

BLACK-DRAUGHT STOCK and POULTRY MEDICINE

Stock and poultry have few troubles which are not cured by Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine. 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 feed. 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 manufacturer, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

NEW HORN Sewing Machine

NEW HOME

NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME

WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME



Nothing equals Dr. Miller's Anti-Pain Pills for headache, neuralgia, sciatica.

"Ever been to Circassia?" said the sailor.

"No, of course not," the drug-gist answered.

"Then I'll tell you about the trousers of the Circassian girl, Gimme," said the temperate sailor, "a mock cocktail. I'll tell you about them trousers while you're mixing up the drink."

"In Circassia, Cad, the girls is all beautiful. They have straight noses, clear eyes, white teeth and heavy hair. They are slim, and they wear bright clothes—red shoes, fowin' veils, sashes, trousers. Their trousers is what I am goin' to tell you about."

"Only three colors in trousers is worn—red, white and blue."

"Supposin' in Circassia, you saw a girl walkin' in front of you in white trousers. If you was a single man the thing for you to do then would be to get ahead of her and, lookin' back, size her up. If you liked her looks, you might speak to her in a respectful way—ask her to take a sherbet, for instance. She wouldn't be offend-ed. Why not? Because, wearin' white, she'd be a single girl. White trousers is only worn by the un-married in Circassia."

"If you saw, glidin' along in red trousers, the most beautiful girl in the world, you'd have no right to speak to her, no matter how much her loveliness might attract you. Red trousers is a sign the girl is married. Red—danger—hands off."

"Blue trousers, again, is all right. If your Circassian girl has blue trousers on, step up to her as free as you please; tell her she is lookin' well, and ask her if she won't take supper with you. She'll not be offend-ed if you are respect-ful and polite. Her blue trousers shows she is a widow."

"Circassia, Cad, is the place for a single man to go that is fond of the ladies. He can't make no mis-takes there, whereas here, Jiminy!"

INDIANS KNOW A COWARD.

Red Skin Has a Way of Finding Whether a White Man Was Right or Not.

An Oklawaha man once told an Indian that a desperate white man was after his scalp. He smiled and shook his head, relates the Kansas City Journal. A few days later we were talking to the white man, when the Indian came up to join the group. He had spotted the stranger and knew him by sight. Without saying a word to him he walked up within arm's reach and struck the white man in the face with a rough, heavy glove. He passed for a few seconds and left him again. "Right," he explained as he wheeled around and walked away. The white man looked at the Indian in amazement, but made no show of resentment. Later in the day, when we asked the Indian why he didn't follow up the insult with blows, he told us the white man was a coward. In explaining how he knew it he said the man's "jaw dropped" when he struck him in the face the second time with the glove, and that this, with the Indian, was an un-failing sign of cowardice.

Interesting Description of the Process Employed in Extracting the Oil and the Cultivation of the Plant.

With the disposal of the product for this year, Leander S. Drew, of this place, closes the work of one-half a century as a producer of the oil of wormwood, writes a correspondent of the Indianapolis News.

The plants grown upon 100 acres of rich valley land the oil is distilled, and this unique husbandman bears the unique distinction of being the grower, producer and having the most extensive wormwood works in the United States, if not in the world.

The farm lies between the shores of Crystal lake and the main traveled road extending from Lodi to Frairly-De-See. The residence and distillery are hidden away behind a blufflike hill, and at the end of a long, winding road, guarded by a massive farmer's gate. So secluded is the place, and so unexpectedly does the wayfarer come in sight of it, that one might suppose he was approaching a spot where Kentucky moonshine is made beyond the pale of the wandering revenue collector.

The wormwood plants are grown on the farm in about the same manner as corn, oats and other cereals. The plants grow from two to three feet high. They are light in color, and have the appearance of being covered with dew. As soon as the unattractive purple blossoms appear the cutting and distilling begins. By means of an ordinary mowing machine with a dropper attachment the plants are cut down and left in large bundles to wilt in the hot summer sun.

As soon as they become wilted and flaccid they are loaded on wagons and hauled to the distillery, where a big iron fork comes down into the load. By means of a rope and pulley the fork with its burden is hauled upward to a little car on rails, where an automatic attachment is quickly made. In no time the car rolls to the opening over the large vat, when there is a jerk to the trip ropes and the bunch of wormwood shrubbery is dropped into the vat. This is repeated until the vat is filled to the top with the aromatic plant.

In the engine room adjoining there is a boiler. By twisting a valve the steam is turned into the vat so that every stem and leaf of the hoary plant is immersed in the steam and must yield the essential oil. From the vat the steam passes into the condensing pipes, laden with oil from the herb. The pipes are submerged in cold water basins made out of cement, and there the oil collects, drop by drop, to find its way through a small opening to a vessel prepared to receive it.

The oil, being of less specific gravity than water, collects at the top of the vessel provided for the purpose. This can into which the drops of oil and water fall is provided with a spout which almost reaches the top of the vessel, making it appear like a gardener's water pot. Out of this spot flows the floating oil. There comes a time in the process when the receiving vessel will hold no more of the oil, and this state is known by the bitter liquid escaping through the opening where the water is to flow away. The produce is then poured into the shipping flasks, to be sent away to the eastern markets.

