

STRANGE LANDS AT OUR DOORS.

slab on which was inscribed, "An American, peace to his ashes." Can you imagine what kind of a story those half dozen words tell? His name is not there. Why? Certainly Americans buried him there, and thought him of enough record to mark the spot. Who he was, how he died, when he died, why he died and what about him you may guess. He was the only American grave I found in a two hours' search in that desolate cemetery, and I would give much to know more.

One curious bit of stone carving in a neglected corner attracted my attention. It was a crude outline of a heart with a knife thrust through, and under it some Spanish words I could not translate. The crumbled stone told the story of a tragedy, but it did not relate the tragedy or romance. And I scratched a little match on this stone, lighted a Turkish trophy and wondered what it was all about—whether it told the story of some long forgotten love affair, and the pierced heart represented a "died of a broken heart" in 1490 or whether it would say that some Navajo Indian struck six inches of steel into it to settle some little gentleman's affair in the long ago. Now you guess.

What seems to be a serious neglect is the crumbling of these historic places. Back in the east the states, the government and historic societies are taking active steps to preserve history and historic spots that were fresh with paint and mortar when these places were almost forgotten history. For illustration, the oldest house in the United States, described in a previous letter, is crumbling away here under a New Mexican sun, while so-called Americans, who live within three hundred yards of it, hardly know it is there, and it is, simply as a magnet to attract tourists.

It's little bit of a sign says it was built in the year 1300 (I think I am in error in the date of a previous letter). Perhaps the Indian chief threw up it's walls then, or perhaps he didn't do it until a hundred years later, but regardless of a century its are the oldest in the area. Well west, three or four hundred years old, and worthy of preservation by men who have blue American blood in their veins.

This morning I visited it for the fourth time—in the early morning sunning. And I saw the door opened, and a Mexican or Indian came out. He went around to the end of this house, where time and the elements have washed away what was once a fireplace chimney belid by the hand of Coronado in 1580, split a few sticks of cedar on the ruins of the chimney and carried them in. Through the open door I could see a skillet over the fire. The native placed the sticks on and closed the door. And he shut out—shut out the smoke and odor of fried calf's liver from my historic morning dreams of 1300. It seemed to me I must open the door and fire this dirty mongrel into the street and over the old worn-out door frame place a brass tablet of government protection.

And they tell me that any time this native should decide to destroy these old walls there are none and no authority to stop him.

Ignatius Donnelly in one of his books tells us that this Great American Desert and its edges were hit by a comet. If you would come out here and prowl over the hundreds of craters and its volcanic formations you would believe it—or anything anybody had a mind to tell you. There is something so strange and unreal to it that you jump at any fairy tale. Certainly something hit it some time, or hoisted it up. There are acres of ash heaps—clinders that you can't find the bottom of. Whether a comet cleaned its grates here, or whether centuries ago some hidden force pushed the stuff up for me to guess at, I don't know, but I do know there is a strangeness in it all, a mysterious something that spreads out on these acres and left puny man to guess at how, when and from where they came.

Superstition, it is a rod thick in every inch of this northern New Mexico, and there are hundreds of brightly looking men (Mexican and Indian) who believe just as truly that there are witches in these hills as they do that Santa Fe is the biggest city in the world. In every hamlet some old codger will tell you how he, or some member of his family, has been bewitched, and he believes it, just as much as you believe he is nursing a nervous dream. When one of the mountain or plains Mexicans sees a strange cat or dog about his home at night, he has a horror and dread of impending danger that is pitiful in its superstition and ignorance. And this man, who has proved all of a white man's courage in bloody Indian wars of this country—well, the only way I can explain it is to think back, not so very long ago to Salem, Mass., when no doubt his ancestor was one of the judges who pronounced death to some witch. This is a very old and a very new country.

Twenty years ago, right in the locality from which I am writing this letter, the Powell brothers created a brother each and every year. They were Mexicans, a remnant of the orders of the Middle Ages, and it was their custom or religion, during the forty days of Lent, to inflict self-tortures that would shame the Indian Sioux on tortures—literally crucify one of their number, a living man or woman belonging to their sect. Other tortures were to wind their legs so tightly as to stop circulation, bear crosses, and to march in bare feet, until they fell exhausted, over the glasslike formations of these hills.

If you can't believe this, look up the history of New Mexico and Arizona, or (once more) think back to Salem. As late as 1891 are authentic accounts of crucifixions in this strange corner of our big United States, at San Mateo, and I am told that there were still later tortures of this kind, in remote places, at much later dates.

Had you better go over to Pompeii, or come out here and dig up a more interesting history?

Santa Fe, N. M., Feb. 14, 1911.

