

RESULTS OF MALARIAL AND TYPHOID FEVERS.

A Case Cited in Three Oaks, Michigan, that will Interest Delicate Women.

The Effects of the Fever Were Felt in the Weakest Spots.

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

From the Press, Three Oaks, Mich.

What can be more distressing than to see a girl drooping and falling in the spring time of youth? Instead of bright eyes, glowing, rosy cheeks, and an elastic step, there are dull eyes, pale, sallow, or greenish complexion, and a languidness of step that bespeak disease and an early death if proper treatment is not promptly resorted to and persisted in until the impoverished blood is enriched, and the functions of life become regular. Upon parents rests a great responsibility at the time their daughters are budding into womanhood. If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness, is "tired out" upon the slightest exertion, if she is troubled with headache, backache, or pain in the side, if her temper is fitful and her appetite poor, she is in a condition of extreme peril, a fit subject for the development of that most dreaded of all diseases—Consumption. If you notice any of these symptoms lose no time in procuring something that will assist the patient to develop properly and regularly, that will enrich the blood, and restore health's roses to the cheeks; bright eyes and a lightness of step so that danger of consumption and premature death will be averted. Wise and prudent mothers will insist on this, upon the approach of the period of puberty, and thus avoid all chances of disease or early death.

At Three Oaks, Michigan, there lives a woman with a most remarkable history. The following story is given in her own words.

DR. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., Schenectady, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—There is so much to say about my case I hardly know which would be thought the most important. Seven years ago I had an attack of malarial fever, which turned to the typhoid. After that I never felt as well—my nervous system was completely unstrung. Five years ago last March I felt the first symptoms of thrombism. The next March I had a grippe, which left me with what the doctor pronounced muscular rheumatism. I became better, but in November had another severe attack. It settled in my back and right hip, and was then called sciatica. I was blistered several times without any relief. I spent all of that winter in bed, completely helpless. The doctor said it was the breaking down of the bone structure of the vertebrae. I was nearly done. When I became able to walk I was so bent over that I had to walk by pushing a chair, as I could not straighten. I could not sit and lean back in a rocker. There was a large bunch about half-way down on my back which, at times, pained me terribly.

After this I had sixteen boils, or something similar, on the right side. I commenced to get crooked and had to use a cane when I walked. I again got a little better, but in February became worse, and my back gave out completely so that I could not walk. The doctor said it was the breaking down of the bone structure of the vertebrae. I was nearly done. When I became able to walk I was so bent over that I had to walk by pushing a chair, as I could not straighten. I could not sit and lean back in a rocker. There was a large bunch about half-way down on my back which, at times, pained me terribly.

That fall I took two boxes of Pink Pills, but because they did not help me at once I stopped taking them. The next winter I was in bed, completely helpless. I finally got so I could not sit up long enough to have my bed made. I had chills every night and my hands and feet were like ice all the time. At last I lost all control of my nerves and I commenced to laugh or cry could not stop. I was also subject to severe pains in my head and back which made me nearly wild, and would have spells when it seemed as if I were falling and would become unconscious.

The nights were the worst, as I could not sleep. I was in so much pain that they gave me anti-pain powders, and I had to take four or five at night as I would awake nearly every hour in terrible pain.

"A year ago last May I again commenced taking Pink Pills. I could only lie on my right side and was so helpless that I could not turn or get up without being lifted. After I had taken four or five boxes I could turn over on my left side. I then commenced to have some faith in the medicine, and began to take three pills after each meal. I did not have chills any more and my circulation was better.

"After I had taken seven boxes I could sit up. I gained right along after this, walked with the assistance of a cane, and in September threw that aside and have not used it since. I am not strong enough to do hard work, but can do light housework.

"I had also been a sufferer for sixteen years with painful menstruation. Every time I would have to lie down most of the time, as it was impossible for me to stand. At last they nearly disappeared. Every time they should come I would cramp and would have to use hot applications, and would take hot slings, tea and every known remedy, but of no avail. After using Pink Pills two months they came on without any pain whatever. It had been two years since there had been any color. The doctor said it might be the turn of life but as I was too young, only thirty-three, he thought it strange if it was. Now I am just as anyone should be at those times.

