



Oh! George, what is the matter with you?
Pa, that suit you bought of BEN FOIRSTNER is not worn out yet and it has been over a year.
Well, we will get another suit from him. I cannot get a new suit very often.
Go to B. FOIRSTNER & CO. for low prices.

THE TABERNACLE PULPIT

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A SERMON ON THE GOSPEL ARCHIPELAGO.

Continuation of the Series of Discourses Inspired by the Brooklyn Divine's Journeys in the Old World—His Visit to the Grecian Islands.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 8.—An overflowing congregation at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning attested the interest the religious public is taking in the series of sermons Dr. Talmage is preaching on what he saw confirmatory of the Scriptures during his tour of the Pyramids to the Acropolis. This morning's sermon, the fourth of the series, was on the islands of the Greek archipelago. The doctor took two texts: Acts xxi, 3, "When we had discovered Cyprus we left it on the left hand," and Revelation i, 9, "I, John was in the isle that is called Patmos."

Goodby, Egypt! Although interesting and instructive beyond any country in all the world, excepting the Holy Land, Egypt was to me somewhat depressing. It was a post mortem examination of cities that died four thousand years ago. The mummies, or wrapped up bodies of the dead, were prepared with reference to the Resurrection day, the Egyptians departing this life wanting their bodies to be kept in as good condition as possible so that they would be presentable when they were called again to occupy them. But if when Pharaoh comes to resurrection he finds his body looking as I saw his mummy in the museum at Boulac, his soul will become an unwilling tenant. The Sphinx also was to me a stern monstrosity, a statue carved out of rock of red granite six-two feet high and about one hundred and forty-three feet long, and having the head of a man and the body of a lion.

We sat down in the sand of the African desert to study it. With a cold smile it has looked down upon thousands of years of earthly history; Egyptian civilization, Grecian civilization, Roman civilization; upon the rise and fall of thrones innumerable; the victory and defeat of the armies of centuries. It took three thousand years to make one wrinkle on its red cheek. It is dreadful in its stolidity. Its eyes have never wept a tear. Its cold ears have not listened to the groans of the Egyptian nation, the burden of which I tried to weigh last Sabbath. Its heart is stone. It cared not for Phly when he measured it in the first century. It will care nothing for the man who looks into its imperceptible countenance in the last century.

EGYPT WILL YET REVIVE. But Egypt will yet come up to the glory of life. The Bible promises it. The missionaries like my friend, good and great Doctor Lansing, are sounding a resurrection trumpet above those slain empires. There will be some other Joseph at Memphis. There will be some other Moses on the banks of the Nile. There will be some other Hypatia to teach good morals to the degraded. Instead of a destroying angel to slay the firstborn of Egypt, the angel of the New Testament will shake everlasting life from his wings over a nation born in a day.

When, soon after my arrival in Egypt, I took part in the solemn and tender obsequies of a missionary from our own land, dying there far away from the sepulchers of her fathers, and saw around her the dusky and weeping congregation of those whom she had come to save, I said to myself: "Here is self sacrifice of the noblest type. Here is heroism immortal. Here is a queen unto God forever. Here is something grander than the pyramids. Here is that which thrills the heavens. Here is a specimen of that which will yet save the world."

Goodby, Egypt! This sermon finds us on the steamer Minerva in the Grecian archipelago, the islands of the New Testament, and islands Paulinian and Johannian in their reminiscence. What Bradshaw's directory is to travelers in Europe, and what the railroad guide is to travelers in America, the Book of the Acts in the Bible is to voyagers in the Grecian, or as I shall call it, the Gospel archipelago. The Bible geography of that region is accurate without a shadow of mistake. We are sailing this morning on the same waters that Paul sailed, but in the opposite direction to that which Paul voyaged. He was sailing southward and we northward. With him it was Ephesus, Coos, Rhodes, Cyprus. With us it is reversed, and is Cyprus, Rhodes, Coos, Ephesus. There is no book in the world so accurate as the Divine Book.

