SAINT OF THE YAQUI.

TERESA'S STRANGE INFLUENCE OVER A PEOPLE.

Was Disappointed in Love, Then She Had a Fit and Came Out of It a Saint—Inspired Many Uprisings and Is Giving Mexico Much Trouble as a Modern Joan of Arc.

Santa Teresa, the "Sonora Witch," leader and inspirer of the recent Yaqui revolt at Nogales, is said to exemplify in her career the possibilities of disappointed love. The young woman's real name is Teresa Urrea. She is now 23 years old. For seven years she has been fomenting mischief among the turbulent Yaquis.

When she was 16 years old Theresa was no more of a saint than the ordinary Mexican girl of that susceptible age. She had a lover who fully satisfied the only ideals she is known to have possessed. The young man promised to marry Teresa, but while she, trusting, allowed him to defer the wedding on various pretexts, he was wooing another. She still failed to suspect his double dealing when he married the other girl. Teresa's first enlightenment came with the bride's proud parading of the perfidious Yaqui before the community as legal proof of conquest.

Teresa did not commit suicide; she did not do murder. She went into convulsion after convulsion, growing weaker gradually with the severity of the attacks. Finally her body stiffened out in a cataleptic trance. The home of her parents is on the Palo Parado ranch, just north of Hermosillo, the capital city of Sonora. Visitors poured out from the city to look at the sleeper. She breathed faintly. Her eyes were wide open, with an expression in them as if they saw no material thing, but looked beyond the ken of man into the unknown. The Yaquis are excitable and superstitious.

"Carramba!" they said, standing beside her couch. "The lady is bewitched."

After eight days she revived and told the people that while they watched her she had been with the "lady angels" in the streets of silver and gold. The people marveled at what she said. She had communed with the saints. she must be a saint herself. Forthwith she was hailed as Santa Teresa de Cabora. Cabora is the small township in which the Urrea ranch is situated. Thousands of Yaquis came to be ministered to.

The Yaquis are not Indians. They are semi-civilized descendants of the Aztecs. They are fickle, suspicious, revengeful and superstitious. Inasmuch as Schlachter in Colorado among Americans succeeded in creating a belief in his miraculous powers, Santa Teresa's influence among the Yaquis is not unnatural.

The scene of her first operations was at her humble home in the heart of the Sierra Madre range. Hundreds of ignorant Mexicans went on long pilgrimages to see her, and the excitement grew so intense that a large uprising of her followers was threatened. The Indians and Mexicans purchased arms and ammunition and were making preparations to follow their so-called saint in a revolution against the government when the authorities interposed. A large detachment of soldiers was sent to quell the impending uprising, and to make the girl a prisoner. This body of soldiers had a hard time carrying out their programme.

The followers of the girl massed themselves around her mountain home and defied the soldiers to lay hands on her. The excitement grew rapidly, and several thousand fanatics went to the defense of the saint. Bloodshed was only averted by an overwhelming force of troops being sent to the assistance of the first detachment, and the girl was forcibly made a prisoner and her followers dispersed. She was placed on board of a train and accompanied by a strong guard of soldiers was escorted to the United States border and left in the town of Nogales.

When the armed body of fanatics learned of this trick they turned their marching direction toward Nogales and arrived at the new home of the outcast after weeks of hard travel. The girl lived in Nogales for several months and was an attraction during that time for hundreds of visitors from all parts of Northern Mexico. She continued to perform, free of charge, many wonderful cures of the sick and crippled. Then came the news of the Tomochic Indian massacre by Mexican soldiers in the mountains of the state of Chihuahua and that Santa Teresa was at the head of the column of rebellious Indians when they made their desperate charges upon the soldiers. She rode a white horse and was at all times during the battle in the thickest of the fight.

She was taken prisoner by the government troops and conveyed to the city of Chihuahua. Her wonderful power seemed to exert a charmed influence over the government authorities, for instead of meting out to her the usual punishment for such offenses, they sent her across the border into the United States, with the injunction never to return into Mexico again.

