FAVORITE OF INDIANA

Gov. Claude Matthews a Presidential Candidate.

INDORSED BY HIS OWN STATE.

An Interview With Him at the Statehouse—He Goes Half-Way on the Silver Question.

Indianapolis, Feb. 12.—The recent meeting of the Democratic state central committee in this city brought together a great number of conspicuous Democrats. The night before the meeting was held there was a conference of leading Democrats at the statehouse, and a movement which had been shaping itself for some time came to a climax. It was determined that the committee, at its meeting, should indorse the Hon. Claude Matthews, governor of Indiana, as Indiana's candidate before the national Democratic convention. Gov. Matthews opposed this action as premature. He said that, while many names were under discussion, no man had become an open candidate for the nomination. This objection was overruled, and the committee, at its meeting December 11 adopted a resolution declaring Gov. Matthews Indiana's candidate. So Mr. Matthews became the first formal candidate in the Democratic field. For this reason I made a pilgrimage to Indianapolis to discover what manner of man Gov. Matthews is, and to learn his views on many public questions.

It was a cold, snowy morning when I called at the statehouse by appointment, and the gas logs in the fireplace of the governor's anteroom blazed in a particularly inviting way. The governor's anteroom is a large, oblong apartment, at whose windows stand potted palms, cutting off the view of the snowy lawns and the brick buildings beyond them. Neatly ordered file cases and well filled bookshelves stand against the walls. Opposite the fireplace are two desks, from which there is a commanding view of a severe

GOVERNOR MATTHEWS.

looking row of chairs with perforated seats. Beyond the desks a door opens into the little room devoted to the governor's personal use. The governor sits in a broad armed, comfortable chair at a big desk, whose pigeonholed wings swing outward, revealing unsuspected storage possibilities. Beside the desk stands another leather cushioned chair, if anything more comfortable than that reserved for the governor.

The third room in the suite is a long reception room, richly but tastefully decorated. In one conrer is the plaster figure "Education," a product of Indiana genius, which was conspicuous at the world's fair. The chairs and couches in the room are of red leather or wicker, and the inevitable gas logs blaze in the fireplace, a brass kettle pendent just above them. In this room the governor holds his levees during the winter when the legislature is in session. Here, assisted by Mrs. Matthews, he receives his guests, while a band in the corridor plays, that the young people may dance. There will be no receptions this winter, as the governor lost a son very recently.

Personal Traits of the Governor.

What strikes you first in Gov. Matthews is his resemblance to ex-Gov. Foraker, of Ohio. It does not appear in his published portraits. It crops out in conversation, when his face is animated. He tells me many have spoken to him about it.

What next appeals to you is the frankness of the governor's speech. He seems to study his words quite as little as his dress, and there is nothing artificial in the black cutaway coat, the standing collar and the narrow black tie which are the noticeable features of the governor's attire. He has a face of healthy fullness. A thin mustache of black, just turning gray, half shades a mouth of moderate firmness. His hair, parted at the side, is brushed back from a broad forehead.

The governor is of a nervous, active disposition, and during my long interview with him he changed his position at least once in five minutes.

I asked Gov. Matthews to tell me what the chance was of Indiana sending a free silver delegation to the Democratic convention.

"I think it is not likely," he said. "The delegation from Indiana, I have no doubt, will favor a compromise which will lie between the wishes of the extremists of the party. Personally I am opposed to the single gold standard, toward which the present administration is drifting. The sentiment in favor of the single standard in our state is almost wholly confined to the little which may exist in the financial centers like Indianapolis. In the interior of the state feeling is divided between bi-metallism and free silver coinage. Personally I favor bi-metallism. I am opposed, too, to the retirement of the greenbacks and the contraction of the currency by $300,000,000 unless we have something satisfactory to take the greenbacks' place. I sympathize entirely with congress in its objection to substituting gold bonds for coin bonds. It would establish a bad precedent, and would be a step in the direction of the purely gold standard."

"Do you think Ohio and Kentucky will send silver delegations to the national convention?" I asked.

"I went through Ohio making speeches for my friend Campbell in the last campaign," said the governor. "I was in the state only five days, but I spoke in two places each day, and I moved about over the state a great deal, so I had a fair chance of judging the sentiments of the people. I believe they favor silver coinage in spite of the action of the convention.

"All through that Ohio trip," continued the governor, "I felt sure Campbell was beaten, but did not expect such a majority. I saw so many indications of it in remarks dropped here and there by men I met. For example, I heard more than one man say: 'Well, I suppose if we win we'll have another senator from New York.' It was said with a laugh, but there was something in the manner of the saying that indicated disaffection. I told Campbell the result was doubtful, but he seemed quite sanguine. It was the same way in Indiana. In Ohio there were fine audiences, but little enthusiasm. In Indiana we had no reason to complain of the number of people at our meetings, but here, too, there were signs of disaffection. I heard a great many people say: 'Well, if the president of the United States can't go over to New York to register, I don't see why a common voter like me should take the trouble to go to the polls.' Many little things of this character indicated indifference, a thing to be most dreaded in a campaign. And so it was that we were beaten by the stay-at-home vote. That vote, by the way, may be the great factor in deciding the contest next November.