"Another trouble I had was a weak stomach. Every little while I would have had vomiting spells, consequently the doctor found me a very hard patient to treat. My physician said he had spent more time in studying my case than that of any patient he ever had. Several physicians advised me to use an electric battery. We got one and I used it for some time before I commenced using the pills, and continued it for awhile after I began using them, but I found out I could get along as well without it and just depended on the pills.

"When I commenced using them I was so discouraged that I had given up the thought of ever being any better, as after every attack I was so much weaker and more helpless. It seems almost a miracle to me that after trying so many remedies that your medicine should have helped me so much. I can now walk quite a distance without getting very tired, and the bunch on my back is much smaller than it was.

"I can furnish plenty of proof that these statements are all true from friends who have seen me suffer and know just how helpless I was when I commenced using your medicine. I have used in all thirty-two boxes. I am perfectly willing to tell what has helped me and have recommended your pills to several persons who are now using them. I do not believe I would have been alive now had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and am very thankful that there is such a medicine for them, as they have helped me when everything else failed."

Respectfully,
Mrs. J. S. FLOWERS.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 19th day of October, A. D. 1895.
Dwight Warren, Notary Public, Berrien County, Michigan.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

TURNED THE TABLES.

How a Sharp Drummer Got the Best of a Mexican Bandit.

"From some of the reports circulated in the east," said German T. Tetnew, of Galveston, Tex., the other night, "one is led to believe that the western, particularly the far southwestern, citizen is a pretty bad man, whose chief amusement and means of gaining a livelihood consist of highway robbery. But I think the finest piece of 'holding up' I ever heard of was accomplished by a young New Yorker who traveled in our state and Mexico for a druggists' fancy articles manufactory.

"This young man," he continued, "was traveling in the state of Coahuila, Mexico, about two years ago and went one night to Saltillo, the capital of the state. It was the first time he had been in the town, and, after transacting a little business, he started out to see the sights. As he entered an isolated street he was suddenly confronted by a brigandish-looking fellow, who, in glib mongrel Spanish, demanded his valuables, with accompanying gestures that made his meaning perfectly intelligible to the intended victim. The highwayman held in one hand a long, sinister-looking knife and waved it about in a suggestive manner which implied the necessity of ready compliance with his wishes or a tragic result.

"But the salesman was a man of quick wit and ready resources. Instead of handing over his property he thrust his hand into his pocket, and a moment later the cold, shiny barrel of what seemed to be a revolver was pointed at the would-be robber's head.

"Excuse me," said the young man, "but this is my game."

"Naturally, the surprise caused by the unexpected production of the supposed revolver produced a change in the confident manner in which the robber had confronted the New Yorker, and he started back. Instantly the salesman knocked the knife from his hand, stooped down, picked it up, took the highwayman by the collar before he could escape and marched him before the police authorities. At the preliminary trial of the would-be robber the following morning the guilt of the prisoner was already established, and his commitment was about to follow when he asked if it were not an offense for strangers in the country to carry concealed weapons. He was told that it was. Then he demanded the arrest of the young salesman, charging him with carrying a revolver. The native justice asked the salesman if the charge was true. This was admitted. He was then asked if he still had the weapon concealed on his person. The young man said he had, but pleaded that its possession had the night before prevented a robbery and possibly murder. He was informed that such a circumstance did not alter the case and that he had violated the law.

"The prisoner smiled sardonically on beholding the tight place into which the authorities were seemingly drawing the New Yorker, but his mirth turned to disgust when the young man pulled the revolver from his pocket and laid it down before the magistrate. It was nothing but a cologne atomizer fashioned in the shape of a revolver, such as were manufactured in quantities several years ago."—Baltimore Sun.

A POLITE SHERIFF.

A Hanging That Was Conducted Under Rules of Society.

"The most polite man I ever knew," said J. D. Ewans, of Mississippi, to a Star writer, "was a colored man down in my county. He belonged before the war to Col. White, one of the most cultured and polished gentlemen in the south. During reconstruction days Tom was elected sheriff, and the first year he held the office a white man was sentenced to be hanged. I knew the doomed prisoner, and at his request was with him for several hours a day for the last week of his life.

