THE IDYL OF BUNCHGRASS LAND

THE GLORIES OF LIVING NATURE, MINGLED WITH MEMORIES OF DEAD CAMPAIGNS AND PIONEERS' GRAVES.

ON THE SNAKE RIVER, IN IDAHO, June 6.—(Staff Correspondence.)—All Oregon, like Cæsar's Gaul, is divided into three parts. One of these the Webfooters inhabit, another the Bunchgrassers and the third, a people who are neither Webfooters nor Bunchgrassers; at least, they spurn the former nickname, and the other does not properly belong to them in its accepted meaning. These good folk dwell south of the Willamette Valley.

All these three peoples differ from each other more or less, not in manners or customs, but in their way of looking at things, and at each other. The bunchgrassers, conscious of the growing wealth and power of their part of the state, have felt that the Webfooters have been getting too large a wedge of the political pie. About a year ago there was such a hullabaloo on this score that somebody remarked, "Since there are 33 counties in the state, it follows that the state institutions would better be located in one place than another."

The hue and cry from Eastern Oregon has always sounded at a distance like "hot air" of country newspapers, which, in their desire to lead the public mind, get far beyond and out of hearing of it. The vote of the last election for Governor shows that Eastern Oregon is not jealous of Western, and that the "hot-air" blasts were fanned up by the tongues of newspaper editors.

The Cascade Mountains make two well-defined districts of Oregon. The differentiation of those districts is closely drawn in the physical aspect. In the social aspect, however, the differentiation does not exist, nor does it need to do so. Physical barriers no longer put their segregating stamp on men. Where steam and electricity have reduced those barriers, men's progress is not onward apart, but onward together.

The Cascade Mountains held estranging power over the Indians of Eastern and Western Oregon. This power seems to have been a debilitating one on the native races of Webfoot, for their scale of development was beneath that of their aboriginal brethren on the opposite side of the mountains. But the Oregonians of today are not Indians, and the Cascade Range, which used to raise itself above the horizon of Indian progress, is not so high that modern ingenuity is not higher; not so rough that human intelligence has not smoothed it over. In olden days the inhabitants of Oregon were such as Multnomahs, Claminimums, Cathlanaquias, Clanaquas, Quothlapotles, Shotos, Clatsops, Killamucks, Wahclellas, Checlellas, Chilluktequaws, Wasoos, Umatillas, Walla Wallas, Weoksockwillicums and a host of others, to name whom gives one the vertigo. The people who dwell in Oregon today are integrated under the name Oregonians, and variation in soil and climate, instead of a disintegrating power, is one of social cohesion.

A Webfooters best sees Bunchgrass Oregon by leaving Portland on the night train. In the morning his eyes open upon a region entirely new in variety and charm of scene. In the other Oregon there was an infinite display of scenic jewels. Here there are new ones which have been shedding their radiance for thousands of years in preparation for this one moment, and for as many others as there are people to admire. Nature just now is arrayed in every garb of green. It shades away from the dark, high hills, where Spring has not unbound itself from Winter's snow, down to the lowland meadow, where the lighter shades in their crazy-quilt medley, show the quickening life of vegetation. With it all is interspersed the frostlike hoary silver of the distant sagebrush. This gauze flits away before the advancing cars, leaving behind only the prosy shrub. It is when distance lends enchantment that the shrub becomes poetic. Then, mingled with the golden and red and purple wild flowers of the retreating hills, and the patches of fallow land with which the country is mottled, the luxuriant fields of wheat which are storing away a wealth for harvest in their swelling tops—then the sagebrush is truly beautiful, poetic and even romantic.

It is early morning, a time when the pulse of the day has just begun to beat. The cattle, the sheep, the housewife, the rancher, are busy, but often still sleepy. All ogle the train as it passes. The cows and sheep rest from their browsing to twitch their ears at the sound of the whistle; the matron pauses from sweeping the doorstep, and tow-headed children peep from the folds of her dress, and the husband heeds not the scolding of the barnyard cock, which is hungry for the sunrise feeding to go on.

Life is easy at this stage of Summer. The green is so luxuriant that the cattle and the shorn sheep have a rich time. A month later and all vegetation will have begun to turn brown. The hills, now so exquisitely carpeted, will appear bald, and the only freshness will be far, far up the mountain side in sequestered glens, where Spring comes and then Winter again, in a few brief weeks. Up these hillsides, as if disdaining the easy life in the lowlands, the hardy pine struggles, stunted more and more near the summit. But the voluptous cottonwood squanders its gay life in the bottom lands when it is nourished by the waters which the pines keep stored in snow.

