IN MINETTA LANE.

FEATURE OF A CITY.

ONE OF NEW YORK'S MOST NOTORIOUS STREETS.

Characters Associated With Crime and Miserable Poverty—The Street's Worst Days Have Passed Away, but Its Inhabitants Include Many Whose Deeds Are Evil—The Celebrated Resort of Mammy Ross.

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Minetta Lane is a small and becobbled valley between hills of dingy brick. At night the street lamps, burning dimly, cause the shadows to be important, and in the gloom one sees groups of quietly conversant negroes, with occasionally the gleam of a passing growler. Everything is vaguely outlined and of uncertain identity, unless, indeed, it be the flashing buttons and shield of the policeman on post. The Sixth avenue horse cars jingle past one end of the lane and, a block eastward, the little thoroughfare ends in the darkness of MacDougal street.

One wonders how such an insignificant alley could get such an absurdly large reputation, but, as a matter of fact, Minetta Lane, and Minetta street, which leads from it southward to Bleecker street, were, until a few years ago, two of the most enthusiastically murderous thoroughfares in New York. Bleecker street, MacDougal street and nearly all the streets thereabouts were most unmistakably bad, but when the Minettas started out the other streets went away and hid. To gain a reputation in Minetta Lane, in those days, a man was obliged to commit a number of furious crimes, and no celebrity was more important than the man who had a good honest killing to his credit. The inhabitants, for the most part, were negroes, and they represented the very worst elements of their race. The razor habit clung to them with the tenacity of an epidemic, and every night the uneven cobbles felt blood. Minetta Lane was not a public thoroughfare at this period. It was a street set apart, a refuge for criminals. Thieves came here preferably with their gains, and almost any day peculiar sentences passed among the inhabitants. "Big Jim turned a thousand last night." "No-Toe's made another haul." And the worshipful citizens would make haste to be present at the consequent revel.

As has been said, Minetta Lane was then no thoroughfare. A peaceable citizen chose to make a circuit rather than venture through this place, that swarmed with the most dangerous people in the city. Indeed, the thieves of this district used to say: "Once get in the lane and you're all right." Even a policeman in chase of a criminal would probably shy away instead of pursuing him into the line. The odds were too great against a lone officer.

Sailors, and any men who might appear to have money about them, were welcomed with all proper ceremony at the terrible dens of the lane. At departure they were fortunate if they still retained their teeth. It was the custom to leave very little else to them. There was every facility for the capture of coin, from trapdoors to plain ordinary knock-out drops.

And yet Minetta lane is built on the grave of Minetta brook, where, in olden times, lovers walked under the willows of the bank, and Minetta lane, in later times, was the home of many of the best families of the town.

A negro named Bloodthirsty was perhaps the most luminous figure of Minetta lane's aggregation of desperadoes. Bloodthirsty, supposedly, is alive now, but he has vanished from the lane. The police want him for murder. Bloodthirsty is a large negro and very hideous. He has a rolling eye that shows white at the wrong time and his neck, under the jaw, is dreadfully scarred and pitted.

Bloodthirsty was particularly eloquent when drunk, and in the wildness of a spree he would rave so graphically about gore, than even the habituated wool of old timers would stand straight. Bloodthirsty meant most of it, too. That is why his orations were impressive. His remarks were usually followed by the wide lightning sweep of his razor. None cared to exchange epithets with Bloodthirsty. A man in a boiler iron suit would walk down to City hall and look at the clock before he would ask the time of day from the single-minded and ingenuous Bloodthirsty.

After Bloodthirsty, in combative importance, came No Toe Charley. Singularly enough, Charley was called No Toe solely because he did not have a toe to his feet. Charley was a small negro and his manner of amusement was not Bloodthirsty's simple way. As befitting a smaller man, Charley was more wise, more sly, more round-about than the other man. The path of his crimes was like a corkscrew, in architecture, and his method led him to make many tunnels. With all his cleverness, however, No Toe was finally induced to pay a visit to the gentlemen in the grim, gray building up the river.

