

Critical Times for Girls.

The first critical period in a woman's life comes at the passing of her girlhood. In nine cases out of ten where disease fastens itself upon her it does so at the line of demarcation between girlhood and womanhood. How to preserve the daughter's health—how to ward off disease at this crisis is the problem that confronts every mother of girls.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

are the best remedy to use at this critical period. Read this sworn statement of Mrs. J. M. Riggs, of Cartersville, Mo.

"My daughter Josie during the winter of 1897-98 suffered a complete break-down in health. She was thin and pale, had no appetite—in fact, some days barely eating her food. Those who knew her condition said she was going into a decline."
"On the advice of a neighbor, we began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The effect on her condition was marvelous. Before she had taken half a box her condition was improved, and she took on gaining appetite, strength and flesh until she was entirely well. She kept three boxes of the pills and to-day there is not a healthier, more robust looking girl in Cartersville. She is fresher and healthier than ever before in her life."
Mrs. J. M. Riggs.

Subscribed and sworn to before me a Notary Public, this 15th day of October, 1898.
WILLIAM WOLCOTT, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' Dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness, in either male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE LAND OF GOLD AN URGENT LETTER

W. J. CULVER WRITES FROM THE KLONDIKE ELDERADO.

What Some Members of the Salem Colony in Dawson City Are Doing—Labor Is Very Cheap.

(From Daily, March 10th.)

Ed. N. Edes yesterday received a letter from W. J. Culver, who, with H. P. Minto, is now in Dawson City, in the Klondike country, whither they went from Juneau several months ago. Following is the letter, showing the hardships of the trail and conditions in the fabled gold country of the North:

Dawson, N. W. T., Feb. 14, 1906.—I fancy that I can see you opening your mail this morning and having a hearty laugh over your comic valentines. I have no dread of receiving any such this year, and have some doubt about receiving mail of any description. However, the mail service is improving, and letters are supposed to reach here once a week. We made the trip from Skagway without accident, although it is quite an undertaking to travel 500 miles over snow and ice during this season. One dog team, composed of a big Newfoundland and two strong Malamutes, drew our load of 300 pounds with ease, and after giving them a week's rest they brought twice their cost. The trail from Skagway to Bennett was blocked, and we were compelled to commence our sled journey at Skagway, and crossed over the summit of White Pass on the old trail. The most severe storm we experienced was on Lake Le Barge, which we crossed with the thermometer 30 degrees below zero, and a strong wind in our faces. There were fifteen or twenty who crossed, and most every one got frosted some, although none seriously. The morning we left Selkirk it was 64 below, but as there was no wind we did not suffer from the cold. The dry, cold climate inside does not affect a person like the damp weather along the sea coast. We traveled for more than two weeks without having a coat on, having a drilling over-shirt called "Parky," outside our heavy woolen shirts. A pair of mocassins, one pair of German socks and two pair of ordinary woolen socks keep the feet warm. Every twenty or twenty-five miles you find road houses, at most of which you can find good accommodations, for which you pay \$1.50 per meal and \$1 for a bunk. There is no extra charge for "creepers," and not likely to be a shortage in the supply.

We reached Dawson on February 1st, and have a good cabin back on the hill. We have met Ernest Wagner and John Singleton; they are looking after their claims. John Bozorth, H. L. Black and Ferguson have an office in the main part of town, and are doing a brokerage business; they were out when I called. The Caywagh boys and Jack Lenon are living near town. Asa Wyman owns a good claim out on one of the creeks and is working it this winter. John Baker is at Forty Mile, employed by one of the transportation companies. Chas. Ford was at Circle City when last heard from. Fred Crouch, formerly of Salem, is up on Bonanza.

Sunday we went up Bonanza fifteen miles to where Eldorado comes in, at which place there is a lively town. We were fortunate enough to meet a friend with a good team and sleigh, and he took us through some of the best camps in the country. Mining is at the best now, and for miles the creeks look like orange camps. Some claim owners are thawing by the old method, while many have substantial steam thawers, which are a great improvement.

They are finding new pay dirt on the benches along the creeks and in some places the bench claims are 600 or 700 feet above the creek bed. The average wages are \$5 per day and board, and many force their men to sign contracts to wait for their pay until the "clean-up" and take their pay in dust from the claim; the result will be that many men will work during the season and get but little besides their board, as many claims are certain to be worthless. A man can get that kind of a job any day, but unless you are acquainted it is hard to get paying employment with the privilege of quitting when you desire to. The reports that went out last fall, about men being scarce and labor high, were false and caused many men to come in late last fall on the last boats and scows, who had only means to reach here, expecting to find plenty of work. Such men had to take any kind of work that offered a living. Many are now leaving for Nome over the ice, expecting to make the trip in about sixty days. It is likely that the majority will complete the trip on steamers from some point down the river.

