

# A Dread Token of the Past

BY IRVING E. VISING.

**N**ATURE hath her secrets. The revelation of these secrets to the utility of man is the touchstone of human progress. Invisible currents of potential power ran rampant through the universe. In ages past their battles were fought, and today we read their history upon the oceanic cliffs, the volcanic cones, the glacier paths, or the mountain lakes.

Upon no spot of earth can a more interesting page of nature's history be found than in the Crater Lake region of Southern Oregon. A mighty wound in the brow of the Cascades, Crater Lake memorializes the awful battle of nature's forces by which Southern Oregon was partially forged and shaped.

No human tongue can, with word or tone, reveal the feelings of awe and sublimity that enwraps the personality of the truth seeker as he views this revelation. There has been but one throat capable of narrating the history and significance of this region, and that is now cold and dead—an extinct crater fettered within the blue chill of the waters.

## DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

**Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.**

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

As I stood upon the dizzy height of the cliff and gazed down the rocky steep to where the water, two thousand feet below, decayed the sunlight to reflect its myriad dyes as it played with sands on the shore rim, and tried until my shocked senses revolted, to comprehend the blue depths that entomb the waters, I could almost reiterate the sentiments of the wandering Klamath as he invoked the pardon of the Great Spirit for intruding upon the awful stillness of his repose.

Superstition could find no better home than within the egg shaped bosom of Crater Lake, ranging northeast and southwest, seven miles in length by six in width. The cliffs, rising in fantastical shapes, from one to two thousand feet above the water, can hardly be detected from their reflected counterparts, so perfectly are they mirrored in the smooth and glassy surface, over which the breeze creates scarcely a ripple. Shadows of clouds and cliffs, reflected in the water, have often been mistaken for monstrous sea serpents, while the legends of the Klamath Indians people the dark cavern of the lake with Llaos, or spirits.

According to the favorite legend of this Indian tribe: Many, many moons ago, long before the paleface appeared to disturb the peace of the proud natives of the forest, when the deer were plentiful and the brooks teemed with fish, a band of brave Klamaths, while on a hunting expedition, came suddenly upon a huge cavern in the mountain top. The braves were struck dumb by its remarkable walls and majestic proportions. With spirits subdued and quaking with fear, they stealthily crept up to its edge and gazed into its fathomless depths. They conceived it to be a lake, the awful stillness of which was appalling. Something within told them the Great Spirit dwelt there, and they dared not remain. Bowed with reverence, they crept down the mountain and camped far away.

By some mysterious and unaccountable influence, one young brave was induced to return. In the dead of night, he climbed up the moonlit mountain to the very brink of the precipice and started his camp fire. Here he lay down to commune with the Great Spirit. Sleep closed his eyes. Soon strange voices arose from the waters, weird sounds filled the air. When he awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. He arose and joined his

tribe far down the mountain. At night, he came again; an irresistible power seemed to call him back. Again, he slept till morn; each visit seemed to increase the charm. The voices were soothing to his spirit. After many moons spent on the cliffs, he climbed down to the lake and bathed his limbs in its waters. Frequently he saw mysterious beings glide to the surface; they resembled his brethren except they lived in the water. Again and again, he returned to spend the night and bathe in the lake. Suddenly, he became harder and stronger than his brethren. The mysterious waters gave him power far greater than that possessed by any other member of his tribe.

Others followed him and sought the influence of the magic water. Old warriors sent their sons to visit this region and receive strength to cope with their neighboring tribes. Their superstition and dread of the spirits at first only allowed them to sleep on the cliffs above; in time they ventured to the water's edge; at last they plunged into the blue waters mediated by the Llaos and the coveted strength was theirs. A young brave, becoming proud and haughty over his marvelous strength, dared to slay a monstrous fish that appeared at the surface. Immediately the infuriated Llaos swarmed to the surface, slew the Indian daredevil, tore his body into small pieces which they threw to their children in the blue depths far below. And such will be the fate of every Klamath who dares to look upon the sacred bosom of Crater Lake. This dread haunts the Klamath of today, who shuns Crater Lake as the abode of the angry Llaos.

For a paltry sum the Indian will guide you thither, but ere the lake is reached, he disappears amid the forest from whence he came. He may don his war paints to brave a hostile tribe, or wreak vengeance upon the encroachments of the whites, but his wild and brutal instincts are tamed and checked by the impressive grandeur of this apparently bottomless lake, with no visible inlet or outlet, yet whose waters, intensely blue, remain cold and pure.