Santa Teresa then took up her residence in a small town on the Texas side of the river near El Paso and lived a quiet life for several months. In the early part of last summer she set out down the river, visiting a number of small towns, making known her wonderful power in each place. In the course of a few weeks she had collected a crowd of several hundred ignorant Mexicans about her, and accompanied by these followers she crossed the river into Mexico and proclaimed another revolution against the Mexican government. The soldiers at the frontier posts of Mexico attempted to disperse the mob of fanatics, and a number of sharp skirmishes occurred, each of which resulted in a victory for Santa Teresa. Finally a large force of soldiers was sent from the city of Chihuahua, and these were successful in dispersing the so-called revolutionists. Santa Teresa fled across the river and took refuge with friends in Texas. She then proceeded to El Paso, where she remained for several months. A few weeks ago she again disappeared and is now at the head of another army of fanatics, who believe she is a saint delegated by divine will to lead them to victory in a war against the Mexican government.—San Francisco Examiner.

SANTA TERESA.

THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH.

He Seems to Be Very Friendly to the Sultan.

London Graphic.

Mons. Bartolomeos, late Gregorian bishop of Brusa, who was chosen to be locum tenens of the Armenian patriarchate, on the resignation of Mons. Izmirlian, was the porte's candidate for the patriarchate at the election in December, 1894, but obtained only a few votes. While he is highly esteemed by the Turks for his Mohammedan sympathies, his appointment is regarded by the intelligent portion of the Armenian community with contempt, for, with some reason, he is looked upon as no champion of their cause. His attitude may, perhaps, best of all be shown by a reference to his address to the sultan on being received in audience by his majesty. The address ran as follows:

Most puissant, majestic and magnanimous padishah: Your humble servant, having retired from active life had devoted his days to praying for your majesty, when, by election of the provisional mixed council, and in virtue of an irade of your majesty, he was called upon to fill the office of locum tenens of the patriarchate. The signal honor which your majesty confers upon me today, in thus receiving me into your presence, is a further striking proof of your majesty's good will to the Armenian community. I now express, in the name of all, my gratitude.

As all creatures and every living thing have need of the sun, so also the faithful Armenians who lie under your majesty's high protection have need of your benevolence. Your gracious favors will be balm and restorative to them. For this reason, confident in the imperial regard we enjoy, your humble servant and the provisional mixed council with him, come to the feet of your majesty's throne to declare that in our fidelity to you we shall fulfill the duties incumbent on us, ever endeavoring to conform our actions to the will of your majesty.

May God Almighty grant a long life full of prosperity and glory to your majesty.

After reading this document the sultan assured Mons. Bartolomoes that he was pleased at his election, and that he would always continue to manifest his good will and solicitude toward his Armenian subjects who remained faithful to the throne.

Mons. Bartolomeos thanked the sultan and said:

"The Armenian subjects of your majesty have progressed and prospered in the shelter of your government. The throne of your majesty has been and always will be their refuge. They flee for safety to your mighty and benevolent protection. Loyalty and sincerity have always guided their actions. It is impossible that I myself should deviate from this course. Should I succeed in gaining your majesty's good will I will consider that I had won the greatest honor and greatest good fortune of this and of a future world."

MONSIGNOR TCHAMTCHIAN.

Burlington Service.

A year and a half ago the Burlington Route's New Short Line to the East and South was opened for business.

During these eighteen months thousands of travelers have patronized it, and by so doing have not only saved much valuable time, but have gained new ideas of how a railroad should be run.

They have learned, among other things, that Burlington trains are always on time; that the Burlington's track is incomparably superior to any other in the West; that the phrase Comfort, Speed and Safety means something on the Burlington.

Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago.

Write for information about rates and trains. M. P. Benton, Puget Sound agent, corner Yesler avenue and Front street.

Odd Toilet Trifles.

Hanging cushions for hairpins are most convenient when the toilet table is too crowded for a more bulky pin cushion. These little bags are made of odds and ends of silk, satin, velvet and lace and are stuffed with bran in a variety of shapes. The oblong and heart-shaped cushions made in two or three colors are charming and very inexpensive. The joinings of the seams in these bags are concealed by rows of feather stitching.

