

Some typewriter advantages which, when investigated, inevitably lead to the selection of the Smith Premier—

- Removable and interchangeable Plans
- Removable Tabulator Rack
- Big Bearing Carriage
- Complete Control from Keyboard
- Simple Special Cutting Device
- Special Type Bars
- Special Line Type
- Stalwart Ribbons. Uniform Touch
- Ball Bearing Type Bar
- Column Finder and Paragrapher
- Removable Tabulator
- Special Feeding Facilities
- Removable Carriages
- Right and Left Carriage Release
- Special Marginal Rack
- Controlled Ribbon
- Carriage Carriage
- Controlled from Keyboard
- Universal Line Spacer
- Patent Dust Guard
- Ball Spring Lever
- Carriage Retarder
- Improved Marginal Stops

Equipment, Speediest ever devised

Complete, Straight Line Keyboard and

A Key for Every Character.

A single motion is quicker to make than two.

Only one motion is needed to make any character desired on the complete, straight-line, key-for-every-character keyboard of the

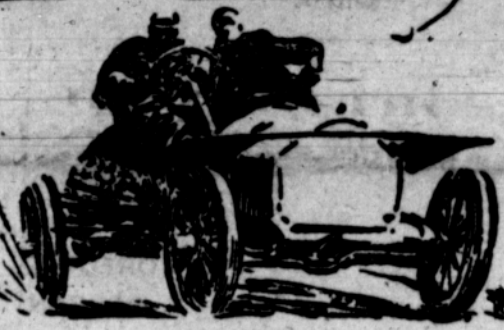
easy action light running Model 10

Smith Premier

Write for information to
The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y. Reaches everywhere



SPEED



HEADACHE

My wife and myself have been suffering from headaches and they are the best I have ever had in the house. I have tried many of the best remedies, but nothing has done for me. I have tried your CASCARETS, and I feel the pain in my head almost gone. We both recommend Cascares to our friends. We both recommend Cascares to our friends.



AG Sold and guaranteed by all druggists in 47 U.S. Territories.

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BLACK-DRAUGHT STOCK and POULTRY MEDICINE

Stock and poultry have few troubles which are not bowel and liver irregularities. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is a bowel and liver remedy for stock. It puts the organs of digestion in a perfect condition. Prominent American breeders and farmers keep their herds and flocks healthy by giving them an occasional dose of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine in their food. Any stock raiser may buy a 25-cent half-pound air-tight can of this medicine from his dealer and keep his stock in vigorous health for weeks. Dealers generally keep Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine. If yours does not, send 25 cents for a sample can to the manufacturers, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

ROCHESTER, GA., JAN. 30, 1909.

Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is the best I ever used. Our stock was coughing and when you sent me the medicine and saw they were getting so well. They are looking 20 per cent better.

S. P. BROOKINGTON

WANTED INVENTORS

to write for our confidential letter before applying for patent it may be worth seeing. We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS

and TRADE MARKS or return ENTIRE ATTORNEY'S FEE. Send model, sketch or photo and we send an IMMEDIATE FREE report on patentability and the best legal service and advice and our charges moderate. Try us.

SWIFT & CO., Patent Lawyers,

Opp. U.S. Patent Office, Washington, D.C.

Everybody says so. Cascares Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medicinal discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, not costly, and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colic, cures headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box.

S. C. C. Today 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed by all druggists.

Have you a Horse with any One or More of the following habits?

- Refusing to Lead. Afraid of sudden falling of board
- Running away when halter or bridle is removed. Biting
- Getting fast in stall. Afraid of sight and sound of steam
- Pawing in stable. Kicking at master or strangers
- Tender bitting. Afraid of sound of buggy or wagon wheels
- Pawing when hitched in street. Afraid of touch of shafts
- Crowding in stall. Scaring at hogs or dogs along road
- Refusing to halter or bridle. Running away
- Pulling on one rein. Striking. Tail switchers
- Lugging on bit. Bad to harness. Bad to groom
- Lunging and plunging. Hard to shoe. Shying
- Jumping fences. Refusing to hold back going down hill
- Afraid of automobiles. Bad to hitch to buggy or wagon
- Afraid of paper. Lolling the tongue. Afraid of robes
- Afraid of umbrellas. Afraid of clothes on line.
- Afraid of sound of gun. Afraid of band playing
- Afraid of canvas top wagons. Afraid of cars

If you have horses addicted to any of the above mentioned bad habits or vicious traits, you can cure them. And permanently too, by following the system as given in this course of lessons, thereby increasing the value of your horse many dollars worth, whether you want to keep or sell him. It will increase your safety and confidence in driving and handling any such animal.