Black Cat was another famous bandit who made the Lane his home. Black Cat is dead. It is within some months that Jube Taylor has been sent to prison, and after mentioning the recent disappearance of Old Man Spriggs, it may be said that the Lane is now destitute of the men who once crowned it with a glory of crime. It is hardly essential to mention Guinea Johnson. Guinea is not a great figure. Guinea is just an ordinary little crook. Sometimes Guinea pays a visit to his friends, the other little crooks who make homes in the Lane, but he himself does not live there, and with him out of it, there is now no one whose industry in unlawfulness has yet earned him the dignity of a nickname. Indeed, it is difficult to find people now who remember the old gorgeous days, although it is but two years since the Lane shone with sin like a new headlight. But after a search the reporter found three.

Mammy Ross is one of the last relics of the days of slaughter still living there. Her weird history also reaches back to the blossoming of the first members of the Whyo gang in the old Sixth ward, and her mind is stored with bloody memories. She at one time kept a sailors' boarding house near the Tombs prison, and accounts of all the festive crimes of that neighborhood in ancient years roll easily from her tongue. They killed a sailor man every day, and pedestrians went about the streets wearing stoves for fear of the handy knives. At the present day, the route to Mammy's home is up a flight of grimy stairs that is pasted on the outside of an old and tottering frame house. Then there is a hall blacker than a wolf's throat and this hall leads to a little kitchen where Mammy usually sits groaning by the fire. She is, of course, very old and she is also very fat. She seems always to be in great pain. She says she is suffering from "de very las' dregs of de yaller fever."

MINETTA LANE.

During the first part of a reporter's recent visit, old Mammy seemed most dolefully oppressed by her various diseases. Her great body shook and her teeth clicked spasmodically during her long and painful respirations. From time to time she reached her trembling hand and drew a shawl closer about her shoulders. She presented as true a picture of a person undergoing steady, unchangeable, chronic pain as a patent medicine firm could wish to discover for miraculous purposes. She breathed like a fish thrown out on the bank, and her old head continually quivered in the nervous tremors of the extremely aged and debilitated person. Meanwhile her daughter hung over the stove and placidly cooked sausages.

Appeals were made to the old woman's memory. Various personages who had been sublime figures of crime in the long-gone days were mentioned to her, and presently her eyes began to brighten. Her head no longer quivered. She seemed to lose for a period her sense of pain in the gentle excitement caused by the invocation of the spirits of her memory.

MAMMY ROSS.

It appears that she had had a historic quarrel with Apple Mag. She first recited the prowess of Apple Mag; how this emphatic lady used to argue with paving stones, carving knives and bricks. Then she told of the quarrel; what Mag said; what she said; what Mag said; what she said. It seems that they cited each other as spectacles of sin and corruption in more fully explanatory terms than are commonly known to be possible. But it was one of Mammy's most gorgeous recollections, and, as she told it, a smile widened over her face.

Finally she explained her celebrated retort to one of the most illustrious thugs that had blessed the city in by-gone days. "Ah says to 'im, Ah says: 'You—you'll die in yer boots like Galloping Thompson—dat's what you'll do. You des min' dat, honey! Ah got o'ny one chile an' he ain't nuthin' but er cripple, but le'me tel' you, man, dat boy'll live t' pick de feathers f'm de goose dat'll eat de grass dat grows over your grave, man!' Dat's what I tol' 'im. But—lan' sake—how I know dat in less'n three day, dat man be lyin' in de gutter wif a knife stickin' out'n his back. Lawd, no, I sholy never s'pected noting like dat."

These reminiscences, at once maimed and reconstructed, have been treasured by old Mammy as carefully, as tenderly, as if they were the variouse little tokens of an early love. She applies the same back-handed sentiment to them, and, as she sits groaning by the fire, it is plainly to be seen that there is only one food for her ancient brain, and that is the recollection of the beautiful fights and murders of the past.

On the other side of the lane, but near Mammy's house, Pop Babcock keeps a restaurant. Pop says it is a restaurant, and so it must be one, but you could pass there ninety times each day and never know that you were passing a restaurant. There is one obscure little window in the basement, and if you went close and peered in, you might, after a time, be able to make out a small, dusty sign, lying amid jars on a shelf. This sign reads: "Oysters in every style." If you are of a gambling turn of mind, you will probably stand out in the street and bet yourself black in the face that there isn't an oyster within a hundred yards. But Pop Babcock made that sign and Pop Babcock could not tell an untruth. Pop is a model of all the virtues which an inventive fate has made for us. He says so.