My text says that Paul left Cyprus on the left. We, going in the opposite direction, have it on the right. On our ship Minerva were only two or three passengers besides our party, so we had plenty of room to walk the deck, and oh, what a night was Christmas night of 1859 in that Grecian archipelago— islands of light above, islands of beauty beneath! It is a royal family of islands, this Grecian archipelago—the crown of the world's scenery set with sapphire and emerald and topaz and chrysoberus, and ablaze with a glory that seems to lead down out of celestial landscapes. God evidently made up his mind that just here he would demonstrate the utmost that can be done with islands for the beautification of earthly scenery.

THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS. The steamer had stopped during the night and in the morning the ship was as quiet as this floor, when we hastened up to the deck and found that we had anchored off the island of Cyprus. In

to bring three passengers. Yet all the thousands of years of its history are eclipsed by the few hours or days that Paul stopped there. As I stood there on the deck of the Minerva, looking out upon the place where the Colossus once stood, I bethought myself of the fact that the world must have a God of some kind. It is to me an infinite pathos—this Colossus not only of Rhodes, but the colossi in many parts of the earth. This is only the world's blind reaching up and feeling after God. Foundered human nature must have a supernatural arm to help it ashore. All the statues and images of heathendom are attempts to bring celestial forces down into human affairs.

Blessed be our ears that we have heard of an ever present God, and that through Jesus Christ he comes into our hearts and our homes, and with more than fatherly and motherly interest and affection he is with us in all our struggles and bereavements and vicissitudes. Rhodes needs something higher than the Colossus, and the day will come when the Christ, whom Paul was serving when he sailed into this harbor of Rhodes, shall take possession of that island.

IMPORTANCE OF ISLANDS. As we move on up through this archipelago I am reminded of what an important part the islands have taken in the history of the world. They are necessary to the balancing of the planet. The two hemispheres must have them. As you put down upon a scale the heavy pound weights, and then the small ounces, and no one thinks of despising the small weights, so the continents are the pounds and the islands are the ounces. A continent is only a larger island, and an island only a smaller continent. Something of what part the islands have taken in the world's history you will see when I remind you that the island of Salamis produced Solon, and that the island of Chios produced Homer, and the island of Samos produced Pythagoras, and the island of Coos produced Hippocrates.

But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other. I can afford to miss the princes among the islands, but I must see the king of the archipelago. The one I longed to see is not so many miles in circumference as Cyprus or Crete or Paros or Naxos or Seio or Mitylene, but I had rather in this sail through the Grecian archipelago see that than all the others, for more of the glories of heaven landed there than on all the islands and continents since the world stood. As we come toward it I feel my pulses quicken. "I, John, was in the island that is called Patmos."

It is a pile of rocks twenty-eight miles in circumference. A few cypresses and inferior olives pump a living out of the earth, and one palm tree spreads its foliage. But the barrenness and gloom and loneliness of the island made it a prison for the banished evangelist. Domitian could not stand his ministry, and one day, under armed guard, that minister of the Gospel stepped from a tossing boat to these dismal rocks and walked up to the dismal cavern which was to be his home, and the place where should pass before him all the conflicts of coming time and all the raptures of a coming eternity.

It is not remarkable that nearly all the great revelations of music and poetry and religion have been made to men in banishment—Homer and Milton banished into blindness; Beethoven banished into deafness; Dante writing his "Divina Commedia" during the nineteen years of banishment from his native land; Victor Hugo writing his "Les Miserables" exiled from home and country on the island of Guernsey, and the brightest visions of the future have been given to those who by sickness or sorrow were exiled from the outer world into rooms of suffering. Only those who have been imprisoned by very hard surroundings have had great revelations made to them.

So Patmos, wild, chill and bleak and terrible, was the best island in all the archipelago, the best place in all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully shown, the room in which you sit must be darkened, and in the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before saw or ever will see in this world, and hence the gloom of his surroundings was a help rather than a hindrance.

All the surroundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of heaven. St. John, hungry from enforced abstinence, or having no food except that at which his appetite revolted, thinks of heaven; and as the fastidious man is apt to dream of bountiful tables covered with luxuries, so St. John says of the inhabitants of heaven, "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Patmos and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst leads him to admire heaven as he says, "They shall thirst no more." St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks, and each wave has a voice, and all the waves together make a chorus, and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of heaven, and he says, "They are like the voice of many waters."

loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the month of that cavern.