The only licensed horstrainer in Oregon. All work guaranteed.

H. Z. HANSEN Langlois, Or.

DOCTORS

say consumption can be cured. Nature alone won't do it, it needs help.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the best help, but its use must be continued in summer as well as winter.

Take it in a little cold milk or water. Get a small bottle now. All Druggists.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

Any person or persons trespassing upon the Croft Lake Ranch, the McLeellan and Marshall Ranches, will be prosecuted to the utmost extent of the law; and a reward will be given for information that will lead to the detection of the guilty parties.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

STATE AND DISTRICT OFFICERS

U. S. Sen'ts—Jonathan B. Poole Jr., Portland and Geo. E. Chamberlain of Salem.

Congressman, First District—Willis C. Hawley, of Salem.

Governor—Oswald West, Salem.

Secretary of State—Ben. W. Olcott, Salem.

State Treasurer—Thos. B. Kay, of Salem.

Supt. Public Instruction—L. A. Alderman, Salem.

State Printer—Willis Dunaway, Salem.

Attorney General—A. M. Crawford, Salem.

Clerk State Land Board—G. G. Brown, Salem.

Joint Senator for Coos and Curry—W. C. Chase.

Joint Representative for Coos and Curry—S. P. Peirce.

Judge of Judicial District—J. W. Hamilton, Roseburg.

Prosecuting Attorney, Judicial District—George M. Brown, Roseburg.

U. S. Commissioners—H. T. Stewart, Port Orford.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Judge—E. A. Bailey, Gold Beach.

County Commissioners—Otto Ismert, Gold Beach; Geo. Chenoweth, Langlois; Sheriff—W. A. Bishel, Gold Beach.

County Clerk—George W. Smith, Gold Beach.

County Treasurer—James Caughell, Wedderburn.

Assessor—Wm. Tolman, Harbor.

School Supt.—W. S. Guerin, Langlois.

Surveyor—D. Cunniff Jr., Gold Beach.

Coroner—Dr. S. J. Mann, Langlois.

MEETINGS OF THE COURTS.

Circuit Court meets Fourth Monday in August of each year.

County Commissioners Court meets first Wednesday in January, April, July and September of each year.

Probate Court meets first Monday in each month.

CURRY COUNTY POST OFFICES AND POST-MASTERS.

Chetco..... Miss Ida Cooley, Harbor.

Gold Beach..... Fletcher Gardner, Wedderburn.

Illilhee..... C. L. Wakeman, Marial..... Mrs. Viola A. Fry, Agness..... A. M. Riley, Port Orford..... Ames Johnston, Denmark..... J. S. Capps, Langlois..... E. Backleff, Eckley..... J. A. Haines

The Burrow Clevis

Always Stays "Put"



Permanent as the hills, but can be removed in a second of time. The only Clevis now on the market that stays where put.

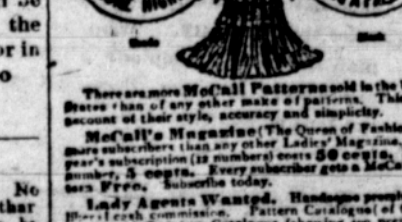
The exclusive right to handle this Clevis will be sold by Counties or States, or set on three can be purchased for \$1.00. Address

W. E. Burrow, Corbin, Ore.

No More Cedar to Spare.

I must husband my timber to replace fences and buildings on the farm, therefore I must spare you no more cedar. Please do not ask for it. The green trees will grow and the dead ones will keep.

J. H. Upton, Langlois, Or., August 27, 1910



Nothing equals Dr. Miller Anti-Pain Pills for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc.

WILLOWERS.