Charles Durham, Livingston, Ill., has succeeded in finding a positive cure for bed wetting. "My little boy wet the bed every night clear through on the floor. I tried several kinds of kidney medicine, but it was in the drug store looking for something different to help him when I heard of Foley's Kidney Pills. After he had taken them two days I could see a change and when he had taken two thirds of a bottle he was cured. This is about six weeks ago and he has not wet in bed since." Jones Drug Co.

LOGAN

The meeting of Pomona Grange on the 10th was well attended considering what the weather was and had been a few days before. There were about eighty in attendance and all present seemed to enjoy themselves and be in favor of voting the meeting a success. The reports from Granges in the county showed a generally satisfactory condition. Statemaster C. E. Spence was present and gave an extended report of the national Grange conditions and of things that transpired at the last meeting. H. G. Starkweather and F. P. Wilson were the committee on resolutions. Three resolutions were adopted. A resolution in favor of woman suffrage was referred to the sisters and adopted without opposition. A resolution in favor of offering the county purchase the Canby fair grounds had no opposing votes, though there was some adverse debate. The fight came on the resolution offered by H. G. Starkweather condemning single tax and saying the use of the Fels fund is "un-American." An amendment was offered to eliminate the latter part, but was lost by a close vote and the original resolution carried by a vote of 35 to 11. A class of 20 took the fifth degree and a fine program was given, including a humorous play by Logan-tant. The next meeting will be with Eagle Creek Grange.

Ernest Gerber suffered from a severe attack of appendicitis the Thursday of last week and was taken to Oregon City. He has returned, being much improved, but expects to have an operation performed.

Arnold Mostul has recovered from an attack of quincy. His daughter is suffering from a nervous complaint.

It is reported that there is to be a bridge meeting at Barton on January 30, at 1 o'clock, to consider the matter of building a bridge across the Clackamas. It is said the railroad company will stand for half or more of the expense.

Rev. Ephraim Barnes, who was raised by the McCibbin family in this neighborhood, has been preaching at the Hatton school house.

MARQUAM

Mr. Joe Jones lost a fine cow last week which he refused \$75 for the week before.

Three strangers who came along looking for work were hired by Frank Ridings to do some grubbing.

A loopy party was given by the boys at the M. E. hall last Saturday evening, which was attended by a large crowd and everybody enjoyed the evening very much.

The Ladies Aid will give a basket social at the hall next Friday, Jan. 19.

A program and music by the Marquam Military Band will help to make the evening enjoyable for everybody.

Mr. Thompson from Salem has started a blacksmith shop in town.

Mrs. A. R. Tabor, of Crider, Mo., had been troubled with sick headache for about five years, when she began taking Chamberlain's Tablets. She has taken two bottles of them and they have cured her. Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach for which these tablets are especially indicated. Try them, get well, and stay well. Sold by all dealers.

LIBERAL

Fall wheat and oats are in fine condition at present. Grass is looking green. Stock of all kinds are in fair condition. Early lambs are coming with a very small loss so far.

There is quite a call for hay and it is being sold to local people. The dairies use a large amount of clover hay, and it surely takes a lot of it for a herd of cows if a good supply of cream is produced.

Stock hogs are scarce, as all that would do at all have been fattened and sent to the markets.

D. McFarland is visiting George Donnelly for a few days. He has interests in the Deschutes valley in eastern Oregon.

Max Heuss is clearing a nice piece of land. He intends to plant early potatoes in the spring for market.

The Molalla river has been on a rampage for a few days but is falling rapidly. The long looked for damage at the head of Spring branch has washed out a part of the riprap dam put in several years ago by the supervisor and now the danger is here in good shape and will have to be looked after.

S. Wright has his new grubbing machine about completed and it will be in operation in a few days.

Roy Graves was visiting at S. Wright's, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barnes and family were visiting at Ben Faust's, Sunday.

Major McKinster has his new house about completed. Another lift for Liberal.

M. C. Gregory has taken his old position with the Southern Pacific as conductor again.

Our school is progressing nicely and Miss Lela Reed has several months more to teach.

Dogs Know.

"I don't know why it is that whenever I pass a place where a dog is kept the animal rushes out and barks at me as if I had no right to be on earth. Others can pass the same place and never be molested."

"Well, I can account for it only on the theory that it's mighty hard to fool a dog."—Chicago Record Herald.

A Frightful Threat.

Mrs. Wayback (on first ocean voyage)—John, I just heard a man say that if this boat was put up on end it would be higher than the Washington monument. If they're going to do anything like that we'd better get right off—Puck.

The Danger of La Grippe

Is its fatal tendency to pneumonia. To cure your la grippe coughs take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. N. E. Fisher, Washington, D. C., says: "I was troubled with a severe attack of la grippe that threatened pneumonia. A friend advised Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and I got relief after taking the first few doses. I took three bottles and my la grippe was cured." Get the genuine, in the yellow package. Jones Drug Co.

Don't let the baby suffer from teething, sore or any troubling of the skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggists sell it.

