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Almost Incredible Age. Ninea Turatavloff, a peasant woman at Telev, in the Caucasus, is probably the oldest person in the world. Recently she celebrated her one hundred and sixty-fifth birthday. Though she is now quite incapable of using her limbs, she is still in possession of her mental faculties.

**WHAT I WENT THROUGH**

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Natick, Mass.—"I cannot express what I went through during the change of life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. My limbs were cold. I had creepy sensations, and I could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I also had a tumor. I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it had worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish my letter."—Mrs. NATHAN B. GREATOR, 51 N. Main Street, Natick, Mass.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

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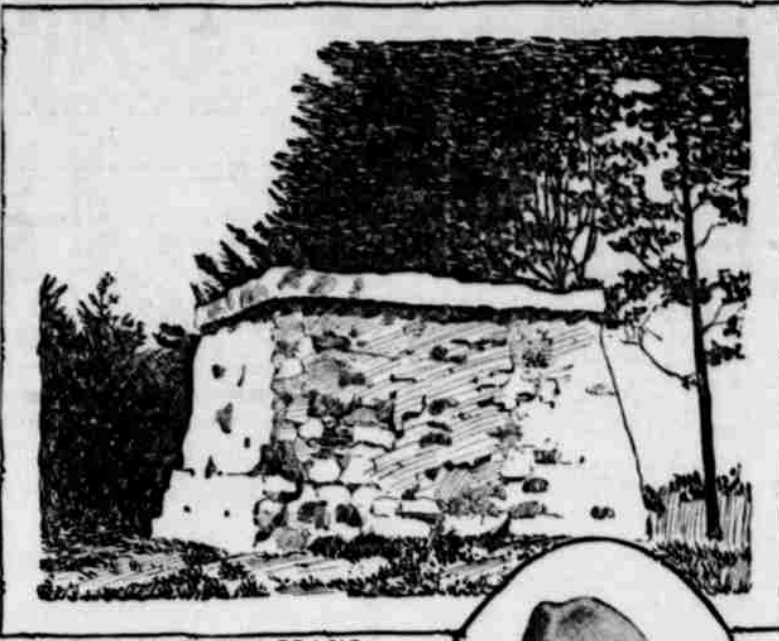
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"One Man."  
"I have a servant girl who is capable and good natured and whom I wouldn't willingly part with, but she troubles me one way," said Mrs. Clockley to a visitor. "She is a Finn and knows but a few words of English, so the arrival of anyone from a guest to a grocer boy is heralded by her footsteps and the solemn words: "One man."  
"It is laughable and vexing. I have to go all the way downstairs to ascertain who it is. I am thinking of having a series of mirrors put up to reflect the visitor's image upstairs. Or perhaps I can invent a conning tower such as submarines are equipped with."  
"At any rate I shall never be able to stand it until she learns enough English to tell who wants me."

**Flower Keeps Its Freshness.**  
A common South African flower possesses the valuable property of keeping fresh for two months or more after cutting. It is a white star of Bethlehem, producing a compact spike of flowers on a stiff, erect stalk 18 inches or two feet long. The flowers are of a thin and papery tissue, all white except the yellow anthers. It can be sent over as a cut flower from South Africa to England, and then lasts for weeks in water.

**POET OF SIERRAS NEARING END**



WHERE HIS ASHES WILL BE LAID

**A**LTHOUGH Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," so far recovered from a recent illness which threatened to prove fatal that he was able to return with his wife and daughter to his home on the heights overlooking Oakland and San Francisco bay, yet his friends entertain little hope that he will ever be fully restored to health. He is now in his seventeenth year. Previous to his last illness he had been separated from his wife for thirty years, but the danger of his death happily reunited them, and now the aged poet is spending the remainder of his days amid his well-loved hills, on the spot where he has created a characteristic home, called The Heights. His massive frame has weakened, his once keen eyes are dim, his flowing hair and beard are white, and the physicians who have climbed the wooded hills to minister to him declare there is little if any hope—that it is merely a matter of a few weeks when Joaquin Miller will have been gathered to his fathers. His ashes, according to his wish, will be scattered to the winds from the pyre in the hills back of The Heights, which marks the last resting place of his daughter, Maud, who died several years ago. The reunion with his wife may prolong his days, and the care that his other daughter, Juanita, bestows upon him may build up his withered strength a little, but there is hardly more than a shell for them to nurse.



