# STRANGER THAN FICTION

## An Unauthenticated Story of the Singular Life of a Woman.

## FORTY-THREE YEARS IN MEN'S CLOTHES

**Catherine Coombes, Ill-Treated by Her Husband, Earned Her Living as a Painter—Her Niece Was Her "Wife."**

The very brief account which has already appeared of Mrs. Catherine Coombes, who for the past forty-three years has dressed and worked as a man, gives but the barest outline of a career that will surely take rank with the two or three historic examples of those of the sex who have served in the army and navy without their secret becoming known. But the story, even in its baldest form, relates the London Telegraph, was remarkable enough to be interesting to any woman, and it was in the hope of gleaning some further particulars from the lips of the heroine herself that I wended my way the other afternoon to the West Ham workhouse, in which the erstwhile "Charley Wilson" has been unfortunately reduced to seek a temporary shelter. The matron to whom, of course, I had to explain the object of my quest, was only too ready to assist it, for, as she sympathetically remarked the more that could be known of the case the better would be the chance of securing some practical assistance for a woman who has fought her own battle unaided, in her own way, through life; and she kindly said she would bring Mrs. Coombes to her own room, where she could talk more freely than in the women's day wards.

Dressed in the simple uniform of the West Ham union of blue linen, with white apron and cap upon her short iron-gray hair, Mrs. Coombes entered briskly and alertly, and would certainly not have been set down as more than 50 years of age, though she is over 63. She is by no means tall, and in her masculine garb must have appeared both short and slight. Her voice sounded unusually deep for a woman, but, as she explained in subsequent conversation, she had cultivated its lowest registers till she had come to use them habitually; and she also expresses herself with a terseness and vigor not quite characteristically feminine. She was not disposed at first to speak fully of her life, saying, modestly, that to some it might not seem a very edifying one; but by degrees, and with the help of a leading question or two she unfolded her extraordinary history, and as she talked it became evident that she had enjoyed considerable educational advantages. To her possession, in fact, of these is due the unhappy beginning of her life. As she explained, she was born at Axbridge, in Somersetshire, of comfortably circumstanced parents, who sent her to the Cheltenham Ladies' college, which, half a century ago held, as it does today, a leading place among girls' schools, and while there she was far better taught than were the majority of girls at that time. It has been stated that her husband was a curate but that is not the case. He was a schoolmaster and a cousin of her own, considerably her senior. Thinking that her knowledge would be of assistance to him in teaching, he pressed for a very early marriage, which proved a disastrously unhappy one, until his efforts to live upon her parents and his personal violence to her compelled her not only to leave him, but to take steps to prevent his ever finding her again.

### HOW SHE FOUND WORK.

Then it was that the problem of existence presented itself to her in its plainest form. There were not the "openings for women" five-and-forty years ago that there are today, and, to put it in her own words, she saw that the choice lay between a man's clothes and labor and destitution. She elected the former, and but for an accident would probably have carried her secret to her death bed. She succeeded in effecting an outward transformation in humble lodgings at a Birmingham coffee house. Her next step was to find work, and she started as a learner in the house painting trade at 4 shillings a week. Her aptitude soon showed itself, and after three weeks this modest remuneration was raised until in a few months she was able to earn "a living wage." In the earlier days of her career she worked a great deal in Yorkshire, and bore her part in the internal decorations of many of the finest mansions of the landed and titled people there. I interrupted her narrative to ask if she had never felt afraid in these times of some gesture or inadvertent speech that would betray her to her "mates," and her answer showed how well she turned the power of observation to account. "I knew I must never lapse into carelessness," she said, "and how little it would take to give me away, from a very small episode. We had had our luncheon while we were decorating a fine house, and the gardener, thinking to give us a treat, brought in a basket of choice apples. He was in a hurry, however, and to those at the further end of the hall he threw the apples, and a young boy sitting down, who, I suppose, had been in the habit of wearing an apron at his work, extended his knees apart to make a lap in which to catch the fruit. There was an old Yorkshire foreman close beside him, who at once laughed at the boy and said, 'Yon lad's learnt how t' wenches play.' I had played cricket, so I knew how to catch mine, but I did not forget the lesson." "Charley Wilson" went twice to Paris on special jobs for "his" employers, and had an exceedingly good offer on one occasion to go to America.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact of this woman's business capabilities was her employment for over thirteen years by the Peninsular and Oriental company. It is with considerable pride that she mentions that, with the exception of the last two or three ships built, there is not a vessel in that stately fleet which cannot show her handiwork. She had a large share in the redecoration of the saloon of the Rome after the big alterations that were made in her hull for her improvement. The ornamentation of the music saloons of the Victoria, the Oceana and the Arcadia, which are especially elaborate and rich, was almost entirely carried out by her in enameling, and this, it should be added, is rather a distinct branch of the painter's craft, for, as she says, "a ship's painter may paint a house, but a mere house painter can't paint a ship." During her engagement with the firm who did this work for the company, and subsequently when the Peninsular and Oriental company did its own painting, she enjoyed a particularly good character for her punctuality in arriving at her work in the morning.

