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The sun's shining to let in rain, but we DID STOP those high prices on Overcoats. We have a dandy coat for ten dollars, no better ever sold for fifteen dollars.

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An elegant line of OVERCOATS direct from the manufacturers which we are selling at astonishingly low prices. Call and see us.

B. FORSTNER & CO.

SALEM MARKET REPORT

A Synopsis of the Markets—Buying and Selling Prices.

REVISED QUOTATIONS.

RECEIVED PRICES.
Shoulder, Sugar cured, per lb., 12 1/2
Pork, Sugar cured, per lb., 10 1/2
Hams—Sugar cured, per lb., 10 1/2
Chests—Sugar cured, per lb., 10 1/2
Yams—10 1/2
Tomatoes—Per pound, 8c
Red clover seed—Per pound, 10c
White clover seed—Per pound, 10c
Alfalfa—Per ton, 10 1/2
Hay—Per ton, 10 1/2
Lime—Per ton, 10 1/2
Rye—Per bushel, 10 1/2
Wheat—Per bushel, 10 1/2
Corn—Per bushel, 10 1/2
Soybeans—Per bushel, 10 1/2
Clover—Per ton, 10 1/2
Straw—Per ton, 10 1/2
Hops—Per ton, 10 1/2

MANKIND DIE MOON.

I have a secret I will tell you. It is not good news, but it is always true. Sad truth it is and will be evermore. It is that most all mankind die poor. Our ancestors worked hard their bread to win. They had their sorrows, often mixed with sin. What comes so hard goes away from our store. Fatness and children often all die poor. Most men die poor—they did and always will. A few shall rule, the rest must serve with skill. A Joseph from the pit is lord of more. Than swarms of dark Egyptians dying poor.

Does farming pay? With wit and force combined. It surely is the farm that feeds mankind. Farmers are richer round the world I'm sure. But farmers often grumble, and die poor. Only to work and save makes wealth abound. A thousand ways to scatter tempt us round. A miracle is wrought with hope of more. And some get only that they should be poor. Ah, well who cares? All history surely tells. They who have money do not have all else. Each man may be a splendid soul I'm sure. Where Christ and all the apostles died so poor. All heaven's best gifts to men are freely given. Life, joy, love, song, worship and hope of heaven. Hosts of good fellows here and gone before. And toil's special blessing on the poor.

Eternal forces given to his control. (Not helping man to grow a splendid soul.) A miracle is wrought with hope of more. Tell me, how can eternal hope die poor? "Well—er—the fact is—I don't. I decided to go very suddenly that is—I couldn't find out about the stage." "Oh," said Miss Grenville. "I have no doubt it will be right," observed Marden, for want of anything better to say. "Oh, no doubt," said Miss Grenville, perhaps for the same reason. But when they arrived at the terminus of the road they found that it was not all right. The stage was there, but every available seat but one had been taken. It was growing late and Miss Grenville was in despair. "You might go and let your maid come in the morning," suggested Marden heroically.

The little combination freight and passenger train that runs from the entrance of the great Hoosac tunnel away up through the mountains along the bank of the Deerfield river waits patient on its narrow gauge side track until its larger contemporary from Boston comes up and empties out whatever of its freight and whoever of its passengers are destined for the little villages farther up in the mountains. As soon as the Fitchburg train has pulled out of the station and into the tunnel the smaller combination is left master of the field, and, after backing coquetishly from its side track with many a puff and flutter and much ringing of a not unattractive bell, it starts sturdily around the curve and begins its journey of twelve miles over an up-grade track.

One quiet evening in the earlier part of July a young woman, accompanied by a girl who seemed to act in the capacity of maid rather than companion, alighted from the 5 o'clock train from Boston, made some inquiries of an official at the Fitchburg station and then made her way across the tracks to the other train which was waiting respectfully at a distance. Just as the train from Boston was about to start a young man came hurriedly to the platform of the car, looked earnestly across the tracks and then disappeared inside the car to return a moment later with a tan leather satchel, an umbrella and a cane. He looked nervous and annoyed, but crossed the tracks and climbed into the single passenger car on the narrow gauge road. The car was a combination passenger and baggage car, and he climbed in at the baggage car end. Presently the train backed from the side track and started along its up-grade journey.

The young man took up a position before the open side door of the baggage end of the car and seemed to give himself up to admiration of the country through which they were passing, though he cast furtive glances into the other end of the car, where the young woman had taken her place. She was seated near the middle of the car, on the sunny side, and her maid was two or three seats behind her, with wraps and umbrellas and the various other paraphernalia that a fastidious young woman carries with her even on a short journey. Having made these observations the young man gave more perfect attention to the landscape and looked less frequently into the car proper. The girl was evidently unconscious of his presence, or at least unkindly of it. She looked steadily out of the window and seemed to be enjoying also the beautiful scenery.