LET US VIEW THE PANORAMA. Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and lo! the conquering Christ, robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candlesticks and seven stars in his right hand, candlesticks and stars meaning light held up and light scattered. And there passes a throne and Christ on it, and the seals broken, and the woes sounded, and a dragon slain, and seven last plagues swoop, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. And we wait a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle.

Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a great city representing all abominations—Babylon towered, palaced, templed, fountained, foliaged, sculptured, hanging gardens, suddenly going crash! crash! and the pipes cease to trumpet, and the trumpets cease to trumpet, and the dust and the smoke and the horror fill the canvas, while from above and beneath are voices announcing, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" And we wait again to rest from the spectacle.

Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a mounted Christ on a snow white charger leading forth the cavalry of heaven, the long line of white chargers galloping through the scene, the clattering of hoofs, the clinking of bridle bits and the flash of spears, all the earth conquered and all heaven in Doxology. And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees great thrones lifted, thrones of martyrs, thrones of apostles, thrones of prophets, thrones of patriarchs, and a throne higher than all on which Jesus sits, and ponderous books are opened, their leaves turned over, revealing the names of all that have ever lived, the good and the bad, the renowned and the humble, the mighty and the weak, and at the turn of every leaf the universe is in rapture or fright, and the sea empties its sarcophagus of all the dead of the sunken shipping, and the earth gives way, and the heavens vanish. Again we rest a moment from the spectacle. The panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile beholds a city of gold, and a river more beautiful than the Rhine or the Hudson rolls through it, and fruit trees bend their burdens on either bank, and all is surrounded by walls in which the upholstery of autumnal forests, and the sunrises and sunsets of all the ages, and the glory of burning worlds seem to be conmingled.

And the inhabitants never breathe a sigh, or utter a groan, or discuss a difference, or frown a dislike, or weep a tear. The fashion they wear is pure white, and their foreheads are encircled by garlands, and they who were sick are well, and they who were old are young, and they who were bereft are reunited. And as the last figure of that panorama rolled out of sight, I think that John must have fallen back into his cavern, nerveless and exhausted. Too much was it for naked eye to look at. Too much was it for human strength to experience.

OPEN THE GATES. My friends, I would not wonder if you should have a very similar vision after awhile. You will be through this world, its cares and fatigues and struggles, and if you have served the Lord and have done the best you could, I should not wonder if your dying bed were a Patmos. It often has been so. I was reading of a dying boy who, while the family stood round sorrowfully expecting each breath would be the last, cried: "Open the gates! Open the gates! Happy! Happy! Happy!" John Owen in his last hour said to his attendant, "Oh, Brother Payne, the long wished for day is come at last!" Ratherford, in the closing moment of his life, cried out: "I shall shine, I shall see him as he is, and all the fair company with him, and shall have my large share. I have gotten the victory. Christ is holding forth his arms to embrace me. Now I feel! Now I enjoy! Now I rejoice! I feed on manna. I have angels' food. My eyes will see my Redeemer. Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

Yes, ten thousand times in the history of the world has the dying bed been a Patmos. You see the time will come when you will, oh, child of God, be exiled to your last sickness as much as John was exiled to Patmos. You will go into your room not to come out again, for God is going to do something better and grander and happier for you than he has ever yet done. There will be such visions let down to your pillow as God gives no man if he is ever to return to this tawny world. The apparent feeling of uneasiness and restlessness at the time of the Christian's departure, the physicians say, is caused by no real distress.

It is an unconscious and involuntary movement, and I think in many cases it is the vision of heavenly gladness too great for mortal endurance. It is only heaven breaking in on the departing spirit. You see your work will be done and the time for your departure will be at hand, and there will be wings over you and wings under you and songs let loose on the air, and your old father and mother gone for years will descend into the room, and your little children whom you put away for the last sleep years ago will be at your side and their kiss will be on your forehead, and you will see gardens in full bloom, and the

swinging open of stining gates, and will hear voices long ago hushed.