In ages past, there arose on the present sight of Crater Lake a mighty monarch of the mountains. Lifting his hoary head far into cloudland, he looked down upon the snowy mantles of Hood and Shasta. A sentinel of the Westland, he cools his brow in the air above Everest, the king of the East. Perhaps no human eye measured his altitude; no voice bespoke his grandeur. A silent monarch, he ruled o'er a sil-

ent realm. Then came the mighty battle of nature's forces. The bosom of the mountain heaved and trembled with the earthquake shock; streams of liquid fire seared his spotless brow. Great seas of lava were hurled upon his kingdom below. The elements seemed bent on his destruction. There is a mighty quiver, his foundations give way; down, down, down, plunges the mountain monarch into the very bowels of the earth. Above him yawns a black, jagged and smoky chasm, a veritable hell on earth. With his fall, the forces became silent, the cliffs cooled, the pitying waters gathered to lave his scorched remains. Thus was forged the beautiful, sublime and awe-inspiring Crater Lake—one of earth's marvels. The ingenuity of nature never conceived a shrine of more impressive sublimity. Stand upon the summit of Llao-Rock and gaze two thousand feet below to the surface of the fathomless waters. Feelings hitherto innate will awaken within you to respond to the grandeur of nature's masterpiece.

## A TEXAS WONDER,

**HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.**

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists, and at DR. S. C. STONE'S drug stores, Salem, Oregon.

**READ THIS.**

Randon, Ore., Dec. 8, 1901. Dr. E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.—Dear Sir:—I have used your Texas Wonder for kidney and rheumatic trouble. Its effects are wonderful. It has no equal, and I can cheerfully recommend it. Yours truly,

HARVEY HOWE.

**CHIEF GIBSON INJURED.**


While driving his gray colt, Sunday morning, the bridle bit broke and Chief of Police D. W. Gibson was thrown backwards from his driving cart, and sustained several bruises about the head and body, none of which are of a serious nature. He had driven out to the depot to exercise his colt, which he is breaking, and upon turning around to drive home again the colt, as is his custom while under the saddle, became playful and started out upon a brisk gallop. Mr. Gibson had just about succeeded in getting him quieted down again and had turned around to the depot, when, as the cart entered the loose gravel, the bit broke and Mr. Gibson tumbled out of the cart backwards. The horse became frightened and gave a lurch forward dragging Mr. Gibson through the

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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- Good Flour, per sack, 70c.
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- Black Figs, per lb., 5c.
- Good Cooking Molasses, per gallon, 30c.
- Fancy Table Syrup, per gallon, 50c.
- Scotch Oats, per pkg., 15c.
- Macaroni, No. 1, large size boxes, white or yellow, per box, 35c.
- Jumbo Mush, 2 1/2 lbs., 5c.

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and cure is so strong we guarantee a cure or refund money, and we send you free trial bottle if you write for it. SHILOH'S costs 25 cents and will cure Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and all Lung Troubles. Will cure a cough or cold in a day, and thus prevent serious results. It has been doing these things for 50 years. S. C. WELLS & Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

**Karl's Clover Root Tea corrects the Stomach**

**S. C. STONE, M.D.**  
PROPRIETOR OF

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Has had some 25 years' experience in the practice of medicine, and now makes no charge for consultation, examination or prescription.

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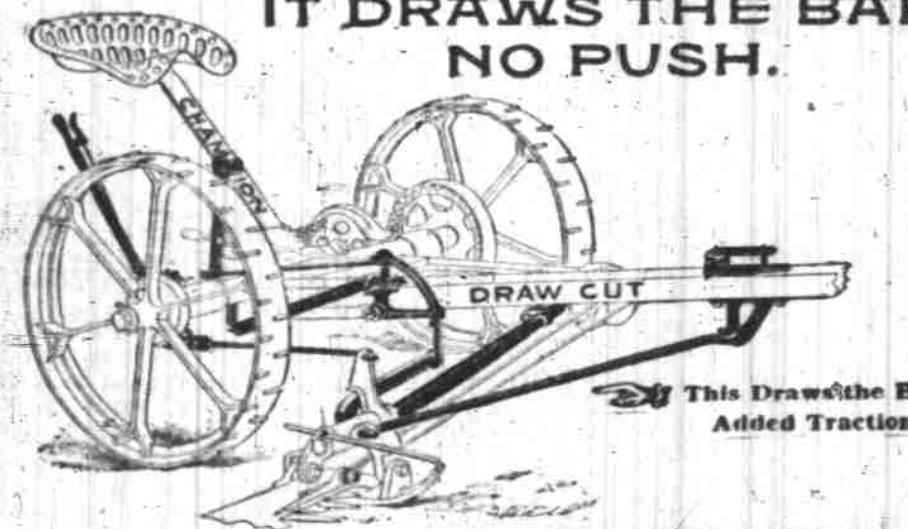
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# HAYING WILL SOON BE HERE

