

COL. OLCOTT TALKS.

Apostle of Theosophy Makes Defense of His Faith.

Says He and His Followers Have Nothing in Common with Dowite Teachings, Christian Science or Other Faith Cures.

Col. Henry Steel Olcott, of India, president of the Theosophical society, recently arrived in Chicago to attend the fifteenth annual convention of the American section of the Theosophical society.

The head of the society of mysticism and science has had a long and varied career.

Col. Olcott is not a believer in either Dowiteism or Christian Science. "I am not acquainted either with Dr. Dowie or his belief," he said to a reporter. "But the head of the church of Zion, from what I have heard and seen in the newspapers, strikes me as being a charlatan. I am not a believer in the creed of which Mrs. Eddy is the head. The Lord may make cures of bodily ills—He undoubtedly has the power. But did you ever know of one instance where the Lord received the money or anything aside from somewhat fulsome credit for His work?"

"The public has no conception of the results attained by the Theosophical society. From the foundation of our creed we have been derided by ignorant writers and speakers and treated contemptuously, as though we were a band of fanatics or charlatans. In defense of myself and my coworkers I must state that the leaders in our religion receive no salaries and some not even the cost of their daily bread. We receive no presents of money for our own use, and this fact gives flat contradiction to statements that we have been working for selfish motives.

"I think we have a right to have these facts known and also that we have outlived all opposition, have overcome all obstacles and built up in a wonderfully brief time a sociological movement of the first rank, which to-



COL. HENRY S. OLCOTT. (President of the Theosophical Society of the World.)

day embraces people of all classes and most nationalities. We have passed the age of experiment long since, and there now stretches before us a career of great promise."

Col. Olcott's work in India in spreading the doctrines of theosophy and in ameliorating the conditions of many of the low-caste natives has called out praise and commendation from all parts of the world. In company with Mme. Blavatsky he established schools, united warring factions and revived the Sanskrit literature that had fallen into disuse.

Since the headquarters of the Theosophical society were established in India, 21 years ago, much work has been accomplished. The society has spread the teachings of the ancient sages and adepts and shown the similarity between the ancient teachings and the discoveries of modern science.

In addition Col. Olcott recited a number of other examples of good work on the part of the organization. "We have promoted the human brotherhood," he said. "We have effected fraternal feelings between the northern and southern schools of Buddhism in India. We have won thousands of cultured and educated people to our belief; have brought about a revival of Buddhism in India; laid the foundations of Central Hindoo college at Benares, India, an institution now flourishing and receiving increased endowments every month. We have revived Buddhism in Ceylon and have started a great educational movement in that island. Lastly, we have begun a campaign of education among the pariahs of India, with a hope that we may be able to lift them from out of their despised and downtrodden condition."

Col. Olcott has been expert agriculturist and as such has refused many offers of government position; he is the author of many books and has been successively newspaper man, lecturer, soldier and statesman. He is 69 years old, but as erect and agile as a man half that age.

A silver medal that Col. Olcott carries in his pocket he regards as among his choicest treasures. Intrinsicly the medal is worth but little, but it was presented to the wearer by the department of agriculture in recognition of his fine newspaper work during the Chicago exhibit in 1893. His report of the agricultural congress held in connection with the exhibit was said to be the most comprehensive statement written of the meeting.

A Kansas Woman's Plait.
A Kansas woman is in trouble. She communicated with a Philadelphia lady who advertised a remedy to remove superfluous hair. Here is her doleful letter: "I sent her one dollar and got a bottle of the medicine. I had some fuz on my face, I used the medicine and it burnt my face and now I have got a heavy beard the doctor say I will have whiskers now all my life."

MONEY IN HER TEARS.

A Woman in Black Who Can Weep and Excite Highly Remunerative Sympathy at Will.

"Do you see that woman in black sitting there?" said a railroad detective to a New York Sun reporter. "Well, she possesses the rare gift of being able to cry naturally and at will.

"If she sees a group of well-dressed men in a station waiting for a train she'll sit or stand very near them and burst out crying. Of course, her misery will attract attention and some man will surely come to her relief. The story is that she has no money to buy a ticket to get to her



SHE CAN CRY ANYWHERE.

destination in the next town. It is a common thing for men to give her a few dollars promptly and never ask any questions. She has a variety of stories to tell. I think she is the most successful beggar I know.

"Crying at will is something I don't understand. I have seen counterfeit cries galore on the stage, but this woman's cry is much nearer the real thing. No, she does not hold a handkerchief to her eyes at all. She just keeps her face well up, and sobs freely, her tears rolling down her cheeks that all may see them. She can cry anywhere.