Every store and place of business you enter has gold scales, and dust is much used for money, but currency is plentiful and all the games pay winnings in such money. When the river opens we expect to join the rush to Nome, and if nothing happens, will come out next fall. I believe Dawson will be a good camp this spring until the clean-up is over, and then it will be almost deserted.

REGARDING THE REQUEST TO PARDON WILLIAM MARSHALL.
Secretary of Baker City's Chamber of Commerce Takes a Hand—Case a Deserving One.
Gov. T. T. Geer yesterday received a letter from O. L. Miller, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Baker City, regarding the petition filed on the previous day for the pardon of William Marshall, the boy now serving an 8-years' term in the penitentiary for manslaughter. Mr. Miller in discussing the case, and the application for clemency, takes the position that the result of the young man's act, for which he suffers imprisonment, was an accident, and the boy was not guilty of a crime. The letter says in part: "If we did not feel that this is a case that deserves your personal attention and the benefit of the request therein made, I should not take your time nor impose upon you with such a request. Oliver Marshall, the older brother, who was convicted of manslaughter at the same time, and whose defense was in vain, has within the past three months, been adjudged insane and is now confined in the asylum. I have personal knowledge of all the circumstances and conditions surrounding the case, and of the part taken by the boy, William Marshall, in the defense of his brother which resulted in the death of James Reed, and which was a mere accident and not a crime, and was no more than what any brother and mere boy would have done under similar circumstances. The signers of the petition include almost every person in this vicinity, who are familiar with the circumstances, and many of the leading citizens and public officials.

"At the time of the boy's conviction an application was made to the court to have the boy, who was then past 16 years old, confined in the reform school and the said petition was signed by all but two of the jurymen in the case. The court declined for the reason, as he stated, that the boy would not be received there he being past 16 years of age. Among the names on the petition you will find that of ex-Sheriff Kilburn, who had entire charge of the arrest and confinement of this boy and who is probably more familiar with the circumstances than any other person; also Sheriff Huntington has signed the petition, as well as many other prominent men of Baker City and Baker county. Several of the jurors in the case have signed this petition but, as several of them live in remote parts of the county, it is impossible to see them at this time. One of the jurors is dead. The prosecuting attorney, Hon. Samuel White, advised me that he will write you a personal letter regarding the case. We have not conferred with Judge Robert Eakin, in whose court the conviction was had, but from his attitude at the time of the presentation of the petition regarding the boy's confinement in the reform school, we believe he will favor this petition.

"We trust you will give this matter your personal attention, and that the boy will soon be given his liberty."

"A Single Fact Is worth a shipload of argument." What shall be said, then, of thousands of facts? Every cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla is a fact, presenting the strongest possible evidence of the merit of this medicine. Thousands and thousands of such facts prove that Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure all diseases caused or promoted by impure blood. It is the best medicine money can buy.

Indigestion, nausea are cured by Hood's Pills.

AN OLD TIMER.—George W. Caris, aged 58 years, died at the Oregon hospital for the insane Thursday night after an illness of pneumonia.

AN OLD CLAIM.—Secretary of State F. I. Dumbley yesterday paid the claim of Wm. Lee, a rejected volunteer, for the time served in Camp McKinley, at Portland, while awaiting muster in by the United States army officers in April 1868. The sum allowed Mr. Lee was \$24, and he had made application for membership in Company G, Second Oregon, when rejected.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.—Carlyle.

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Sore Hands



Red, Rough Hands, Itching, Burning Palms, and Painful Finger Ends.

ONE NIGHT CURE.

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soothe the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to soothe and soothe the itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston.

A MINING COUNTRY

ELTON SHAW WRITES OF IDAHO AND MONTANA.

His Visit to Mullan and a Trip Over the Mountains—Lumber Interests in the Missoula Country.

Elton Shaw, whose letters from Eastern Washington and Idaho have several times appeared in the Statesman, is now in Deer Lodge, Montana, and from that place writes this paper of his observations in the mines and timber regions of that country, as follows:

Deer Lodge, Mont., March 4.—I believe I gave you an idea of Wallace, Idaho, in my last letter. From there we moved on to Mullan, a small mining town only about eleven miles from Wallace. Here is located the Morning and I think the Sullivan mines. The town is built on a small flat, and up the sides of a canyon leading back toward the Morning mine, which is located three miles from the Morning mill, where the ore is made ready for shipment. The ore is conveyed from the mine to the mill by means of an ore train, which runs on a track like that of a railroad, only is narrow. The engine pulling the train was quite a curiosity to me as I had never seen one like it before. The thing has no drivers on it like those of a railroad locomotive, but has four small wheels under the middle. The motive power is conveyed to a journal, extending the full length of the engine, one side only, by three shafts, resembling the piston rods on a railroad engine; with this exception they work perpendicularly instead of in a horizontal position as on a locomotive. Connection between this revolving journal and the four wheels on one side is made by means of large bevel-gear cogs. This is what is known as a "Shay" engine. They push up eight to ten empty cars, and bring down as many loaded ones. It makes the old engine make a terrible noise to do this, but when you learn the steepness of the grade, up and down which this queer train moves, you will not doubt be surprised to know that an engine could make such a climb. One of those big Northern Pacific "hogs," as they are called, having four drivers on a side, could not climb this grade even with no load at all.