### HOW SHE TALKED WITH MEN.

"But how did you bring yourself to talk as men talk when they are alone?" I asked. "Well, you see," she answered, "I never mixed with them. From the first I saw my safety would lie in maintaining a rather proud, rather 'stand-off' demeanor. My work, I may say without vanity, was so good that that was my claim to the master's notice. The men wondered a little who I could be that chose to keep so much to myself, and so they dubbed me 'the gentleman painter.'" As Mrs. Coombes talked it was easy to see that she held strongly religious and devout opinions, though without any ostentation or tendency to obtrude them, and in this way, too, she could save herself from offense. "I have often," she continued, "had to speak my mind out straight when a man working under me has been lazy or careless, but I can safely say I have never used a blasphemous word or an expression that would be jarring on a woman's lips. And as far as talk about me went, I never hesitated to show that I disliked coarse and irreverent and vulgar language. My mates soon learned this, and would often say, if it seemed likely to drift offensively far in that direction: 'Ere, stow that. Charley Wilson's by, and 'e 'ates that sort o' stuff.'" Earning such good wages as she did she could live in comfort, and had a nice little house in Camden Terrace, near the Victoria docks. Two people, however, knew her secret, one being her mother, who, though bitterly regretting that her daughter should have regarded it necessary to assume the disguise, never said an unkind word to her on the subject; and the other was a niece, who for two and twenty years kept house for her, and was believed by all the neighbors to be "Charley Wilson's wife." It was a very quiet and respectable street, and her little garden and several cage birds were her chief recreation and pleasure and a constant source of admiration in the district.

"Again, as you say you were sent often to the country on jobs, how did you manage for lodgings?" I inquired.

"Now that I look back," she answered, "it does seem remarkable that I have never once found it inevitable to sleep in the same room with a man. I used to go to cottages rather than to public houses, for, though I have never been a tectotaler, the accommodation of the village inn is often very objectionable. One time when I was on some work in South Kensington, I met a man I had known, and he said, 'Charley, old chap, there's a first-rate thing some of us are going down to. It's near West Grinstead—the whole of Sir William Burrell's mansion to be decorated, and there's a vacancy still.' I hesitated a little, but it seemed a good thing, so I offered myself and went. We all got down there, and while they were sitting round their lunch I strolled out, saw a nice old fellow smoking over a gate, and said: 'Know where I could get a room? I'm here for the painting of the big house.' 'Don't know as we couldn't do with you ourselves,' and he took me in and showed me a clean and comfortable room, which I immediately engaged, and, fearing lest any of my companions would want to share it, I said I would have 'my wife' down also and my niece; and I had as healthy and comfortable a summer in the country as you could have wished."

### AN ACCIDENT STARTS HER TROUBLE.

About two years ago Mrs. Coombes' niece suddenly left her, and, womanlike, she fretted very much in private over this. As she said, her life was a strangely isolated one, and she loved her young relative very dearly. It was altogether a blow to her to be deprived of this one bit of family affection, and she lost heart and nerve in consequence. Working at Kingston in the summer, she fell from a scaffolding and fractured some ribs. She made a good recovery, but no suspicion even then was raised as to her sex by the doctor who set them and attended her, any more than it had been when she fell down a ship's hatch and fractured her kneecap. On this occasion, however, the doctor had said one day: "What curiously small hands you have for a man, Wilson." Looking, too, at them, well formed and even white, it is almost a wonder that these never did raise any inquiry. But her savings were soon exhausted, and, for the past few weeks, work was unobtainable. For two days and two nights this brave-hearted woman tramped the streets with no more than a halfpenny roll to eat, and at last she was fain to seek the shelter of the workhouse. She clung to a hope that somehow she might evade the compulsory stripping, but it was impossible, and feminine modesty revolted even to yielding up the secret she had kept so long.

"But I hope I shall not have to stay here long," she piteously said. "My eyesight is not as good as it was, and I fear I shall not be able to undertake high-class painting work again; but I could act as caretaker, I could keep a lodge, and should be very thankful if I could hear of any position of trust. I am doing my best while I am here, and the matron is very kind to me, giving me only some stockings to darn and sheets to hem, instead of sending me to scrub or wash. And I feel very uncomfortable in these clothes, though you would not find me wanting any half-and-half 'bloomers' if I can't have my old coat and trousers," she added, with a bright laugh. "Yes," she said, in answer to a further question still, "I have friends among the men I've worked with whom I've helped when times have been good with me and bad with them, and I really wish you could have seen my meeting here with that man," pointing to a painter who was busy with brush and pot at the front door of the matron's quarters. "He could only gasp, and say 'Charley Wilson, as I'm alive! Well, that beats all! But if you'd come to me and told me how it was I wouldn't have said anything outside, only you shouldn't have come in here to this.'" Is it too much to hope that some kind hand will be stretched out to help this remarkable woman to end her days in quiet and away from anxiety, or that some gentle lady may find her a post after the storm and stress of more than forty years of isolation from the friendship and the sympathy which women hold so dear?