Scarcely known by name, they pile the ground with motes of color, starry forms. In them the most delicate shades are found. That follow after storms, and their soft, fragrant, bright earth low in the shadows where there's death of pain or pleasure, love or life, for from the world's mad, ceaseless strife.

Huge oaks above them lift their heads and drop the acorn, and the leaf. The harvest field-rind round them sheds plenty in many a sheaf. And they, half-forgotten, brighten earth low in the shadows where there's death of pain or pleasure, love or life, for from the world's mad, ceaseless strife.

They speak no message, set no part. They have no words to cheer, to bid, to part. They speak no message, set no part. They have no words to cheer, to bid, to part.

TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

By JUNGUL WALLAH

December, 1857, along with 20 members of my corps, I was deputed by Sir James Outram to go from the Alum-Bagh to Buncce Bridge, a distance of 16 miles, for the purpose of ascertaining how the garrison at that place was getting on. Buncce was the only position held by us on the main road between Cawnpore and the Alum-Bagh, which were 48 miles apart.

We got along very well until within two miles of Buncce when a horde of mutinous cavalry suddenly appeared out of a tangle of mango trees about a quarter of a mile off. The officer commanding the party decided at once that our only chance of escape was to make the most of the distance between us and the enemy's cavalry, and scuttle. So off we went at a hard gallop, making for Buncce, followed up by the enemy in full pursuit. But, to cut this part of the story short, we outpaced them, got in safe and sound, and were entertained to our hearts' content by the garrison.

While we were enjoying our excellent supper the officer commanding the Buncce sent an aide-de-camp to say that he had most urgent information for Sir John Inglis, commanding at Cawnpore, which he was anxious should be carried to him at once. The commanding officer said he was well aware it would never do to weaken Sir James Outram's force by detaching a number of men, and they would not get through the numerous redoubts the rebels had on the road; but he thought two of our men would probably succeed in sneaking past any obstructions they might encounter. Of course he was fully aware that the undertaking was a dangerous one, still, the risk must be taken. So it was decided that two of us were to go to Cawnpore. The task the least commanding our party had to tackle was to select those two, as every man was anxious for the duty; but, being a long-headed fellow, he got over the difficulty by deciding that we should go. This was done, and Sir John Inglis and I were what we considered the prize winners. Now Butler had been recommended for the Victoria Cross; he never tried to obtain it, having died at the Alum-Bagh in 1858 from the effects of a blow he received in the chest from a rebounding round shot.

At ten p.m. we left Buncce, both of us having a duplicate of the "clevis" which was in the chest, rolled in a small tin tube. We got along all right for about eight miles. When we reached the town of Buncce, we saw by the glow of numerous fires that large parties of rebels were encamped on both flanks, and that the town was occupied by some of them, so we halted to consider what was to be done. The conclusion arrived at was that there would be no chance of getting round either bank, as we did not know the country, and the town was surrounded by swampy ground. So we decided that we must make a choice of two courses—either return to Buncce, dejected and disappointed, and probably to be chaffed off our heads by the garrison, or make a dash for it and gallop through Buncce, which we knew was only half a mile long. The latter course being adopted, we dismounted, hauled our canvas horse-clothing from under our saddles, cut it up and tied our horses' heads in four folds of canvas, so that the patter, patter of their feet on the hard road might be muffled. Having done this, off we went, creeping up to within 400 yards of the town without being observed, and then we rode at a gallop. No sooner had we entered than we heard the challenge: "Who comes there?" but, taking no notice of this, we pressed our spurs into the horses' flanks, flung for life. Within two minutes after we passed the sentry who challenged us, hundreds of rebels turned out and began to fire from all sides; but the darkness of the night favored us, and we got through safe. After proceeding about half a mile we drew rein and dismounted to remove the bags from our horses' heads and to give the bags a breather. This was necessary, for we had to gallop for miles further to go before we could reach Cawnpore, and the odds were we would have to make another dash for it through Onoa, a village about eight miles off. It was lucky for us in more ways than one that we did decide on this halt, as within a quarter of an hour we heard the enemy's snarls as they came down the road, evidently following us up. Off the road we went, and hid behind some high bushes, relying for safety on the darkness of the night and on the horses not neighing. The sensible creatures remained perfectly mute, and we had the satisfaction of hearing the enemy—

we could not see them—gallop on towards Cawnpore, shouting to each other: "We have them! They are not far ahead! Fortunately we were not discovered, so again we had to decide what was to be done, knowing our awkward position between the rebels at Buncce and those on the road to Cawnpore.