Here and there new homesteads have reared themselves, showing where young swains and lassies have joined the halves of their existence for better or for worse. And a good many new homes appear. Far away, where the rugged profile of the mountains struggles upward and rests in level places, houses show their newly made roofs. And even where the farms are tufted in with sagebrush, they wear an air of thriftiness and contentment, spiced with the gaysome song of the lark, which fears not even the shriek of the monster locomotive, nor the smokelike train skirting the bases of the everlasting hills.

The route from Pendleton to Huntington has a never-ending medley of scenes, as varied as the picturesque sense of the traveler. It was these Blue mountains that made such great tribulation for the early Oregon settlers. It was these mountains in which the overland Astor party, in the Winter of 1811-12, barely escaped the maw of starvation. In their Spring garb they look innocent enough, but they have many a tale of suffering beneath their surface.

So formidable an obstacle could not but be disastrous to the followers of the Oregon trail, who had spent their strength before they reached these Blue Mountains.

"Blue indeed, therefore, were these mountains in early days. But they did not thus get their name. It comes from the soft velvet of their distant folds. These folds double upon each other and rise above their neighbors, nobody can tell at what point, so absorbing is the sky-blue haze in which they are suffused. Where Winter meets Spring—there is the snow line. This line retreats further and further up the mountain side every day; the dark behind it takes on a lighter hue and wild flowers blossom, coquette with the Summer breezes, and shed their beauty in hardly a longer time than it takes to tell their story. All this is far, far away. Distance is longer than the eye. The atmosphere is so pure that it plays pranks with the car-window observer, reducing his longest estimates to naught. The Oregon pioneers learned not to trust the deception of these distances. Beyond the blue-garbed sentinels they knew was the promised land, the land which the Lord had given them to inherit.

And there are many mounds along this old trail. Vestiges of them have long been swept away, but the dear ones beneath continue to sleep peacefully, since the day when the earth closed over them. The pathos of the Oregon trail occupies the same graves for want of embalming record. Over some spots the trees reign only, and hear no sound save their own murmurings—but the dead are there. That juniper tree on the hill—twisted and bent but seemingly no older than 50 years ago—what a tale does it clasp in its roots? A tale of a little child that lost its mother on the Platte. The mother gave to it sufficient fund of life to bring it this much farther, but at this tree all that fund was spent and the final act was ended.

Up the Umatilla and down the Grand Ronde; up from the Grand Ronde and down the Powder River to Baker City; thence up again and down to Burnt River and the Snake—all these three climbs and successive descents have their own shifting scenes. They were very toilsome to the ox-team and the travel-worn savers of Oregon. The railroad has turned them into miniature mountains and valleys. All along are wilds, both tamed and untamed, farms, dairies, cattle, sheep and fields of grain that soon will turn to gold. The Umatilla threads smaller and smaller until on the summit it is gone. Down the other side speeds the train and dashes suddenly from a crevice of the mountains into the panorama of the Grand Ronde Valley, one of the most beautiful gems of Oregon. It was here that the early settlers restored their famished oxen. Here Hunt hastened through in December, 1811, to reach Astoria. Here Ramsay Crooks and John Day spent that Winter, fostered by indulgent Indians. Here Crooks and Stuart and McLellan passed on their return to St. Louis in the Summer of 1812. Here they found a hot lake and here the hot lake still bubbles, within 50 yards of the railroad. And the Grand Ronde is more beautiful now than when Crooks, McLellan and Stuart saw it in its Spring garb,—just 90 years ago this same season of the year.

But these explorers did not find Powder or Burnt River as they are today. Men have enlisted these streams in the quest for gold. The hills are washing away into the sea in a muddy, copper-colored torrent. Great mounds of earth, like mole hills after plowing, appear on all the mountain sides. In each of them, men have been or are delving for treasure. The remains of hundreds of "prospects" are thus left to view, for the rain to wash away or the sagebrush to reassert dominion over. Over all this hidden wealth the pioneers of Oregon passed unknowing. Had they known, perhaps Webfoot Oregon would not be just what it is today. And would anything different have been better? Well, that is for you to rub your spectacles over and to think about.

