

CORRESPONDENCE

Our correspondents will please send in articles before Wednesdays of each week, otherwise it reaches us too late for publication.

Beaver Creek

BEAVER CREEK, Feb. 26.—What has become of our correspondent? For weeks and weeks we have been waiting for a little local news. To let you down-town folks know we are still alive. I take hold of the pen and ink to write a few words.

All of us are very busy with our farm work. The weather is rather rainy. This we cannot help. God is the father and controller of the rains. It is our duty to do our best under the circumstances. The old farming prophets say we are going to have a grand crop this year. Hope their saying will be crowned by a big one. God of the harvest is the same today as he was three thousand years ago to the Jewish nation. To have his blessing all depends what kind of people we are. If we walk in the ways of His commandments God will surely bless the labor of our hands.

Last week Henry Parry arrived home to his family from Wardner, Mr. Parry is suffering with an injured leg; the effects of an accident at the mines where he was working. We hope he will soon be all right again.

Joseph R. Lewis was at church last Sunday. We are all very glad to see him out again, after a long spell of sickness.

Miss Lizzie Parry came home a week ago last Monday from Wardner, Idaho. Mrs. Henry Thomas, of Portland was here visiting old friends.

A storm of an unusual order visited Beaver Creek last week. An effort was made to remove the abode of the suffering county pauper, Mr. Jones. The majority of the tax payers are very indignant of such brutal action. If such a deed had been done in the dark ages it would have been smothered down in ignorance, but such a deed happening at the dawn of the 20th century, the action is cruel and most inhuman. We hope our county officers won't be guilty of increasing the pains and sufferings of those who are in the deep waters. We know not ourselves in the great circle of providence who will be the next one in poverty and sickness. Let us sympathize with the suffering humanity and do our best to cheer and comfort them so that they may end their days in rest and peace.

Aims Items

AIMS, Feb. 26.—Way-up times at Aims. Everybody is happy, two sawmills running in full blast. They are rapidly converting the forests into railroad ties and other marketable materials, both dumping their ties to the Sandy river, thence down the river to Troutdale. Mr. J. N. Bramhall, proprietor of the largest mill employs a large force of men, paying \$2 and upward per day, the Linderman

Bros. do his logging. G. B. Pully & Co. are proprietors of the other mill.

Julius Elsner and family have sold off their personal effects and taken passage for California. Hope all their expectations will be realized. Mr. Ingraham and family will occupy their premises here.

John Bramhall and family have also sold off their personal effects and left these parts for better roads near Terry.

R. L. Hickman is with us again after a long absence. Although he is growing old, he does not seem matrimonially inclined.

Wm. Hardin has returned from Eastern Oregon, looking well but still single; don't know whether it is his fault or not.

Our enterprising young men have organized a brass band, under the leadership of Prof. W. D. Thomas. Who says we are not progressive?

Herman Linderman cut his leg with an ax while logging for Mr. Bramhall. Miss Pearl Woods, of Aims, and Mr. Oscar Wood, of Rockwood, were united as one Feb 17, 1901, by Rev. Cowling, at the home of the bride's parents.

Molalla

MOLALLA, Feb. 25.—We're glad to hear of the election of John H. Mitchell for U. S. senator; a man that has both ability and will to work in congress for the state of Oregon. Even the "Oregonian" ought to congratulate itself, just now that it has failed to "mould" its senatorial vote of our state; whatever Mr. Corbett could have done in the senate for Oregon, Mr. Mitchell will do and more besides: Then all hands shake for saving the "dead-lock;" if Mr. Corbett did get "knocked out" on the last round, shall we ever get down to business and elect our U. S. senators by a direct vote from the "dear people?" Oh! says "some good many people, Brownell done that" (helped elect Mitchell) well, what of it, the writer, for one, is glad to see even Mr. Brownell working in the harness for the good of the state.

It is quite as reasonable to suppose that the Oregonian has a big gold base broad "axe to grind" in Corbett's election, as to hint that Mr. Brownell has a hatchet to grind" in Mr. Mitchell's election. Let him that has no axe to grind, "cast the first stone."

In our last communication you made us say that "Mr. Young was living in town with his family" It should have read Yenny. Also in regard to the Artisan entertainment which will take place on the 3d Saturday evening of March 16, instead of March the 3d or the 3d day of March.

Wheat is taking on a splendid appearance since the weather has become warmer. This seems to be the "wet moon" of the wet season.

Damascus

DAMASCUS, Feb. 24.—We are having very stormy weather, but still at this time of the year, we cannot expect anything else.

The dance given by the Woodman was a grand success in every respect, good crowd, good supper and everybody in general had a good time. We hope they will give another soon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Deardorf are both very sick.

There was singing at Mr. J. Chitwoods, yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Morton is very sick with gripe. Nearly the whole community is complaining of the same malady.

Warren Greenwall, has a contract to cut 500 cords of wood, for a Portland contractor.