POOR LADY BLANCHE.

THE STORY OF HER ATTACHMENT AND ELOPEMENT.

A Beautiful Life Embittered, Wasted and Shortened Through an Unwise Love Affair—Her Efforts to Maintain Herself in the United States With Her Husband.

On up the rise beyond the hollow there is a little house, brown and soft colored, as rains and weather change houses to a soft-tinted brown. It is one story and long and rambling, and there is a deep bay window in it. The fence along the front, and the gateway, are odd and pretty, made of the smaller branches of trees with the bark left on.

Here was once the home of Lady Blanche Murphy, the authoress, and the eldest daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, and here she died.

The father of Lady Blanche was the second Earl of Gainsborough, and her mother, who died before she was 20 years of age, was Lady Augusta, the second daughter of the Earl of Errol.

The late Earl of Gainsborough was a Roman Catholic and had a private chapel at Exton hall, his place in Rutlandshire,in which mass was celebrated daily. One day there came to the manor, as organist, a winsome and fascinating young Irishman—plain, untitled Mr. Thomas P. Murphy. But in place of title the young musician possessed what is much better, and what in this instance proved ten times more powerful—great talent. Lady Blanche, from her interest in the chapel music, was brought daily in contact with the organist. In the most natural and simple way it came about that after service was over and the rest of the family had left the chapel, she would remain to practice the music with him. It is nothing strange that in the hours spent singing together after matins or vespers, the glad young voices pouring through the chapel windows, making the old woods ring, it was not strange that the young, enthusiastic Lady Blanche and the impulsive young organist fell in love with each other.

The marriage followed—a true love match in an environment of Old World traditions and all the fixed and cruel prejudices of rank and high birth. The course the Earl of Gainsborough adopted on his daughter's marrying is shown by a quotation from a letter written to him by Cardinal Manning, and published in the Catholic World of October, 1881, six months after Lady Blanche's death: "Then came her marriage, the circumstances of which I then partly knew, and now more fully. It seems to me to have been the working out of the same turn of character. Your conduct at that time must be a great consolation now, for you showed signally a father's prudence till you were assured of what her happiness required, and a father's love in sanctioning her marriage, with your consent, from your residence. The loving and close correspondence which still united her to you, and you to her, when she left you, was worthy of both."

After their marriage the young couple came to New York. Lady Blanche entered the field of literature, and Mr. Murphy took the position of organist at New Rochelle. In 1875 they came to North Conway. At that time Rev. Frederick Thompson had a boys' school at the Three Elms, and Mr. Murphy taught music there.

Lady Blanche Murphy—the name brings back a vision of a graceful little figure wrapped in a gray waterproof, walking with quick, elastic step, a fresh, rosy face, fair as a flower, framed in thick, golden-brown hair—Lady Blanche as I first saw her on the sidewalk at North Conway one rainy day in the autumn of 1875.

She was an ardent lover of nature and delighted in the grand scenery of North Conway and its vicinity; and so it came about that after the time of Mr. Murphy's teaching in the school had expired, though they went away for a little while, they soon returned to stay.

Her life here was simple and sweet and brave and industrious. While doing a great deal of writing for The Atlantic, Scribner's Monthly, The Galaxy, The Catholic Review, The Catholic World, and also for English magazines, she yet did most of her housework, and, with it all, she remembered the poor, the little children, all to whom she could give comfort or pleasure. Her interest in the dwellers of the mountain valley was just as real as her love of the scenery, and that was intense; so making petticoats for babies who needed them, giving Christmas gifts to her poorest neighbors, or cooking dinners for children was just as much an outcome, a manifestation, an expression of her genuine self, as were the long walks she made, the botanizing expeditions, the hours she passed in the open air and in the woods.

She was always modest, almost shy, in the good she did. She made many plans for future good works in which some other person should seem to be taking the lead, while she, really the originator and chief worker, "would help all she could."

Lady Blanche had a rather striking face, the features irregular, the countenance expressive, with the greatest beauty in the winsome, sweet smile of her mouth. Her skin was beautiful, the cheeks the fresh, deep pink of the trailing arbutus, and she had a handsome head.