DODGE

POLITICAL REMEDIES.

I see by your last Courier you are a Democrat. They (I think a poet) say a rose will smell as sweet by any other name, but I don't believe a stunk would smell like it does if its name was violet, or a crow would be a crow if it was white. In fact we have positive proof to the contrary. They have been feeding us on crow for quail and pointing what they say is rose water on our xerodermis for a long time when we thought we could detect stunk all the time. It's a relief to know you. You are something different to what we have known. There is no doubt a man can be a good man and be a Democrat if he is going to be the kind of a Democrat you say you are going to be.

But let us have some proof of it. Strike off seven and a half million letters with the skull and cross bones on them, stamped and ready to send to congressmen and senators with the motto: "No monkeying with Schedule K, footware, sweetening, parcels post, steel, etc." What we want is a remedy, and if we have got to use intimidation to get it, let's start right. Let's get the remedy and then hunt out a name. Then you won't have to spell d—d so wicked.

Put this on your letter heads, too. The government wants fifty-two million dollars revenue out of sugar. Let them render a bill direct to the people by way of stamps or something else and when we pay the bill get a receipt for it, and the same with butter, steel, etc. And say something about the parcels post. Don't forget that. And when you see a fellow that isn't helping things any, kicking one of the government's name, him loose some way and that will help some. And it would not be a bad idea to commence in Clackamas county until you get your hand in good and get seasoned a little for the

farm in the spring. And there's something else that seems kind of queer. And that's the boy and girl that's been living here. When the snow was deep on the road to school, he would pace right up with never a four but what she'll get there on time or somewhere near. But it's different now. When she starts for the coop, seems like he's afraid they'll spoil if he did not help look up the nests, and she will twitter and giggle and sing as they carry the eggs to the house on the farm in the spring.

And you in the field get sweaty and dry, and about ten to the well and house you say for a drink and ma be a piece of pie. Then back to the field again you fly and grab up the plow with vim and a jerk, and speak to your team in a shout they could hear for a mile no doubt on the farm in the spring of the year.

COLTON

SPRING SONG

(With apologies to Mendelssohn).

The 'th' is doubtless rather early in the year to think of spring. "Get there first" has been my motto for these many years. Something tells me my colleague in Rocky Point will soon begin to feel an irresistible temptation to present us with a spell on the glories of the season that will reach us by and by, so I'm bound to beat him to it. You can guess the reason why.

As a rule you'll find that people are given spring a royal welcome, but experience has taught me the folly of such notions. Rather should they be prepared to lay in a stock of allopahol remedies. They've cared for their health throughout the winter but they'll find the proper thing is to wear their heavy flannels in the gentle, balmy spring.

Those of you who follow farming as

CLARKS

Rev. Mr. Cupp of Viola is holding revival meetings in the Clarks English M. E. church.

Elmer Lee is helping Mr. Bottmiller saw down trees.

Miss Gard, the primary teacher, began her school again on Monday.

Leo Parish from Highland spent Sunday with Mr. W. G. Kleinmuth.

Wellington Marshall has finished sawing wood in Timber Grove.

The Bass brothers have one or two acres of land cleared, and they are improving it fast.

Mr. Bottmiller got a load of chop from Eugene Kleinmuth last Saturday.

The Literary Society met last week Wednesday night. Topics taking part in the debate were, affirmative, W. G. Kleinmuth, Mr. R. S. Welch, Miss Olga Elmer, negative, Mr. F. H. Wilcox, J. L. Gard, Louis Sager.

MOUNTAIN VIEW

Several men have had a lay-off from work in the mills on account of the high water.

Wm. Johnson was hauling lumber and ties for Mr. Cummins last Tuesday.

Mrs. Jennings, who was employed as cook at the sawmill, has resigned her position and will enter upon a job of housekeeping soon.

Prayer meeting at the church every Friday night. Mr. Van Hoy is to be the leader next Friday night. All are invited.

The Eggehan brothers lost a valuable cow last week.

The old Willamette is quite a sight to the regular sight seer, but those who cannot appreciate the beauties of nature cannot see anything in the whirling and rampage of the great waters, swollen by the melting of the snow and the recent rain.

O. A. TVEITMOE



Photo by American Press Association.
O. A. Tveitmoe, the San Francisco labor leader who was indicted for complicity in the Los Angeles dynamiting cases.

BELL PHONE SCRUTINIZED

Department of Justice Investigates Alleged Hello Trust.

Chicago.—A country-wide investigation of affairs of the Bell Telephone company for information bearing on an alleged monopoly which the company is said to create, was reported with the return to Chicago of Charles F. DeWoody, division superintendent of the department of justice.

The investigation, it is said, is being completed by an exhaustive investigation in Chicago. It is reported government agents have been at work in this city and a report to the administration in Washington of the operations of the Bell syndicate will soon be presented.