JOAQUIN MILLER

Perhaps no more picturesque figure exists in the literary history of California and the west than Joaquin Miller. He is a distinct type, seemingly inseparable from the environment in which he has lived these twenty years or more. He has gathered inspiration from the rolling green hills, from the ruddy sunsets, from the blue Pacific waters, from the fog banks that roll in with the night, from the vista of land and sea as seen from his eyrie on The Heights, from the Golden Gate and the shadowy ships that sail through it into the rim of the horizon and are lost in the vapor's pall.

He has been, perhaps, too familiar to the residents of Oakland and neighboring suburbs to create the interest that he would if he should suddenly appear in some eastern city clad in his high top boots, buckskin clothing and wide brimmed sombrero, with his curly hair flowing from beneath its brim.

Even to this day, or perhaps it should be said up to the time of his illness, Joaquin Miller retained his grace and commanding aspect. He has lived much out of doors and has been browned by suns. With his own hands he has planted the hundreds of trees that surround the little collection of houses, the chapel and the funeral pyre, which constitute The Heights.

A few years ago the poet's mother died at the age of ninety. There was a strikingly beautiful attachment between the two, and since her death the decline has set in which is the basis of his present illness.

"More than twenty years ago," Miller wrote in an article published some time ago, "I sat down here on a mountain side with mother and began to plant trees. Men and women came to work and to rest with us, men and women from colleges and universities. No one was asked to come—no one was ever asked to go."

"More than twenty years ago, while feeling my way along here and trying to use what little common sense I then had, I wrote a small book, 'The Building of the City Beautiful—'

"You want to see San Francisco? Well, you must come to Oakland; and to you want to see Oakland and San Francisco and the bay of all bays on the globe, and the Golden Gate, at a glance and all together? Then you must go two miles to the northeast and then half a mile perpendicular. In short, you must come to The Heights, to the camp where Fremont tented half a century ago, and to the spot from which he viewed and named the now famous Golden Gate, long before gold was found."

The real name of the poet is Cincinnati Heine Miller. The pseudonym "Joaquin" was derived from his defense of the Mexican bandit, Joaquin Murietta, many years ago.

Miller was born in the Wabash district of Indiana on November 19, 1841, and in 1854 was taken to Oregon by

his father. He had little schooling and early ran away from home, going to the California gold fields. He accompanied Walker on the Nicaragua expedition, lived among the Indians and Spaniards on the coast of California and became familiar with their customs. He studied law, being graduated from Columbia college, in Oregon, in 1858. He practiced unsuccessfully in Idaho and turned express messenger. In 1863 he settled in Oregon and became editor of "The Eugene City Democratic Register," which was suppressed in the same year. In 1864 Miller returned to the law and practiced in Canyon City, Ore. Here he became popular, owing to his services against the warlike Snake Indians, and from 1866 to 1870 served as a judge in Grant county.

His first important attempts at writing were made here, and he tried to sell a collection of his poems under the title of "Songs of the Sierras" in the east. They did not find a ready market, and he finally went to England, where they were published and created a sensation. It was in London that Miller was recognized, petted, lionized and even overestimated perhaps.

The poet returned from England and went to Washington, and finally, in 1877, to California and settled at The Heights, where his retreat soon became the Mecca for literary people. At times persons with literary or artistic tendencies, forswearing the world for a time, have gone to Miller's home as a haven of refuge. Here are buried the bodies of Maud Miller, the poet's daughter, and of his mother.

It has been said that the poet desired to have his own body burned upon the pile of rough stones that cover his child's grave, but the truth of his request is that he be cremated and the ashes placed upon the pile, that the wind may scatter them far and wide over the land he loved so well.

His life has not been spent in the ways of ease and luxury, such as one usually associates with the existence of poets. He has "roughed it" and has lived hard. He has fought and has been beaten; he has fought and he has won.

Today he sits before his home on the veranda, with its trellised vines, and receives the care of wife and daughter. He sits by the hour gazing out from the secluded Heights upon the cities, the bay, the ships and the hills beyond that through twenty-five years or more he has watched and studied and loved. Every little attention that a woman knows so well how to bestow is showered upon the white haired man, the patriarch of the Oakland hills, known the world over for his flowery verse, his eccentricity, his love of the beautiful and of California.

**A Pill in the Jelly.**  
In "The Banker in Literature," a recently published work by Mr. Johnson Brigham, state librarian of Iowa, there is a suggestion for the banker of the period, whose daily mail frequently contains requests to enhance his popularity by subscribing to worthy causes.