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### SUPERSTITIOUS AWE AROUSED.

**A Region of Pennsylvania Excited by a Story of a Blasphemer's Fate.**

A number of newspaper reporters in the Schuylkill valley have been busy for the past week trying to discover the origin of a story which hundreds of country people have been repeating in various forms and with entire good faith. The story turned up first when it was brought to Fleetwood, Pa., by a reputable and trustworthy man, who came down from Schuylkill county to have his thresher repaired. He said the story was told to him by trustworthy people four miles above Tamaqua.

The story was this: A gunner and a companion went to the mountain in search of game and it began to sprinkle. The rain so angered the gunner that he began to blaspheme angrily, cursing the Deity, and finally threatening to shoot the Almighty. In the height of his profanity he was suddenly stricken rigid on the spot. For days and days the dead man stood there, his body being propped up by the gun which rested on the earth, the muzzle being clutched in the grasp of the man, who had held it convulsively in his death throes. The man's companion experienced a tremendous heat and rushed away just in time to escape suffocation. The story added that no one could get near the stricken gunner owing to the heat which still prevailed. This story was repeated over and over again in a territory extending twenty-five miles, and hundreds of persons were finally inquiring about it. Many insisted that it was true. A half-dozen persons started for the coal regions at once to look at the stricken man, and people are still talking about his fate.

Another version of the tale came from the bleak hills near Boyertown, below Reading. It was to the effect that a farmer was about doing some outdoor work, but was retarded, owing to the rain. This so angered him that he seized a gun, ran out, took aim, and fired two shots skyward, exclaiming that he'd shoot the Almighty if near enough. The story went that the man was instantly turned into red hot stone and stood there as a monument of warning to all blasphemers. The story was circulated over an area of fifty miles by farmers, truckers, hucksters, and market people. Inquiries came by the hundreds asking if it was true. People would not take any ordinary denial on general principles as definitely settling the matter. Finally reporters on bicycles and on foot covered the hills from end to end and brought back the news that there was nothing in the story, and that nothing had occurred on which to found it. The story was simply a tale told in the gloaming for want of something better to talk about.

Read "Simon Dale" in The Sunday Bee. If you don't take it, subscribe now.

**The Process of Elimination.**

Washington Star: "I have just seen the man you are looking for," said the excited citizen to the detective.

"Where?"

"In the suburb where I reside."

"I am much obliged to you," replied the detective, as he took out a map and crossed off a space on it.

"Are you not going to send a man out there?"

"There would be no use of that. He is too smart to stay in the same place long. Still, your information helps some. It points out a spot where we can be pretty sure the criminal is not."

**British "Bulls."**

An English newspaper has collected some amusing typographical errors. Mr. Asquith once referred to the government's "pique or temper;" the reporter wrote "peacock temper." A speaker at Exeter hall, replying to an attack, said it was "a double lie in the shape of half a truth," which, by the ingenuity of the reporter, appeared as a "double eye in the shape of half a tooth." Lord Russell, the then canon of Windsor, had been trying, he said, for forty years to cure drunkards by making them drink in moderation; the local newspaper had it that he had been trying for forty years to drink in moderation, but had never once succeeded. Sir James Grant, in a speech in the Canadian House of Commons, once referred to a man's thorax; when in print it read "a man's pickaxe;" and on another occasion his reference to "food for the gods," appeared "food for the cods." In setting up a speech of Sir Henry Irving the compositor made "many journeys in small boats" read "weary journeys in small boots."

### A STUDY OF EYEBROWS.

**Many that Are Worthy of a Sonnet—Their Part in Love.**

"Though not, perhaps, directly concerned in the expression of love," says Henry T. Finck in the Detroit Free Press, "the eyebrow is not to be underrated."

On first thought it seems ridiculous worship of unimportant detail to write, as Shakespeare makes the lover, a "ballad to his mistress' eyebrows," but there are many eyebrows worthy of a sonnet, though literature be sadly deficient in praise of them. Dark, silken curves, delicately penciled, are as necessary to beauty and as worship-worthy as fine eyes; indeed, fine eyes are often spoiled by coarse, misshapen brows, while ordinary eyes are redeemed from ugliness by finely shaped ones. The haunting expression of Ellen Terry's face would be impossible unaided by the wonderful individuality of her eyebrows.

Realizing their power to change the facial appearance, the Chinese shave their brows to a thin, oblique line, which gives their small, dull eyes a more wideawake appearance and the Japanese women spend as much time and thought upon curving, scenting and blacking their eyebrows as an artist upon inlaying the border of a cloisonne vase; while such treatment spoils the individuality of the eyebrow it produces a uniform beauty of shape which has become a national characteristic.

Orientals have indolently curved, voluptuous, dark eyebrows in keeping with their thoughtless natures, while the Germans have light, bushy and low brows, befitting a nation of profound thinkers.

The heavy black brows of the women of Brittany are serious detractors of beauty; such brows, denoting a ruggedness of nature and a passionate endurance, must be admired more for the characteristics they portray than their loveliness.

