of my lineage, I am very proud of the name, for I can count my grand mothers clear back to Noahs Ark. I live on top of Huckleberry Hill, and Mr. Bear being away from home so much I have grown fond of solitude, being of a retiring disposition any way, for I usually retire about the first week in November, and stay that way a good long while. It just depends on the weather, what time I get up. I look out of the window about the middle of April, and if the spring styles are out, I go to the opening, if not, I just turn over and take another nap.

I hate men and I hate dogs—though I dislike most of all the ones called Hillie Short, Frank Rogers and Floyd Coffelt for they keep about seventeen old, lean, hungry looking Hounds just to annoy me, for every time I have ventured out this Summer, here they come, just spankity spat through the brush, breaking up my rustic furniture, and making a noise that works terribly on my system.

I don't mind the base ball team though I had so much fun with them. You see they challenged me to a little game, and they came up here in a nicotine launch, with a big assortment of guns and dogs and an immense big lunch basket. They



Mrs. Bear.

stayed right with the basket of lunch, and turned the dogs loose just when I was taking my morning walk. Well I didn't wait to get better acquainted for there are people I don't care to associate with any way, and besides I



Miss Ida M. Snyder,  
Treasurer of the  
Brooklyn East End Art Club.

"If women would pay more attention to their health we would have more happy wives, mothers and daughters, and if they would observe results they would find that the doctors' prescriptions do not perform the many cures they are given credit for.

"In consulting with my druggist he advised McElee's Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught, and so I took it and have every reason to thank him for a new life opened up to me with restored health, and it only took three months to cure me."

Wine of Cardui is a regulator of the menstrual functions and is a most astonishing tonic for women. It cures scanty, suppressed, too frequent, irregular and painful menstruation, falling of the womb, whites and flooding. It is helpful when approaching womanhood, during pregnancy, after childbirth and in change of life. It frequently brings a dear baby to homes that have been barren for years. All druggists have \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

**WINE OF CARDUI**

wanted to get home in time for dinner, for nothing in this world makes Mr. Bear more provoked than for me to be behind hand with meals. He growls just like a man, when ever I am the least bit late, so I put out, and made a home run on the first inning.

But I wanted most of all to tell you about the josh I played on Floyd Coffelt and Frank Rodgers. They came up here with some blankets and tin things, an old coffee pot and a ten cent novel, and set up house keeping in a big hollow tree, that has belonged to our family for generations, just as cool as you please and hung their coats up on a knot like it was a first-class hotel. I was mad but I didn't say anything. My voice would never have been heard above the noise made by those old, lean, hungry looking hounds any way, so I just prowled around, taking notes until I got a chance to call when they weren't in, just like the folks do in town. I wanted to let them know I had been there, and I had left my card case at home, so I just hauled everything out of the house, the first thing I did.

Some of the blankets I tore into little pieces, then I carried some of the pieces up on the top of the hill and scattered through the salal brush, then I put the rest under a log. One I just worked a lace border all around with my teeth, they are wearing lace a good deal this Summer, and it looks fine when it was all spread out on the hill. Then I used my teeth for a can opener, and I ate every thing they had. Some of the things I liked and some things I didn't, but I wanted to get rid of everything. I got hold of a can of peper, and it came mighty near burning me up, I tell you it was warm as love in August, but I ate a roll of butter and that relieved that terrible burning sensation that pervaded my entire being. I tried the pickles too, but they gave me such a squint it changed the whole expression of my features, so I dug a hole and buried them down by a salmonberry bush.

Then I thought I'd make some coffee like I had seen them do and I took the coffee pot about 50 yards from the house, for I didn't want it to burn down and no insurance; cause Mr. Sengstacken couldn't climb the hill through the huckleberry brush with his good clothes on, to see to it; besides, I thought it might come in handy some time when I wanted to take a nap. I tried to strike a match on the seat of my pants just like they did but they must have been damp for they wouldn't go. I didn't care for coffee is mighty bad for the nerves, any way; cause when any body's sick Dr. McCormac says its coffee, but Dr. Straw says its their imagination, but Frank Rogers says that coffee's all right, only you must take an antidote for he's tried it and it works fine. He got the formula down to the teachers institute, so I reckon it must be all right. This man seems to divide his time between the teachers institute and me for he is half the time on my trail but I always get the laugh on him.

I nearly forgot to tell you about that novel, I just tore every leaf out, and scattered them all over creation, I was so disgusted to think any body in this enlightened age would read such stuff, when they could just as well read the Coast Mail, I just nearly cried for the Editor over such a lack of appreciation of really good and "mighty interestin' readin'."

Last spring two of my friends and myself thought we would herd Mr. Roger's sheep and goats for him, just like those yellow collies do, but he took their out sides home.

But I got wise for when old Bosc and Ranger comes howling after me I just run to the haunt where my old friend, Deer Buck lives and tell him to give them a chase for I am tired, I go a little ways with him, then I climb up a tree, and when those howling hounds go after the deer buck and that man "Roger" goes running by with the presbyterian streaming down his face, I just sit up there in a natural formation seat, as cool as a cucumber, graciously waving my tail while I powder on the mutability of human affairs.