To all letters soliciting a subscription, Samuel Rogers, the English banker-poet, approvingly quoted Lord Erskine as replying in this form of words:

"Sir, I feel much honored by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe"—here the reader reached the bottom of the page, and to learn the amount of the donation, had to turn over the leaf. There he found after the word subscribe, the formal conclusion—"myself your obedient servant."—Youth's Companion.

**PLANNING FLOWER GARDEN REQUIRES CAREFUL STUDY**

**Carpet Bedding Plans Are Only Effective When Certain Kinds of Foliage Are Used—Ribbon Beds Are Easiest of All to Make.**

(By EDEN E. REXFORD.)  
Personally I am not much of an admirer of carpet or ribbon bedding or the "designs" which the enthusiastic amateur gardener frequently attempts, but is pretty sure to abandon later in the season, because he discovers that designs work out unsatisfactorily in annuals.

The fact is, carpet bedding plants are only effective when certain kinds of foliage plants are used because they can be kept within their proper limits by shearing and pruning, while the annuals have too much "sprawl" to be tractable and very few kinds give a sufficient mass of bloom to produce the desired effect.

We are likely to think that because a plant has yellow, red or blue flowers, that it will prove effective wherever these colors are desired, but we lose sight of the fact that the flowers will be so few in number and so far apart that there is seldom any solid color effect such as is necessary in properly working out patterns.

This being the case, only the simpler designs should be attempted with annuals, and only such effects aimed at, as can be produced by contrast in which harmony plays an important part.

Ribbon beds are easiest of all to make. Very pleasing ones can be made with pink, pale yellow, and white phlox, planted in rows. If darker colors are preferred, the scarlet and crimson can be used, always combining them with white to give the necessary contrast and relief.

Do not use the soft, delicate colors

made by filling the center of a circular bed with calliopsis, rich yellow and maroon, and surrounding it with white and pale yellow phlox.

The contrast between the dark, rich yellow of the calliopsis and the softer shade of the same color in the phlox is charming.

If another color seems advisable use pink phlox. This harmonizes beautifully with the stronger tones of the calliopsis.

The center of a circular bed can be filled with scarlet salvia, with nasturtiums as a border. The contrast between the fiery scarlet and the rich tones of yellow and orange and sulphur found in the latter plant, is exceedingly lovely, while the pea-green foliage of the nasturtium affords just the right amount of that color to bring into strong relief the blossoms of both plants. Such a bed any one can make with very little trouble.

A charming hedge is made by planting scarlet salvia in a row as a background, then a row of white nicotiana, with blue ageratium as a border. Here we have the patriotic colors of our flag effectively combined.

The blue of the ageratium and the scarlet of the salvia would prove a rather violent contrast if planted next each other, but separated by the white of the nicotiana, their aggressiveness is toned down in such a manner as to produce a pleasing effect.

A beautiful hedge is made by using zinnias in the back row, then calliopsis with white phlox as a border.

Ribbon beds can be worked out with good effect by using different colors of the verbena in rows. Such beds are most pleasing when near the house or close to the path, where they can be looked down upon.

But in order to carry out such designs with this flower, it will be necessary to purchase plants of each color from the florist, who grows them from cuttings. Seedlings are quite common to the family, therefore, are not to be depended upon where it is absolutely necessary to have each color in its proper place.

Those who have old plants of geranium, which have been kept over the winter in the house, can utilize them in the summer by planting them out. Of course the effect will be most pleasing if the pinks and scarlets and crimsons can be kept by themselves.

Try combining them with such annuals as white phlox, yellow calliopsis, white nicotiana, or, in the case of pink sorts, lavender ageratium.

If you have old plants of Madam Sallier geranium, break them apart and use the cuttings so secured, for border purposes. Each cutting will be almost sure to take root.

Put them in the ground where they are to grow, about eight inches apart, pinching the soil firmly about the base of each. In six weeks' time, they will have made a fair showing, and by midsummer they will have grown together in a most attractive row of green and white. This is one of our best edging plants.

**Fruit Trees.**  
It is not advisable to put axle grease on fruit trees in order to prevent rabbits and rodents from gnawing them. A little grease might not do any damage, while too much might injure the trees. Where the climate permits some green crop, such as oats, rye or wheat, will tempt the rabbits. The trees can also be protected by wrapping them with old newspapers, thin boards or wire screens.