SCHOONER ADMIRAL GOES THROUGH JETTY

Astoria.—Crashing with terrible force through the new Columbia river jetty in a strong southwest gale and in weather so thick it was impossible to see two feet ahead, the American four-masted schooner Admiral, with all sails set, met its fate at the mouth of the Columbia. The crew of seven sailors and the captain and his wife and child were rescued by Captain Wicklund of the Point Adams life saving station.

The Admiral was in command of Captain Joseph Bender, and was 43 days out from Valparaiso, Chile, in ballast for lumber loading at Grays Harbor.

The Admiral, after tearing asunder 50 yards of the jetty, passed on to the northward towards Peacock Spit, and, after a vigorous but futile attempt by the Port of Portland tug Wallula to tow the helpless schooner to safety inside the bar, capsized in the giant breakers and was left to her fate.

Singer to Sue for Divorce.

St. Louis, Mo.—Mrs. William Rapp, known to the music-loving world of two continents as Mme. Schumann-Heink, admitted that she is planning to file suit for divorce.

Foley Kidney Pills

always give satisfaction because they always do the work. J. T. Shelton, Bremen, Ga., says: "I have used Foley Kidney Pills with great satisfaction and found more relief from their use than from any other kidney medicine, and I've tried almost all kinds. I can cheerfully recommend them to all sufferers for kidney and bladder trouble." Jones Drug Co.

Persons troubled with partial paralysis are often very much benefited by massaging the affected parts thoroughly when applying Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

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The Clackamas Southern Railway Company is now offering to our home people its first mortgage 6 per cent semi-annual interest coupon bonds, and as the bonds are limited to ties, rails and equipment, and all other work, such as grading and bridges, are paid for by stock subscriptions, the bonds issued by this company are first class.

These bonds are issued in the following denominations, viz.: \$100, \$500, \$1000.

THE CLACKAMAS SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY offers the following reasons why these bonds should be sold in Oregon:

- FIRST—It is an Oregon enterprise and owned by Oregon people.
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heavier work, and if you need a list I can help you make it out.
(To be continued.)

ON THE FARM IN SPRING
(By You See.)

There's something doing on the farm all the time in the spring. Everything is stirring on leg and wing. You can get to the center without any string being on you when you are at work on the farm in the spring and everything goes with a bang and a roar and you are out of bed twice two and four and using a lantern to see your cornucopia when you limp around so fat and sore, for you ain't done a thing for two months or more but sit round and growl waiting for spring.

But the jig is up now and what you hear is a keel-up voice both far and near calling out "Go there—come here!" and you listen with a real and abject fear to that voice, "on the farm in the spring of the year."

You scarcely get time to eat up your mush, for Spot's got a calf some where in the brush and the corvoses will get it if you don't make a dash, for they are watching and waiting that calf to steal when we need it for taxes by way of wool. For Steve's nothing to bring in a cent on the farm in the spring.

The teams are all harnessed and ready to start, only waiting for day break and you think of the spring thing's flying except the bark. The plowing left over last fall is to be done and the gall you get on it is twice a trot and a run. You can laugh, keep silent (not still), whistle or sing, but you've got to get there. Just the same on the farm in the spring.

Old Durham will crowd himself right through any number of bushes and the honest stand on the fence and now, while the cat gnaws a bundle of weeds (two for their needs), and Tabby will rub her sides and sing in a pair, the chorus, I guess, of the song of every blessed thing on the

A trade are sure to read weather forecasts in the almanac. You always plant your seed when it says: "The winter's ended and the growing season's here, and the weather after Easter will be pleasant, warm and clear." You discover to your sorrow, when the frost has nipped your beans, that the forecasts that you've seemed were prepared for New Orleans.

If you're fortunate enough to live in town, since Uncle died and bequeathed you half his fortune, then on Easter you will ride in an open carriage to the church which you sometimes attend, to display your wife's new bonnet. For if you were forced to spend fifty dollars, but that outfit isn't what causes you pain; it's the spectacle the hat presents when you're forced to ride in the rain.

In the spring the poet's fancy always turns to thoughts of ease. His exertions through the winter cause his mind to wander. He's forced to take a short vacation till he can recuperate and regain his forceful style of writing. That, I'm forced to state, one can find why all the rest of us should sing of the peace and satisfaction that comes to us in the spring.

OLE

A Girl's Wild Midnight Ride

To warn people of a fearful forest fire in the Catalinas a young girl rode horseback at midnight and saved many lives. Her deed was glorious, but it was often saved by Dr. King's New Discovery in curing lung troubles, coughs and colds, which might have ended in consumption or pneumonia. "It cured me of a dreadful cough and lung disease," writes W. R. Patterson, Wellington, Tex., "after four years in our family had died with consumption, as I gained 7 pounds."

Nothing so sure and safe for all throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Huntley Bros.

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