"The sheriff came in the first time I was there, and addressing the prisoner, said: 'Bless me, Marster Bob. I jess cum fur jess a little advice. Yo' see, we ain' neither ob us as used ter ocermonious occasion ob dis kin,' an' I jess wants ter know how yo' would like ter hab de gallows, facin' de sun, or de oder way?"

"The prisoner told him to have his face away from the sun.

"Thank yo', Marster Bob. I done hab it dat way. We don' want to make no exposition ob ourself by not doin' what is propah on sich events."

"Upon the next occasion the sheriff came in:

"Marster Bob, 'scuse me one moment, gem'man. I jess wants ter hab yo' show me once mo' how yo' done tie dat knot. Mos' curiousst knot I eber seed."

"Upon the morning of the fatal day, as I went in, the sheriff had the doomed man's foot thrown over a chair and was hissing already been polished. 'Mawnin', sah,' he said to me. 'Marster Bob jess gittin' ready. I done borrowed a suit an' necktie from de cunnel an' jess slickin' 'im up. Den I gits inter my own dress suit dat I had made a puppus an' Marster Bob au' me, we gwine ter be de bes' dressed ob anybody."

"Arryed in full evening dress, the convicted man and the sheriff mounted the scaffold when the time came. 'All right now, Marster Bob,' said the sheriff, as he adjusted the cap. 'Scuse me, sah, jess a minute,' and he touched the fatal spring."—Washington Star.

NEARLY SPOILED THE BANQUET

Misfortune to a Printer Caused Confusion at a Dinner Given to Stanley.

Mention of the present visit of Henry M. Stanley to this country brought about the narration of an amusing, though somewhat annoying, incident in connection with the "American dinner" that was given to the explorer in London on his return from the Emin Pasha relief expedition. The incident also serves to show how a very slight accident may precipitate confusion in a dinner party. The occasion began to

Stanley was the idea of Henry S. Wellcome, an American business man of London, who was not only a personal friend of Stanley, but a member of the firm of druggists who fitted out the Emin Pasha relief expedition. Through Mr. Wellcome's energy almost every American in London subscribed for tickets to the dinner, and on the night it came off covers for over three hundred people were laid in Evans' assembly-rooms. One table, on a dais, was reserved for Stanley and the more distinguished guests, and there were a dozen other long tables facing this one. Mr. Wellcome attended personally to the arrangement of the seats, and each man who had subscribed to the plate that was to be presented to the guest of the evening was given a place at the end of one of the subsidiary tables, and others were given seats near each other who had expressed preference. Mr. Wellcome gave minute attention to these details, and the first thing on the morning of the night of the dinner, he took his completed plan of the tables and seats to a printer in order to have the usual diagrams ready for the guidance of the diners in taking their places.

When the hour of 8:30, which had been fixed for dinner, had arrived, the 300 hundred guests were assembled in the reception-room. Stanley was there, and so was Consul General John C. New, who was to preside, and so were some of the most distinguished men in England. But there was no diagrams of the dining-room, and the reception committee were anxiously waiting for Mr. Wellcome to arrive with them. At 12 o'clock Mr. Wellcome flew in, in his business clothes, with a smudge of printer's ink on his nose and more on his hands. He anxiously informed the reception committee that the printers had adopted the type or the diagrams of the tables at the last moment, and that they would be compelled to do without them.

It may seem an easy matter for 300 men to find their places at tables, when their names are at their plates, but it brought about so much confusion that everybody was turned from the dining-room back to the reception room and a brilliant scheme was suggested. There was the original list of the names of the diners, with their respective places, that Mr. Wellcome had received from the printer, in the possession of the reception committee. The toastmaster was stationed on a chair at the door of the dining-room and instructed to read the list of names, each man to pass out and take his place at the table when his name was called. The toastmaster was a fine, big Englishman, with a stentorian voice. He did as he was told. "New—Consul General John C.," he shouted, and Mr. New went through the door. "Stanley—Henry M.," followed the toastmaster next. There was a roar of laughter and that scheme for seating the guests was dropped. Finally everybody went in again and searched for his place and found it or otherwise, as best he might. Several of the guests designed for the principal table were rescued from inferior positions below, and some ambitious ones were degraded from the table of rank; but the dinner went on merrily and ended similarly, though it began an hour later than the time it had been set for, and all because of the accident to the diagrams.—N. Y. Telegram.