There is at times in the ascent an 8 percent grade. In the scant three miles they gain 1000 feet in altitude. The track is very crooked, winding around the edge of a mountain and across gulches on high trestles. The crookedness of the track accounts for the fact, that a runaway train, down this grade, soon leaves the road and plunges down the canyon below. Two such runaways have occurred since the line has been in operation.

At the chutes where the ore is loaded the work resembles that of loading grain cars from the big elevators seen throughout the Eastern states. A spout is lowered, a slide raised and out comes the ore in chunks of all shapes and sizes, from that of a pea to those as large as a water bucket, thundering into the iron, patent dumping cars. It takes but a few minutes to load a train, then the brakes on every car are set as tightly as possible, without causing the wheels to slide and the train moves on. Two men stay on the cars to tend the brakes. I had the pleasure of making the round trip on this queer (to me) at the best railroad train. The mines here put out silver and lead ore, of which I have some fine specimens packed away in my trunk.

Thursday morning, at 8:40, we boarded a mixed freight and passenger train for Missoula, Montana, a distance of 128 miles. In making this distance we cross the summit and change from the state of Idaho into Montana, and down into, what I suppose, one might call a valley or somewhat of a prairie country where, nestled close to the foot of a mountain, at the eastern side of this open country, is situated the town of Missoula.

Leaving Mullan we move up the canyon in an easterly direction for a few miles, when we make a sharp turn and go back directly toward the place from which we came. Of course we are gradually gaining and not slowly either, in altitude. Soon we reach what is known as "S" bridge, and the shape of the bridge is well worthy the name which has been given it. Another turn throws us to the east once more. Below us we could see plainly,

of concentrates, billed for the smelter at Pueblo, Col. This made us a heavy train to pull down the mountain. Soon after leaving the summit you could smell the burning grease on the car wheels, which soon become heated to the burning point by the friction caused by the tightly set brakes. Nothing of importance transpired in making the descent. Some beautiful scenery may be seen along this portion of the route.

We took our position on the rear platform after getting pretty well down the mountain side, and as it was a beautiful day, the sun shining very brightly, we could ride outside and not suffer from cold.

On this side we find a lumbering country. During the run up the Missoula river I saw more saw logs than I ever looked upon before in all my life. There are several small towns, or rather sawmill camps, along the road, but no places of any size. At Iron Mountain we stopped long enough to get a bite to eat, then moved on. Here I found an old iron spoon while out looking for souvenirs. I kept it to remember the place by, as on this same day there was a cave-in, in the Iron Mountain mine, imprisoning nine miners.

We reached Missoula at 4 o'clock in the evening. It is a railroad town of between 5000 and 6000 people. Besides being a railroad junction, it is a supply center for the surrounding mining towns, and is surrounded by an agricultural country on three sides. We left Missoula at 5 in the evening for Deer Lodge. All day Saturday was raging a regular Montana blizzard. The wind, filled with snow, blew all day so strong a man could scarcely stand against it. It was cold, and the wind blowing so hard, it was very piercing. Darkness soon came upon us so that we did not see the mountains between here and that place. It was bitter cold and the wind blowing quite hard when we changed cars for this place at Garrison. This is a specimen of Nebraska winter weather, and it seemed it would freeze me. This is a place of 5000 or less, and is the prettiest town I have seen since leaving Walla Walla.

When the Castellanes reached New York some \$20,000 was due the connexes from the Gould estate and was paid. This is hardly more than enough to keep the count's many pairs of trousers properly creased for a short time, but if the Goulds have really been permanently established in New York society by the visit of their Parisian relatives the prevailing belief that the Frenchman is returning with all the money he came after is not without reason.

The Cruel Knife!

It is absolutely useless to expect a surgical operation to cure cancer, or any other blood disease. The cruelty of such treatment is illustrated in the alarming number of deaths which result from it. The disease is in the blood, and hence can not be cut out. Nine times out of ten the surgeon's knife only hastens death.