Powder and Burnt Rivers cannot free themselves of their evil color, through all the filtering of their sinuous courses. It is only by losing their individuality in the Snake that they clear themselves of the odium of their color. In that stream they merge themselves, and, thus lost, flow oceanward to bear up Portland's commerce with the sea.

The Snake River is the most treacherous stream in America. For hundreds of miles it courses along in a succession of cataracts and easy flows. But it gives no warning when about to take a rampage. Many a pioneer, in attempting to follow it in boats, has come to grief or death. The mountains had been so laborious, and the flow of the rivers on the eastern slope had been so easy, that early explorers were tempted to embark in boats below Fort Hall. But the Cauldron Linn soon made them repent. This is a raging cataract less than 75 miles west of Fort Hall. For miles and miles the river bowls along almost level with the plain. Then it plunges deep down into rockbound gorges. Above the gaping passes the plain is parched by the sun in Summer. Great was the distress of early immigrants, whose tongues were thick with thirst, but whom the tantalizing precipices kept from reaching water.

Malheur County is one of the anomalies of Oregon. The name Malheur is passed by, although it is anomaly enough, and the reference is meant to apply to the remoteness of the district from the center of Oregon life.

Malheur is French for "bad," or "unhappy hour." Now, there is no unhappy place in Oregon, and Malheur is least unhappy of any. The name is the only unhappy thing in Oregon. The dear folks there should get the Legislature to give a more cheerful name. This world's a wilderness of woe, anyhow; what's the use of woeful names that can be made cheerful?

As to the particular anomaly above mentioned. Vale, the county seat, and Ontario, a rival for that honor, are 400 miles from the capital of Oregon. From Boise, the capital of Idaho, they are one-eighth of that distance. In order to reach Salem by rail, Malheur people have to go through Idaho. Naturally, Malheur is closely associated with the life of Idaho.

Portland jobbers have a hard tussle in Southern Idaho. They have their eyes fully peeled as to the precise situation, and know the necessity of reaching out and of more favorable distribution rail rates from Portland. The Portland Chamber of Commerce is now diligent with the problem. The solution is fraught with important consequences. Portland's jobbing trade in Southern Oregon has not increased of late, but the country has been making great progress. Salt Lake has derived the greatest profit from this development. Its jobbers regard Idaho as properly their own territory. They speak of Portland as having gone out of business there. The Thunder Mountain trade, what there is of it, is drifting to Salt Lake. This exemplifies the drift of things. Portland will have to do something to stem the tide.

A Salt Lake, a Seattle, and a Portland man were in a Pullman smoker the other day. All were drummers. "We are fixing Portland in the North," said Seattle. "But look at us on the East," remarked Salt Lake. Portland said nary a word. "I have noticed," said Salt Lake, "a very important difference between Portland and Seattle. Poke it into Seattle when a Seattle man is near and he wants to fight. Poke it into Portland when a Portland man is near, and he makes only a sickly grin." L. S.

Cuban Sugar Inquiry.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—Thurman G. Palmer today gave further testimony before the Senate committee on relations with Cuba. Senator Platt (Conn.) sought to have the witness admit that he had overestimated the output of cane on Cuban lands owned by Americans. Mr. Palmer said that in case where it had been necessary to make the estimates, he had not attempted to give the present output of the lands in question, because he did not know whether they were in actual cultivation, but he had only indicated the capacity of the lands. Mr. Palmer was excused and H. G. Leavitt, of Nebraska, was reintroduced to make a further statement concerning the comparative price of sugar in the different markets. He contended that his former statement that the American refiners had absorbed the countervailing duties placed on European sugars had not been disproved. Mr. Leavitt said there is today much less raw sugar than usual at this time of the year in the United States, and he drew the inference that American refiners had withheld bids in the hope of securing a reduction in price through the enactment of the pending legislation.

PLAYING PROVIDENCE.

Mr. Carnegie's Experiment in the Philippines Failed.

Minneapolis Tribune.

Since Mr. Carnegie retired from business, it has amused him to play the part of Providence in various ways. One futile experiment in this direction has just come to light. It will be remembered that Mr. Carnegie was an early and enthusiastic anti-imperialist, as the people who want us to scuttle out of the Philippines call themselves. He used his personal influence with Mr. McKinley in favor of this policy, at the end of which the President simply said: "Mr. Carnegie does not understand the matter."

