

THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER

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The Oregon Worlds Fair commissioners are rushing things to make as creditable a display as possible of our resources, considering the time and means at their command.

This inaugural address of President Cleveland was plain and unequivocal, briefly indicating what should and would be the course of the present administration.

He has so long been before the public in prominent and responsible capacities that the nation have come to regard him as thorough, honest and entirely capable.

No one expects him to be subservient to the schemes or peculiar wishes of politicians, but he will himself be a leader, guided by the wise counsel of safe men who have no axes to grind.

What you may very soon expect to hear is the democratic political bosses in the various states saying that Mr. Cleveland is coming short of their expectations.

They will not be able to particularize his previous short comings, but we can give in a nutshell the gentleman will be absolutely president without much reference to their advice or opinions.

The present office holders will not be relieved as rapidly as they desire, nor will they and their special friends get as numerous and large slices of federal patronage as they imagine should fall to their lot.

When the United States senate met in extra session last Tuesday its political complexion was shown to be, democrats forty-four, republicans thirty-eight, populist one, farmer's alliance one, with three vacancies, one from each Montana, Wyoming and Washington, whose legislatures have for weeks been trying in vain to elect senators.

The probable composition of the next house of representatives will be 217 democrats, 128 republicans, and eight third party men. In any event the administration party will have complete control of legislation and to their doors must be laid the credit, good or bad.

Last Saturday's presidential inauguration was the grandest one this country ever saw. The streets of the national capital were packed with people from all parts of the union and everything on a big scale.

As the burden of administration was transferred from one set of shoulders to another the wheels of government ran right on without even a jolt. No other governmental machinery on earth is so perfect as ours, and no ruler in the world today has more friends than Grover Cleveland. The inaugural ball Saturday evening was an immense thing, 12,000 richly dressed ladies and gentlemen being present.

Never before in the history of this country have the outgoing and incoming administrations been so very courteous to each other. There was perhaps never any rudeness or incivility but the one simply vacated in order that the other might possess. This time when Vice President Stevenson reached Washington, his predecessor Mr. Morton gave him a grand dinner, to which was invited all the notables about the city.

President Harrison also did many little things to make his successor feel pleasant among them a private dinner at the White House on the eve of the inauguration. In short the leaders on each side displayed their manhood instead of partisanship.

Among the greatest curses of the country in the last few years have been combinations and trusts, which by the aggregation of vast capital have gradually driven smaller concerns to the wall, until today a comparatively small number of such corporations and combines virtually control the trade interests of the land.

It was perhaps not the intention of the McKinley protective tariff system to favor such organizations but it is a well known fact that they have increased more rapidly and in larger proportions under said system than ever before.

Mr. Cleveland's inaugural address plainly indicated his attitude toward such things and there is already a downward tendency in the values of such combinations.

During the war only seven confederate officers reached the rank of full general, they being Robert E. Lee, Samuel Cooper, Braxton Bragg, Albert Sidney Johnson, Jos. E. Johnston, G. T. Beauregard and Kirby Smith, all but the last of whom are now dead.

Gen. Kirby Smith is now at the age of 75 professor of mathematics in a Louisiana college. When he was in command of the department of East Tennessee during the summer of 1862 the writer was a military police officer under his direct orders at Knoxville, and we have to this day a furlough granted by General Smith to visit an old schoolmate who was an officer at Cumberland Gap, which was evacuated the day after our arrival there.

After an all night session the fifty second congress came to an end last Saturday morning. The observant press of the land assert, nor do the party leaders deny it, that the principal business or purpose of the last session was to kill time. It may seem more selfish than manly but appears to be a fact that the democrats did not want the republicans to get the credit of passing any popular measure while Harrison was in, and the latter determined to leave the much mooted tariff and silver legislation entirely to a full blooded democratic reign.

Those questions must now be tackled in earnest by the new administration. Many democratic congressmen are inclined to be extremists and rush a change, but the president and more conservative ones will be apt to hold them down to a moderate and sensible course.

AN OAKVILLE MIRACLE

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. JOHN W. CONDOR.

A Helpless Cripple for Years—Treated by the Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Discharged as Incurable—The Story of His Miraculous Recovery as Investigated by an Empire Reporter.

[Toronto Empire.] For more than a year past the readers of the Empire have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century, all or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced medical scientists to be incurable.