As far as goes the management of Pop's restaurant, it differs from Sherry's. In the first place, the door is always kept locked. The wardmen of the Fifteenth precinct have a way of prowling through the restaurant almost every night, and Pop keeps the door locked in order to keep out the objectionable people that cause the wardmen's visits. He says so. The cooking stove is located in the main room of the restaurant, and it is placed in such a strategic manner that it occupies about all the space that is not already occupied by a table, a bench and two chairs. The table will, on a pinch, furnish room for the plates of two people, if they are willing to crowd. Pop says he is the best cook in the world.

When questioned concerning the present condition of the lane, Pop said: "Quiet? Quiet? Lo'd save us, maybe it ain't! Quiet? Quiet?" His emphasis was arranged crescendo, until the last word was really a vocal explosion. "Why, disher' lane ain't nohow like what it uster be—no, indeed, it ain't. No, sir! 'Deed it ain't! Why, I kin remember when dey des was a-cuttin' an' a slashin' 'long yere all night. 'Deed dey was! My—my, dem times was diffrent! Dat dar Kent, he kep' de place at Green Gate cou't—down yer ol' Mammy's—an' he was a hard baby—'deed, he was—an' ol' Black Cat an' ol' Bloodthirsty, dey was a-roamin' round yere a-cuttin' an' a-slashin' an' a-cuttin' an' a-slashin' Didn't dar' say boo to a goose in dose days, dat you didn't, less'n you look' fer a scrap. 'No, sir!' Then he gave information concerning his own prowess at that time. Pop is about as tall as a picket on an under-sized fence. "But dey didn't have nothin' tor say to me! No, sir! 'Deed, dey didn't! I wouldn't lay down fer none of 'em. No, sir! Dey knew my galt, 'deed, dey did! Man, man, many's de time I buck up agin 'em. Yes, sir!"

At this time Pop had three customers in his place, one asleep on the bench, one asleep on the two chairs, and one asleep on the floor behind the stove.

But there is one man who lends dignity of the real bevel edged type to Minetta Lane and that man is Hank Anderson. Hank, of course, does not live in the Lane, but the shadow of his social perfections falls upon it as refreshingly as a morning dew. Hank gives a dance twice in each week, at a hall hard by in MacDougal street, and the dusky aristocracy of the neighborhood know their guiding beacon. Morever, Hank holds an annual ball in Forty-fourth street. Also he gives a picnic each year to the Montezuma Club, when he again appears as a guiding beacon. This picnic is usually held on a barge and the occasion is a very joyous one. Some years ago it required the entire reserve squad of an up-town police precinct to properly control the enthusiasm of the gay picnickers, but that was an exceptional exuberance and no measure of Hank's ability for management.

He is really a great manager. He was Boss Tweed's body servant in the days when Tweed was a political prince, and any one who saw Bill Tweed through a spyglass learned the science of leading, pulling, driving and hauling men in a way to keep the men ignorant of it. Hank imbibed from this fount of knowledge and he applied his information in Thompson street. Thompson street salaamed. Presently he bore a proud title: "The Mayor of Thompson Street." Dignities from the principal political organization of the city adorned his brow and he speedily became illustrious.

Hank knew the Lane well in its direful days. As for the inhabitants, he kept clear of them and yet in touch with them according to a method that he might have learned in the Sixth ward. The Sixth ward was a good place in which to learn that trick. Anderson can tell many strange tales and good of the Lane and he tells them in the graphic way of his class. "Why, they could steal your shirt without moving a wrinkle on it."

The killing of Joe Carey was the last murder that happened in the Minettas. Carey had what might be called a mixed-ale difference with a man named Kenny. They went out to the middle of Minetta street to affably fight it out and determine the justice of the question. In the scrimmage Kenny drew a knife, thrust quickly, and Carey fell. Kenny had not gone a hundred feet before he ran into the arms of a policeman.