A friend of Mr. Carnegie now discovers the fact that, at this interview, Mr. Carnegie offered to repay to the Government the $20,000,000 which the United States paid to Spain for permanent improvements in the Philippine Islands. The only return he asked was that he should be sent to the Philippines as a special commissioner, to assure the islands of the kindly feeling and good intention to recognize their independence as soon as they had established their own government. It is not reported what answer Mr. McKinley made to this amazing proposal, but it is well known that the President was a very polite man.

Mr. Carnegie shares with the late Cecil Rhodes the notion that anything can be done with money, and that when a rich man has any whim, from getting his name in the papers to shaping the destiny of nations, he has only to draw a check to gratify it. There is a queer streak of vulgarity in these sudden riches. Fancy Mr. Carnegie supposing that the money cost of the Philippines had the smallest influence, one way or the other, on the policy of the Administration, or the attitude of the American people. Fancy his failing to understand the bewildering mixture of National duty and world responsibility, of social destiny and commercial opportunity, of patriotic self-confidence and racial self-reliance, that hardened in the American mind into determination to see through the Philippine job, as we have seen through half a dozen bigger jobs when we were less strong than today. Fancy his thinking that he could brush aside this invincible determination of the American people by flashing a check. Mr. Carnegie was not born in Scotland for nothing.

STRONG VOLTS IN HOUSE.

Much Electricity Escapes and Renders Some Residences Untenable.

An article has been going the rounds of the newspapers recently maintaining the existence of a house that is so completely electrified as to be untenable. Such articles are not uncommon and display a woeful amount of ignorance of electrical phenomena. It is usually stated that someone has discovered that everything he touches in his house, the radiators, picture frames, banquet lamps, etc., give him an electric shock. Hence, says the Chicago Chronicle, he fears there is some connection between the arc light wires and the water pipes near his residence. The electric light inspector is therefore summoned and reports that the wires of his company are intact and that the electricity must come from some other source.

It does not dawn on any of the people consulted that the discoverer of the phenomenon is unconsciously performing one of the simplest and oldest of electrostatic experiments, the shuffling of his shoes over the dry carpet raising the potential of his body to several thousand volts, which discharge at every opportunity. One may even get electrical discharges from his knuckles to the brass lock of a handbag which he may be carrying while walking on a stone pavement during cold, dry weather. But, dismissing newspaper science, it is somewhat astonishing, in view of the many ways in which in cold, dry countries electricity is unintentionally developed and manifested by sparking, that the first knowledge of this phenomenon did not come to the ancients in this way rather than by the attraction of light substances by amber. The explanation of this, however, may be that the scientists of bygone days did not reside in cold, dry countries.

Fowler Bill Goes Over.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—At a conference of Republican members of the House tonight it was decided to postpone further consideration of the Fowler bill for revision of banking and currency laws until a conference to be held the first Tuesday after the assembling of Congress next December. The conference tonight was held in the hall of the House, and was attended by about 60 members, which was less than a quorum. The supporters of the bill had not expected to secure a caucus indorsement of it at this session, but they desired to have a programme adopted for the next session according to which the bill will be taken up in the House December 4. Much opposition developed to this programme, however, from those who regarded the measure as embodying an extensive plan of financial change.

Schiller Has Arrived Out.

The German bark Schiller, which pioneered the grain fleet from the Columbia River, arrived out at Falmouth yesterday, after a very slow passage of 139 days. With the exception of the Bardowie, which sailed on the 22, the arrival of the Schiller cleans up the list of January vessels sailing prior to January 25, but one December ship is still on the way. This belated craft is the French bark Francois Coppee, and she was spoken April 11 in 23 south and 30 west, which would indicate that she is making a very slow passage. Other January ships yet to hear from are the Carl, Castor, William Mitchell, Wendur and Scottish Minstrel, all of which sailed late in the month. One of the February fleet, the Selene, has arrived out and more will follow in a few days.

Pope's Gift to Roosevelt.

LONDON, June 9.—A dispatch to the Pall Mall Gazette from Rome says the pope was highly delighted with President Roosevelt's gift of a complete set of the latter's works, and confirms the report that the pontiff issued orders that mosaics of St. Peter's and the Vatican be transmitted to the President, with his thanks. These mosaics are magnificent specimens of this branch of art, and are made at the Vatican workshops.

