

BEYOND CONTROL

HOW THE MUSCLES ARE AFFECTED IN LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

A Well Known Ohio Citizen Cured of This Stubborn Ailment After His System Seemed Hopelessly Broken Down.

From the News, Waverly, Ohio.

Mr. Eli Potts is a well known citizen of Waverly, Ohio, having been in business there for 14 years. He is a veteran of the Mexican war in which he served with company H, of the Fourteenth Tennessee regiment. At the age of 76 he bears the respect of all who know him and the following experience, related by him, is raised beyond all doubt by the high character of the narrator. He says:

"About seven years ago a disease fastened upon me which, as it developed, proved to be locomotor ataxia. I became very nervous, could not walk without having dizzy spells and did not sleep well. As the disease advanced I lost control of my muscles and could only walk a short distance. I could not control the direction of my steps and was always afraid of falling.

"This continued until the fall of 1897 when there was a breaking down of my entire system. My stomach was in bad condition and I suffered greatly with kidney trouble caused by being thrown out of a buggy.

"About two years ago I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People advertised in a Cincinnati paper. The case cured was similar to mine and I gave the pills a trial. Very soon after I began taking them I experienced relief and, as the improvement continued, I took the pills regularly. Gradually the control of the muscles was restored and my general health improved. The dizzy feeling left me and has never returned. From my own experience I know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a great remedy and I am pleased to recommend them to any one who suffers as I did."

Signed, ELI POTTS.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of November, 1900.

W. R. A. Hayes,
Notary Public.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People may be obtained at all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50.

An Error in Classification.

Percy—Skitts is a sponge—a perfect sponge.
"Oh, no! When a sponge absorbs anything, by squeezing it you can get it again."

Nurse Writed.

Young Mother—Do you think baby looks like me or his papa?
Nurse—Like you mum. Mr. Jenkins is a mighty handsome man.
Advertisement—Wanted—A competent and well mannered nurse.

Engagement Confidence.

"You trust me thoroughly, don't you, Ethel?"
"Of course, Edgar; but tell me, are the installments on this diamond ring all paid off?"

Practical Art.

Critic—Not a bad stretch of landscape, but haven't you laid out more than enough of it in water?
Artist—Not a bit of it. The picture is for a client who has made his money in stock watering operations.

The Last Ditch.

"It may seem like bragging," said the Englishman, throwing down his newspaper in disgust, "but if this Boer war was being fought out on the sea there'd be a different story to tell."

A Financial Quicksand.

"Would you like an increase of salary, Mr. Smith?"
"No; it's no use."
"No use?"
"If I had more money I would have to pay more debts."

Expressive.

"Who is that girl with a face full of freckles over yonder?"
"She's a recent importation from Switzerland."
"Ah, I see! Dotted Swiss!"

MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY OF EXPERIENCE

OUR GUARANTEE ARE BACK OF EVERY WATERPROOF OILED SLICKER OR COAT BEARING THIS TRADE MARK TOWER'S FISH BRAND

"THESE IDLE DAYS."

I have read from the great book of nature,
How the seasons unceasingly roll;
And where myriads of stars are unfolded
By night, on the heaven's wide scroll.
I have learned that their law is to labor,
Inaction would wreck the great plan
That holds worlds upon worlds in their orbits,
And governs the frail life of man.

There is never a night in the summer,
So still but the dew dripping air
Is keen with the singing of insects
At work in some cool grassy lair;
And the day, rising bright-eyed and rosy,
From the depths of the green eastern sea,
When it trails down the western horizon,
Will be morning on some distant sea.

When winter lies chilling around us,
Each snowbound, and skies sullen gray,
In the heart of the trees, gaunt and leafless,
There's a song of the sunshine of May;
And the flowers that drooped in the autumn,
Are waiting to grow up anew,
When the springtime shall smile a bright welcome
To brooklets and grasses and dew.

So these days that seem clouded by waiting
With listless and sad folded hands,
While all of life's brightest endeavor
Has fled with time's vanishing sands,
May be only some wise preparation
For a part in the infinite plan
That has governed the worlds since creation,
And considers the brief life of man.
—Boston Globe.

The Trick Was Exposed.

I WAS a young man possessed of sufficient means to enable me to live at my ease, when suddenly there came a blow which scattered my prosperity to the winds and forced me to labor in the general struggle of gaining a living.

Securing a clerkship in the house of a creditor of our late firm, my first care was to look up a less expensive boarding house. I inserted an advertisement in several city papers, asking for reasonable board in a strictly private family, and received a multitude of answers by next post. Out of this motley installment of epistles, there was but one which pleased me, and I decided to answer that one in person immediately.