The particulars of these cases were vouchered for by such leading newspapers as The Hamilton Spectator and Times, The Halifax Herald, Toronto Globe, Le Monde, Montreal, Detroit News, Albany, N. Y.: Journal, Albany Express and others, whose reputation placed beyond question the statements made.

Recently rumors have been afloat of a remarkable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The Empire determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case.

Acting upon our reporter went to Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condon (who it was said so miraculously recovered) and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements made were not only true, but that "the half had not been told."

The reporter found Mr. Condon at work in one of the heaviest departments of the Oakville Basket Factory, and was surprised, in the face of what he knew of this case, to be confronted by a strapping young fellow of good physique, ruddy countenance and buoyant bearing.

This young man was he who had had a stroke of apoplexy which had left him a helpless cripple, almost entirely blind, and who had been for years in a hospital, and who had been for years in a hospital, and who had been for years in a hospital.

Mr. Condon cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am," said Mr. Condon, "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when nine years of age, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age. I am now 29 years of age, and my first illness occurred when I became a helpless cripple, confined to bed, and for three months did not leave my room.

The doctor who was called in administered preparations of iodide of potassium and other remedies without any material beneficial effect. After some months of suffering I became strong enough to leave the bed but my limbs were stiffened and I was unfitted for any active vocation. I was then hampered more or less for the following nine years, when I was again forced to take to my bed. This attack was in 1886, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders, and every part of my body were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease ever reached my head. My face swelled to a great size. I was unable to sit up in my bed, my jaws being fixed together, and I could eat nothing. My teeth were pried apart and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice, and could speak only in husky whispers. Really, I am unable to describe the sufferings I endured during those long weary months. With my swollen limbs drawn by the tightening cords up to my emaciated body, and my whole frame twisted and contorted into indescribable shapes, I was nothing more than a deformed wreck. For three long weary months I was confined to bed, after which I was able to get up, but was a complete physical wreck, hobbling around on crutches a helpless cripple. My sufferings were continually intense, and frequently when I would be hobbling along the street I would be seized with a paroxysm of pain and would fall unconscious to the ground. During all this time I had the constant attendance of medical men, but their remedies were unavailing. All they did was to try to build up my system by the use of tonics. In the fall of 1889 and spring of 1890 I again suffered intensely severe attacks, and at last my medical attendant, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the hospital on June 20th, 1890, and remained there until September 29th of the same year. But notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using almost every available remedy the hospital doctors—of whom there were about a dozen—came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might remain an outside patient. Accordingly from September 1890 to the end of January 1891, I went to the hospital once a week for examination and treatment. At this stage I became suddenly worse, and once more gained admission to the hospital, where I lay in a miserable suffering condition for two months or more. In the spring of 1891 I returned to Oakville, and made an attempt to do something toward my own support. I was given light work in the basket factory, but had to be conveyed to and from my place of labor in a buggy and carried from the rig to a table in the works on which I sat and performed my work. In August, 1891, I was again stricken down, and remained in an utterly helpless condition until January 1892. At this time Mr. James, a local druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was prejudicial against proprietary medicines as I had spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly recommended so-called remedies. I had taken into my system large quantities of different family medicines. I had exhausted the list of liniments, but all in vain, and was therefore reluctant to take Mr. James' advice. I, however, saw strong testimonials as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic, and thinking that if I could only get my blood in better condition, and in a general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair I bought a box, but there was no noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills and after using seven boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-two boxes when I left off, and in a time I had taken on considerable flesh, and weighed as much as 160 pounds. My joints assumed their normal state, my muscles became firmer, and in fact I was a new man. By April I was able to go to work in the basket factory, and now I can work ten hours a day with any man. I often stay out during overtime without feeling any bad effects. I play baseball in the evenings and can run bases with any of the boys. Why I feel like dancing for joy up at the relief from my sufferings, but now that it is all gone and I enjoy health as only he can who suffered agony for years. I have given you a brief outline of my sufferings, but from what I have told you can guess the depth of my gratitude for the great remedy which has restored me to health and strength.