That man's a queer specimen any

way, if he only had a little more of a bear cast of features and a little deeper growl I shouldn't know him from one of my own family, I just bet I could do a little side stroke with him all right. That old yellow bound with red eyes they call Snyder, he came up here one day, and stuck his cold black nose right in the door of our hollow log, but Mr. Bear gave him such a box on the side of the jaw, with his paddy paw, that he has had a gentlemanly reserve with us folks ever since. But Ranger he's not so distant, he'd associate with us if we let him, but we don't want him in our set, and I only wish after this Rogers, Coffelt and Short with nicotine, launch full of base ball team, and those 17 old yipping and howling, lean and hungry looking old hounds would stay in their own back yard.

Mrs. BEAR.

## Big Creek.

The elders are now conducting a camp meeting on the creek. The season being now open to slay the sportive deer, and on the first evening of arrival a volley of shot from the entire crew brought down a buck with horns wasted away from old age, and too helpless to retreat. The next morning, when a deer full of youth and vigor appeared on the scene and Fred Johnson was in line gathering slippery elm and chitten bark to send home to his uncle that has an estate, the balance of the crew began to fire at the one deer in sight. Fred yelled to them, "Don't shoot, I'm no kuck," when the refrain came back, "Well they consider you an old buck around Marshfield." The combined forces fired twenty-seven shots at the deer with no effect, then they held a council of war and decided the failure was due to defective sights on their guns. The fact was that there was a difference next day from their own optic lookouts. Nick Reichart, who had been down drinking salt water to keep him quiet, appeared and told them that he was disgusted with such shots from soldiers as they claimed to be, and said he would show them a few German shots that he learned in the old country under William. He let six of these shots loose and the crew have never seen the deer since. The principal hunting done was the hunting of a shady spot to lie down and dream of eyes of blue and eyes of brown and hired the noted scotch highlander McDuff as guard, so that no deer or deer would run over them while they dreamed. Mr. Elliott the only marksman of the crowd was short on cartridges, but told them he could take his two dogs and gun and kill more deer in a day than they could in ten years.

## CHANGE FOR THE BETTER Pope May Live Until September

(Special to the Coast Mail.)  
Rome, July 18—An official bulletin says the Pope passed a sleepless night, but since the first hours of the morning had a quiet repose. Respiration is calm and not superficial, because the level of the pleura fluid had sank. Respiration 20, pulse weak 88, temperature 36.2, general condition unchanged.

Physicians seem delighted with the improvement. An operation is not a present necessary. The doctors say this morning it is possible the Pope may live until the first of September. At 4 o'clock the Vatican reports continue cheerful. The Pontiff had some rest during the day. The amelioration of his condition has been maintained.

## RELIANCE FINISHES FIRST Re-Establishes her Superiority

Morris Cove, July 18—A thirty mile thrash to windward is the course of the Reliance, Constitution and the Columbia. The Constitution's showing yesterday renews the speculation as to the Reliance's superiority. The wind this morning was light from the south east. Preparing a long battle against head winds.

Unofficial finish of the yachts is as follows, Reliance 1:33:54, Constitution 1:42:06, Columbia 1:51:47.

## POPE LEO IS DEAD

Passed Away at 4:10  
p. m. Today

## Pres Roosevelt Sends Condolence

Special to the Mail.

Washington, July 20—The United States Charge D'Affairs has received a dispatch from Cardinal Gibbons, at Rome, saying "The Pope died at 4:10 p. m., July 20."

The following dispatch was sent to Cardinal Rampollo at Rome by President Roosevelt's order at 1:15 this afternoon:

"The President desires me to express the profound sense of loss the Christian world sustains in the death of His Holiness. By his lofty character, great learning and comprehensive charity, he adorned his exalted station, and made his reign one of the most illustrious, as it has been one of the longest, in the history of the Catholic church."

Signal, Hav.

Rome, July 20—2:15 p. m. Mazzoni arrived and hurried to the vatican. He considered the Pope's death eminent. The final state it is understood was entered upon at 1 o'clock this afternoon, this expected to last into the evening.

The government announced that a telegraph pole had fallen, which will be a great delay to all messages. This means that the authorities are getting ready to place an embargo on all messages, and that the officials have reason to believe the Pope's dissolution is close at hand.

12:40 p. m. the Cardinals of Rome have been summoned to the vatican which is a very strong indication that the end is approaching. Cardinal Serafini Vannutelli, Grand Penitentiary, entered the papa's chamber for the purpose of giving His Holiness absolution in articulo mortis.

The Holy sacrament was exposed at St. Peter's this morning as a sign

that the final agony had commenced. An official bulletin by the physicians, very laconic, reads: "Last night His Holiness slept only at short intervals. His general condition remains constantly grave. Pulsation 94, respiration 32, temperature 36.2 centigrades."

At 1 p. m. the following semi-official medical statement was made: Vatican—The Pope is in a state of fever, which even the physicians are unable to define scientifically.