Temple Beth Israel.

The Pentecost and Confirmation services will be held this evening at 8 o'clock at the First Unitarian Church. Dr. Stephen S. Wise will deliver a short address to the confirmants on "The Call of God to Children." The services of Wednesday morning will be held at the Temple vestry at 10 o'clock.

The article in common use as food which has the greatest food value in proportion to cost is cornmeal; the article having greatest cost in proportion to its food value is the oyster.

WATER FRONT WAS BUSY

OVER 400 MEN EMPLOYED ON THREE BIG STEAMERS.

Steamship Cymbeline in From Calcutta With Bags—Japan's Growing Marine—Schooner From Hakodate

Three big steamships discharging and loading yesterday gave employment to about 400 longshoremen and stevedores, and made business as active along the front as would have been the case with three times the number of sailers. Time is money with a steamer to a much greater degree than is the case with a sailer, and big gangs were working on all of the vessels in an effort to get them out with the best possible dispatch. The steamship Cymbeline, with a cargo of bags from Calcutta, arrived up early yesterday morning, and went to Montgomery No. 2, where she commenced discharging yesterday noon. The Indrapura was at Albina dock discharging cargo, and the Quito was over at the North Pacific Mills loading for Manila. In addition to the steam fleet, the mammoth Speke was taking in cargo at Greenwich dock, and a number of coasters were working at other docks. The steamer Alliance arrived up Sunday night with a mixed cargo from San Francisco and way ports.

June is usually regarded as the dullest month of the year on the water front, but matters have livened up quite materially since the month opened, and there is considerable business still in sight. The big steamship Oceano is due from the Orient today and the Indrapura, which follows the Indravelli on the Oriental route, will reach port in about 10 days. One or two sailers are also due before the end of the month, so the shipping business seems in a fair way to disburse considerable money along the water front before July 1.

JAPAN'S GROWING MARINE.

Rising Commercial Power Now Has Over 4500 Steam and Sail Craft.

Oriental advices received by the Portland and Asiatic liner Indravelli contain an extract from the report of the secretary to His Majesty's legation at Tokio relative to shipping subsidies in Japan as follows:

"In March, 1891, the grant of fresh shipping subsidies was announced. These are for the encouragement of steamship lines running to Australia and Bombay, and also to increase the efficiency of the steamship service in the Sea of Japan and along the coasts of the Hokkaido.

"For the Australian line the amount of the subsidy is not to exceed £53,660 annually for five full years from April 1, 1901, till March 31, 1906. Three steamers of not less than 3500 tons gross tonnage, with a maximum speed of at least 16 knots an hour, must be placed on this route. One trip must be made monthly, and not less than 12 trips in the course of the year.

"The subsidy for the Bombay line is to be not more than £18,250 annually for a similar period. Three vessels of a gross tonnage of not less than 3000 tons, and with an average speed of not less than 10 knots an hour, are requisite. The number of trips to be performed is the same as in the case of the Australian line.

"The number of Japanese-owned vessels and their tonnage showed a further increase in 1901. Under the Japanese flag there are now 969 steam vessels of 577,660 tons and 3565 sailing vessels of 326,618 tons, making a total of 4534 vessels of 904,278 tons."

MAY TAKE WHITES.

Indian Sealers Are Holding Out for Exhorbitant Rates.

The sealing schooners Sadie Turpel and Beatrice, both of which are to go to Nootka for their Indian crews, were hauled into James Bay from the sealing company's wharf in the upper harbor Saturday, says the Victoria Colonist, and both vessels will sail for the west coast on Monday, they being the first of the sealing fleet to start en route to Behring Sea. Several other schooners will be towed into James Bay on Monday to get ready for the Summer's cruise. If the schooners cannot get Indian crews as a result of the obstinancy of the Indians of the coast, who are sticking out for a higher wage, they will be fitted out by white men. In comparison during past seasons on schooners carrying both Indians and whites, it has been shown that the white men have achieved as much if not more success with the spear than the Indians.

The schooner George W. Prescott, which after a whaling and trading cruise in the Arctic came to Victoria, and was sold here to local men, and placed under the British flag, went alongside Leiser's wharf yesterday to take on her ballast, and will commence outfitting without delay. It is expected that she will be dispatched to Behring Sea, hunting independently of the sealing company, but no definite decision has been arrived at by her owners, who are undecided as to whether she will go sealing or halibut fishing off Cape Flattery, in which business the Victoria schooner Kilmeny has been doing so well.