My son had a most malignant Cancer, for which the doctors said an operation was the only hope. The operation was a severe one, as it was necessary to cut down to the jaw bone and to scrape it. Before a great while the cancer returned, and began to grow rapidly. We gave him many remedies without relief, and finally upon the advice of a friend, decided to try S. S. S. (Swift's Specific), and with the second bottle he began to improve. After twenty bottles had been taken, the cancer disappeared entirely, and he was cured. The cure was a permanent one, for he is now seventeen years old, and has never had a sign of the dreadful disease to return.
J. N. MURDOCH,
279 Snodgrass St., Dallas, Texas.

Absolutely the only hope for Cancer is Swift's Specific.

S.S.S. For Blood

as it is the only remedy which goes to the very bottom of the blood and forces out every trace of the disease. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains no potash, mercury, or other mineral.

Books on Cancer will be mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

turned over to Senator Cullom. The average number of enumerators for each Illinois congressional district is about 130.

In New York and Illinois the office of state architect has been created to prepare plans for all buildings constructed or altered at state expense. The salary of the state architect is \$7,500 in New York and \$5,000 in Illinois.

More votes were cast by the prohibition party in Pennsylvania than in any other state in the country in 1896, but notwithstanding a revival of interest in prohibition matters there since then, the vote of that party at the last state election in Pennsylvania was 1,000 less than in the national contest of three years ago.

At last year's election, the democrats of Pennsylvania, though defeated by more than 100,000 plurality in the state, carried twenty-seven counties and came within a fraction of carrying three other counties, a total of 30 of the 67 counties into which Pennsylvania is divided.

The formal call of the middle-of-the-road or Joshua Levcvring prohibitionists for their national convention in the city of Chicago on June 27th has made its appearance.

The expenses of the state quarantine commission, on whose vigilance the health of New York city, in great measure depends, are only \$85,000 a year, though the demands upon it are considerably in excess of this sum.

In the presidential election of 1896 there was a fusion between the democrats and populists on presidential electors in North Carolina, the populist vote being generally put at 50,000 of the total which Bryan received. The republicans carried the state for governor, choosing Mr. Russell, the present republican governor, by 9,000 majority over the democratic candidate, with a populist in the field. This year the populist state committee in North Carolina at a recent meeting in Raleigh, called the state convention to meet on April 18th at the capital. An address was issued condemning the proposed constitutional amendment and denouncing the election law enacted by the recent democratic legislature. This year the republicans expect to have the co-operation of North Carolina populists in opposition to the policy of the recent legislature, a majority of the members of which seemed to be more strongly intent upon the establishment of "white sovereignty" than on settling any other pending question.

PRINCE CONQUEROR.

The birth of a son to the duchess of Aosta, it is said, was a great shock to the princess of Naples, which has increased her very natural grief at her own childlessness. Prince Amedeo, (who by virtue of this childlessness is now in succession to the throne) is a small, fair-haired baby of about a year, with more than the ordinary amount of babyish winning ways. One day the princess met the little chap in a corridor in his nurse's arms. She would have avoided him, as usual, but as she passed with averted head he suddenly held out his fat, dimpled arms, and on the impulse of the moment she took him from the nurse, while her eyes filled with tears. The little fellow laid his lips on each of her lids, stroking her cheek with both hands, she gave a sob, and has ever since been his most devoted slave.—Chicago Times-Herald.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The mayor of a Michigan city has served ten terms consecutively, and it is announced that he is in the field for an eleventh, with good prospects for success.

The two chief states of the North and South respectively, New York and Georgia, still adhere to annual sessions of the legislature, and in both last year the biennial session project was sidetracked. There are now six states only having annual legislative sessions, of which the empire state of the North and the empire state of the South are two.

It is announced from Illinois that the contest over the census patronage in that state, which it was expected by his opponents would be an obstacle to the return of Senator Cullom to Washington, has been adjusted by an agreement whereby the patronage of the eight Illinois congressional districts represented by democrats has been

QUEER MEDICAL TEST OF DEATH.

A recent report of experiments at the Academy of Medicine in Paris gives astonishing testimony of the virtue of rhythmical twitching of the tongue as a means of restoring life in cases of drowning or asphyxiation. Within the past few months there have been at this hospital 40 such cases of resuscitation by this one means. Some of the statements made by M. Labeurre of the Academy of Medicine, in connection with this report are of exceptional interest. In one case a drowned man was resuscitated only after three hours spent in intermittent twitching of his tongue. Which is certainly a reminder to physicians that this remedy is one that requires patience.—N. Y. Journal.

Chinese cheap labor, which has been considered more or less of a threat to the American workman, now appears in a new form to menace corporations. Mon Fung Young, a Chinese doctor, has just been awarded a verdict of \$8,037 against the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs railroad because a porter would not allow him to ride in a parlor car.