"I've seen that woman stop on the sidewalk near where three men were standing and sob as if her heart would break. When one of the men asked what the matter was, she replied she lived 20 miles away and had lost her purse. The three men gave her a dollar and a half in a jiffy and asked no questions. How often in a day she does a turn like that I don't know.

"She does her turn so artistically that we hate to turn the fraud down. One time I did interfere in the front of a hotel, but the five men she had cried to simply gave me a stony stare and waved me off, as they handed her a few small bills. They wouldn't hear my story, and swallowed her tears of woe as a trout jumps at a fly. I guess those men would rather feel they'd helped a poor woman than believe there was such a fraud. That's why I let her go.

"No, I am sure she uses no onion, or other pungent odors to cause her tears. Her tear glands are ever ready on tap and never appear to be empty. Some days ago I asked a doctor about it and he couldn't explain it more than to say that practice makes perfect, and that the tear glands could be developed the same as any other portion of the human body. I have promised to show him the woman some time."

COWBOY RIDES STEER.

He Can Cover Ground with It Faster Than with Any Horse on His Employer's Ranch.

Eddie Sullivan, who rides for the big cattle owners of the Potrero of San Francisco, has the prize record of having broken 11 steers to the saddle, and all without breaking his own neck. A California bronco is peculiar, but a California steer—well, there is no ad-



EDDIE ON HIS PET STEER

jective yet discovered that will exactly fit his case.

Breaking horses was all well enough in the way of business, but for pasture there was not enough excitement in it. Eddie found that some of the long, lean steers that came up from the great ranches of the southwest beat the fastest horses he could find to ride. The only reason why they could not get away from the cowboy was because the brains of the man directed the pursuing horse, while the poor steer had no governing hand to help it out, but merely brute strength, agility and speed. Now Eddie has harnessed a steer and can cover ground with it faster than any horse on the ranch can go.

Bamboo Pens in India.
Bamboo pens have been used in India for over 1,000 years, and are still preferred to steel or quill pens.

A FLOAT ON ICE CAKE.

Terrible Experience of a Party of Cape Nome Prospectors.

Details of the Adventure Related by One of Two Women in the Company—A Hair-Raising Struggle for Existence.

Evelyn Bass, one of the victims carried out on the ice off Bluff City, has kindly consented to give her impressions of the terrible experience for the Nome Gold Digger. She is a frail little woman, who looks incapable of enduring such privations and hardships as she was called upon to endure, but like the rest of the party she faced the danger with the utmost coolness and courage.

"It was four nights before Christmas eve that Audrey Bell, Charles Hagelin, Eric Johnston and myself rounded the point at Bluff City and found open water barring the trail. Miss Bell and I were tied to the sleds, for the way was rough, and we did not pay attention to the water, the men telling us there was often a crack at that point. Eric Johnston jumped across and ran up toward the ropes and then we realized that we were gradually drifting away from the shore. People in Nome seem to think that we were carried away on a little patch of ice, but our floating prison was many miles in extent.

"As the crack grew wider Eric Johnston and W. F. Austin, the man he had asked to assist at Bluff City, rowed out to us in a boat. They succeeded in scrambling on the ice, but Austin was drenched, for it was a wild and stormy night. We had a robe and two pieces of canvas, and we wrapped him in one of the sleds, and let the dogs lie around him to keep him from freezing. He had no hat and his clothes were wet through, so I opened my trunk and got out an eiderdown matinee for his head and tore up a flannel skirt for his feet; the rest of the things in the trunk we used to keep ourselves warm.

"Everyone in the party seemed anxious to pretend that there was no dan-



THEY LIGHTED A FIRE.

ger, the boys made light of everything, and Mr. Austin was full of fun. I did not realize till the next morning that we might drift out on the ice till we were starved or frozen, and then I did not see any use making a fuss about it.

"That day we kept traveling to keep land in sight, as the position of the ice was continually shifting. All the time we were afloat we must have gone 20 or 30 miles. I had been ill and could not walk fast enough to keep warm, so they let me lie in one of the sleds with dogs round me. Miss Bell, Johnston and Hagelin kept walking all the time to prevent them from freezing. As the days went on they sometimes fell asleep on their feet.

"All our provisions consisted of some fish for dog feed, and a little cornmeal, but we had no salt. On the second day when we began to travel a strange thing happened. We found some wood that Austin had thrown from his sled a few days before. With this the boys were able to light a fire and cook, but it was not till the third day out that I could eat a little cornmeal mush, and it revived me wonderfully.