Norm Darling, of Portland, is visiting his old friends in Damascus.

Oswego

OSWEGO, Feb. 25.—The entertainment given by the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church, at the Grange hall last Friday night was a decided success. The Oswego orchestra furnished the best of music. Mr. Jewel, of Portland as elocutionist made a decided hit. It was worth the price of admission to hear him tell "How Ruby Played". Mr. Watkins and Miss Springer, of Portland, the former baritone and the latter soprano are both good singers and had to respond to several encores. After the musical program a fine lunch was served. The net receipts were about \$15.

Saturday night the Artisans gave their monthly social at the I. O. O. F. hall. The Artisans' socials are always successful, consequently those present Saturday evening had a good time.

On Monday morning B. H. Albee, of Middleton, made application at the justice office here for the recovery of personal property. It appears that on last Tuesday night, some party, or parties unknown to Mr. Albee entered his barn and took therefrom one Jersey cow, without the knowledge or consent of Mr. Albee. Of course he did not feel like losing his only dependence for milk and butter, so Wednesday morning he and some of his neighbors started out upon a hunt for the cow with the result that she was found at the milk ranch of George Taffer, about one mile north of Oswego. Mr. Taffer had bought her last Thursday from a man who claimed that he was anxious to go to Eastern Oregon and was willing to sell very cheap. Mr. Albee had no trouble in obtaining possession of his cow and Mr. Taffer is a twenty shy.

A Child's Cry

Pierces the mother's heart like a sword. Often the mother who would do everything for the little one she loves, is utterly impotent to help and finds no help in physicians. That was the case with Mrs. Duncan, whose little one was almost blind with scrofula.

But fortunately she was led to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and so cured the child without resorting to a painful operation.

The great blood-purifying properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery have been proved over and over again in cases of scrofula, eczema, eruptions and other diseases which are caused by an impure condition of the blood. It entirely eradicates the poisons which feed disease, and builds up the body with sound, healthy flesh.

"My little daughter became afflicted with scrofula, which affected her eyes," writes Mrs. Agnes L. Duncan, of Mansfield, Sebastian Co., Ark. "She could not bear the light for over a year. We tried to cure her eyes, but nothing did any good. We had our home physician and he advised us to take her to an oculist, as her eyelids would have to be 'scraped.' They had become so thick he thought she would never recover her sight. As there was no one else to whom we could apply my heart sank within me. I went to your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' read your treatment on scrofula, getting the properties of medicines there advised. With five bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I have entirely cured my child."

"Hoping this will be of some use to you and a blessing to other sufferers, with heartfelt thanks, I remain."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an excellent laxative for children. They are easy to take and thorough in action.

New Pastor at Beaver Creek Communicated.

The Rev. J. Morlaia Richards, B. D., a Presbyterian minister, of Bevier, Mo., has accepted the unanimous call of the Welsh Congregational church. We heartily congratulate the Welsh people in their wise choice of such an eminent pastor. The Rev. Richards has a past grand record as a man of God in the fulfillment of the duties of the christian ministry. He is a descendant of the great stock of reformers and preachers in Wales, England; was educated at Bala College (the old Athens of Wales) and finally at a Chicago Theological Seminary.

During Rev. Richards' pastorage at the Union church, of Bevier, Mo., (which was made up of Methodists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians) the church in less than three years doubled its membership. In the Spring of 1893, to the regret of the church and community, he resigned the pastorate and went to see the wild scenes of Alaska. So Rev. Richards is just on his way home from the North and at Seattle, Wash., he met Mr. William Roberts who induced him to pay a visit to Beaver Creek. Now he has been among us here for two months preaching in both languages. His sermons are gems and praised by all. Rev. Richards is a brilliant young man, full of vigor and courage and we earnestly hope that he will be a means in the hands of the Almighty God to lift us up as a community, spiritually, socially and temporally. May the Lord bless the new pastor, the church and all for His great glory—Amen.

Oregon City Market Report.

(Corrected weekly.)
Wheat—No. 1, 74c in bulk.
Flour—Portland, \$3.30; Howard's Best, \$3.30.
Oats—in sacks, white, 37 to 42 cents per bushel, gray, 40 to 43.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$16.00 per ton shorts, \$17.50 per ton.
Potatoes—45 to 60 cts per sack.
Eggs—Oregon, 12 1/2 to 15c per dozen.
Butter—Ranch, 40 to 45 cents per roll.
Onions, \$2.50 to \$2.60 per sack.
Green apples, 75 cents to 1.25 per box dried 5 cts per pound.
Livestock and Dressed Meats—Beef, live, 3 1/2 to 4c; hogs, live, 4 1/2c; hogs, dressed, 5 1/2 to 6 cents; sheep, \$2.25 to \$4.00 a head; veal, dressed 7 1/2 to 8c.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The regular fifty cent dollar size are sold by all good druggists.