## HAVE YOU A MOWER?

**IT DRAWS THE BAR—NO PUSH.**



**Do not borrow Do not hire**

**THE WHEELS WILL NOT LIFT FROM THE GROUND.**

**COME AND SEE THE**

## ...Champion Draw Cut...

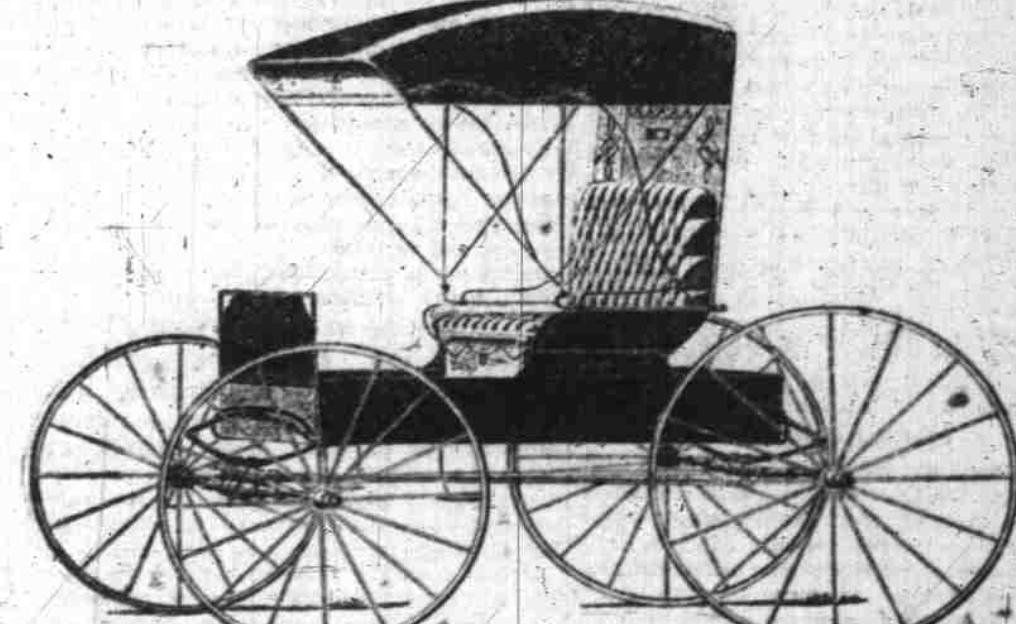
With the Champion Draw cut Mower the greater the resistance before the finger bar the harder the master wheels press on the ground, consequently the greater traction and cutting power. The draw cut principal of the Champion keeps the master wheels firmly on the ground even should the finger bar meet forcibly a fixed obstruction. To convince the public that the draw cut principle of the Champion mower is just what we say it is, we warrant that the master wheels will not lift from the ground when the finger bar meets an obstruction. No other front cut mower is warranted in this manner. Light running and easily handled. A child that can drive a team can handle it with perfect safety.

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**Our "Henney" Line** is now on the market for the fifth year and has been sold largely to liverymen, doctors, stockmen and others who keep a buggy going and give it lots of "hard knocks." Henney buggies in themselves are well and favorably known, having been sold here for years past. These Henney rigs of ours, however, are built especially for us, we stipulating the grade and size of every piece of material in them, as well as the style of construction. "A better buggy for the money cannot be bought," is the verdict of every liveryman who has used them.

**Bike Wagons** and **MOTOR CYCLES.** These are among the best in the United States, or the world, for that matter. Highest grade of stock, design and finish. "There is nothing better."

**Mitchell Wagons.** Farm, Spring and Delivery Wagons of the Mitchell make, wherever known or used, need no further recommendation than that they are genuine Mitchell goods. For nearly seventy years they have been manufactured at the highest standard of quality, and the same high standard will always continue to prevail.

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