Don't Write When Angry.

Never write a letter to a man, woman or child when you are angry with the person in question, or perhaps, I had better qualify my advice by begging you, one and all, never to send an angry letter for 48 hours after you have written it, and then I would suggest reading it carefully, and, as the Irishman said, "burning it before sending it." We have many of us exhausted all our rage in the fire of the letter-writing, and have felt all the delights of a battle won by the prowess of our pens without the hackneyed formality of posting the epistle. Who is there who has not written his anger out in this wholesome way? Do not, I pray, send a cruel letter to anyone you have ever loved. You will but live to regret the act, and possibly with the pallid silence of death between you and the wounded one. If mortals were, in these prosaic days, gifted with invisible powers, I would wish to be that spirit endowed with a force which would arrest every angry word at the tip of each sharp-pointed, heart-breaking pen.—St. Louis Republic.

WILY SCHOOLMASTER.

The Mayor of the Town Was Subjected to an Indignity.

An extraordinary misadventure recently befell a French mayor, who had contrived to quarrel with the village schoolmaster, who, as is very usual in country districts, acted as his secretary. The mayor was seated one fine afternoon in one of the rooms of the town hall with his new secretary, when the schoolmaster entered the building stealthily and noiselessly turned the key of the door, locking up the pair.

It was some time ere the mayor and his secretary realized the strange position in which they had been placed, and then for two mortal hours they cried and shouted, implored and threatened, but in vain, for the vindictive schoolmaster remained deaf to their appeals. Finally, the prisoners were released by the gendarmes, who, horrified at this act of profanity, drew up a flaming report of the affair. The schoolmaster, however, had not yet done with the mayor. Revenge is sweet, and his thirst for it having been stimulated by one success he resolved on going in for another. Having locked in the mayor, he resolved on locking him out, and at the present moment the door of the town hall is so securely fastened that the unlucky functionary is unable to effect an entrance.

The baffled mayor telegraphed to the minister of public instruction, lodging a formal complaint against the schoolmaster. "I wish to inform you," he said, "that I, as well as the new school-

ary, have been sequestered by him for two hours in the hall of the Mairie; that he refused to open the apartment in spite of numerous injunctions; and that the intervention of the gendarmes was required to enable us to effect an exit at ten o'clock in the evening. I beg you to arrive at a prompt decision, as it is impossible for me to enter the town hall, where the archives are." This is a pretty state of things, and the interference of a minister is needed to enable the mayor to return to his town hall and his archives.—Kansas City Star.

Five Millions for a Husband.

When Lady Margaret Grosvenor, third surviving daughter of the duke of Westminster, gave her hand to Prince Adolphus of Teck, the other day, says the Philadelphia Times, her father gave with it a marriage portion of five million dollars. The bride, the daughter of probably the richest man in the world, is rather a good-looking girl whose personality, to say nothing of immense fortunes dot, would seem to enable her to smother better in the way of a husband than the impecunious young lawyer whose name she now bears. The duke is an officer in the seventh century, the full uniform of which regiment he wore when married. The wedding presents numbered about five hundred, and included enough jewelry to start a store. The newly wedded pair will in future be known as "their serene highnesses the prince and princess of Teck."

Pears Preserved Whole.—Take medium-sized pears; peel them, leaving on the stems. To every quart add a cup of water and half a cup of sugar. Set them over a slow fire and simmer for several hours until they turn a deep red shade. Then seal in glass jars.—Home.

Spiced Apples.—Eight pounds of apples, pared and quartered; four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of thick cinnamon, one-half ounce cloves; boil the vinegar, sugar and spice together; put in the apples while boiling and let them remain under (about twenty minutes); then put the apples in a jar, boil down the syrup until thick and pour over them.—Farmers' Voice.

Ripans Tablets cure dizziness.

Ripans Tablets cure flatulence.

Ripans Tablets cure bad breath.

Ripans Tablets: gentle cathartic.

Ripans Tablets cure biliousness.

Ripans Tablets cure constipation.

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