There is probably no street in New York where the police keep closer watch than they do in Minetta lane. There was a time when the inhabitants had a profound and reasonable contempt for the public guardians, but they have it no longer, apparently. Any citizen can walk through there at any time in perfect safety, unless, perhaps, he should happen to get too frivolous. To be strictly accurate, the change began under the reign of Police Captain Chapman. Under Captain Groo, the present commander of the Fifteenth precinct, the lane has donned a complete new garb. Its denizens brag now of its peace, precisely as they once bragged of its war. It is no more a bloody lane. The song of the razor is seldom heard. There are still toughs and semi-toughs galore in it, but they can't get a chance with the copper looking the other way. Groo has got the poor old lane by the throat. If a man should insist on becoming a victim of the badger game, he could probably succeed, upon search in Minetta lane, as, indeed, he could on any of the great avenues, but then Minetta lane is not supposed to be a pearly street in Paradise.

In the meantime, the Italians have begun to dispute possession of the lane with the negroes. Green Gate court is filled with them now, and a row of houses near the MacDougal corner is occupied entirely by Italian families. None of them seem to be over-fond of the Mulberry bend fashions of life, and there are no cutting affrays among them worth mentioning. It is the original negro element that makes the trouble when there is trouble.

But they are happy in this condition, are these people. The most extraordinary quality of the negro is his enormous capacity for happiness under most adverse circumstances. Minetta lane is a place of poverty and sin, but these influences cannot destroy the broad smile of the negro, a vain and simple child but happy. They all smile here, the most evil as well as the poorest. Knowing the negro, one always expects laughter from him, be he ever so poor, but it was a new experience to see a broad grin on the face of the devil. Even old Pop Babcock had a laugh as fine and mellow as would be the sound of falling glass, broken saints from high windows, in the silence of some great cathedral's hollow.

STEPHEN CRANE.

MEN WHO VOTED FOR LINCOLN.

Few Survivors of New York's Electoral College of 1860.

At the time of the first election of Abraham Lincoln, in 1860, there were thirty-three states, and New York had thirty-five of the 303 electors, or more than 10 per cent. of the whole number. New York was carried by the Republicans in the first national election in which that party engaged for Fremont and Dayton, but it was not until the presidential election of 1860 that the electoral votes of New York state were made to count in the Republican column in favor of Mr. Lincoln.

When the thirty-five Lincoln electors met in the city of Albany to declare the choice of the voters at the election preceding, John A. King, of Jamaica, former governor, was elected president of the electoral college in New York, and Stewart L. Woodford, afterwards lieutenant governor, and now one of the active campaigners for McKinley and Hobart, was the messenger who took the certificates of New York's thirty-five votes for Mr. Lincoln to the city of Washington. Only a few of the original Lincoln electors now survive and very few, even of the survivors, continue to take an active part in politics.

At the head of the Lincoln electoral ticket was William Cullen Bryant, the poet and editor, who was at that time 66 years of age. Mr. Bryant, though his fame rests chiefly upon his poetic work, was one of the active supporters of the anti-slavery movement. He held no political office then or afterward, but was a regent of the state university when at the head of the Lincoln electoral ticket. Mr. Bryant died in 1878. His associate as elector at large was James O. Putnam, of Chautauqua, and among the other Lincoln electors were Judge William H. Robertson, Republican leader for more than thirty years in Westchester county politics, and still active there; Gen. James S. Wadsworth, whose son is a member of congress from the Livingston county district; John A. King, the former governor; Robert S. Hale, of Washington county, and Frank L. Jones, of Tioga. In the political changes incident to a lapse of thirty-six years, the other electors chosen to give their support to Mr. Lincoln have either died or retired.

The qualifications of electors are not fixed by congress, but by the respective legislatures, and the only qualification is that "no person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States" shall be a presidential electors. It has long been the custom of both political parties to choose men of mature years for the purely honorary office of electors, and a man of 50 in 1860 would be 86 this year. Former Judge Robertson was one of the exceptions. He was born in 1823 and was 37 years of age when he cast his vote for Mr. Lincoln. He is now 73. In the succeeding presidential election of 1864, Lincoln electors were chosen for the second time in New York; but it is a fact not generally known that Mr. Lincoln's majority on his second election was materially less than on the first. Horace Greeley was the president of the Lincoln electoral college in New York in 1864. Some other survivors are James S. T. Stranahan, of Brooklyn; A. J. Dittenhoefer, of New York city; John Tweddle, of Albany, after whom the Tweddle hall was called; Allen C. Churchill, afterward secretary of state at Albany, and John J. Knox. There are several survivors of the Republican electoral ticket of 1872, Andrew D. White, Samuel H Wales and Stewart L. Woodford among them. Frederick Douglass was on this occasion the messenger to Washington—a distinction closely following the establishment of negro suffrage.