In March, 1881, she took a violent cold that readily developed into an acute and fatal malady. She was ill only four days, and then, full of life and hope, never thinking of death, her words and thoughts the very last night of her life words and thoughts of kindness and loving care for others, she died. She was only 35 years old, in the full prime of remarkable intellectual vigor, and her success as a writer was steadily increasing.

The Earl of Gainsborough said, in a letter to the present writer: "She was a remarkable character, a genius, but one of a practical and solid genius rarely to be met with; a noble woman, as you truly say—a daughter I am proud of. In a letter written eight years ago she wrote of her determination to carry out her pet schemes, and hoped she would do nothing that I should not be proud of. She succeeded. * * * I believe she will be remembered by you all as long as you live, and that her influence for good will be felt, and her bravery, industry and heroism be a constant encouragement in long years and trials to come."

William Dean Howells, who was then editor of the Atlantic at the time Lady Blanche made her first contributions to literature, and who did much to help and encourage her, in speaking to the writer of this sketch of Lady Blanche's intellectual habit and acumen, said: "She had the most analytical mind of any woman I have ever known."

She had not lived all the five years in her pretty house under the shelter of the Humphrey's Ledge, but she had looked forward to owning her own home in the midst of the lovely scenery she so delighted in, and the last summer of her life she bought the farm at the foot of the ledge and remodeled the house she meant to be her ideal home.

She sleeps now beside her mother at Exton, in far-off England, but her memory blooms in the peaceful glen as the few lonely flowers bloom before the house from which her bright presence is gone.

The Earl of Gainsborough lived a few years after the loss of his daughter, but while he did live his son-in-law, Mr. Murphy, was the recipient of an annuity from him. After Lady Blanche's death her husband lived with friends in the village, rarely going to the Humphrey's Ledge farm that recalled his irreparable loss. No other woman took Lady Blanche's place in his heart; he revered her memory with a loyalty rare among men.

His death also was very sudden. In August, 1890, he went on a pleasure trip to Maine; after a while he drifted to Boston, in the meanwhile having contracted an illness from which he died in a few days. He had done much to cultivate a taste for classical music in North Conway, and for his warm heart and genial ways was rarely loved.—Granite Monthly.

MY IMAGINARY DAUGHTER.

One Who Has None Tells How They Should Be Brought Up.

The Housewife.

It is, I dare say, because I have no daughter of my own, that I have such perfect confidence in my ability to train up a daughter in the way she should go. It is, I know, much easier to criticise the conduct of other men's daughters than it is to make your own do better; still, if I had daughters, I fully believe that I could train them better than a great many girls of my acquaintance are trained.

I hardly think that I should go to my bed at 10 o'clock at night not knowing whether my daughter of 16 was safely sheltered under my roof or running around the streets with boys and girls of her own age. I should like her to possess a certain degree of self-confidence, but I would have her acquire it in quite a different way from this.

I should not want her to go walking or driving with a young man of 20 years, as the 17-year-old daughter of a neighbor of mine went several times last summer. I should not want her to have gentlemen callers or be "in society" while she was yet a school girl.

I should not want her mother to do anything for my daughter that she could do herself. If I ever found her in the horse-cars, or in any other place, with a great wad of gum bulging out her cheeks, there would be serious trouble between my daughter and myself. I should not send her to school in a gown of silk, a dangling chain of gold, bracelets, laces, or a widely-plumed Gainsborough hat and flaunting ribbons.

I should have her taught to cook, and bake, and sew, and give her a thorough knowledge of housekeeping in all its details. This much would I do for the benefit of the man she might some day marry.

The many things I should be sorry to have her do I see done daily by the young daughters of intelligent and respectable parents, who would furiously resent this criticism on their training of their daughters, but I should be very sorry, indeed, to see my daughter doing these and other things done by many young American girls of today.—Zenas Dane.

Cross as a Signature.

The cross mark, still used occasionally instead of a signature, did not originate in ignorance. It was always appended to signatures in medieval times as an attestation of good faith.