In many a Christian departure that you have known and I have known there was in the phylaxology of the departing one something that indicated the reappearance of those long deceased. It is no delirium, no delusion, but a supernatural fact. Your glorified loved ones will hear that you are about to come, and they will say in heaven: "May I go down to show that soul the way up? May I be the celestial escort? May I wait for that soul at the edge of the pillow?" And the Lord will say: "Yes. You may fly down on that mission." And I think all your glorified kindred will come down, and they will be in the room, and although those in health standing around you may hear no voice and see no arrival from the heavenly world, you will see and hear.

And the moment the fleshly bond of the soul shall break, the cry will be: "Follow me! Up this way!" By this gilded cloud, past these stars, straight for home, straight for glory, straight for God!" As on that day in the Grecian archipelago Patmos began to fade out of sight, I walked to the stem of the ship that I might keep my eye on the enchantment as long as I could, and the voice that sounded out of heaven to John the exile in the cavern on Patmos seemed sounding in the waters that dashed against the side of our ship. "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people and God himself shall be with them and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

ODDS AND ENDS. Paris has 181,000 foreigners. England has 12,893 Irish soldiers. Colorado bids fair to rival California in fruit growing. Try swallowing saliva when troubled with a sour stomach. Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any body of water in the world. Of the immigrants to this country Germany sends more than twice as many as Ireland. Africa is now completely encircled by submarine cables, which make up altogether a length of 17,000 miles. The man who invariably whistles does little thinking. But he keeps other people thinking, just the same. The shoes worn by Luther at the diet of Worms are preserved with reverent care in the Historical museum at Dresden. A temperature of 220 degrees below zero has been produced by a bath of carbon bisulphide and liquid nitrous acid. Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, has just entered his ninetieth year. He is in fair health in his Italian home. Nelson Oleson, a rich Swede living near Menard, Mo., killed himself because his wife wouldn't make bread to suit him. Auctioneers' fees in this country and in England are paid by the seller. In France and Holland the purchaser pays them. Japanese artists produce colors of exquisite beauty, as well as great malleability, by adding to their ornamental bronzes a little gold. The first steel car for postal purposes was run 270,000 miles and went through five smashups at a cost for repairs of only forty-two dollars. Recent researches in medicine show that persons having a tendency to gouty troubles generally improve more rapidly when they eat no fruit. For blind staggers in horses the process of bleeding at the mouth has been superseded by that of applying ammonia to the nostrils by means of a sponge or cloth.

The End of the Season. There's an old fellow I know down to Hyannis, his gait after game 't eat, mostly coots. Ev'ry fall of the year he's out layin' for coots. It's coots an coots with him. By gracious, ef he wain't out after them coots las' year as long as there's a coot flew. Come 'long 'bout Thanksgiving time an there warn't no more coots. Hanged if Bijah didn't git up an ole loon. Well, there warn't nothin else, an loon was game, ef yer don't s'quit at it too particular, says Bijah. Well, he hangs the ole loon up on side his black-s'n shop—alius hung his game up thar by the tail feathers till it dropped. Ain't no other ways with game they says down to the Cape, an—well, he hung there 'bout a week, an—well, he took it an' dress it an' picked it an' he eat it. Had it hot, had it cold, had it into a stew, an he warmed it over; an when he's done an there warn't no more loon, the big fool, he s' down in a corner an' cried.—New York Evening Sun.

OLD HOUSE In the State. WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY. Prices and Goods always reliable. Specialty made of Spectacles and Eye Glasses. All defects of the eye measured and fitted perfectly.

W. W. MARTIN, State Street.

JACK HARRIS'S HORSE SHOES. All diseases of horses feet treated, shops opposite the laundry.