The Clerk Suffered.

New York Times.

A woman shopping in a New York store one day last week was cleverly victimized of her purchase and change. She gave in payment for a lace collarette, the price of which was $2.39, a $5 bill. Then, as she was in great haste, she went off to another part of the store, telling the saleswoman she would be back for her goods and money.

When she did return fifteen minutes afterward it was to be told that collar and change had already been taken.

The saleswoman was in tears as she made an explanation, when the lady excitedly stated that she was the rightful owner.

"Why," said the girl, "a lady came up here in the crowd and reached over, saying, just as big as could be, 'Have the change and collarette come back?' I looked at her and she repeated: 'My change from a $5 bill after paying $2.39 for a lace collar.' The lady's face seemed familiar and I gave her the things. Now, I remember your face, too, and I can see that you're the right one. But I thought the other one was right, too."

The situation was provoking, but it was also to an extent, justifiable. Saleswomen cannot be expected to locate faces perfectly. Shoppers often find it extremely difficult to identify a saleswoman when it is necessary to do so, and when it is true on one side of the counter it is also true on the other. The advantage of identification is, indeed, in favor of the shopper, who sees the girl set apart, while the girl confronts, often at the crowded counters, like those where ribbons and laces are sold, a triple line of faces, set closely together.

The outcome of the particular case referred to may be of interest. After a considerable consultation, the loss was divided into three portions. The firm replaced the collarette, the shop girl paid half the change out of her wages and the lady pocketed the loss of the other half.

An Old Settler.

When the rheumatism first pre-empts certain tracts of your anatomy it may be ousted easily, but when it becomes an old settler it is pretty hard to budge. Remember this when you experience the first twinges of this obstinate and agonizing disease, and attack it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will then "make tracks," and possibly leave you unmolested and in peaceable possession of your own comfort in the future. Peril always attends rheumatism, if it become chronic, on account of its tendency to attack the heart. Usually it is complicated with kidney trouble. Certain it is that the kidneys, when aroused by the Bitters, will eliminate impurities which give rise to rheumatism and dropsy. In inclement or wet conditions of the weather, the Bitters, taken in advance, will often avert rheumatic troubles. Use this genial family medicine for dyspepsia, biliousness, headache and constipation.

George P. Goodale denies in the Detroit Free Press that C. W. Couldock, the veteran actor, is to retire from the stage premanently. He states that he has had word from the veteran actor, who says that he has been suffering from an indisposition for a few days, but has no intention of retiring until he grows old. Mr. Couldock is 82 years of age and is the oldest actor in America.

NEED OF A NEW LAW.

STATUTES RELATING TO ARID LANDS ARE INADEQUATE.

Dr. Elmer Points Out the Advantages to Be Gained by Proper and Systematic Immigration—Thousands of Acres in Eastern Washington Could Be Transformed From a Desert Into Productive Fields.

SPOKANE, Dec. 28.—Special.—Dr. W. W. Elmer, of this place, as announced in a recent issue of the Post-Intelligencer, is an applicant for the position of arid land commissioner under the Rogers administration. He is interested in irrigation and the reclamation of arid lands and at different times has addressed meetings upon the importance of proper legislation by the state. To the Post-Intelligencer correspondent he said:

"Today irrigation is forcing itself on the people of Washington. What the state most requires is that the Eastern mind shall be convinced that an open field is here presented for a happy, contented people where education and this age of improved methods will produce an advanced civilization. America, one of the youngest countries settled by the Caucasian race and the last to discover that wonderful art, which makes concentration of effort a necessity and consequently a step nearer a great civilization, has only to turn to the pages of the history of Colorado, California, Utah and Nevada to fully appreciate the grand transformation of the desert in these states in the past few years and awaken to the necessity of not only individual effort, but to the fact that the state should simplify the irrigation laws and put a premium on the development of the so-called arid lands of Eastern Washington.