PHIL MAY.

Now that Du Maurier is dead London Punch has lost its greatest card, but in his stead the manager of London's funniest and most famous weekly has decided to star Phil May, who is today the finest black and white worker in all England. May cannot fill Du Maurier's place, but he will be a most admirable substitute—the best in England. But he is as different from Du Maurier as night from day, as wine from water. Du Maurier's field was Mayfair and Belgravia; Phil May's is the slums and the gutters. And May has never been more successful than he has in touching up the pleasures, the pursuits, the sorrows of these gamins and children of the streets. It has been said of his sketches that not the slightest line is meaningless; not a line is there that is unnecessary. He has already done splendid work for Punch, the Sketch and other periodicals.

May was born in 1864, and his early education was that of a poor boy, forced by necessity into an intimacy with the kind of life he was afterward to depict. His artistic career began at Leeds when he was 12 years old. He then went to London and afterward to Australia. He became so prosperous in Australia that he returned to London with a reputation and joined the staff of Punch. From that time on his life has been one of the most pronounced success. He lives at Camden Hill, London, with a charming wife, and his Sunday evenings are among the most interesting artistic gatherings in London.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Dr. Copeland Forms an Invincible Combination Against Disease.

The Wonderful New Copeland Treatment Is the Latest Contribution of Science to Enable Nature to Throw Off the Accumulated Woe of Centuries—An Almost Free Cure for the Chronic Diseases That Afflict the Masses.

From the infancy of the human race mankind has been afflicted with disease, due both to his wilfull or ignorant violation of nature's laws and to the unfavorable conditions of his environment. Generation after generation and century after century the taint of disease has been transmitted, and during all this time nature has made a constant and heroic effort to shake it off. Just as running water purifies itself, nature always strives to overcome imperfections, but in her struggle to extirpate diseases from the human system she has been unsuccessful, because each generation has added to that inherited the disease contracted by its own deeds, carelessness or unavoidable exposure. For this reason deeply seated and apparently incurable chronic ills afflict millions of the people, and have done so for so long that they have been generally believed to be incurable. But this is not the case. Nature has failed simply because the odds were against her, but now she has a powerful ally, who brings victory to her banners. Science has come to her aid. It has come to rescue the suffering masses from disease and misery. Catarrh, that insidious, relentless and almost universal enemy of mankind, whose ravages are the real cause of nearly all the chronic disorders that afflict mankind, is conquered. The great master mind of the scientific world, Dr. Copeland, whose achievements in the discovery and perfection of a cure for this disease, for ages believed to be incurable, has conferred upon his fellow men a boon, under the brilliance of whose radiance all the great scientific achievements of the nineteenth century lose their lustre. Thousands upon thousands of afflicted ones have been cured by the wonderful new Copeland treatment, and still other thousands are now being cured by it, while to thousands more of the suffering masses complete relief is offered by the Copeland physicians at a price that is so merely nominal as to make a cure practically free.

CURED AT SEVENTY.

Even the Aged Are Restored to Health by the Wonderful New Copeland Treatment.

Mr. J. H. Bowman is 70 years of age, and lives at 1403 Second avenue north, Seattle. Of his wonderful cure he says:

"I was troubled with catarrh for many years. My nose discharged profusely and was stopped up with accumulations of secretions. The droppings in my throat kept me hawking and spitting constantly. My sight was blurred and I had a heavy dull feeling in the head just above the eyes. I was troubled continually with constipation and flatulency. I tried numerous remedies, but received no benefit. The apparently true statements of cured patients of the Copeland Medical Institute I read in the papers induced me to go to the Copeland physicians, with the result that my nose is free of catarrhal accumulations and I do not hawk and spit any more. My headaches are gone and my sight is much improved. I am no longer constipated or flatulent, and my general health is better that for years."

MR. J. H. BOWMAN, 1403 SECOND AVENUE NORTH, SEATTLE.

COPELAND FEE.

The cost of a full course of treatment at the Copeland Medical Institute for any chronic ailment or malady 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. Examinations free.

CATARRHAL ULCERS.