OLD FATHER TIME
Says now is the time to buy UMBRELLAS, MACINTOSHES, RUBBER COATS, YELLOW and BLACK OIL COATS, and buy at the
SALEM WOOLEN MILL STORE,
299 Commercial Street
They have the largest assortment and lowest prices, and don't forget this. Special sale of ALL WOOL SOCKS, 35c. a pair or 3 pair for \$1.00.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City.
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.
"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 1528 Street and 7th Ave., New York City.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Rustie! Rustie! Rustie!
Rustie Breeding chairs, Setters, geese of fine breeding, lamp stands, center tables, fruit stands, baby rocking and high chairs, etc., for sale.
Exchange for Second Hand Goods.
Call and inspect Rustiework at old Court House, 111. All kinds of furniture repaired.
H. T. MARTIN, Propr.
Williams & Hudson.
10 1/2 State street.
HAND-MADE FRENCH CANDIES
And fruits of all kinds in season. Also the finest brands of cigars and tobacco. 10 1/2

M. L. CHAMBERLIN, O. M. SMITH, President, Secretary.
H. M. BRANNON, GEO. H. SHUT BERT, Vice President, Treasurer.
UNION TITLE ABSTRACT CO.
275 Commercial Street.
Makes the neatest and best Abstracts in the country.
Hop Sing & Co., MERCHANT TAILORS.
208 Commercial St.
Clothing made at lowest prices. Repairing neatly done.

MONEY!
To Loan on Real Estate Security.
Agency Pacific States Savings, Loan & Building Co.
FEAR & HAMILTON,
SALEM, Oregon.
Room 14, Bush Bank block. 612 1/2

Le Richard's Golden Balsam
Le Richard's Golden Balsam No. 1 Cures Chancres, first and second stages, Syphilis, the Last and Best Bore Zears, Erysipelas, etc. Cures all kinds of Skin Diseases, Catarrh, Discharge, Scald, and all primary forms of the disease. Price, 50 Cents per Bottle.
Le Richard's Golden Balsam No. 2 Cures—Tertiary, Mercurial, Syphilitic Rheumatism, Pains in the Bones, Pains in the Head, back of the Neck, Ulcerated Sores, Throat, Syphilitic Rash, and all contracted Cures, Stiffness of the Limbs, and cures all diseases from the system, whether caused by indigestion or abuse of mercury, leaving the blood pure and healthy. Price \$1.00 per Bottle.
Le Richard's Golden Balsam No. 3 Cures the cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Leucorrhoea, and all Urinary or Genital disarrangements. Price \$1.50 per Bottle.
Le Richard's Golden Spanish Injection, for severe cases of Gonorrhoea, Leucorrhoea, Gleet, Syphilis, etc. Price \$1.00 per Bottle.
Le Richard's Golden Ointment for the effective cure of Syphilitic Eruptions and eruptions. Price \$1.00 per Box.
Le Richard's Golden Pills—New and Best Treatment for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, or any over-work, Prostration, etc. Price \$1.00 per Box.
Tonic and Nervine. Sent everywhere. C. G. D. Specially packed for export.

NEW ZEALAND
G. W. BECKER, Agent. Salem, Oregon.
\$500 Reward for a Curable Case of Health.
Le Richard's Golden Balsam No. 1 Cures Chancres, first and second stages, Syphilis, the Last and Best Bore Zears, Erysipelas, etc. Cures all kinds of Skin Diseases, Catarrh, Discharge, Scald, and all primary forms of the disease. Price, 50 Cents per Bottle.
Le Richard's Golden Balsam No. 2 Cures—Tertiary, Mercurial, Syphilitic Rheumatism, Pains in the Bones, Pains in the Head, back of the Neck, Ulcerated Sores, Throat, Syphilitic Rash, and all contracted Cures, Stiffness of the Limbs, and cures all diseases from the system, whether caused by indigestion or abuse of mercury, leaving the blood pure and healthy. Price \$1.00 per Bottle.
Le Richard's Golden Balsam No. 3 Cures the cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Leucorrhoea, and all Urinary or Genital disarrangements. Price \$1.50 per Bottle.
Le Richard's Golden Spanish Injection, for severe cases of Gonorrhoea, Leucorrhoea, Gleet, Syphilis, etc. Price \$1.00 per Bottle.
Le Richard's Golden Ointment for the effective cure of Syphilitic Eruptions and eruptions. Price \$1.00 per Box.
Le Richard's Golden Pills—New and Best Treatment for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, or any over-work, Prostration, etc. Price \$1.00 per Box.
Tonic and Nervine. Sent everywhere. C. G. D. Specially packed for export.