Wishing to substantiate the truth of Mr. Condon's remarkable story the Empire representative called upon Dr. F. W. James, the Oakville druggist referred to above. Mr. James fully corroborated the statements of Mr. Condon. When the latter had first taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he was a mere skeleton—a wreck of humanity. The people of the town had long given him up for as good as dead, and would hardly believe the man's recovery until they saw him themselves. The cause of this cure is now spread throughout the section and the result is an enormous sale of Pink Pills. "I sell a dozen and a half boxes of Pink Pills every day," said Mr. James, "and this is remarkable in a town the size of Oakville. And better still they give perfect satisfaction. Mr. James recalled numerous instances of remarkable cures after other remedies had failed. Mr. John Robertson, who lives midway between Oakville and Milton, who had been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for about 15 years, has been cured by the use of Pink Pills, and this was after physicians had told him there was no use doctoring further. Mr. Robertson says his appetite had failed completely, but after taking seven boxes of Pink Pills he was ready and waiting for each meal. He regards his case as a remarkable one. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer—curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and low complexion to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

The Empire reporter also called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory, in which Mr. Condon is employed. Mr. Ford said he knew Mr. Condon in the employ of the factory had been in for years, and he had thought he would never recover. The cure was evidently a thorough one for Condon worked steadily at heavy labor in the mills and apparently stood it as well as the rest of the employees. Mr. Ford said he thought a great deal of the young man and was pleased at his wonderful deliverance from the grave and his restoration to vigorous health.

In order to still further verify the statements made by Mr. Condon in the above interview, the reporter on his return to Toronto examined the General Hospital records, and found there in the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condon had said, thus leaving no doubt that his case is one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.

FROM HANNEY VALLEY. Dr. Embree writes that it is in south eastern Oregon in about the same latitude as Oakland, Douglas county. It has an area, including Blitzen, Anderson and Diamond valleys, of twenty-five by sixty miles and is 4,000 feet above sea level. It contains two large lakes, Malheur and Harney, fed by several rivers and smaller streams. A channel recently made between the two lakes causes them to flow together during high water. The northern border of the valley is about opposite Eugene and it has a width of ninety miles. The valley is destitute of timber, firewood coming from the hills along its northern border. Perhaps a remainder being covered with sage brush, greasewood and rye grass, which make good summer and fall stock feed if within reach of water. The winter has been mild and pleasant enough, no stocks requiring to be fed before the middle of January. The middle of February found about eight inches of snow in the valley and from two to three feet on the mountains. Fall rains and big snows are a necessity for good crops of wheat here. Harney will have a fine lot of hay next fall. Snow never scares a Harneyite, but the deeper it comes the broader is his smile. If feeding continues only a month longer fully one third of the hay crop of 1892 will be sold. This is a good sheep and hog country. Our wheat yield of 1891 averaged thirty bushels to the acre, but crickets, frost and grass hoppers cut our last year's average down to twenty-two bushels. Our soil is good, but climate treacherous and frost is liable to come at any time. Most all the hay land has been taken by swamp claimants, stock companies or settlers. There are no good farms or sections in a belt of land twelve miles wide across the county. The unsurveyed lands on the borders of Lake Malheur are being rapidly settled by parties who are abandoning road lanes. Where there was not a single inhabitant four years ago three townships now have settlers on every quarter section. Land with some improvements and water privileges is being had from \$3 to \$5 an acre. There is a vast amount of vacant grass and sage brush land which would be valuable if artesian water could be had, but which will otherwise remain worthless except for open range. There are no good farms in our reach in Baker City, and that is 150 miles away, and the merchants double up the tariff—not for protection but for revenue. We have one aristocrat and one miser. The miser got from \$6 to \$8 per barrel and wheat, barley and oats are worth from 14 to 2 cents a pound. The town of Burns has a single church. Our educational facilities are indeed poor, although the teachers get from \$20 to \$30. The Methodist and Christian churches organized here, but they both have abandoned the field. Whiskey, fiddles, lasso ropes and branding irons are in the lead. There are no schools which train up children and young people properly. A few years ago land thieves had a hard time of it, but since then have ceased to be in dread. This county is too healthy for settlers, there being no malaria, typhoid fever, or any other disease in the valley. I have never known of a case of diphtheria or scarlatina. Times are hard, and not much credit business done, hence people get in debt. There are no good farms in our reach in Baker City, and that is 150 miles away, and the merchants double up the tariff—not for protection but for revenue. We have one aristocrat and one miser. The miser got from \$6 to \$8 per barrel and wheat, barley and oats are worth from 14 to 2 cents a pound. The town of Burns has a single church. Our educational facilities are indeed poor, although the teachers get from \$20 to \$30. The Methodist and Christian churches organized here, but they both have abandoned the field. Whiskey, fiddles, lasso ropes and branding irons are in the lead. 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