Nose, Head and Throat in Terrible Condition, Till the Mild and Soothing Copeland Treatment Effected a Cure.

Mr. E. Rousseau, a dealer in real estate and mines, living in Everett, Wash., is well known along Puget sound. He thus speaks of his cure by the Copeland physicians:

"I was troubled with catarrh of the nose, head and throat for many years, and spent many hundreds of dollars for medicines and doctors in a vain effort for relief. My nose was so stopped up that I could scarcely breathe through it, especially at night. There were a copious discharge from the nostrils and a dropping of catarrhal matter into the throat, keeping me hawking and spitting constantly. My throat was sore all the time and often I was unable to swallow. I had great pain in the throat from ulcerations, which occasionally broke and discharged matter. There was a constant dull pain over my eyes. My stomach became badly affected by the catarrhal poisons and I had frequent palpitation of the heart. Under the skillful treatment of the Copeland physicians I began at once to improve, and finally all my symptoms disappeared. My nose is clear, my breathing easy, my throat well, and I never felt so well in all my life."

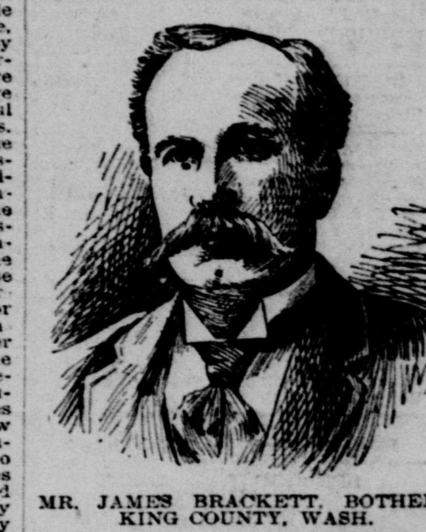
MR. E. ROUSSEAU, EVERETT, WASH.

LOST HIS HEARING.

Catarrh Destroyed It, and the Skill of the Copeland Physicians Restored It to Him Again.

For nine years Mr. James Brackett has resided in Bothell, King county, Wash., and being county road supervisor is widely known. Of his trouble and his remarkable cure he says:

"I have been troubled with catarrh of the head and throat all my life, but the last four years it has been very bad and caused me great distress and anxiety. Constant hawking and spitting made my throat very sore, while my nose being stopped up, I was forced to breathe through my mouth, which was parched and dry, especially at night. This difficulty in breathing made it impossible to sleep well at night. I had a dull headache constantly, and there seemed to be a heavy pressure on my brain. My ears gave me the most trouble. They were inflamed and pained me, and were constantly gathering and breaking, while the ringing and roaring noises in them were very distressing. I gradually lost my hearing, until it was almost gone. I consulted many doctors, but none of them seemed to be able to do anything for me. I had lost all faith in them, but at the urgent solicitation of my friends I decided to give the Copeland physicians a trial. The result has been marvelous. I began to improve immediately, and am now in better health than ever before. At first the strange noises I heard startled me, but now I am accustomed to hearing the thousands of things to which I was deaf before, and do not notice them. I now hear the conversation of those about me perfectly. All my other distressing symptoms have disappeared. I am cured."



MR. JAMES BRACKETT, BOTHELL, KING COUNTY, WASH.

DEAFNESS CURED.

The Wonderful Effect of the Copeland Treatment Upon One Nearly Deaf.

Mr. William Holder, for eight years a resident of Port Blakeley, feels that a miracle of cure has been wrought in his case. He says:

"I have had catarrh of the nose and throat for twenty-four years. A profuse discharge from the nose and droppings into the throat kept me busy with my handkerchief and in hawking and spitting to keep my throat clear. My stomach was poisoned and I could not digest my food. I suffered from sour stomach, bloating and obstinate constipation. The catarrh spread from my nose and involved my ears. I had a putrid discharge from one ear for about five years, and almost lost my hearing. I improved steadily under the treatment of the Copeland physicians. The discharge from my ear ceased and I regained my hearing. The discharge from the nose and the droppings into the throat have ceased. My stomach has regained its normal condition and my bowels are regular in their operation. I am in better health than for many years."