London, July 20—The claims of the Catholic Church are so lofty, its organization so peculiar, there being no other ecclesiastical monarchy in Christendom, and its history has been so splendid, that the approaching election to its throne cannot be otherwise than a subject of the highest intellectual interest throughout the civilized world. This is especially the case at the present vacancy for the papacy clearly stands at the parting of the ways, and the successor of Leo XIII. will probably decide whether the Church shall be world-wide, or shall become practically the Church of the Latin races alone, races which, if they are not decaying, are being outstripped in the great contest. If he is a man in whom the spiritual life is strong, he may infuse the invigorating veins of the Church, while if he is a mere diplomatist, or a hunter after temporal power, he may extinguish the reverence of his office among the progressive races.

It is most improbable, next to impossible, that a non-Italian Cardinal should be elected. Not only is the majority in the conclave composed of Italians born, but there are grave reasons, almost overwhelming reasons, why no one not of that nation should be elected. The old reason that the Church is centralized in Rome, and that the Congregations or Committees which govern it, would feel themselves out of touch with a foreign Pope, is still operative, and rather stronger than weaker because the new Dogma has compelled them all to exalt their chief's spiritual rights. International enmities have become more bitter; and no German or Englishman could be elected because Frenchmen and Spaniards would believe him hostile, while the choice of a Frenchman would rouse suspicion in all who think in German or possibly in Magyar. The death of Cardinal Ledochowski has left but one Slav Cardinal—Missia—who might be included among the papabili, and though he would be a worthy candidate, he would be disliked both in Russia and Germany, as sure to keep up the sentiment, partly religious and partly national, which prevents Poles from being politically forgotten. An American Cardinal might no doubt be elected without exciting much international feeling—though Spanish-America, it must be remembered, is a great division of the Catholic world, and both detests and dreads the North American—but the election of Cardinal Gibbons would seem to the congregations a revolutionary proceeding, and one, moreover, forbidden by the grand obstacles of all. It would be fatal to the last chance of the restoration of the temporal power. That restoration, if accomplished at all, must be accomplished by the sword, and to modern ideas the imposition by force of a foreign sovereign rejected by a whole people is painfully repugnant. Even the moderate Cardinals cannot bring themselves to surrender all hope of once more becoming Princes, and showing, the world how a state ought to

be governed for the promotion of Christian life, and they certainly will not add to the difficulties in the way of their dream by selecting as their chief any foreigner whatsoever, whether German, Slav, Latin or American.

They will choose an Italian, and among Italians they will strive to find a man of ability and spotless character who will be strictly conservative in his policy, especially as relates to the kingdom of Italy. They are far too well-meaning, as well as worldly wise, to elect a man about whose character there is any shade of doubt, and too well-aware of modern necessities to choose any man whose abilities are manifestly unequal to his lofty and unique position. At the same time they will desire a "safe" man, certain not to shock the world with novelties, or to travel on a line which his subordinate coadjutors do not understand. These conditions will be found to thin the numbers greatly, they striking out Cardinal Oreglio, who would be dangerously fanatic; Cardinal Capocelatro, who is too old-seventy-nine; Cardinal Svampa, who is too young; Cardinal Parrochi, who is plebeian and corpulent on outward appearance; Cardinal di Pietro, because he is disliked at Berlin; and, above all, Cardinal Rampolla, the secretary of state, who has probably offended half the Sacred College by his imperiousness, and all the governments of Europe, especially the French. This leaves in the front rank of the papabili only two men: Cardinal Gatti, whom Leo XIII. indicated as his successor, and Cardinal Vanutelli. The first-named is a reserved man, a Carmelite monk, who is greatly favored by Cardinal Rampolla, but whose purposes may be kept secret even from him. Cardinal Vanutelli is a man of accomplishments, who has conciliated the foreign vote, and who may yet succeed in soothing away the opposition of the Jesuits. It would seem therefore that unless the choice fell upon some comparatively unknown Italian, it would rest upon either of these two. The chances of the unknown, it should be remembered, are greatly impaired by a certain necessity for speed, the Conclave desiring not to leave time to the governments to interfere, or to exert pressure on behalf of a favorite with their peoples.

## A Sad Incident

The little five-year-old daughter of Mr. Warner, was accidentally killed near Sumpter Ore. Wednesday evening. The family were enroute from the Palouse country to the Rogue River Valley, and were camped about 5 miles below here when the fatal accident occurred. Some bedding was being lifted from the front of the wagon when a pistol fell out, and, striking the tongue, was exploded, the bullet passing through the little girl's body. She was playing with her small brother just in front of the wagon, and immediately after being shot begged her father to throw the revolver away so that no one else might be killed with it. Mr. Warner is an Oddfellow and Knight of Pythias, and the funeral was conducted under the auspices of the two orders.

J. D. Hawes, one time principal of the Marshfield School, is in Marshfield, arriving on the Alliance from Portland, in company with his wife, formerly Miss Florence Smith. After visiting Mrs. Hawes' parents for about three weeks they will go to California, where Mr. Hawes has accepted a position in a school near Fresno.

Miss Ida Gamble, who has just closed a successful term of school at Bay City, will take an outing of about a month on Tenmile.