Persons with refined, high-strung, emotional natures usually have slender, arched or curved brows. The eyebrows of the poet Shelley were delicate and highly arched. Such brows are intensely feminine, most women having arched brows to a greater or less degree, and they indicate the lack of practical powers and the absence of deep thought. They are hieroglyphics of character and temperament as well as things of beauty. Those of Mme. de Pompadour were exquisitely curved; the extravagance of her nature and her pleasure-loving disposition were indicated by the sweeping up of the ends.

Herder calls arched eyebrows the rainbows of peace, because if they are straightened by a frown they portend storm. Some eyebrows, however, appear to frown continually, though they portend not storms, but indicate mental power.

Straight brows are masculine and when low and projecting denote discernment and less directly reflection; as certain muscles are used in order to adapt the eye to the object examined, the eyebrows are thus depressed when any object is closely examined, and hence persons reflecting are by association led thus to employ the muscles of the eyebrows when no particular object is before them. Soldiers, physicians, scientists, naturalists and mechanics have low, bushy, straight brows and women with such eyebrows have masculine traits of character, with thoughtful, practical minds.

Bouguereau paints on his women purely feminine eyebrows, those gentle arches portraying more heart qualities than mental ones and a tolerant disposition. Too sharply arched eyebrows are indicative of an imperious nature and a willful disposition; such brows are never painted or found on women whose characters are Madonnalike.

Actors and actresses make up and use their eyebrows to great advantage; Mme. Bernhardt uses hers as powerful aids to the expression of fear, surprise, intolerance and displeasure. In repose her brows have Oriental tendencies. We all use our eyebrows, unconsciously, in talking; they are fraught with meaning like the writing on the wall, and so long as they are so prominent it behooves us to train rebellious ones and make them as ornamental as possible; indeed, with a little care, they may be made lovely as a rainbow in a summer sky. Men think attention to the cultivation of their eyebrows an affectation, but for women who wish to look well groomed and more attractive the following cosmetic hints from "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty" may be of service:

"As modern lovers disapprove of eyebrows meeting over the nose, superfluous hairs should be removed by a fixteur. Among harmless dyes, pencils of dark pomatum or walnut bark steeped in cologne for a week are recommended; or, for a transient effect, a needle smoked over the flame of a candle may be used."

Another authority says: "It is not well to trim the eyebrow generally, as it makes it coarse. When it is desired to thicken or strengthen them, two or three drops of oil of cajuput may be gently rubbed into the skin every other night; but here, and always when wiping them, the rubbing should be in the direction of the hair from the nose outward and never in the reverse direction."

And when one realizes the value of the eyebrows as an aid to the character and pleasing appearance of a face what can be said of those Africans who eradicate them? The effect must be more startling than pleasing; it is a fashion fittingly followed by savages and barbarous as that custom of the Paraguayans which prompts the removal of the eyelashes, because "they do not wish to be like horses."

Thousands sink into an early grave for want of a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. This great remedy would have saved them.

### OREGON WAS SAVED BY A MULE.

**Would Have Been a British Possession but for the Beast's Instinct.**

Dr. Marcus Whitman's horseback ride of more than 3,000 miles from Oregon on his way to Washington, D. C., to insist upon our government taking possession of Oregon, to prevent it from falling into British hands, is graphically described in the November Ladies' Home Journal by George Ludington Weed. "More than once, indeed frequently, during that journey in the winter of 1842-43, a winter of unusual severity," writes Mr. Weed, "Dr. Whitman leads the way through rivers whose waters are frozen on either side. Buffeting the waves of foaming currents he plunges with his horse completely under water. Blinded by storm in every direction he is compelled to remain ten days in a gorge. Hope dies even in his courageous heart. One thing seems inevitable—the snow must be his dying bed and winding sheet and the moaning winds his dirge. Believing that his life's journey is ended with that toward Washington unfinished, he dismounts and kneeling in the snow he prays—for Oregon and for her who in loneliness is praying for him, unconscious of this special danger.

"'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' So runneth the proverb which Dr. Whitman was not repeating when it was verified in a way suggestive of sudden transition from the solemn to the almost ludicrous. A mule, with stubbornness stiffened by the cold, yet with instinct preserved pointed with his long ears in one direction, then another, as if seeking the way, and at last, plowing through the snow, became a unique guide where the human had failed, leading the despairing company through drift and canyon to the camp of the previous night. That mule also saved Oregon to the United States."

Subscribe for The Sunday Bee and read Anthony Hope's great story—"Simon Dale."

**At the College of Wit.**

Chicago Post: "The rules for the manufacture of humor," said the professor, "are very simple—that is, of course, some kinds of humor. Ordinary comic paper humor may be made by taking a plain statement of fact or a plain statement of something that isn't fact—in fact, any old statement—and misspelling it. It's the simplest thing in the world. If you refer to the man in the moon, and spell it that way, it is just plain ordinary dull prose, but if you make it read 'the mann in the mune' it is nothing less than bright scintillating wit."

Shortly thereafter the professor was promoted to the department of magazine humor, where nothing but age counts.