SCHOONER FROM HAKODATE.

Fred J. Wood Is Coming to Portland With a Cargo of Sulphur.

The schooner Fred J. Wood sailed from Hakodate for this port last Saturday, with a cargo of sulphur, and after discharging it she will load lumber at some point on the Columbia for the far East. Lumber vessels carrying cargo from the Orient to this Coast make matters rather unpleasant for the regular liners, as they can take the cargo enough cheaper than the established rates to make it quite an inducement for shippers to patronize them. The steamship Quito, now loading lumber at the North Pacific Mills in this city, brought over a pretty heavy consignment of freight for Portland, and at the same time the regular liners were coming across with hardly enough cargo to keep them in proper ballast trim. The steamship Foreric is reported under charter for Portland loading, but the exact nature of her business has not yet been disclosed. She is now in the Orient, and as she is owned by the same firm as the Quito, will probably bring a part cargo of freight across in lieu of water ballast, which most of the liners carry.

ANOTHER GERMAN SCORCHER.

Kronprinz Wilhelm Makes a New Record for Eastward Passage.

PLYMOUTH, June 9.—The North German Lloyd steamer Kronprinz Wilhelm, Captain Richter, which sailed from New York June 3 for Cherbourg and Bremen, via this port, arrived here this morning after a passage of 5 days, 11 hours and 32 minutes to Eddystone Light, at an average speed of 22.53 knots per hour, which is the best eastward record for steamships thus far made across the Atlantic.

Domestic and Foreign Ports.

ASTORIA, June 9.—Arrived—Steamer Elmore, from Tillamook. Arrived at 12 M. and left up at 3 P. M.—Steamer Geo. W. Elder, from San Francisco. Sailed at 2:30 P. M.—Steamer Lakme, for San Francisco. Condition of the bar at 4 P. M., smooth; wind west; weather clear.

Falmouth, June 9.—Arrived—German bark Schiller, from Portland.

Hakodate, June 7.—Sailed—Schooner Fred J. Wood, for Portland.

San Francisco, June 9.—Arrived at 3:15 A. M.—Steamer Columbia, from Portland.

New York, June 9.—Arrived—Lahn, from Naples, etc.; Bovic, from Liverpool.

Tacoma, June 9.—Arrived—Steamer Umatilla, from San Francisco; steamer Melville Dollar, from San Francisco.

New York, June 9.—Arrived—Ethiopia, from Glasgow.

Glasgow, June 9.—Arrived—Columbia, from New York; Mongolian, from New York; Pomeranian, from Montreal. Sailed—Carthagena, from New York; Sardinian, from Montreal.

Port Said, June 9.—Arrived—Ching Wo, from Tacoma, etc., for London.

Liverpool, June 9.—Arrived—Ionian, from Montreal.

Havre, June 9.—Arrived—La Gascogne, from New York.

Bremen, June 9.—Arrived—Neckar, from New York, via Cherbourg.

Cherbourg, June 9.—Arrived—Kronprinz Wilhelm, from New York for Bremen. Sailed—Friederich der Grosse, from Bremen for New York.

Gibraltar, June 9.—Sailed—Trave, from Genoa and Naples for New York.

Seattle, June 9.—Sailed June 8—Steamer Queen, for San Francisco; steamer Bertha, for Valdez. Sailed June 9—Steamer Dolphin, for Skagway; steamer Charles Nelson, for San Francisco. Arrived June 8—Steamer Umatilla, from San Francisco. Arrived June 9—Bark Diamond Head, from San Francisco. Arrived June 8—Steamer Lyra, from San Francisco; steamer Dirigo, from Skagway.

Cholera at Pekin.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—A cablegram received at the State Department from Minister Conger today reports that a fatal case of cholera has appeared in the Japanese barracks at Pekin, the victim having recently arrived from Tien Tsin. There were no other cases.