As soon as all of the oil has been secured from the plants in the vat the iron fork is sent down into it and brings forth the steaming stems and leaves. Many people cannot work with the plant because of the odor. There are about 500 wormwood farms in the United States, two of which are owned by Mr. Drew. The demand for the oil is much greater than the supply. Much of it is imported from Europe. Great tracts of land in Europe are devoted to its production, and the discovery of absinthe by two old Swiss women has stimulated the trade of the "green-eyed beauty" from the distilled juice of the plant.

In the past 50 years the price of oil of wormwood has advanced from one to six dollars a pound. On account of the widespread use of absinthe it is not anticipated that the price will ever touch the dollar mark again. The oil is used in making liniments and other remedies. It has a penetrating property possessed by no other oil, and when applied "goes direct to the bone."

A GHOST TRAPPER.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

Fill a bottle or container with water and let it stand for 24 hours. It will be found that the water is unhealthily condition of the kidneys; if it stains you, then it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent urination means it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

There is no need to be troubled or often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, falls away with its curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidney, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects its habit to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., 233 West Broadway, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

"The owner of Rutland Grange on the Haisdon road will give a reward of \$200 to anyone who will reside in that house and solve the mystery of its being 'haunted.'"

"I went to the house and did not find much trouble in solving the riddle. The place had once been well stocked with game, and now the deserted grounds were running over with game of all kinds. It had escaped trespassers evidently, until lately, but investigation showed that numbers of fresh snares and traps had been set. 'Poachers' evidently was the meaning of the mystery. I got two men and posted them among the bushes."

"At 11 o'clock at night I went to the room where I was to sleep, kept the lamp burning for half an hour, extinguished it, and crept out of the room. At half past 12 o'clock I heard foot-steps, and a man came along carrying what looked like a long pole."

"He got on a wall, hoisted the 'pole' and a long tin tube so that his mouth went into the window of the room where he thought I was asleep, and then began to groan through it. But it was a loud yell as gave when I seized him firmly by the ankles."

"Well, I sat on my man and blew a whistle, when up came my assistants, with another whom they had taken while he was in the act of fixing the traps, chiefly smoking a pipe. The pair had just started in to make a good thing out of the place, and had laid in a perfect store of chains, white sheets, phosphorus, and other things, at the top of the house, with which they had been frightened away the successive caretakers."

"That job brought me not only the \$200, but a fresh commission. This time a summer hotel that was left with a small force during the winter months was haunted. The servants were being terribly frightened by mysterious knockings, that were heard now and then at night. Going to the hotel, I went to bed on the ground floor, but had to wait two or three nights before the mysterious sounds were heard."

"One night, after we had been having heavy rains all day, the knocking began right underneath my room. 'Waiting until daylight, with help from the floor and found that a small boy, long forgotten, but once used for storing boots, ran back under the house. In this was floating an empty mineral water crate. There was a lock in the river below the hotel, and every night when the lock gates were shut the river rose. The previous evening there also had been much wind and rain, so that the water got high enough for the crate to bump against the floor, thus producing the noises."

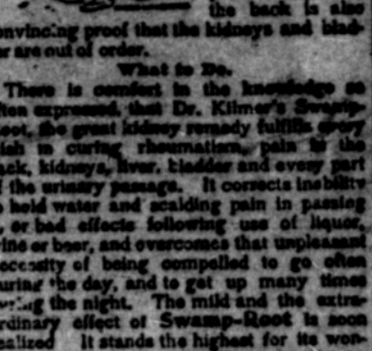
"This account, like the first, got into the papers, and soon I had more work. I won't take all my cases of 'ghost laying,' but will pick out one or two. There was a country place that for a long time was avoided because it got the reputation of having a spectre. Within a week I saw it twice, gliding about the grounds at night. It was a mile for go to catch. Then I put on a white cloak myself and tried haunting the ghost. This ruse succeeded in frightening the apparition, as when we met face to face one night, it was the other ghost that fled. Who the fellow was I should have never heard, probably, as he was so feet that I could not overtake him, only that in his flight somewhere he fell and hurt his leg, and when he consulted the doctor the whole story came out. He was a neighboring farmer who wanted to get hold of the adjoining property, and hoped by giving it the reputation of being haunted to depreciate the value enough to buy it at a low price."

"On another occasion in the garden of a big farmhouse to rent I rushed into the ghost who had been seen there, and he made off. In the darkness I lost sight of him, and he fell over something and I shouted, 'Keep still; you've upset a beehive. Keep your head covered or you'll be stung to death.'"

"He was simply a practical joker, and in most of the cases which I have unearthed where it is not somebody who had something to gain by playing ghost it was usually somebody who was enjoying himself by playing on the fears and credulity of others. I had one tragic case of spectre stalking which was the result of a man's habit of practicing joking. He had been playing upon the imagination of his brother and the night that I had arrived he had leaped out on him from a bush, and the brother had dropped dead from fright."

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PORT ORFORD OREGON

Some-thing Doing Every Minute



A Good Time For All

I AM "YOURS TO EAT"

CURRY COUNTY'S GREATEST SHOOTING MATCH

100 Fat Turkeys; Beef, Ducks, Geese, Etc.

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November
20, 24 and 25



Three Days
of
Shooting

"Meet me at Port Orford"

A Big Fat Turkey will be given to the lady making the best score.

ENTERTAINMENT—Wednesday night by School Children

DANCE, Thursday, Nov. 25, by Port Orford Harbor Band

Big Time, Pleasant Time; Come enjoy it.