**Clean Seed.**  
The man who gets the best yield of oats in our neighborhood is the one who sows, broadcast, eight or nine pecks of good clean seed or a little more than six when he drills it in.

**PRUNING HOOK IS HOME-MADE**



The pain of scratches and plects comes readily to one's imagination as he thinks of pruning the raspberry bushes or other bush fruits, especially where he has not had good tools for performing the job, says the Michigan Farmer. The work is so miserable that it is generally left undone. The illustrated pruning hook will help to overcome many of the undesirable features connected with cleaning out of the hills on these fruits. The hook is used for cutting those canes that can be hooked, and for this purpose the inner edge of the hook is made sharp, while the spud is for amputating such canes as happen to stand close to another that is to be left or is otherwise situated that the hook cannot be used. The spud cuts the cane nearer the ground than can be done with the hook. Both are, however, very necessary for a complete implement. Besides its use in cutting, the hook is convenient in pulling the pruned canes from among the standing ones into the row where they can be gathered and taken from the plan-

tation. The implement is made of the handle of a short-handled fork and two old files. The files are forged to make the hook and spud and riveted together as shown in the illustration. The end opposite the spud is shaped to fit into the handle where it is firmly secured in order to stand the strain necessary in the work to be done. Armed with such a tool and a good pair of gloves one can go about the canes, cut out the undesirable ones and get them out of the way without suffering the hardships encountered when endeavoring to do the work with a jack knife. The next rainy day go to your own forge, every farmer should have one, or if not hooked, to your blacksmith and have a hook made. Then, when the rainy day is over and you can get into the berry patch, see how well the hook does the dreaded job.

**Destroy Peach Borers.**  
Peach borers are best destroyed by digging them out. While it is a slow process there is really no other way.

**BEST RATTLESNAKE REMEDY**

Strychnine is the Only Positive Antidote for a Big Injection of the Poison.  
Strychnine is probably the only positive antidote for a big injection of rattlesnake toxin, a bite or rather stroke such as a four-foot snake would inflict on the fleshy part of the body, as the calf or thigh. For such a bite, carrying as it does half a teaspoonful or more of venom deep into the flesh, all ordinary cures are unavailing. Hypodermically injected, however, in sufficient quantities surely to kill the patient were he not suffering from the snake poison, strychnine is a certain counteractant. The greatest danger is said to be in administering too little strychnine, a matter of fact but few even skilled physicians have enough knowledge of the subject to be able to do with any assurance in administering strychnine in such cases. That rattlesnake poison and strychnine are exact opposites has been shown by experiments in which animals dying of strychnine inoculations have been cured by injections of the snake venom.—Popular Mechanics.

Mother's Milk and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup are best remedies to use for their children during the teething period.

**Fashions in Bulgaria.**  
Bulgaria believes in fringes, and they are over all with the rare exceptions when the underskirt, always of the best of white linen, may be developed at the bottom and even then fringe effect is used in the over tubular for the gathering of the many threads suggests to the wearer the numbers of their nation, as is their peculiar dyed reminder of their blood, and the flowers, and grains, and fruits, embroidered on their gowns represent their industry.

**FOR SORE EYES WEAK EYES**

**Compliment Well Returned.**  
The story is told that Judge Starbuck and Edward Everett were once the prominent personages at a public dinner in Boston. The former as a voluntary toast, gave: "Fame follows merit where Everett goes." The gentleman thus delicately complimented at once arose, and replied with the equally felicitous impromptu: "Whatever height judicial learning may attain in this country, there will always be one story higher."

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**Light in Ocean's Depths.**  
Distinct traces of light have been detected at the great depth of 3,000 fathoms below the ocean surface. Sir John Murray's oceanographic expedition of 1910. More recently brightly colored organisms have been dredged up from an even greater depth, in the form of rose forams with rose pink shells.

"You won't run any risk in lending me a thousand francs. I am writing a novel that is sure to go. You know what an imagination I have." "You'd better imagine that I have lent you the money, then."

**Without Alcohol**  
A Strong Tonic Without Alcohol  
A Body Builder Without Alcohol  
A Blood Purifier Without Alcohol  
A Great Alternative Without Alcohol  
A Doctor's Medicine Without Alcohol  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla Without Alcohol  
**Ayer's Pills**  
Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They act directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they are so effective in constipation, biliousness, peptic, sick-headache. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill.  
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.