"We saw a bonfire on the coast the third night, one of those we afterward heard, that were lighted as signals to us. The fourth night it snowed, and we were soaked through. If we had been forced to stay on the ice another night we should probably have frozen, for we were very wet and exhausted.

"But on the morning of the fourth day our ice field drifted in shore, and we were only separated from the beach by six miles of rubber ice. This was our one chance, and we determined to risk it. The sleds were put side by side, and with a rush we started, the ice cracking and breaking all the way. The 14 dogs dashed on, urged by the men. I did not dare to look, but covered my head, expecting every moment to go through, till some one called out 'we are on the beach!' and then I threw off the wrap and saw one of the boys break down and sob with joy, and Mr. Chisman, the roadhouse keeper at Chookook, with an Indian, was standing on the shore welcoming us."

Hard on Amateur Nimrods.
Inexperienced hunters, who are in the habit of mistaking human beings for game, and occasionally wounding or killing the former, will do well to avoid Maine. The legislature of that state has just passed a law making it a crime, while hunting, to "accidentally" shoot a human being. The penalty is ten years' imprisonment or a fine of \$1,000.

The Driest Spot on Earth.
The driest place on earth is the little town of Payta, on the coast of Peru, where seven years is the average interval between two rains. In old times the water supply of Payta was brought down from the mountains every night by a herd of little donkeys, who returned in the cool of the evening.

HAS STRANGE HISTORY.

"Indian Mary," Who Lives Near St. Joseph, Mich., Saw Many Adventures in Her Day.

There is no woman in the north-west whose history stands out more prominently that does that of Mary Cochrane, familiarly known as "Indian Mary;" yet she is at present residing in a hovel at the edge of the village of Stevensville, a hamlet in the outskirts of St. Joseph, Mich. She is in straitened circumstances that approach dire poverty, and as she is very old and probably will not live through the present year the authorities will take notice of her case and attempt to make easy the re-



INDIAN MARY AND DOG RUM.

mainder of her life. She is the most unique character in Michigan. There is not a person in Chicago who lived there in the early days of the city who will not remember "Indian Mary."

Time was in the early days, says the Chicago Chronicle, when she was a familiar figure on the streets of Chicago, and there was one particular period when she was lauded as a heroine and when the whole city talked of her. This was during the civil war, when she saved the life of Col. Mulligan, the famous commander of the Mulligan brigade, or "the Irish brigade," as it was familiarly known. Col. Mulligan was severely wounded. The battle raged all day, 2,000 federal soldiers holding back 6,000 confederates until Mulligan fell. Mulligan was removed to island No. 10, near Lexington, where he languished for want of medical help. There was no nurse to be found except "Indian Mary," who was with the army. She exerted her medical knowledge over the dying colonel and her Indian medicines saved him.

"Indian Mary" served throughout the war in the capacity of nurse and had the awful experience of seeing her husband, William H. Cochrane, a private in company L, Thirty-third Michigan infantry, shot for desertion.

Mary Cochrane is 75 years of age. Her mother was Julia La Salle, of Detroit, a full-blooded squaw, and her grandfather, Jacob La Salle, was an Indian chief. She spent her early years in Chicago and in 1861 joined the federal army in the capacity of nurse. She entered the service under Col. James McMullen and won credit for the bravery she displayed on several occasions. During the past 30 years she has lived in the vicinity of St. Joseph, where she has in some way acquired the reputation of being a witch.

She has not been troubled by the society of her village and her only companion in her little shack is a small dog. As a last resort the old lady has applied, through Justice St. Clair, of St. Joseph, for a pension for her service during the civil war.

THESE RATS WERE WISE.

By Employing Strategic Means They Secured All the Oil They Wanted to Drink.

Once there was an artist who could not think how it was that his oil lasted such a short time. He felt sure that he did not use it all, so he thought he would try to find out what became of it.

One day he saw a rat run across the floor to the jar which held the oil. He kept quite still, and in a



ON ONE ANOTHER'S SHOULDERS.

short time the rat went and brought some of his friends. Then it stood up on its hind legs, with its fore paws against the jar. Another rat ran up and stood on the first one's shoulders, and then another did the same until there were four rats up the side of the jar. Then the top one dipped its tail in the oil, and the second one licked it dry. By changing places each of them had as much oil as it wanted. The artist did not like to frighten them away, but after that he kept his oil where the rats could not get to it.

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