"Most of our people thought they saw a prospect of success in the last campaign. We had a conference just before election at the Bates house here, and they asked me what I believed would be the result. I told them I thought we would pull the state ticket through, and that Holman and Bretz would be elected to congress. Bynum, who was there, laughed at the idea that he was going to be beaten. He said he would be elected by a bigger majority than ever. You know the result. We lost even the state ticket, and we did not elect a single member of congress."

Gov. Matthews' Political Views.

"Do you think the Democratic party has a good chance of carrying Indiana this year?"

"I believe if we can get the vote out we can carry the state. Normally I believe Indiana is Democratic, but the majority is small, and it takes very little sometimes to change it. That is the reason Indiana is always considered debatable ground. But if we can get our vote out I think we can always carry the state. Indiana is probably better organized for a political campaign than almost any other state in the Union. The Kentucky state central committee sent a man to Indianapolis last year to learn something of the way we managed a campaign, and he was amazed at the system. We divide the state up by counties, by townships and then by precincts. Then we have a man in each precinct who makes a careful poll of the voters. Every man in the state is registered, and his political sentiments are known. If he moves away, that fact is recorded, and note is made of the man who moves into his house as well as of the place to which the other goes. Both parties do this. No such organization was ever attempted before, I believe, in Kentucky, but it was begun in the last campaign, and I expect to see the party in Kentucky well organized within a few years."

"Are the charges that money is used in campaigns in Indiana well founded?"

"It has been used. I think the first instance of it in a well organized or systematized way was in the campaign made famous by Dudley and his 'blocks of five.' Yes, there is no doubt that Dudley and his $2 bills were a factor in that fight. Since that time money has been used sometimes."

"By both parties?"

"Yes, by both."

I asked Gov. Matthews if the administration influence was being felt here in the financial fight. He replied that it was believed the Federal office holders had made some attempts to influence popular judgment, but these had been of little effect.

"I have had a good many letters from Kentucky," he said, "expressing regret that the Democrats of that state followed the administration's financial lead and gave the Republicans a chance to carry the state. They will not do it probably in the next campaign. The administration influence will not be felt seriously in Indiana, but we will come together on some compromise satisfactory to both wings of the party. That is the disposition of the party now, because Democrats everywhere see the necessity of getting together on some good, safe, common ground."

"What do you think the national convention will do on the money question—adopt a plank like that of 1892?"

"Yes, but in such language that it will be not susceptible of the interpretation which has been given to that plank. What we want is more of the Western interpretation of the plank of 1892."

"Do you think the tariff will be an issue in the campaign of 1896?"

"Three months ago the tariff was not an issue, but the recent declaration of Mr. Dingley, the leader of the house, that the Republican party proposes to make a thorough revison of the tariff on protection lines if it gets in power makes the tariff an important issue next year. This is a striking evidence of the changes which may come over the political situation and an evidence that the position of the Democratic party is by no means as bad as some good Democrats believe. No one can tell what will develop before November next."

Praise for the President.

Speaking of the possible effect of the Venezuelan matter on the fortunes of the Democratic party, Gov. Matthews gave the highest praise to the president. "The message was extremely popular in this state," he said. "The best evidence of that is found in the letters I have received from all parts of the state from men who want to enlist or to raise companies or in some other way to offer their services to the government in case of war. The only criticism I would make, if I made any, is that the president could not have gone farther. I have a feeling that the matter is not one for arbitration; that we ought to have fixed the line between British and Venezuelan territory through a commission in a spirit of justice and fair dealing and then notified England not to overstep it. But Venezuela had forestalled this by her own proposal to arbitrate. We are going to have the same trouble in Alaska before long. England is reaching out there, and the time is coming when we will have to call a halt."

I asked Gov. Matthews if he believed the Venezuelan message made Mr. Cleveland any stronger as a possible candidate for a renomination.

"I have never believed Mr. Cleveland was a candidate," he replied. "I have held Mr. Cleveland in such high esteem that I would hesitate to think he was a candidate. I know this—that the feeling against a third term is so deep-rooted in this state that if Mr. Cleveland were nominated we might as well give up all hope of carrying it. One of Mr. Cleveland's warmest friends—a man who has supported him through thick and thin—said to me the other day that if the president were nominated he would work and vote against him."

Mr. Matthews speaks very modestly of his own candidacy. "I do not know that it has attracted any attention outside the state," he said, "but it is gratifying to me to know that the people of my state feel like this toward me, and especially to know that there is no division in my party. The cordial unanimity, free from factional feeling, is gratifying. I have not fixed my thoughts on the matter with great or sanguine expectations, so there will be no bitterness, no heartburnings, if nothing comes of it. I am human, and I could not fail to appreciate this great honor if it came to me. But I have not set my heart on it as an active aspirant. One thing, however, I know—I would not take the second place on a national ticket even if I were sure of election. I would not care to be standing around barefoot for four years, waiting for some one's official shoes, and that is about the occupation of one in that position."