Grace Kingsley was the name of the favored landlady writing to me, and the letter stated that her house was entirely private, she having no boarders whatever. I was much pleased with the fair, delicate handwriting, and an idea took possession of me that Grace was a young and fascinating widow. I was not disappointed when I reached the house, and my ring at the doorbell was answered by the lady herself. She invited me into the parlor in a manner that was so courteous and yet so modest, that I had fallen in love with her before I even crossed the threshold.

Before leaving my former boarding house, a letter was handed me by the postman, but I did not find time to examine it until I was comfortably ensconced in the parlor of Mrs. Kingsley's cozy establishment.

Opening it, I discovered it to be from a wealthy uncle, residing in Vermont, who regularly sent me a letter every year, but whom I had never seen.

About a year previous my uncle made some pressing inquiries respecting my matrimonial prospects, and stated that if I wasn't already married I should immediately enter into the wedded state and let him know of it or "he would never more be uncle of mine."

Now, as my uncle lived in Vermont and I in Philadelphia, and I never anticipated the old gentleman would ever pay me a visit and discover the falsehood, I wrote to him and informed him that I was not only married, but also the father of a bouncing boy. This intelligence so pleased him that he sent me a gold goblet and a silver pap-spoon, to be presented to my child. I at first sat down and wrote a very romantic letter to my uncle, thanking him for the present and then visited the nearest jewelry store and turned both the goblet and the spoon into cash, which I pocketed.

I had received no further letters from my uncle until the one which I read in Mrs. Kingsley's parlor. The postscript to this one not only astonished, but absolutely frightened me. It read as follows:

"P. S.—I have never visited Philadelphia, so I have decided to do so at once and get a look at you and your wife and child. You may expect me about the 10th of the month."

"Good gracious; my uncle coming to visit me," I exclaimed, "and it is past the 10th of the month now! I don't know at what moment he may pop in. What am I to do for a wife and child?"

At that moment there came a terrible ring at the door bell, as if the man who pulled it imagined he owned the house and could make as much noise as he pleased. A sickening sensation

took possession of me, for I had a misgiving it was my uncle.

Now, as good fortune would have it, Mrs. Kingsley had gone out for a few minutes and had requested me to have an eye to her child while she was gone. As I glanced at the cradle, and thought of my uncle at the door, a bright idea entered my mind. I determined in case the visitor was my uncle to claim the youthful occupant of that cradle as my own.

The visitor proved to be my uncle. I knew him by the picture of him I had seen, and he likewise recognized me by my photograph. After a mutual recognition and handshaking, I ushered my honored relative into the parlor and presented to him my newly claimed offspring.

So far I had succeeded in deceiving my uncle, but the worst I feared was that when Mrs. Kingsley returned she might object to my claiming ownership in her child. Besides, to carry out my deception I must find a wife as well as an infant, and Mrs. Kingsley was the only one I could conveniently claim. The only difficulty was to get her consent to the deception, and this might be done if I could secure a private conversation with her before I introduced her to my uncle.

I watched my opportunity, and gained an interview with her before she entered the room. I told her, in a few brief, hurried words, the extent of my difficulty, and how I had taken the liberty of acting as papa for her little one. I then told her I must find a wife somewhere, and begged her to allow me to introduce her to my uncle in that capacity. She laughed heartily at the suggestion, said she could comprehend my difficulty, and consented to my proposal, but warned me not to presume upon the occurrence.

We entered the parlor, and I introduced her as my better half. My uncle was much pleased with her, and complimented me upon my good choice in the selection of a wife. Mrs. Kingsley colored most charmingly at this compliment, and I could see she could scarcely refrain from laughing.

A short time afterward Mrs. Kingsley came to me, when I was alone, in an adjoining room, and I saw immediately something very humorous must have happened, for the corners of her lips were breaking out into beaming smiles.

"Do you know, sir, into what an awkward predicament you have gotten me?" she inquired.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Why, your uncle came to me a short time ago and asked to see my marriage certificate, as he said he had some money to settle upon us immediately, but wanted to be sure everything was right first."

"Did you expose me?" I inquired anxiously.

"No, sir, I did not, for I never enter into a deception or anything else by halves."

"Then we must lose no time," I replied; "if my uncle is so anxious to have our marriage certificate, let us put no obstacles in his way."

We lost no time, I assure you. I don't think Mrs. Kingsley ever got into her Sunday clothes in such a hurry in her life before, while I spoiled two pairs of suspenders in my frantic endeavors to be "on time." We quite astonished the parson by our haste, and at the conclusion of the ceremony I would have forgotten to give him the usual fee if he had not reminded me of it.