HIS START IN LIFE.

IT WAS A GOOD ONE AND WAS THRUST ON HIM BY ACCIDENT.

The Incident Wouldn't Have Happened if a Short-sighted Real Estate Auctioneer Had Not Forgotten His Eyeglasses.

"I owe my start in life to the fact that an estimable old gentleman forgot to put his eyeglasses in his pocket one morning," said a prosperous business man from a sister city. "It's rather a curious story," he went on, "and I'll tell it as briefly as possible. A good many years ago, when I was a young fellow of 25 or thereabouts, I drifted into Louisville in search of a job that didn't materialize, and the upshot of it was that I found myself practically broke in a strange city. Up to that time I had always worked for small wages and had never succeeded in accumulating as much as \$50, but I had an abiding faith that if I could once get hold of a modest stake I could launch out for myself and make some money."

"One morning, when I was wandering about with only two or three silver dollars in my pocket, looking for a chance to go to work at anything that might offer, I dropped into a big down stairs room where some real estate was being sold at auction. A large crowd was present, and there was an indescribable feeling of tension in the air that warned me something unusual was about to happen."

"While I was standing there, only vaguely interested, the auctioneer, who was quite an elderly gentleman, put up a piece of improved city property and after a considerable pause received a bid of \$200. I could see that the smallness of the amount excited surprise, and I was also aware of a commotion in one corner where half a dozen previous bidders were gathered together in an excited group. They seemed to be quarreling about something, and meanwhile the auctioneer was indignantly appealing for a respectable offer."

"Make it \$2,500," he shouted. "Does any gentleman bid \$2,500?" He looked directly at me, and I made a gesture of denial. "Thank you," he exclaimed, greatly to my surprise. The gentleman over there bids \$2,500, and, if I can help it, no combination of buyers is going to be allowed to dictate prices at this sale." With that he suddenly knocked down the property to me.

"No sooner was this done," continued the story teller, "than a great uproar of protests arose from the group in the corner. They insisted that they had been given no chance to bid, but the auctioneer stood firm and, calling me to the platform, requested my name and address and a 20 per cent cash deposit on the \$2,500."

"By that time I realized, of course, that some extraordinary chance had thrown a fine piece of property into my hands at a fraction of its real value, and I did some quick thinking. 'I've sent a messenger for the money,' I said as coolly as I could, 'and I'll have it here in 15 minutes.'"

"The auctioneer looked at the clock. 'All right,' he replied, 'I'll give you that limit.'"

"Then I took a desperate chance. I pushed through the crowd, which was already interested in the next sale, and beckoned to a little fat man who had been one of the loudest kickers a few moments before."

"Look here," I said, drawing him aside. "Do you want to be my silent partner for an hour or so?"

"I gave him the truth in a dozen words. 'Now let me have that \$500 deposit money,' I added, 'and we'll share the profits, whatever they are.'"

"The little man looked at me shrewdly. 'This is a big joke on all of us,' he said, grinning, 'and I guess I'll risk the deal.'"

"At the same time he counted out \$500 and put it in my hands. I raced back to the desk with the cash, clinched the sale and before noon had the deed in my possession. Then, to make a long story short, my silent partner offered me \$1,000 cash for my interest, and as \$1,000 looked about as big as a mountain at that stage of the game I promptly accepted. That thousand, fortunately placed, gave me the start that has kept me going ever since."

"But what about the eyeglasses, did you say? Why, the auctioneer, as I afterward learned, was very near-sighted, and on the morning to which I refer he had forgotten his glasses. That was why he mistook my gesture of disavowal for a sign of assent and forced me, in spite of myself, into a good thing. I never understood the exact true inwardness of the deal, but the facts in the rough were that a clique of speculators had formed a combine to keep down prices, but, owing to some misunderstanding, failed to bid promptly on the property which I secured. The auctioneer was on to the game and anxious to break it up; hence his precipitancy in knocking down the lot to yours truly. I heard, later on, that my portly silent partner made \$8,000 out of the transaction, but I didn't begrudge him the money. The \$500 he gave me on faith that morning was worth fully 10 per cent a minute."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Just as Advertised.
"But suppose," one of the spectators said, "the parachute should fail to open after you have detached it from the balloon—what then?"

"That wouldn't stop me," answered the daring aeronaut. "I'd come right on down."—Chicago Tribune.

In the center of the plaza in Lima is a pretty bronze fountain that was erected in 1578, a gift from some noble Spaniard, and is probably the oldest fountain in America.

DR. FENNER'S Family Medicines.

Cough Honey.
Kidney and Backache CURE.

Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic
Great Blood-Cleansing Remedy for Spring Headaches, Constipation, Tired, Nervous.

Dyspepsia Cure
Golden Relief

St. Vitus' Dance

For Coughs, Colds, Grip, or "Cold" in ANY PART of body.

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