"Of the 24,000,000 acres of land in Eastern Washington, 20,000,000 or thereabout are arable; of the latter over 6,000,000 are desert or semi-humid. A small part of this land has been reclaimed and the waters of irrigation supplied through canals or ditches. The gravity ditch or canal will supply a part of the desert lands, but the genius of the engineer shall have to come to the relief of larger stretches of these lands. As also the securing of the fullest results from the semi-humid portions. For this purpose, we have our majestic and rapid rivers. It is there the expert engineer will find a field for the best elements of his skill, the utilizing of the thousands of horsepower now useless and the tens of thousands of cubic feet of water of our lakes and rivers running to waste every second of time, passing our doors and yearly carrying the wealth of a nation to be lost in the wide ocean.

"The Columbia, with its immense volume of water equal to about 10,000 cubic feet per second, at present practically runs to waste. The vast possibilities of this river, it is fair to suppose, should engage the attention of the national government. There is an object lesson for us in the great irrigation works of India, in which the English government has within the past 50 years invested over $50,000,000. Large as this investment is, it is reported to give returns of from 4½ to 7 per cent. per year and this with semi-savage people as contributors. These works are of the most finished and permanent character, being built of specially prepared brick and large blocks of stone, works that will withstand the hand of time hundreds of years. One canal on the Betwa river, a tributary to the Ganges, discharges a greater volume of water than the Columbia of our own state at flood time. Many of their restraining dams are 3,000 to 4,000 feet in length by 60 to 70 feet high. These figures give some conception of the magnitude of their works and the engineering difficulties.

"If the interstate laws were so constituted that works of this character could be undertaken by the government, some three or four general supply canals could be built. It is an open question that Eastern Washington would in the near future have her population rolled upto a million people. The problem of the early settlement of the rich valleys of the Yakima, the Columbia river basin, the Wenatchee, and the Okanogan valley would be practically settled. Would it not be a question well taken if our next state legislators were to investigate this subject as a state enterprise? The amount of investment and probable result of a generous supply canal centrally located. With this as a test would not it likely pave the way for larger and more generally useful works in the future?

"We have arrived at that period in the history of our country that the Westward flow of immigration must from natural boundaries come to an end. Washington's Western boundary is the broad Pacific. Here the flood must stop, and spread itself out over our broad plains and foothills. It is self-evident that some preparation ought to be made to receive and hold the constantly increasing exodus from the Eastern states. What does the history of our country teach? How short the time since Plymouth Rock and Jamestown! What fabulous wealth has rolled in upon this land in but a span in the world's history. How easy to trace the march of emigration and settlements until now the ocean bars the way to farther westward progress.

"It is conceded that 90 per cent. of the arable lands of Eastern Washington were the better for a water supply. It is then in irrigation that the great problem of the early settlement of the state lies. It is a question for the best efforts of our legislators, worthy of the best minds in political economy, for today it is the critical question in the providing for the future not only for the Pacific coast, but for the United States. The farmers east of the mountains are not averaging more than a living for their families. They are thus compelled to look elsewhere for broader and more productive fields. This cause alone is driving the sons and daughters to the great centers of population for remunerative work. The cities through foreign emigration and this one other cause are now overcrowded, and have their thousands who even in times of plenty would want bread. This broad territory, with its equable climate, is being inquired into as a possible and desirable field for homes and an outlet for the overcrowded East. Washington has every element to attract the best of the farming population of the East. It is only necessary to make such provision backed by a liberal policy that men with moderate means may succeed as permanent settlers, to soon place Washington in the front rank of the sisterhood of states. We have the making of an empire in our own hands, with the foundation already laid. The future lies in the securing men, not the man of large capital, but the man of moderate means, who may so invest his small capital, as, step by step, to secure comparative comfort, thereby converting the necessity for economy into a consummation of a liberal indulgence of the requirements of life.

"The virgin soil of Washington offers to the willing hand and active brain all that which makes up the sum of life; it may be said that the arid regions of this state are one vast sanitarium, a dry atmosphere, clear and equable, an early and balmy spring, summers without a cloud, mild winters, and long and late falls, when nature gives out her riches in abundant crops of fruits and vegetables.