Disfigurement for life by burns or scalds may be avoided by using De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great remedy for piles and for all kinds of sores and skin troubles.

### HOMELESS YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

**It is a Sad Mistake for Them to Begin Life in a Boarding House.**

Edward W. Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, always a staunch and uncompromising advocate of the home, asserts in the November issue of his magazine, that a home, however humble, is a million times better place for young married couples to live than in the most luxurious hotel or best boarding house in the land. "It is always a sad thing," he says, "when a young married couple begin life in a boarding house or hotel. Sad because they start life practically outside of themselves. The furniture around them is not their own. The young wife may bring with her all the trifles she chooses; she may add a touch of her own here and another touch there. But the things in the room are not theirs, and sooner or later she realizes it.

"During the day the wife is alone. No duties call her. Nothing is there in her life to exercise her ingenuity nor develop her womanly talents. She cannot prepare any little pleasure for her young husband, for things are prepared for her. When her husband leaves her for his office she turns back into the room, and wonders what she can do during the day; how she will employ herself, where she will go. There is nothing in her room to appeal to her to stay there. No home duties confront her. She goes out and shops, perhaps, for a while; runs around to her mother's; calls upon some friends; goes back to her room to practice a little, if she is musical and has a piano; or, if she is fond of books, she reads. There is nothing in her life; two-thirds of herself lies dormant. She is glad when the time comes for her husband to come home; glad to feel that she has some one to whom she can talk; glad of company. And he? What can he do to express himself to his young wife? Nothing around him is his; everything is by lease, his for a time, for so much money. And after he is through paying for it he leaves it behind. The end is the same as the beginning. That is why boarding house or hotel life is so injurious to young married people. It makes them practically homeless."

Read "Simon Dale" in the Sunday Bee.

### GOSSIP ABOUT WOMEN.

It is an idea ingrained into the mind of man that if a woman is married she has all that heart can wish and her financial troubles are forever at an end, says a writer in the New York Tribune. A father not long ago, having had unusual success in business, decided to give his children some money. To three able-bodied, unmarried sons he gave $150 apiece. To his unmarried daughters, both earning over $1,000 a year clear of expenses, he gave the same amount. The married daughter he coolly dismissed with the remark that she had a husband to provide for her. It seems never to enter the brain of a man that a woman may have a husband and yet be as needy, comparatively speaking, as the beggar who asks alms on the street corner.

In the case above mentioned $150 would have been a godsend. Owing to an insufficient salary and much sickness, the family were on the verge of actual suffering. But the fact that this daughter was married and the others were not seemed to the father ample reason for giving money to the latter and withholding it from the former. The self-supporting young girl can draw at will on the sympathies of men, but there is small sympathy for the woman who has a husband.

Yet if one would find the most heart-rending need, the most pathetic form of poverty, he need not go to the ranks of the unmarried wage-earner nor to the squalid quarters of the submerged tenth. He will find it in the comfortable, respectable, well-furnished homes of the women who haven't had a dollar to spend as they please since they left their father's roofs, gave up their positions in the public school or the office, and joined the army of patient, worn-out women whose labor has no money value attached to it. The detractors of woman who are constantly weighing her brain and pronouncing her the mental inferior of man might spare themselves a great deal of trouble.

There is one undeniable fact which proves, and will forever prove, that women have not as much sense as men. It is this: that in nine cases out of ten a woman will give up one honorable profession in which she is well paid and not overworked for a position which makes her a cook, a housekeeper, a nurse, both wet and dry; a seamstress, a chambermaid, a governess, a kindergartner, a laundress on special occasions, and all this for her board and a few clothes. There isn't a man in the universe outside of an asylum for the feeble-minded who could be coaxed and wheedled and caressed into such an arrangement.