We had secured the coveted marriage certificate, signed and sealed, and were now safely out of our difficulties, as we thought. We had omitted one precaution, as we found when we had presented the certificate to my uncle. The date was too modern.

"Why, how is this?" said my uncle. "I thought you were married over a year ago?"

"So we were, uncle," I said, solemnly. "How comes it, then, the certificate is dated to-day?" he asked in a voice of thunder.

We were both struck speechless. "Come," said my uncle. "I see there has been some trickery here. Own up to it, or I will never forgive you."

I did own up to it, and told him the whole story. I expected it would make him angry, but it didn't, for he laughed heartily, and said I was a clever rascal and he was proud of me.—Indianapolis Sun.

Bermuda's Revenue from Lily Bud.

The Bermuda lily was introduced into this country in 1875. Two plants in bud and bloom were brought to Philadelphia by a lady and given to the florist. This florist, appreciating their beauty and value, cultivated the plants for the bulbs. Since that time the exporting of the lily bulbs has been one of the industries of Bermuda. Very few lilies are exported, as the cut flowers do not arrive in good condition. Nor does it pay to export the growing plants, because of the duty and the cost of freight so delicate a cargo. The bulbs are exported all over the world and are a valuable source of revenue.

Defined.

Willie—Pa, what's an "old flame?"
Pa—My son, when a man speaks of "his old flame," he refers to something over which he used to burn his money.
—Philadelphia Press.

New York-Philadelphia Trolley Line.

Plans are about completed to close up the gaps between New York and Philadelphia and complete a trolley line between the two big cities. The tracks of a couple of steam roads are to be used for a portion of the way and a high rate of speed is expected. The promoters say that the full fare each way will be \$1. The round trip between the two places by steam is \$4.

Good Time Coming, Girls.

"The girls that are growing up now will have one important advantage over the young married women of today."

"What's that?"

"Their husbands will not be continually telling them of the fine cooking their mothers used to do."

"How do you know?"

"Because the cook won't allow the mothers of the coming race to stick their noses into the kitchen."

Not Hard to Suit.

Executive—I would appoint your man, but he is too ignorant for the police force.

Heeler—Den put him on de school board.

First Submarine Cable.

The first submarine cable was laid across the English Channel about fifty years ago. It was also about the same time that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the world renowned dyspepsia cure, was first introduced to the public. It is a sufferer from this ailment, or from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, nervousness or insomnia you should try it at once, if you would be well. It will strengthen your entire system and produce sound sleep.

The Seasons' Courtesies.

Ice Man—Good by, old man; I'm glad you had such a severe winter.
Coal Man—So long; I wish you a sizzling summer.

ALUM IN FOOD.

How Can the Danger Be Avoided?

The reported cases of poisoning from the use of alum baking powder have awakened the public to the serious danger which menaces the health of the people of the country in the numerous alum powders which are urged upon consumers.

Generally, alum powders may be known from the price at which they are sold, or from the fact that they are accompanied by a gift, or are disposed of under some scheme. The alum powder costs but a few cents per pound to make, and is often sold at 20 or 25 cents a pound; and sometimes as low as 10 cents.

It is impossible to name all the alum powders in the market, but any baking powder sold at a low price, or advertised as costing much less than the well known, high class powders, or accompanied by a present, or disposed of under any scheme, is of this class, detrimental to health and to be avoided.

These facts should incline consumers to turn a deaf ear to all importunities to buy the inferior powders. The wise housekeeper will decline in all cases to take them.

A Typographical Error.

A young lady wrote some verses for a local paper about her birthday, and headed them "May 30th." It almost made her hair turn gray when it appeared in print, "My 30th."

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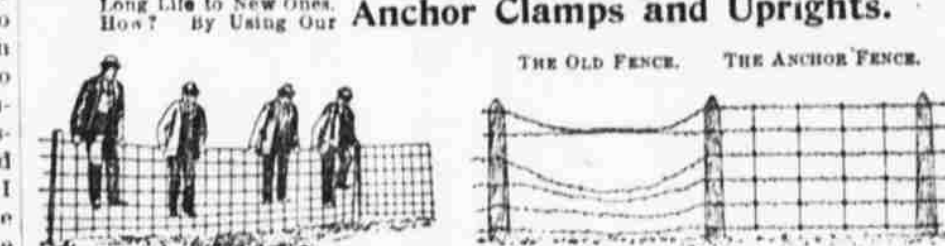
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