Discussing the coming campaign with Gov. Matthews, I asked him if he was likely under any conditions to be a candidate for the senate. He answered in the negative.

"Mr. Voorhees," he said, "will in all probability succeed himself if the Democrats control the legislature. This depends largely on the decision of the supreme court on the redistricting of the state by the last legislature. I vetoed that bill as unconstitutional, but they passed it over my veto. Now the courts are to pass on it. If it should be upheld, we would have to carry the state by 30,000 to control the legislature."

His Trouble With the Legislature.

Gov. Matthews had a hard time with his vetoes last winter. All of them, with one exception, were reversed by the legislature. The one was a bill depriving the governor of the power to appoint police boards in fourteen towns, and this, he thinks, was the poorest veto in the lot.

"There were some people in the legislature," he said, "who were nominated without any thought that they would be elected, and when they got here the Republican leaders could not control them at all. They even called Gen. Harrison in to reason with them, but it was of no use. The people saw in everything I did an attempt to gain political advantage. They even passed over my veto a bill authorizing the establishment of a new superior court, thus giving me the power to appoint a judge when the advantage was altogether in making the appointment."

Fortunately Gov. Matthews has no legislature on his hands this winter, but he finds his time very fully occupied with the business of his office. He gets to his desk in the state house at 8 to 8:30 each morning and is occupied by official duties until 5 or 6 in the evening. He gives an hour or more to the opening of his mail, all of which passes under his own eye. Important letters he answers immediately. When he has disposed of the urgent mail, he disposes of people in the anteroom, most of whom come to see him on matters pertaining to the various state institutions and about pardon cases. There is a class of lawyers who live on pardon cases and who make the governor's life a burden. These attorneys persuade the friends of prisoners in the penitentiary that they may obtain pardons for them, and they prepare briefs and petitions to present to the governor in cases which they know to be utterly hopeless. To stop this practice the governor notified the prisoners that their cases would receive as much attention when fortified with the facts as if presented by the best attorneys in the state.

He Suffers From Stage Fright.

I asked Gov. Matthews how he liked campaigning.

"I could tell you," he said, "of the time when I made my first speech, when my knees knocked together and I would have given $500 to be somewhere else. Well, I have never recovered from that feeling entirely. I always suffer from embarrassment when I am about to make a public speech. If it is a short speech, I hardly finish it before I have recovered from my fright. I suppose my embarrassment is due to the fast that I have spent my whole life on a farm. Life on a farm, owing to its isolated nature, is not conducive to public speaking or to ease of expression. One comes in contact with fewer people there. The life is quiet, rather more meditative, and it is constant contact with other men which brightens the wits and sharpens the tongue and gives easier, readier expression. I entered public life very unexpectedly. Only three weeks before the nominating convention of 1892 a conference of leading Democrats—Gray, McDonald and others—telegraphed me at my farm near Terre Haute to come to Indianapolis.

"There they proposed that I head the ticket that year as a candidate for secretary of state. The proposition was wholly unexpected. I had never been in office before, with the exception of one term I served in the legislature, and with this one term I was satisfied. I told them I would like to consult my wife before accepting, as it meant a great change in our life. I consulted her, and found she was not only willing, but anxious to have me take the nomination. I accepted it, and was elected. Two years later I was a candidate for nomination as secretary of state. The second term is usually conceded, but three weeks before the convention I was induced to announce my name as a candidate for governor. Yes; I have liked the experience. The campaigning has been the most disagreeable part of it. I am not a candidate for re-election. Our constitution forbids re-election within four years. If I am to retire to my farm at the close of my present term of office, no one will return more cheerfully and contentedly and more grateful to his party for the honors which it conferred."

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

NO MIDDLE GROUND.

Nothing Gained by Trying to Legislate Facts Out of Existence.

Astoria Astorian.

There can be no middle ground between honest and dishonest money. A dollar is either a dollar or it is not a dollar, and the government that means to make an honest dollar has no hesitation in saying so, not only in its obligations, but in all its transactions, and all its utterances on the subject.

There can be no middle ground between a dollar intrinsically worth 100 cents and a dollar that is intrinsically worth 53 cents. The government may interpose its omnipotent power, and maintain a 53-cent dollar by practically redeeming it in gold, but the government that thus degrades its currency necessarily impairs its credit with the nations of the world, and paralyzes business enterprise amongst its own people.

The greenback is worth its face in every section of the world, because it is redeemable in gold, and the so-called silver dollar issue by our mints is accepted in other countries at nearly double its value, solely because the government credit is pledged to its redemption in full. The American visiting Mexico can buy 50 cents' worth of goods, pay an American dollar to the seller and receive a Mexican dollar in exchange that is intrinsically worth more than the American coin. It is simply the credit of the government that makes the degraded silver dollar in this country pass current for a value nearly double its intrinsic worth.