A national federation of women's musical clubs appears to be an assured fact of the near future, says Harper's Bazar. The idea has been discussed since the World's fair, during the continuance of which, as is well known, a very highly successful congress of such clubs was held. The occasional attempts, however, since 1893, to crystallize these clubs into a national body have not been successful in themselves, though they have stood for good pioneer work. At the meeting last June, in New York of the National Association of Music Teachers, the woman's department of the convention, most efficiently developed by Mrs. Sutro as president, seemed to offer the needed opportunity for the furtherance of the federation plan. One of the seven divisions into which Mrs. Sutro divided her department was that of Women's Musical Clubs, with Mrs. Charles S. Virgil of New York as chairman. Mrs. Virgil, in conducting her work, appointed a chairman from each state to report on the women's musical clubs from her state as part of the exhibit of this work at the New York congress. The marked interest which was taken in the matter, and the response within a fortnight from over 200 clubs, rekindled the enthusiasm for the national body. This was further accentuated by an admirable paper read by Mrs. Chandler Starr of Rockford, Ill., on "A Review of the Congress of Women's Musical Clubs at the World's Fair." Before the reading of Mrs. Starr's paper it was realized by some of the prominent club women in attendance at the convention that this paper would reopen the situation in a most suggestive way, and it was decided to make the effort at once, at the close of the day's program, to ascertain the feelings of the women present in regard to a national federation. In pursuance of this design a call for a meeting to discuss the matter was issued. Some of the women specially interested, besides Mrs. Sutro, Mrs. Virgil and Mrs. Starr, were Mrs. Russell H. Dow, president of the Schubert Club of St. Paul, Minn.; Miss Marion F. Ralston, of the Tuesday Musical Club of St. Louis, Mo., and Miss Amy Fay and many others. Mr. E. H. Krehbiel, the musical critic and writer, was also present, and in a pleasant little speech warmly advocated the matter, which he considered of great importance. In the enthusiasm of the afternoon it was voted to organize a temporary federation, which would be a working basis from which might spring later the permanent body. This was done, and Mrs. Sutro was made president, Mrs. Chandler Starr first vice president, Mrs. Russell H. Dow second vice president, Miss Marion F. Ralston secretary and treasurer. An executive board, assistant treasurer, auditor and one or two other minor officers were also appointed. This temporary body has of course no corporate status. The clubs which would naturally form the federation were by no means all represented, it was impossible to draft a constitution, and altogether, as has been said, the work was merely preliminary. Circulars, however, setting forth what has been done, and calling for an expression of opinion upon the matter as to the advisability of further effort, have been sent out by the secretary to every club that it was possible to reach throughout the country. The responses received indicate a strong and widespread interest. There will be a second meeting about the first of December at some point not yet decided.

To amass sufficient money with which to endow a college has been the lifelong aim of Mrs. Lydia Bradley of Peoria, Ill. With this purpose in view she has economized all her life and hoarded up every cent that was not necessary to support life in her body. In time economy became her passion. Her only pleasures have been making money and saving money. Inside of thirty years she increased her fortune to ten times the original amount. The passing years only seemed to increase her natural shrewdness. She has an almost illimitable capacity for business. She now owns property that can be converted into $2,000,000. Her husband died thirty years ago, leaving her $200,000, which he had made in whisky distilling and in real estate. She wanted to found a college where the hands and minds of young men and women might be trained. She was told that her fortune was too small to carry out her ideas. She said she would make it sufficient.

Mrs. Bradley has been for many years a director of the First National bank of Peoria. Her property is in that city and thereabouts. If the city grows as its enthusiastic friends believe it will she will turn 500 acres of farm land into city lots. She owns thousands of acres along the Illinois river, more in western states and has large amounts invested in improved farms of central Illinois.

She has decided to found her college in Peoria and also to give her property during her lifetime, so that she can see her money being expended in accordance with her wishes. She has appointed a board of trustees to make the arrangements for the university, and to carry out the work after her death. She gave them $150,000 to be used in erecting the buildings and turned over a tract of twenty acres of land on the west bluff in one of the most desirable residence portions of Peoria, valued at over $3,000 an acre, which is a part of her holdings of fifty acres in that part of the city, to be used as the campus. She also made a contract with them to furnish sufficient funds for the maintenance of the school during her lifetime and to devote practically her entire fortune to the endowment of the school at her death.

**Her Mistake.**

Detroit Journal: "Willie," she said with severity as she came out of the pantry, "you have been sticking your fingers into that lemon pie."

"No'm I haven't either," answered Willie, shaking his head vigorously.

"True enough," she said, after looking at him again; "it was your nose."

As a matter of fact, she was inclined to reproach herself for not realizing at first glance the way he had gone at the pie.

**It Makes a Difference.**

Chicago Post: She was so happy when her engagement was announced that her friends could not refrain from commenting upon it.

"You used to assert with great emphasis," they said to her, "that you gloried in your independence."

"Yes," she replied. "That was before I had the privilege of being dependent upon the right kind of a man."

There are lots of people who like to give the opinion that a necessity is a privilege.

### NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

MONTANA.

Sportsmen about Missoula are complaining of the scarcity of birds this month, and they all report indifferent shooting all over the county. In the Clearwater valley, which has always been one of the best regions for duck, there are not many this year and there are twice as many hunters.

The Mayflower, in Madison county, is showing up better than ever, the ore body now being five and six feet wide and assaying $120 to $160 to the ton. The mother lode is reported to have been struck at the White Cloud mine in Granite county. The lead is of gold and shows large and rich.

For two years work has been going on at the porphyry dike where $150,000 has been expended in the purchase and development of the properties and the milling of the ores extracted from them. The dike is eighteen miles southwest of Helena and is 10,000 feet long and 600 to 1,200 feet wide. The ore is almost perfectly free milling but extremely low grade.

The report of David Hilger, sheep commissioner of Fergus county, is a concise and interesting exhibit of the sheep industry in Fergus county, says the Argus. It will be seen that the number of sheep has passed the half million mark by 14,000 head. The number of sheep sold this year up to date, including lambs, yearlings, ewes and wethers, is 186,607, at an average of $2.66 per head, making a total of $385,597.07 received from sheep alone. The wool clip is given at 3,566,557 pounds, at an average price of 12.09 cents, amounting to $442,722.41. Total number pounds of pelts shipped, 143,565, at 5¾ cents, $8,434.44, the total receipts being $849,753.92.