"These are some of the conditions that call for carefully considered legislation by the powers that govern and control the destiny of our state. There are at present laws on the statute books purporting to be in the interest of irrigation, but to practical men, these laws are crude and unfinished, and were conceived by men illy prepared to meet the requirements of the present conditions for the settlement of the arid lands, as these laws are calculated to eventuate in the absorption of the lands by corporations or the lenders of the money for development work. For the settler of moderate means, who shall subscribe to a county irrigation scheme, will surely fail to meet the requirements of interest and taxes, before he can secure returns from the lands to meet expenses devolving upon him for personal requirements, and the interest on the money invested. There can be but one safety to the settler—a supplementary law to the present district irrigation law, in which the state will assume the liability for taxes and interest for three years, holding it against the land as a charge for future collection (or an emergency tax law). The district irrigation law of Washington as based on the Wright law is absolutely in antagonism to local conditions in Washington, a good law doubtless in an old settled and producing community, but quite out of place in conditions that now obtain in this state."

Timothy recommended "a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." The famous old Jesse Moore Whiskies, which are good and pure, are much better than bad wine. Moore, Hunt & Co., sole agents for the Pacific Coast.

Mount de Aqua, otherwise the "water volcano," is situated within twenty-five miles south of the capital of Guatemala. It has spells of vomiting immense torrents of pure cold water.

ITS USUAL SIGNS.

Symptoms of Catarrh as Given by Dr. Copeland.

Proper Course to Be Pursued by Those Afflicted—The Present Trifling Expense of a Radical and Permanent Cure Under the Far-Famed Copeland Treatment.

It transpires that Dr. Copeland's celebrated "Symptom List," though duly copyrighted at Washington, is now being copied right and left, literally and bodily, in many different sections of the country. The public will simply take note of the infringement—the plagiarism—the larceny—or whatever it may be termed—and resent it as a reckless trespass, not only upon the rights of others, but upon the confidence of the sick, who desire help, counsel and guidance directly from the great specialist himself, and not from those who would either stoop to imitate his methods or climb to usurp his title.

In this damp climate of ours thousands upon thousands suffer from the destructive poisons of catarrh without knowing the nature of their illness. The Copeland symptom list, which is again presented in this connection, is to enable many sufferers to understand just what it is that ails them, remembering that every part of the mucous membrane, the nose, throat, eyes, ears, head, lungs, stomach, liver and bowels are subject to disease and blight by catarrh.

The proper course for sufferers is this: Read these symptonms carefully over, mark those that apply to your case, and bring this with you to the Copeland Medical Institute. If you live away from the city, send them by mail and ask for mail treatment. In either instance, and whether by mail or office treatment, the patient may be assured of the speediest relief and cure possible to enlightened medicine.

AS TO COST.

Don't lose sight of the fact that any chronic sufferer, whether from catarrh or other seated and distressing chronic malady, may apply at any time at the Collins building, corner Second and James street, and receive from the Copeland experts the most efficient treatment now in vogue without any expense beyond the regular monthly fee of $5 a month, including all medicines, to office and mail patients alike.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD AND THROAT.

The most prevalent form of catarrh results from neglected colds. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

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

CATARRH OF THE BRONCHIAL TUBES.

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. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

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

CATARRH OF THE EARS.

Catarrh extends from the throat along the Eustachian tubes into the ears, causing defective hearing. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

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

CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

Catarrh of the kidneys and bladder results in two ways, first by taking cold, second by overworking the kidneys in separating from the blood the poisons that have been absorbed from catarrh which affects all organs. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

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

CATARRH OF THE LIVER.

The liver is affected by catarrh through the disease extending from the stomach into the tubes in the liver. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

"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?"

CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

Catarrh of the stomach is usually caused by swallowing poisonous mucus, which drops down from the head and throat at night. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system.

"Is there nausea?"
"Are you costive?"
"Is there vomiting?"
"Do you belch up gas?"
"Have you waterbrash?"
"Are you light-headed?"
"Is your tongue coated?"
"Do you hawk and spit?"
"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?"
"Have you distress after eating?"
"Is your throat filled with slime?"
"Do you at times have diarrhoea?"
"Is there rush of blood to the head?"
"When you get up suddenly are you dizzy?"
"Is there constant bad taste in mouth?"
"Is there a gnawing sensation in stomach?"
"Feel as if you had lead in stomach?"
"When you get up suddenly are you dizzy?"
"When the stomach is empty feel faint?"
"Do you belch material that burns throat?"
"If stomach is full do you feel oppressed?"

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