There are whispers of negotiations in both the great parties to harmonize on the money question by yielding much to the advocates of cheap money. Both parties are afraid of the coming presidential election, and the leaders of each are trying to harmonize their forces. This is simply impossible. The free silverite believes in nothing but cheap money. Whatever he may say, he means silver monometalism, for the policy of free silver coinage once adopted in this country would bring us suddenly to the free silver standard along with the pagan nations of the earth, and in open hostility to the civilized nations of the world.

Our credit would be justly destroyed, our securities would be sent back upon our market in vastly greater amounts than we have even money to pay, and no honest people on the earth would trust our government, even on the silver basis—that is, taking our securities at two dollars for one to the purchaser—for the reason that the nation that once defrauds its creditors, or that permits its people to defraud individual creditors, cannot command the confidence of fair-minded people in any country or climate. There can be no middle ground on the question of money. It must be honest or dishonest, and the great parties of the country must in the next contest declare either for honest money, or substantially declare against it.

This question must be met in the coming election, and it can be met in but one way. Parties must be for honest money or against it, and there are hundreds of thousands of intelligent, fair-minded men in both parties who will regard the money issue as paramount to all, and vote for the next president solely with reference to the enduring establishment of honest money in this country, in harmony with the money of the entire civilized world.

WARSHIP KENTUCKY'S APPEAL.

Hark ye,
Ye naval experts,
Let me speak, though yet so young.
I would not that you frame me as
You frame my sister ships;
For there is that
In my great name demanding change
Launch me,
When I am launched,
In water that is salt,
For water that is fresh
Kentucky disesteems.
Let all the decks
Which cover me
Be cold,
For those are they
Kentucky loves:
No turrets place about my form
Armed with those rifled guns,
But let hip-pockets take their place,
With Colt's revolvers stuck therein;
Keep sea grass from my hull
When I'm afloat,
For Blue Grass
Is Kentucky's pride,
And that she floats in
To her chin.
No donkey engines run on me,
For I am used to thoroughbreds,
And when they run
Kentucky's glad.
When I am flagged
Give me three stacks
Of Red and White and Blue,
And let me fly them at the fore
And victory is mine.
These are Kentucky's colors,
And by them
United will she stand,
Now, hark ye, experts,
This or nought:
When you christen me
Kentucky, sirs, let
No champagne be used,
Nor other deadly drug,
Nor fatuous and vapid stuff;
But christen me
With juice of corn
In ancient, unctuous, amber gold;
Old Bourdon Whisky, sirs,
So mellow in its age,
So fragrant in perfume,
So smooth in liquid grace
That patriots would weep
To lose a drop
In any but this sacred cause.
Thus will the name you gave me fit;
And for that name
I'll make a record on the seas
Not less than now it is
Upon the land.

—New York Sun.

POOR OLD JACKSON.

A Saloon Lounger Now, Once He Was Peter the Great.

DECAY OF A SPLENDID FIGHTER.

He Has Money, Dresses Like a Swell and Speaks With an English Accent, but Has No Future.

J. J. Eakins in New York World.

Almost any afternoon between 4 and 5 o'clock there may be seen walking down the Strand the wreck of what was once one of the greatest fighting men the world has ever seen. As the powerful figure swings along, the massive shoulders a trifle stooped, the mighty hands hanging listless, the eyes glazed and fixed straight ahead, the crowd parts respectfully, for he is one of the most popular men in London. look after him until he disappears and then they shake their heads regretfully and mutter, "I say, but ain't it a blooming shame, poor old Jackson."

For nearly two years Jackson has been buried in London. Now and then a rumor came that he had seen his best days, but these were as often denied. He has not been seen in the ring since May 30, 1892, when, after a terrific battle, he defeated Slavin. He had tried to fight Sullivan previously, and Sullivan, with a sagacity, rare in him, had drawn the color line. Then he sought Corbett, but a battle ground could not be agreed upon and the fight fell through.

Aside from Corbett there was nobody left in Jackson's class for him to fight, and after the failure to arrange a battle ground with the American champion, Jackson became disheartened and disappeared from public view in London fog. Now and then some tenth-rate fellow like the Coffee Cooler would seek to gain a little brief notoriety by challenging the black giant, but he invariably treated them with dignified contempt and even denied them the small consolation of a public refusal.

Jackson was always popular in America. He was quiet in his manner and polite in his bearing, and even those who were prejudiced against him because of his color, admitted that he never attempted the slightest liberties. Many persons in America will, therefore, be interested in knowing something about Jackson as well as the men down at El Paso.