PROFESSORIAL CARDS.
W. T. HUBER, M. D., Physician and surgeon. Practice limited to diseases of the nervous system. Calls for including asthma and rupture of hernia. Office in Cottle block rooms 11 and 12. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and from 2 to 6 p. m. 1131st St.
S. T. RICHARDSON, Attorney at law. S. office up stairs in front of Hotel. 115-h block, corner Commercial and Court streets, Salem, Oregon. \$1 1/2 yr.
JOHN A. CARSON, Attorney at law. Rooms 2 and 4, Ladd & Bush's bank building, Salem, Oregon. \$1 1/2 yr.
B. F. BONHAM, W. H. HOLMES, BOWMAN & HOLMES, Attorneys at law. Offices in Bush's block, between State and Court, on Court St.
J. J. SHAW, W. H. PRATT, M. W. HUNT, SHAW, PRATT & HUNT, Attorneys at law. Office over Capital National Bank, Salem, Oregon.
TILMON FORD, Attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office by stairs in Patton's block.
D'ARCY & BINGHAM, Attorneys and counselors at law, Salem, Oregon. Having abstract of the records of Marion county, including a lot and block index of sales, they have special facilities for examining titles to real estate. Business in the supreme court and in the state departments will receive prompt attention.
D. W. S. MOTT, physician and surgeon. Office in bridge block, between State and Court, office hours 10 to 12 a. m. 134-p. m.
E. R. PHILLIPS, M. D., Homeopathic. Office 103 Court street. Residence 347 high street. General practice. Special attention given to diseases of Women and children.
DR. MINTA S. A. DAVIS, Office hours, 9 a. m. to 11 a. m.; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. 103 or 105 high street. Special attention given to diseases of Women and children. Office in New Bank Block, 202 Commercial street. Residence same.
DR. J. M. KEENE, Dentist. Office over the White Border, Court and Commercial streets.
DR. T. C. SMITH, Dentist, 92 State street, Salem, Or. Finished dental operations of every description. Business operations a specialty.
W. D. PUGH, Architect, Plans, Specifications and superintending for all classes of buildings. Office 230 Commercial St., up stairs.
C. S. McNALLY, Architect, New Bush Block. Plans and specifications of all classes of buildings on short notice. Superintending work promptly executed. 2-41
E. J. McCLELLAND, Civil Engineer and Electrical Surveyor. City surveyors office. Cottle Park block, Salem, Oregon.
BUSINESS CARDS.
RICE & BOSS, Blacksmiths, all kinds of repairing and carriage work. We have in our employ ARTHUR (love), a professional horse-shoer. Give us a trial. 444
JOHN KNIGHT, Blacksmith, Horse-shoer and repairing a specialty. Shop at the foot of Liberty street, Salem, Oregon. 2-24
J. J. LARSEN & CO., Manufacture of all kinds of carriages, repairing a specialty. Shop 45 State street.
A. W. SMITH & CO., Contractors, Sewer, Gas, Water, and all kinds of plumbing. All work promptly done. Salem, Or. Leave orders with Dugan Bros. 418-19
CARPET-LAYING—I make a specialty of repairing and laying carpets. I have on hand and ready with great care, House Furniture, and all kinds of household goods. Leave orders with J. H. Linn, or Dugan Bros. 418-19
JOHN GRAY, Contractor and builder. I have a specialty in building a specialty. 458 Commercial street, Salem, Oregon.
E. P. HOEY, Barber and Hair dressing parlor. Finest baths in the city. 230 Commercial street, Salem.
PENSIONS
D. C. SHERMAN,
U. S. Pension and Claim Agent, P. O. box 27, Salem, Oregon. Deputy County Clerk. Write for blanks.
To Strawberry Growers.
The undersigned has constructed for large quantities of the Jumbo, (everlasting) winter strawberry variety, and is offering for sale the same at a very low price. The fruit is of a fine flavor and of a very early season. It is a very profitable berry. In Salem market from H. W. Savage, Salem, and J. W. Willard, Astoria. Write for particulars and prices. Catalogue free. Postage 1 cent. Also, ten of the "Strawberry Grower" for \$1.00. Address: HOPKIN, Oregon.

Full Dress Suits, Shirts and Neckwear, at BRASFIELD'S.