But presently the young man began to grow more nervous and restive. He moved uneasily from his position to the open doorway and sat down on a box in the middle of the car. Then he went back to the door and leaned away out, looking up the track. Then he went back to the box again and arranged his four-in-hand nervously. Suddenly he got up and walked resolutely down the car to where the young woman was seated. He walked toward her in the manner of one who has determined to take a bath in very cold water and goes at it with his nerves at the sticking point and his eyes shut. The young woman was much interested in the landscape as he came up, and she did not notice him. He was obliged to call her attention.

"Grace," he said, "why did you throw me over?" Miss Grenville looked around as if for some avenue of escape, but none presented itself and she leaned back again in the carriage. "Perhaps," she said at length, "perhaps it is better to talk it over. Though

However, he pulled himself together and took the seat which she made for him beside her. "It used to be Frank," he said in answer to her "Mr. Marden." She laughed easily. "Oh, yes, but that was ever so long ago." "It was long ago," said the young man, "it seems an age."

"Miss Grenville made no reply. She sat there brown-eyed and self-contained, and presently looked out of the window again. The young man made another issue. "What on earth brings you to this forsaken region?" he asked. Miss Grenville looked at him inquiringly. "Is it forsaken?" she asked. "I think it is very pretty."

"Well, yes, pretty, but not well-exciting." "Do you like excitement?" asked Miss Grenville sweetly. "I do not, but you do—or used to." "Did I? I think I must have changed."

"Probably, you are changeable," said the young man very bitterly. The young woman made no reply. Marden looked uncomfortably at his boots for awhile, then he made a third attempt. "Will you please tell me where you are going, Grace?" he said. Miss Grenville turned slowly from the window.

"I think you had better call me Miss Grenville," she said. "Very well, Miss Grenville, will you please tell me where you are going?" "Certainly, I am going to visit my aunt at Wilmington. And you?" "I am going to Wilmington, too—on business."

"Are you? Then you must know about the coach from Readsboro." "Well—er—the fact is—I don't. I decided to go very suddenly that is—I couldn't find out about the stage." "Oh," said Miss Grenville. "I have no doubt it will be right," observed Marden, for want of anything better to say. "Oh, no doubt," said Miss Grenville, perhaps for the same reason.

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(hurriedly) you know it can never make any difference now." "Of course," admitted Marden, "I never dared to hope that." "It is very hard to tell," continued Miss Grenville.

"Did you ever care for me?" asked Marden. Miss Grenville looked at him with wondering eyes. "Do you think that I wanted to do it?" she said. Marden's face brightened, wonderfully. "Do you mean that somebody forced you to give me up?" he asked.

"No, only I had to. One can't marry anybody when that person isn't what they thought he was," said little Miss Grenville, getting confused in her generalization, but with a very convincing air. Marden made no answer and his companion continued. "You know I always said that I never could marry anybody who was not perfectly gentlemanly and—"

"Do you mean that I am not a gentleman?" said Marden. "Why, no, of course not. That was why I—why I liked you." "Oh!" "And I always thought you were the most perfect man in that respect."

"Thank you! I am very grateful; but will you tell me when it was that I failed to be what you thought me?" "And I always thought you were the most generous and unselfish man I ever knew, and I am certain that I never had any reason to change that idea."

"Well?" "And you know there was never any body else that I cared for." "Well?" "You were always so handsome and so brave and—and—yes, I will say it—and so loving."

"So you must see that I could not have wanted to do it." "Oh, but that does not explain why you did it." "I know it. Only it is so hard, and Frank, you are not helping me a bit."

"I don't see why I need to. You were independent enough to throw me over and make me miserable for life." "Have you been miserable, Frank?" "I think I have almost died," said Marden solemnly. "Have you? I have been miserable, too, Frank. And I have missed your steps and your voice and your laughter. I have missed your laugh very much, Frank."

"We used to have such pleasant times together, Grace." "Yes, and mother says that the house sounds so lonely without you in the evening." "I thought a great deal of your mother."



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By buying Drugs, Patent Medicine, Toilet Articles and Perfumery from **BROOKS & LEGG,** 100 State Street.

BREVETTES

CHATS ABOUT MEN.
The new lord justice general of Scotland is a preacher's son, and his name is James Patrick Bannerman Robertson. The colored ex-governor of Louisiana, P. B. S. Pinchback, is a man of martial bearing and speaks with considerable magnetism.

Mr. Eugene Winchett, who owns a street railway in Detroit, has ordered that workmen carrying dinner pails be allowed to ride free. Bailey Waggoner, a Kansas lawyer, who is one of Jay Gould's staff of railway counsel, used to earn his living in Aichison by saving wood.