With the exception of his eyes and a certain flabbiness and laxity of movement, Jackson's London life has left slight marks on him. Alcohol has not swollen his face and his cheeks have still the old lean drawn look, while the high cheek bones which usually go with the combative temperment are as prominent as ever. It is only when he talks or when he moves around that the change in him is noticed. Sometimes when he lifts his glass his big hands shake a little, and there is a curious halt now and then in his speech as if he were groping for something he could not find.

Although he has no occupation Jackson apparently has plenty of money. He dresses in the very latest fashion and from the crown of his highly polished silk hat to the soles of his patent leather shoes he is a model of correct attire. His clothes are made by one of the best tailors in London and his hatter has the distinguished honor of making hats for Peter Jackson and the Prince of Wales.

Jackson makes his headquarters at a saloon owned by a man named Fleming, on the Strand. Fleming is also the proprietor of the National Sporting Club, and Jackson has the privilege of going there when he wishes, a privilege not granted to ordinary prizefighters, who only pass the doors when they are to face each other in the ring inside. He is also admitted free to many of the theaters and is made much of by the class of men, more numerous and richer in England than in America, who consider it an honor to be in the company of a prizefighter.

With the imitativeness of his race, Jackson has picked up the English accent. He talks like the English gentleman, however, and not like the cockney. To one accustomed to the Southern negro of the United States, there is something bizarre in this faultlessly-dressed black drawling out his views while a crowd of white men sit around in open-mouthed admiration. A picture of Jackson in the private room at Fleming's, with his admirers about him, would be regarded as a libel on the English nation either at New Orleans or Charleston.

One young Englishman is particularly loyal, and he was with Jackson the afternoon I saw him at his headquarters. Jackson evidently dislikes Mitchell, although he carefully refrained from saying anything against him, but his follower was bold and bitter in denouncing him. Jackson was also apparently skeptical about Corbett's prosperity and success on the stage, for his friend was most violent in his disbelief.

"I cahn't reawlly tell about my future," Jackson drawled, when I asked him what he intended to do. "They say I am a has-been, and perhaps I am," he added, with just a touch of bitterness in his tone. "But, reawlly, I have no plans. I never expect to get on a fight."

"I say, Mr. Jackson," his friend interrupted, "if you cared to chance it you could put any of them to sleep. Indeed you could, Mr. Jackson." Peter laughed heartily at this, and as his big mouth opened and his teeth gleamed and the "Haw-haw-haw" rang out, the high silk hat and the fine London clothes and the superfine London accent seemed to melt away and the old familiar type of the Southern darky stood revealed.

Jackson was curious about the fate of Sullivan. He evidently cared nothing whatever about either Maher or Fitzsimmons, and he apparently preferred to discuss London to pugilism.

"There is no place like London," he said. "I wouldn't want to live anywhere else. I never get tired of it. Every day here I seen something new and strange, and I like the people."

In spite of his evident desire to make the best of his position, there is a certain look of hopelessness and despair in his face that is pathetic. He is far and away above the average negro in intelligence and in sensibility, and if it were not for his habits he might amount to something aside from the prizering. He is said to be the descendant of an African king, and if his lines had fallen differently he would have made a superb barbarian. It would take little or no change—an absence of clothes, a daub or two of paint, rings in his ears and nose and a war club—to make of Peter the finest African king that ever ate a missionary. I could not help thinking that Jackson with his club and without his clothes would have made a much more admirable figure than the Jackson of Fleming's, with his mind and strength and ambition dulled by alcohol.

On the ground floor of the Louvre there is a statue of Spartacus, that wonderful Thracian who, with a handful of gladiators at his back, shook the Roman empire to its foundations. He is standing in an attitude of defiance, his broken weapon in his hand. The statue is in a neglected corner of the Louvre and faces a dusty window through which the light comes grudgingly. With wonderful skill the sculptor has brought out the lines of the powerful neck and the deep chest, and the marble almost starts into life as you look at it. On the face there is an undertone of despair, the shadow of an early doom. As I left Jackson staring out into the London fog, his tall figure looking gigantic in the gathering gloom, something in his face and form and the turn of his head suggested the Roman gladiator in the Louvre. It may have been the twilight, but on the face of the negro there seemed to be the same look of hopeless despair as was stamped on his fellow athlete of 2,000 years before.

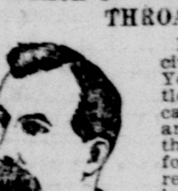
There is no excuse for any man to appear in society with a grizzly beard since the introduction of Buckingham's Dye, which colors natural brown or black.

For fruit raising, dairying and swine raising we have repeatedly said that no state can surpass Washington, says the Chicago Farmers' Voice.

WONDERFUL IS THEIR RECORD

It Shows a Superb Mastery Over All Chronic Diseases by the Copeland Specialists. Yet They Treat All Patients for Only $5.00 A MONTH, MEDICINES INCLUDED.

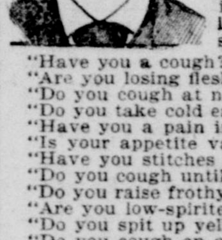
DISEASE OF THE HEAD AND THROAT.