UTAH.

The principal owners of the Highland Boy Mining company, which has just completed and placed in operation a 100-ton mill at the company's properties in Bingham, have secured a bond on the Stewart No. 2 group in the same camp. The latter properties are of much the same character as the Highland Boy and give great promise as producers of silver, gold and copper. The amount of money involved in the deal has not been made public, but it is a good round sum.

Work has been suspended for several days on the seepage dam in Ogden canyon, and the indications are that it will not be resumed right away. Neither the company nor Contractor Geddes will discuss the matter, but it is an open secret that there is trouble between them. It seems Geddes says he cannot go any deeper unless he gets extra pay, the value of the work increasing with the depth. The differences have not been adjusted and a big lawsuit may be the outcome.

A picnic party had an experience in Bear River gorge a few days ago. They had awaited the southbound passenger, and then started to go through the tunnel, which was practically filled with smoke, not knowing that a heavy freight was following closely behind. They had barely emerged and were just debating whether or not to try the trestle, when the trackwalker saw them, gave a warning, and males and females clambered to safe places with more speed than elegance. A minute longer in the tunnel and there would have been a tragedy instead of a comedy to chronicle. There were six in the party.

IDAHO.

The Gorham dryer which has been running at the Collister orchard some miles below Boise has closed for the season. There have been in the neighborhood of 12,000 pounds of prunes dried during the short run made, and they are said to be of a very superior quality.

Way up near the headwaters of East Eagle creek in what has been supposed to be the heart of the Coeur d'Alene gold belt, a nice body of galena was struck last week. By air line it would be only six or eight miles from Murray, and yet nothing was known of the kind of mineral to be expected there.

It is estimated that the gross output from the Coeur d'Alenes this year (from both the silver-lead and gold belts) will reach $15,000,000, of which, approximately, one-third will go for the transportation and treatment, one-third for labor, repairs, material and new machinery, and one-third as profits to the mine owners. There is no other occupation in which one-third of the gross product can be divided as profits.

The surveyor general of Idaho reports an increase of over 50 per cent in mineral locations in the state, as compared with the preceding year. Idaho, he says, now stands forth in the list of gold producing states. The influx of settlers continues. Many are lost, however, owing to the absence of surveys of lands eligible for location. Their survey would be for the best interests of the people, the state and the government.

The Seven Devils smelter plant is now almost ready to blow in. A large hoist car is at the Weiser depot and a large boiler and donkey engine passed Weiser on teams Sunday. The boiler and engine were brought from Portland to Huntington and there loaded on wagons, going to Seven Devils via Weiser. The engine will be put on the wagon road summit above Helena and the ore from Peacock drawn to the top of the hill by cable and car and then loaded into wagons and hauled to the smelter.

CALIFORNIA.

The old Berry Mine near Strawberry Valley, Yuba county, recently bought by Chicago men, has been thoroughly prospected by them and they are so well pleased with the results that they will erect suitable reduction machinery at once. At a depth of 110 feet the quartz vein has increased to three feet in width, much of it showing free gold.

Six new buildings will be erected at the Whittier Reform school, near Los Angeles, in order to provide for the segregation of the different classes of boys. The present main building will be used for administrative purposes, and new buildings for dormitories and shops. The new structures will be in the mission renaissance style and all will be inclosed by a high fence, while the grounds will be laid out in a park. For a time this school did excellent work in manual training, but lately it has been so overcrowded that much demoralization has followed.

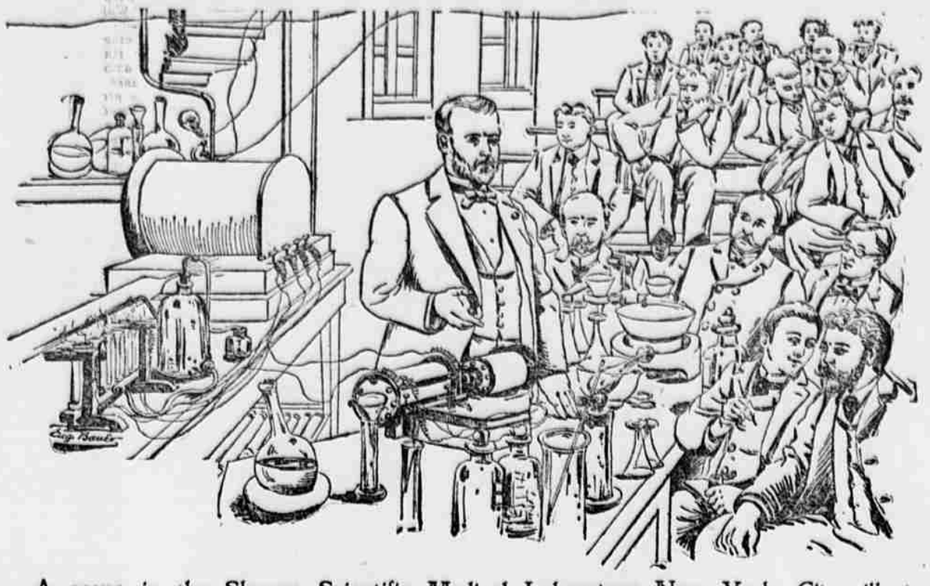
California miners met last week in annual convention and discussed many questions of great importance to the development of the mining industry in the state. The leading subject was the best method of bringing pressure to bear on congress to create the office of secretary of mines and mining. California miners hold that an occupation which yielded nearly $700,000,000 last year ought to have representation in the cabinet, especially as it constantly brings out problems which demand the oversight of specially qualified experts. Such oversight, it is contended, cannot be given by a minor bureau of the Interior department.