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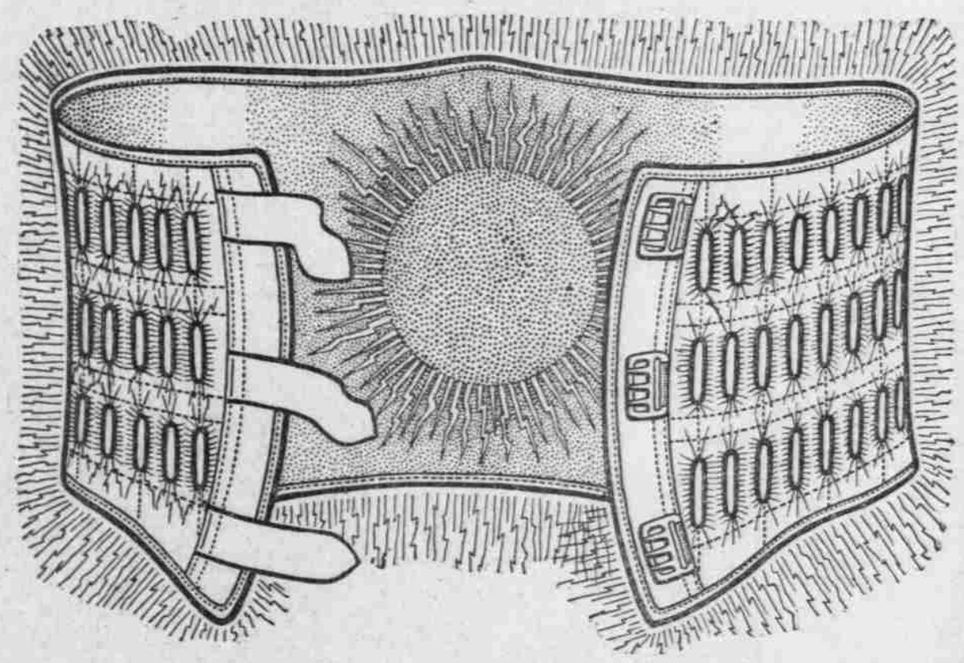
FREE MAGNO APPLIANCE

FOR WEAK MEN

Nature's Remedy—A New and Successful Treatment for Weak Men—Young Men, Middle-Aged Men, Old Men. If You Really Want to Be Cured Now Is Your Opportunity.



Stored Eletricity. Always Charged, Ready for Use.

No burning—no blistering—no skin poisoning—no charging the batteries with dangerous acids. A dry, soothing current applied direct to the nerve centers controlling the nervous system. Even the very worst cases find a cure under our wonderful MAGNO-MEDICINAL TREATMENT. All diseases that affect the nervous system or caused by impurity of the blood, are speedily and permanently cured.

For the purpose of popularizing my wonderful MAGNO-ELECTRO treatment, I am going to send to each sufferer who writes to me at once my NEW MAGNO APPLIANCE absolutely without any cost. FREE AS THE AIR YOU BREATHE. All I ask in return is that you recommend my appliance to your friends and neighbors when you are cured.

Are you a strong, vigorous, manly man? If not, write for my ELECTRO-MAGNO APPLIANCE to-day. Send your name and full particulars of your case. It matters not what you have tried, how many belts you have worn without relief, my new method will cure you.

Why suffer from WASTED VITALITY or any form of NERVOUS ORGANIC DISEASES when my MAGNO-ELECTRO APPLIANCE will restore the declining forces to the strength and vigor of robust manhood?

Cures permanently all NERVOUS and SEXUAL DISEASES—LIVER, KIDNEY and STOMACH TROUBLES, RHEUMATISM, VARICOCELE, CATARRH of the BLADDER, INFLAMMATION of PROSTATE GLAND, Spermatorrhoea, Nervous Debility, Nocturnal Emissions, Losses, Drains or any description, Weak Back, Skin Diseases, Blood Poison, Neglected or Badly Treated Cases of Gleet, Stricture, Rheumatism, Pain in Back, Spinal Disease, Constipation, Asthma, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Sexual Exhaustion, General Debility, Urinary Diseases, Insomnia (sleeplessness), Throat Troubles, Paralysis, Epileptic Fits, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Dropsy, Piles, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Indigestion, Lung Difficulties, Weakness, Sciatica, Gout, Varicocele and Headache.

My wonderful MAGNO-ELECTRO APPLIANCE has astonished the world. Thousands of sufferers have already been cured, why not you? No tedious waiting for renewed health and strength. My appliance cures quickly, and, what is more, you stay cured. Remember,

Write to-day and I will send the appliance absolutely free of cost. DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

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