Mr. James Heald, civil engineer, 412½ Yesler avenue, Seattle, Wash., cured of catarrh of the head and throat. This is the most prevalent form of catarrh, and results from neglected colds. These are the symptoms:

"Is the breath foul?"
"Is the voice husky?"
"Do you spit up slime?"
"Do you ache all over?"
"Do you blow out scabs?"
"Is the nose stopped up?"
"Do you snore at night?"
"Does your nose discharge?"
"Is this worse toward night?"
"Does the nose bleed easily?"
"Do crusts form in the nose?"
"Do you sneeze a great deal?"
"Is the nose sore and tender?"
"Does the nose itch and burn?"
"Is there pain in front of head?"
"Is there pain across the eyes?"
"Is there pain in back of head?"
"Is there tickling in the throat?"
"Is your sense of smell leaving?"
"Do you hawk to clear the throat?"
"Is there a dropping in the throat?"
"Is the throat dry in the morning?"
"Do you sleep with the mouth open?"
"Are you losing your sense of taste?"
"Does the nose stop up toward night?"

DISEASE OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES.

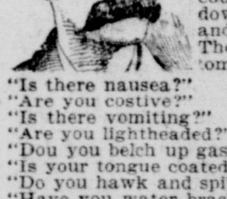


Mr. Edw. Gomoll, 267 Eleventh street, Portland, Or., cured of catarrh of the bronchial tubes and lungs.

When catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the windpipe into the bronchial tubes and in time attacks the lungs. These are the symptoms:

"Have you a cough?"
"Are you losing flesh?"
"Do you cough at night?"
"Do you take cold easily?"
"Have you a pain in side?"
"Is your appetite variable?"
"Have you stitches in side?"
"Do you cough until you gag?"
"Do you raise frothy material?"
"Are you low-spirited at times?"
"Do you spit up yellow matter?"
"Do you cough on going to bed?"
"Do you cough in the mornings?"
"Is your cough short and hacking?"
"Have you pain behind breastbone?"
"Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?"
"Is there tickling behind the palate?"
"Have you a disgust for fatty foods?"
"Do you feel you are growing weaker?"
"Is there a burning pain in the throat?"
"Do you cough worse night and morning?"
"Do you have to sit up at night to get breath?"

DISEASE OF THE STOMACH.



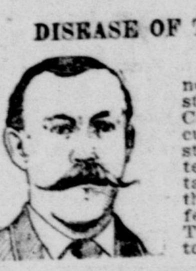
Mr. W. H. Livermore, St. Johns, Or., cured of catarrh of the stomach. This disease is usually caused by swallowing poisonous mucous, which drops down from the head and throat at night. These are the symptoms:

"Is there nausea?"
"Are you costive?"
"Is there vomiting?"
"Are you lightheaded?"
"Dou you belch up gas?"
"Is your tongue coated?"
"Do you hawk and spit?"
"Have you water brash?"
"Is there pain after eating?"
"Are you nervous and weak?"
"Do you have sick headaches?"
"Do you bloat up after eating?"
"Is there disgust for breakfast?"
"Is your throat filled with slime?"
"Have you distress after eating?"
"Do you at times have diarrhoea?"
"Is there rush of blood to the head?"
"Is there constant bad taste in mouth?"
"Is there gnawing sensation in stomach?"
"Do you feel as if you had lead in stomach?"
"When you get up suddenly are you dizzy?"
"When your stomach is empty do you feel faint?"
"Do you belch up material that burns the throat?"
"When the stomach is full do you feel oppressed?"

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Dr. Copeland's maxim is: Do unto the sick as you would have the doctors do by you if you were prostrate with some dreadful chronic malady and without the means to pay big fees. All who suffer from catarrh, asthma or bronchitis, burning rheumatism or disfiguring skin diseases, lung or throat affections, liver, kidney, bladder, stomach or bowel trouble or any other wasting, chronic ailment are welcome, every time, to all the benefits of the Copeland Medical Institute, the Collins building, corner Second and James streets, without expense beyond the nominal assessment of $5 per month, all medicines included.

DISEASE OF THE EARS.



Jerome Luft, corner Sixth and Olive sts., Seattle, Wash. Catarrh of head cured, hearing restored. Catarrh extends along the eustachian tubes into the ears, causing defective hearing. These are the symptoms:

"Is your hearing failing?"
"Do your ears discharge?"
"Do the ears itch and burn?"
"Is the wax dry in the ears?"
"Are the ears dry and scaly?"
"Is there a throbbing in ears?"
"Do you have a ringing in ears?"
"Are you gradually getting deaf?"
"Have you pain behind the ears?"
"Is your hearing bad cloudy days?"
"Is there a buzzing sound heard?"
"Are there cracking sounds heard?"
"Do you have earache occasionally?"
"Are the sounds like steam escaping?"
"Do you constantly hear noises in the ears?"
"Do your ears hurt when you blow the nose?"
"Is there a roaring like a waterfall in head?"
"Do your hear better some days than others?"
"Do the noises in the ears keep you awake?"
"When you blow your nose do the ears crack?"
"Is your hearing worse when you have a cold?"

COPELAND FEE.

The cost of a full course of treatment at the Copeland Medical Institute is at the rate of $5 per month, whether the requisite period of treatment be three months or three weeks. This fee includes all medicines and the constant and watchful care of all patients to a final cure. Examination free.

CURED AT HOME.

Patients living at a distance are treated by mail as successfully as in the office. Send for symptom blank and have your case diagnosed. It costs nothing.

Mrs. Mary A. Simmons, of Shedd, Or., cured of catarrh of the stomach, writes:

"My neighbors say it is almost like seeing the dead come to life to see me about again. For six weeks before I began your treatment I did not eat an ounce of food, and two doctors said I was about to die of starvation. My stomach would not retain even water. We had no faith in your medicine. Other medicine had nearly killed me, and my friends would not give me yours after it came for two weeks. Finally they did so, as a last resort. The result is my pain is all gone. I have a ravenous appetite, and feel better than for ten years, and my friends all think it a miracle."

J. H. Morris, a telegraph operator at Kiona, Wash., who was cured of nervous prostration more than a year ago, by mail treatment, writes: "I again drop you a few lines to let you know of my continued good health, the result of your careful and scientific treatment quite a long time ago. There have never been any symptoms of return of disease, and I am strong and robust."

Mr. R. A. Bird, of Lafayette, Or.—Cured of catarrh of head, throat and stomach.

Mr. A. R. Doolittle, of Oregon City, Or.—Catarrh of head and throat 25 years; cured.

Mr. John Redmond, of McMinnville, Or.—Cured of catarrh of the bronchial tubes and lungs.

Mr. D. H. Close, of Oregon City, Or.—Catarrh of head, throat and stomach 20 years; cured.

Mr. Fred Christianson, Port Blakeley, Wash.—Hearing restored and catarrh of stomach; cured.

Hon. J. A. Cavanaugh, Kent, Wash.—Cured of catarrh of head and stomach at age of 65.

Capt. Harry Reeve, Rainier, Or.—Cured of catarrh of stomach and bowels.

Mrs. R. G. McKay, Kirkland, Wash.—Catarrh of head and throat 10 years; cured.

Mr. Augustus Annis, Clinton, Island county, Wash.—Catarrh of the stomach; cured.

Write for Symptom Blank, and be cured at home. Charges the same.

The Copeland Medical Institute

COLLINS BUILDING,

Cor. Second and James Streets, Rooms 1, 2 and 3, Third Floor.

W. H. COPELAND, M. D.
A. L. PREVOST, M. D.

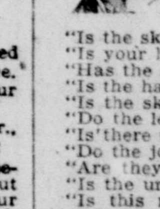
OFFICE HOURS—From 9 A. M. to 12 M.
From 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.
From 7 P. M. to 8 P. M.
SUNDAYS—From 10 to 12 A. M.

DISEASE OF THE LIVER.

Mr. J. H. Lee, 30 N. Twenty-first st., Portland, Or., cured of catarrh of head, stomach and liver. The liver is affected by catarrh through the disease extending from the stomach into the tubes in the liver. These are the symptoms:

"Are you irritable?"
"Are you nervous?"
"Do you get dizzy?"
"Have you no energy?"
"Is your memory poor?"
"Do you feel miserable?"
"Do you have cold feet?"
"Do you get tired easily?"
"Do you have hot flushes?"
"Is your eyesight blurred?"
"Can't you explain where?"
"Have you pain in the back?"
"Is your flesh soft and flabby?"
"Are your spirits low at times?"
"Is there a bloating after eating?"
"Have you pain around the loins?"
"Do you have gurgling in bowels?"
"Do you have rumbling in bowels?"
"Is there throbbing in the stomach?"
"Do you suffer from pains in temples?"
"Do you have sense of heat in bowels?"
"Do you have palpitation of the heart?"
"Is there a general feeling of lassitude?"
"Do these feelings affect your memory?"

DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.



Mr. Andrew Larsen, 717 Seventh st., Seattle, Wash., cured of catarrh of the bladder. Catarrh also affects the kidneys, resulting from colds or overwork of kidneys in separating from the blood the poisons that have been absorbed from catarrh of other organs. These are the symptoms:

"Is the skin pale and dry?"
"Is your hair getting gray?"
"Has the skin a waxy look?"
"Is the hair dry and brittle?"
"Is the skin dry and harsh?"
"Do the legs feel too heavy?"
"Is there nausea after eating?"
"Do the joints pain and ache?"
"Are they cold and clammy?"
"Is the urine dark and cloudy?"
"Is this more noticeable in the mornings?"
"Does a deposit form when left standing?"
"Are the eyes dull and staring?"
"Is there a bad taste in mouth?"
"Is there pain in small of back?"
"Do your hands and feet swell?"
"Have you pain in top of head?"
"Has the perspiration a bad odor?"
"Is there puffiness under the eyes?"
"Is there a desire to get up at night?"
"Are there dark rings around the eyes?"
"Do you see spots floating before the eyes?"
"Have you chilly feelings down the back?"
"Do you see unpleasant things while asleep?"

DISEASE OF THE BOWELS.

Capt. Harry Reeve, Rainier, Or., cured of catarrh of the stomach and bowels. This is a most distressing disease, marked chiefly by griping pains in bowels and frequent diarrhoea.

THE COPELAND TREATMENT.

It cures.
It is mild.
It is soothing.
It restores health.
Its cost is trifling.
It is praised by thousands.
It is within the reach of all.
It is given for a month for $5.
Its cured patients recommend it.
It is taken at home successfully.
It drives catarrh from the system.
It demands no big physician's fee.
It is taken by rich and poor alike.
It is both local and constitutional.
It uses mild, antiseptic inhalations.
It reaches distant patients by mail.
It makes a radical and lasting cure.
It stops innumerable aches and pains.
It costs but $5 a month, medicine free.

IT'S ONLY FAIR.

Dr. Copeland's conception of fairness is that afflicted people, seeking a cure for their infirmities, should have the advantage of the fullest possible understanding of the treatment offered them before disbursing money for its benefits. Those applying in person at the Copeland Medical Institute are quite welcome to a trial treatment, in practical illustration of the Copeland system, without charge. For those taking regular treatment there is no expense beyond the nominal assessment of $5 monthly, including medicines, for the briefest time possible to a permanent cure.

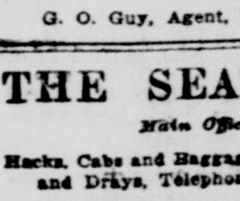
MANHOOD RESTORED "CUPIDENE" This great Vegetable Vitalizer, the prescription of a famous French physician, will quickly cure you of all nervous or diseases of the generative organs, such as Lost Manhood, Insomnia, Pains in the Back, Seminal Emissions, Nervous Debility, Pimples, Unfitness to Marry, Exhausting Drains, Varicocele and Constipation. It stops all losses by day or night. Prevents quickness of discharge, which if not checked leads to Spermatorrhoea and all the horrors of Impotency. CUPIDENE cleanses the liver, the kidneys and the urinary organs of all impurities.

CUPIDENE strengthens and restores small weak organs.

The reason sufferers are not cured by Doctors is because ninety per cent are troubled with **Prostatitis.** CUPIDENE is the only known remedy to cure without an operation. 5000 testimonials. A written guarantee given and money returned if six boxes does not effect a permanent cure. $1.00 a box, six for $5.00, by mail. Send for FREE circular and testimonials.

Address DAVOL MEDICINE CO., P. O. Box 2076, San Francisco, Cal.

For sale at Lang's drug store, Front and Columbia streets, Seattle, Wash.



LOST MANHOOD "NERVIA" Cures any form of disorder caused by excessive use of Tobacco, Alcohol or Opium, or on account of youthful indiscretion or over indulgence, etc., Dizziness, Convulsions, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, Weak Memory, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nocturnal Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Loss of Power and Impotency, which, if neglected, may lead to premature old age and insanity. Positively guaranteed. Price, $1.00 a box; 6 boxes for $5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price. A written guarantee furnished with every $5.00 order received; to refund the money if a permanent cure is not effected.

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THE SEATTLE TRANSFER CO.

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Hacks, Cabs and Baggage Office, Telephone Main 41, 214 Cherry St.; Freight and Drays, Telephone Main 44, Warehouse; Coal Telephone 41 or 38.

STORAGE and INSURANCE at the LOWEST RATES

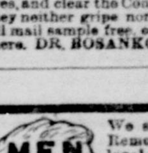
WASHINGTON IRON WORKS CO.

J. E. FRINK, Supt.

WORKS—Grant St. Bridge, Bet. Norman and R. Sts.

FOUNDRY, MACHINE AND BOILER SHOPS.

IF You have anything to sell an advertisement in THE POST-INTELLIGENCER will help you sell it.



DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

A Mild Physic. One Pill for a Dose. A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes, and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. Sold everywhere. DR. BOSANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

We send the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS free, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will STOP Discharges & Emissions, CURE Spermatorrhea, Varicocele and RESTORE Lost Vigor.

Use it and pay if satisfied.

Address, VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BLOOD POISON

HAVE YOU Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair-Falling? Write COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital, $500,000. Worst cases cured in 15 to 35 days. 100-page book free.

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Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philada., Pa.

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Safe and SURE. Always reliable. Take no substitute. For sale by all druggists. $2.00. Send 4c. for Woman's Safeguard. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., 228 South Eighth Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.