Sheriff McLendon, of Memphis, says that the day before the battle of Shiloh he paid \$200 for a pair of boots, and in the light had a leg shot off. Webster Flanagan, now collector of the port at El Paso, is a small man of florid face, blue eyes and brown hair. He is an excellent lawyer, and possessed of very engaging manners.

William Abrams, of Philadelphia, smoked his first cigar on his seventeenth birthday. He now smokes two or three cigars a day, and enthusiastically avows that the use of tobacco is helping his eyesight. The Rev. Minot J. Savage, the Unitarian preacher of Boston, has for sixteen years been a member of the American Society for Psychical Research. In a recent lecture in San Francisco he declared his belief in mind reading.

Fortune played many a prank with Louis Prang, the famous chromo manufacturer, before she bestowed on him the smiles that have made him rich. At one time he sold out his entire business, after a year's hard work in Boston, for \$25.

Frank B. Sanborn, the philosopher, still lives in Concord, and is identified with the modern school of philosophy there. He is a tall, slender man, and when he appears in Boston is conspicuous for a broad brimmed, soft white hat and a big red flowing cravat. General Thomas A. Harris, of Louisville, saw hard service in Mexico, later on fought the Mormons at the head of a Missouri regiment, and then crossed the water to enter the Third Napoleon's army. At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion President Davis on three occasions offered him the Confederate war portfolio.

RAILROAD JOTTINGS.
The Iowa supreme court has decided that the Iowa Central, as successor to the Central Iowa, must operate the line between Manly Junction and Northwood. United States Circuit Judge Caldwell's decision, that the Northern Pacific is entitled to all the odd numbered sections in the limits of its grant in Idaho and Montana, it is believed will be worth \$20,000,000 to the company on account of mineral riches.

The locomotives in the United States, if coupled together, would make a train 300 miles long, the passenger cars would make 300 miles more and could carry 1,500,000 people. With the addition of all the freight cars the train would be more than 7,000 miles long. Conductor William W. Miller, of the Boston and Albany railroad, has ridden more than 2,000,000 miles while on duty during the forty-seven years he has been in the service of the road. He still conducts a train between Pittsfield and North Adams, as he has done since 1863. A passenger train on the Pan Handle is said to have made the run of nineteen miles from Kingston to Cambridge City, Ind., in eighteen minutes, including one stop of two minutes, making the actual running time sixteen minutes. This is a speed of seventy-one and a quarter miles per hour.

The organization of a company, made up of New York and Connecticut capitalists, has been perfected to build the Ives Branch road, from Danbury to the New York state line, where it will connect with another branch extending to the Harlem railroad, at Golden Bridge, Westchester county. The Sacramento Times says: "The bringing up of the pass system would increase the passenger earnings of the railroads 80 per cent, or more, and the next step would be to demand lower rates. By abolishing passes and requiring everybody to pay, the roads could well afford to give a rate of two cents a mile."



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Above we give our patrons the EARTH (in stove) and if this will not satisfy them we can furnish the barb wire to put a fence around it.

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Southern Pacific Route
Shasta Line
CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAINS—DUN BARRI BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. P.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.
West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis.
DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).

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EAST AND SOUTH
For tickets and full information regarding the above routes, apply to the Chicago & North Western Agents, 100 Commercial street, Salem, Oregon.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.
OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD
And Oregon Development Company
The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co's line to Astoria, and with the Yaquina & Willamette Valley lines to Astoria and Seaside.

Le Richa's Golden Balm
Le Richa's Golden Balm No. 1
Cures Chancres, Herpes, and second stage Syphilis, the most dangerous of diseases. Price 50 cents per Bottle.

Le Richa's Golden Balm
Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, and all the diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest. Price 50 cents per Bottle.

Le Richa's Golden Balm
Cures Rheumatism, Gout, and all the diseases of the Joints. Price 50 cents per Bottle.

"German Syrup"

A Cough For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children's troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.



DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE.
DISEASE in all forms, Palpitation, Atrial, Bristle, Depression, Aching, Swollen Ankles, Weak and Trembling Knees, Dropsy, Wind in Stomach, etc., cured by DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE. A new discovery by the eminent Indiana Specialist, A. J. Miles, M. D., after taking four bottles of MILES' HEART CURE felt better than he had for twelve years. He writes: "I was troubled with Heart Disease two bottles of DR. MILES' HEART CURE cured me. I feel like a new man." Sold by D. J. Fry, Druggist, Salem.

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AN AWFUL CHARGE.

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CLEAN!

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and drasiest manner, take them to the **SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY** where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner. **COLONEL J. OLMSTED,** Liberty Street.