OREGON.

Postmaster Robertson of Turner, in Marion county, says of the free rural mail delivery now being tried with Turner as a central point: "We have three carriers, each covering a distance of about twenty-five miles daily. They leave the office each morning about 8 o'clock and return as soon as the mail can be distributed and collected along each route. The carrier on route No. 1, which takes in the reform school, deaf mute school and asylum farm, returns to the office for the mail after the Roseburg local passes south and thereby catches all daily papers. All persons requiring their mail delivered but who do not live on the immediate route of a carrier, are required to place a mailing-box on the route for the carrier to deposit the mail in and to receive from for mailing. Carriers may take orders for stamps, collecting the money in advance and delivering stamps on next trip, etc."

The delinquent tax roll for 1896 in Lane county showed $16,613.25 delinquent. To this was added under-assessments made by the sheriff, $92.97. On this there has been collected and paid to the treasurer $12,140.13. Corrections made on double assessments and other errors on the delinquent tax roll amounted to $557.97. At the tax sale property to the amount of $1,436 was sold to the county and private parties bid in property to the amount of $219.72, leaving the total amount returned unpaid $2,572.12. Of this amount of unpaid taxes fully $1,000 is due from estates in course of settlement and will be paid in due time.


# Consumption No Longer Incurable



A scene in the Slocum Scientific Medical Laboratory, New York City, illustrating to Medical Men and Students the value and power to cure of his New Discoveries—Sketched for The Bee.

## NEVER FAILS TO CURE

### Consumption and Lung Troubles In Any Climate.

An Eminent New York City Chemist and Scientist Makes a New Discovery and a Free Offer to Our Readers.

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Already this "new scientific system of treatment" has, by its timely use, permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases, and it seems a necessary and humane duty to bring such facts to the attention of all invalids, that they may be benefited thereby.

Chemistry and science are daily astonishing the world with new wonders. The researches and experiments of this great chemist, patiently carried on for years, have culminated in results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed for any modern genius or philosopher.

The medical profession throughout America and Europe are about unanimous in the opinion that nearly all physical ailments naturally tend to the generation of consumption. The afflicted die in the short, cold days of winter much faster than in the long, hot days of summer.

The Doctor has proved the dreaded disease to be curative beyond a doubt, in any climate and has on file in his American and European laboratories thousands of letters of heartfelt gratitude from those benefited and cured in all parts of the world.

Consumption, uninterrupted, means speedy and certain death.

No one having or threatened with any disease should hesitate a day. The Doctor considers it his professional duty—a duty which he owes to suffering humanity—to donate a trial of his infallible cure.

Simply write to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine street, New York, giving full address, and three free bottles (all different) of his New Discoveries will be promptly sent, with full instructions, to any reader of The Bee.

There is no charge for correspondence advice.

Knowing as we do, of the undoubted efficacy of the Slocum Cure, every sufferer should take advantage of this most liberal proposition.

A system of medical treatment that will cure lung troubles and consumption is certainly good for—and will cure—almost any disease that humanity is heir to.

Please tell the Doctor you saw his generous offer in The Bee.

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Our cure is permanent and not a patching up. Cases treated ten years ago have never seen a symptom since. By describing your case fully we can treat you by mail, and we give the same strong guarantee to cure or refund all money. Those who prefer to come here for treatment can do so and we will pay railroad fare both ways and hotel bills while here if we fail to cure. We challenge the world for a case that our **Magic Remedy** will not cure. Write for full particulars and get the evidence. We know that you are skeptical, justly so too, as the most eminent physicians have never been able to give more than temporary relief. In our ten years practice with this **Magic Remedy** it has been most difficult to overcome the prejudices against all so-called specifics. But under our strong guarantee you should not hesitate to try this remedy. You take no chance of losing your money. We guarantee to cure or refund every dollar and as we have a reputation to protect, also financial backing of **$500,000**, it is perfectly safe to all who will try the treatment. Heretofore you have been putting up and paying out your money for different treatments and although you are not yet cured no one has paid back your money. Do not waste any more money until you try us. Old, chronic, deep-seated cases cured in thirty to ninety days. Investigate our financial standing, consult any business men. Write us for names and addresses of those we have cured, who have given permission to refer to them. It costs you only postage to do this; it will save you a world of suffering from mental strain; and if you are married what may your offspring suffer through your own negligence. If your symptoms are pimples on face, sore thro