MR. WM. HOLDER, PORT BLAKELEY, WASH.

WITHOUT CHARGE.

For the purpose of enabling all to obtain a correct idea of the Copeland system of disease treatment and to test its transcendent advantages over less advanced methods, it should be kept in mind that Dr. Copeland offers to all sufferers from Rheumatism, Lung Trouble, Stomach Trouble, Skin Disease, Catarrh or other curable chronic malady, a trial treatment without charge. Remember that all who apply to the office in person are cordially welcome to a careful examination, advice and treatment upon their first visit, absolutely free of expense for consultation, diagnosis, treatment or medicine!

MARK THESE POINTS.

Invalids Should Mark:

First—That the Copeland system is a rebuke to the sin and abuse of overcharging the sick.

Second—That under the Copeland system no patient is subject to uncertain or capricious fee-charging or to any tax, levy or expense whatever beyond the assessment of $5 monthly, including all medicines.

Third—That chronic cases described in symptom blanks by country patients are diagnosed and treated by mail with phenomenal success.

Fourth—That consultation is free, and all who have chronic diseases are cordially invited to come to the office and consult with the physicians about them, or to write fully and freely by mail.

Fifth—That the Copeland specialists cure chronic catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, malignant catarrh of the stomach and kidneys, and all chronic maladies with great expedition and at little expense.

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, rheumatism or disfiguring skin diseases, lung or throat affections, liver, kidney, bladder, stomach or bowel trouble or any other form of chronic ailment are welcome, at any 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.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD.

Completely and Quickly Cured by Soothing and Healing Antiseptic Inhalations.

Mrs. Marie Woodman, wife of the locomotive foreman of the Great Northern railroad at Spokane, Wash., writes as follows of her experience with the Copeland Institute:

"About a year ago I noticed that my head became stopped up continually. I thought I had a bad cold. I treated myself for the cold, but my head did not seem to get any better. Later on I had severe headaches and discharge from the nose, followed by droppings into the throat, which kept me constantly hawking and spitting to keep my throat clear. I did not realize what was the matter, and thought I had a lingering cold. My ears became affected, became weak and I and I had severe pains above the eyes and in my forehead. I finally realized that I was in the clutch of catarrh, and began trying various remedies for its cure, but was not able to obtain relief. Finally I had my case diagnosed by the Copeland physicians and placed myself under their charge. The result has been that I have been completely cured and have no droppings in my throat, do not hawk or spit any more and all my catarrhal symptoms have disappeared. I feel stronger than for many months, and stronger than for many months; my appetite, which had completely failed, has been restored. I am highly pleased with the result of my treatment."

MRS. MARIE WOODMAN, SPOKANE, WASH.

HOME TREATMENT.

No One Deprived of the Benefits of the Copeland Treatment by Reason of Living at a Distance From the Office.

A well-known rancher at North Yakima, Wash., is Mr. Philip McLeod, who has the following to say about his cure by the Copeland physicians:

"About ten years ago catarrh began to trouble me seriously. I was always catching cold. My head and throat clogged up. I breathed with difficulty, was always wheezing, and raised great quantities of phlegm and corruption. Both my eyes and ears were affected. My hearing became dull and my eyes weak and watery, and my vision was blurred. The catarrh poisoned my stomach so that I could not digest my food. After eating I was distressed with bloating and belching, and had frequent attacks of vomiting. I also had chills and fever weeks at a time. I lost many pounds in weight and became so thin and feeble that my friends thought I was dying with consumption. For two years I took medicine and paid doctors without benefit. At last I placed myself under the care of the Copeland physicians and at once began to improve. After a few days I had no more trouble with my stomach and could eat heartily. I now have a good appetite and eat three meals a day. I have regained my weight and have no more chills and fever. My hearing has improved and my eyes are so good now that I read without glasses."

MR. PHILIP McLEOD, NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

Write for Symptom Blank and be cured at home. Only $5 a month.

The Copeland Medical Institute

COLLINS BUILDING,

Cor. Second and James Sts., 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.