But we were bound to "face the music." After resting for an hour we proceeded, and got through Onoa without being in any way molested. Then at Onoa we left the road about half a mile off and made for a grove of trees. On hearing this Butler proposed that we should set off and ride as hard as we could for the banks of the Ganges opposite Cawnpore. But that would not do; as if the rebels should see us (and it was very probable they would, as daylight was breaking), or if they overtook us (which they would do unless the horses were fresh), our end would not be far off. Therefore we made up our minds to proceed at a walk for the rest of the journey, and that in the event of being waylaid or chased we would cut down in our saddles and ride as we had never ridden before.

We got along unmolested within three miles of our destination, when at sunrise we heard numerous trumpets call on our left. "Ah! ah!" both of us exclaimed almost simultaneously; "so there you are! Well, you beggars, you shall ride for it. Our horses are fresh, and by the time you get into your saddles and form up we will have had a good start; and, if the worst comes to the worst, the odds are that all that can happen is that we may have to swim our horses across the Ganges." Away we went at a ripping gallop, and on came the rebel cavalry in hundreds. They chased us for over a mile, but never got within 300 yards; and they gave up the pursuit when the Cawnpore garrison, seeing the fix we were in, loosed off a few shells in the midst of them, making them retreat pretty sharp. On arrival at the banks of the Ganges we found a large flat-bottomed boat waiting for us with a party of armed men; and within a quarter of an hour were landed safe and sound at Cawnpore, where we were entertained for a week like kings.

It was considered by Sir John Inglis too risky to let us return to the Alum-Bagh alone; therefore we were ordered to await the departure of a convoy that was to leave for that place in a few days; so we had to stay. This week's absence made Gen. Outram decide that we had fallen into the hands of the enemy and been killed, which was the fate of nearly all those who were captured by the rebels. You can picture to yourself how we were welcomed on our return.

I cannot conclude without bringing to notice the heroic conduct of Sergt. Butler during the trying night we spent together, and also the fate of his poor horse. Butler was a very stout man, and when he began to ride fast, when chased by the cavalry, his weight began to tell on the animal. Butler felt this and said: "Ride on and save yourself, leave me to my fate. There is no need for both of us to be caught." But, God's will, a meretricious Providence there was no necessity for this, as the same old horse seemed to waken up suddenly to the danger of falling behind, made a desperate effort and carried his rider safely to the Ganges. But, alas! the effort was too much for him and he died the next day.—Chambers' Journal.

THE PILGRIM PIONEERS.

Strong were the qualities in them combined in each man strong muscle and strong mind. Austere and stern, yet not at heart unkind.

Formed in adversity's unpolished school Where iron lines inlaid the golden rule, Each man a warrior was, but not a fool. They braved perils of the winds and waves. They sank 'neath hardships of rough griefs to graves. Yet theirs the faith which satisfies, and saves.

Theirs industry which wins in scanty soil. The tempered pride which stoops to honest toil. Simplicity no pomp nor power could spoil. The common-sense to balance word and deed. The willing ear God's truth to bear and heed. No names and shadows marred their manly creed.

Kneeling in scantiest garb on scantiest sod. Direct and plain their pleas or plaints to God. Blessing His name though passing 'neath His rod. See through the lenses made of Pilgrim's tears. The countless sorrows of their struggling years. The pictures of their fratilles and their fears.

Come they through grievous tribulations great. Their trials early and their blessings late—Through cross to crown as conquerors of fate.

They built for centuries, not for that brief span. Marked by the lifetime of one age or man. For that eternity which prophets scan. Their purpose to be parents of a race Endowed with wisdom, courage, greatness, grace. Spinning the webs of fate o'er time and space.

Behold the land their toil-worn fingers formed— Gone the fierce strife which for it stirred and stormed. Its skies by signs of glory watched, and warmed.

L. EDGAR JONES.

Nothing equals Dr. Miller Anti-Pain Pills for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc.