

CENTAUR LINIMENTS.

One Kind for the Human Family. The other for Horses and Animals.

These Liniments are simply the wonder of the world. Their effects are little less than marvellous.

The White Liniment is for the human family. It will drive Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia from the system; cures Lumbago, Chills, Lockjaw, Palsy, Itch and most Cutaneous Eruptions; it extracts frost from frozen hands or feet, and the poison of bites and stings of venomous reptiles; it subdues swellings, and alleviates pain of every kind.

The Yellow Centaur Liniment is adapted to the tough muscles, cords and flesh of horses and animals. It has performed more wonderful cures, in three years, of Spavin, Strain, Wind-galls, Scatches, Sweeney, and general Lameness, than all other remedies in existence.

Every owner of horses should give the CENTAUR LINIMENT a trial. We consider it the best article ever used in our stables.

The best patrons of this Liniment are Farmers and Veterinary Surgeons, who are continually using some Liniment. It heals Galls, Wounds and Poll-evil, removes Swellings, and is worth millions of dollars annually to Farmers, Livery-men, Stock-growers, Sheepraisers, and those having horses or cattle.

What a Farrier cannot do for \$20 the Centaur Liniment will do at a trifling cost.

These Liniments are sold by all dealers throughout the country. They are warranted by the proprietors, and a bottle will be given to any Farrier or Physician who desire to test them.

Laboratory of J. B. ROSE & Co., 46 Day St., New York.

HONEY.

Pitcher's Castoria is a complete substitute for Castor Oil, and is as pleasant to take as Honey. It is particularly adapted to Teething and Irritable children. It destroys worms, assimilates the food, regulates the Stomach, and cures Wind Colic.

FOR BUYING AND FORWARDING FROM New York via Isthmus, Pacific Railroad, and Cape Horn, all kinds of Merchandise, and for the sale of Products from the Pacific Coast, for the collection of money, &c.

J. A. STRATTON, Attorney at Law, SALEM, OREGON.

Final Settlement. NOTICE is hereby given that J. M. Brown, Administrator of the Estate of Joseph A. Wright, has this day filed his final account, and Saturday, the 14th day of April, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day has been fixed for hearing the same.

ATTENTION SHEEP GROWERS!! CARBOLIC SHEEP DIP. MANUFACTURED BY W. L. KRODT & CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Scab, Screw Worm, AND ALL Parasites that infest Sheep. IT IS SAFER, BETTER AND VASTLY CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR THE TREATMENT OF SHEEP. IT Improves the Health OF THE ANIMAL, AND THE QUALITY OF THE WOOL.

One gallon is enough for one hundred to two hundred Sheep, according to their age, strength, and condition. It is put up in FIVE-GALLON CANS—Price, \$12 per can. Send for circular, to T. A. DAVIS & Co., PORTLAND, OREGON, Wholesale Agents for the State. Or to your nearest Retail Druggist.

Oregon Weather.

The rain comes dropping, dropping down, All o'er our fertile meadows, All o'er the woodland pastures brown, And 'mid the mountain shadows.

Sometimes it patters and it pours, It fills the streams and hollows, And down the riven hill-sides roars, And o'er the sunken fallows.

Sometimes the folds of murky mist Above the hill-tops lower, Or fields by double rainbows kissed Seem grateful for the shower.

In many forms the blessed rain Brings comfort or brings leisure, Which, earned by hard fair-weather work, We take with double pleasure.

No wish have we to growl or fret At this the wealth-bestowing. The means by which returns we get For reaping and for mowing.

'Tis true some joys of North or South Are for this cause denied us, But cold or drought will shut the mouth Of him who would deride us.

For health and peace and sure return For well-directed labors Make us content, nor will we burn With envy of our neighbors.

Then hip! hurrah! for homes and hearts, Nor would we from them sever; Our sunny Summer's long enough— Our webfoot land forever!

Of the stars which have been studied, we know the distance of 20. Among these we may signalize Sirius, a sun 2,688 times larger than our own, surrounded by a system of heavenly bodies, several of which are already known, and distance from us 82,000,000,000 miles; the Polar star, which is a double star, distance 292,000,000,000 miles, and Capella, distance 425,000,000,000—a space which is traversed by light in 71 years and eight months, so that the luminous ray which reaches us from this fine star in 1876, must have started out in 1805. Capella might have been extinguished in 1806, but we should see it still. It might go out, today, and the inhabitants of the earth would continue to admire it in their heavens until 1948. Conversely, if there existed on the planets gravitating round Capella, minds whose transcendent vision could thence descry our little earth, lost as it is amid the sun's rays, they would now see the earth of the year 1803, and would see it years, eight months behindhand in its history. These are the stars that are nearest to us. The others are incomparably more remote. There are stars whose light cannot reach us in less than 100, 1,000, or 10,000 years, though light travels at the rate of 185,000 miles per second.

INGERSOLL ON HARD MONEY.—There is another question, and that is the remonetization of silver. I do not know how you feel about it in New York, and I care just as little as I know, except for the general good. We are a silver producing nation. For what earthly reason will we slander our own wages? Silver is good enough for me; it is good enough for you. It will buy bread; it will buy labor; and anything on earth that will buy bread and labor is good enough to pay a debt. I want to see good times coming back to this country; I do not want to see everything given up to the persons they are pleased to call the creditors of this Government. I want them to have every dollar that is coming to them. If we have agreed to pay them in coin, let us pay just as soon as we can, every dollar, in coin; but I want it to be understood that the debtor is as good as the creditor, and that the man who takes his coupon down to the bank every morning at 10 o'clock is no better than the man who has dug in the snow and the cold for his dollar.

PREMIUMS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS. Quite a number of persons have availed themselves of our offer to allow a year's subscription to any one who will send us three new names, of subscribers who will pay their subscriptions in advance or within the year, so we repeat the proposition for the benefit of our readers.

Any person procuring three new subscribers who will pay in advance or will pay within the year, can have their own copy free for the present year.

It is of course advisable to send the money with the names where practicable, but where it is desired we can wait until next Fall.

Any one not a subscriber can have the FARMER one year on the same terms.

Those of our friends who are in arrears can have a year's credit on account for every three subscribers procured for the FARMER.

All will of course understand that we cannot credit them until the subscriptions they send are paid up.

As we cannot afford to pay traveling agents, we make this liberal proposal to any and all persons, whether they are subscribers of the FARMER or not.

Times being a little hard, just keep this matter in mind and save something for yourselves as well as help us.

Do all members of your Grange or Lodge, and all your responsible neighbors take the FARMER? If not, why not? If they will take it, you can make a commission by sending in their names.

Beaver Glen Nursery.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF Fruit Trees AND SMALL FRUITS.

G. W. HUNT, Proprietor, S'UBMITTY, Marion Co. Or Feb 23

SPECTACLES, SPECTACLES! For Old and Young.

Far-Sighted and Near-Sighted. Shooting-Glasses for Sportsmen. STEEL, SILVER, AND GOLD FRAMES.

I AM prepared to supply Spectacles to fit all eyes, at prices to suit. W. W. HARTEN, Jeweler & Optician, Bank Block, State St. Salem, May 19, 1876.

The George S. Wright.

VICTORIA, B. C., April 4.—The gunboat Rocket arrived to night from the north, where she went seven days ago to inquire into the alleged massacre of 15 people belonging to the wrecked American steamship George S. Wright, in 1874.

From Sergeant Bloomfield, of the Victoria police, we learn that two Kinisgut and two Wakenas were arrested at Kinisgut on suspicion of being implicated in the massacre of the passengers of the George S. Wright, and brought down on the war vessel. At Kinisgut village, at the head of Dean's canal, the officers were fired at by the Indians. The next morning the Rocket shelled and burnt the village to the ground. Sergeant Bloomfield, from inquiries made and facts revealed, feels confident that some of the crew and passengers reached the shore alive, and were afterward murdered in cold blood.

VICTORIA, B. C., April 5.—The most sorrowful page in the story of the wreck of the G. S. Wright, in 1874, remains to be written. The Colonist has a few additional particulars of the massacre of a portion of her passengers and crew by the Indians and the destruction of the Indian village. The officers learned enough to convince them that several of the shipwrecked persons got ashore and were murdered by the natives. The story is to the purport that a number of white men came ashore in a boat; that they had with them a box in which were many papers and a large sum of money in gold and silver. They bargained with a party of Kinisgut Indians, who were bound to Victoria to take them to Port Rupert for seven dollars each. The white men were without arms, and when night came and all were asleep, the Indians murdered and threw the bodies into the sea after stripping them of everything of value. The money in the box was divided by the savages, who then came on to Victoria and spent the coin.

An Indian woman says she picked up the head of a white man on the beach at Cape Caution a few months ago. The wreck was told to put it down again, and say nothing about having found it. The officers found no property belonging to the Wright, except portions of the wreck which probably drifted ashore.

With respect to the destruction of the village, we learn that Sergeant Bloomfield landed with three others from the Rocket, and demanded four men who are suspected of complicity in the murders. The Indians came out and refused to give up the men. The party then secured two of the suspected savages and made for the boat. They were fired on but got back to the ship safely. Captain Harris then gave the tribe six hours in which to surrender the men. After the lapse of six hours, he extended the time three hours longer. He then fired blank cartridge and the Indians ran away. The village was then shelled and afterwards burned, and the two men secured. No one was killed.

AN IMPERATIVE DECISION.—Judge Shattuck recently rendered a decision involving the constitutionality of the Lock Bill passed by the last legislature, and the State power in regard thereto. The question arose on a writ of mandamus sued out by the board of canal commissioners to compel the Willamette Transportation and Locks Co. to furnish certified lists of tons of freight and number of passengers passing through the locks in accordance with the provisions of the lock bill. Judge Shattuck held that it was a reasonable requirement and within the general power of the State to provide for the public interest and welfare of the same. In close connection with the principle involved in the above case is the recently announced decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Munn vs The People of Illinois, which reached here since the above case.

Judge Shattuck decided that Illinois law to be valid. The principle is enunciated that when private property is devoted to a use in which the public has an interest, the effect is to grant to the public an interest in that use, and it must submit to be controlled by the public for the common good to the extent of the interest thus created. Thus invoking the same principle upon which States regulate the exercise of business and occupation of hackmen, innkeepers, ferrymen, etc. The last Albany Law Journal pronounces it a leading decision, and that it will take rank in the Reports with the well known Dartmouth College case.—Oregonian.

NOTE.—The Oregonian is mistaken in the date of the Supreme Court decision referred to, as it was received here before Judge Shattuck rendered his decision.

Chico Assassins Indicted.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 5.—A press dispatch from Oroville says the grand jury to-day presented a report after a brief session of three days and a half. They find indictments against E. R. Roberts, John and Chas. Slaughter, F. W. Stainbrook and F. E. Conway, for murder of each of the four Chinamen killed at Lemm's ranch near Chico; for arson against Wright, Jones and Fay, the three Slaughter boys, Roberts and Conway; for attempt to commit arson against Roberts, John and Chas. Slaughter and Holderbaum. Those charged with arson will probably be arraigned on Saturday, and the trials will commence on the 16th inst. The report of the grand jury closes as follows: "We find there has been in existence in our midst an organized band of inhuman assassins whose crimes may be compared to those of the worst criminals ever brought to justice, and we believe that some of them are still at large. We urge upon those whose duty it is to pursue with relentless vigor every clue to their identity and punishment." A great deal of dissatisfaction is expressed at what is considered the hasty and superficial manner in which the jury has conducted its inquiry, very little effort having been made to secure the indictment of a number of prisoners, including several members of the council of nine, who have been set at liberty and have returned to Chico. A correspondent hints that by virtue of their presence there additional items of interest may soon be expected.

Cleopatra's needle is to be removed from Alexandria to England. Cleopatra having finished her sewing and having no further use for it. An iron cylinder is to be built around it, ninety-five feet long by fifteen in diameter, and when the obelisk has been wedged in, and the cylinder made water tight, the whole affair will be rolled in the sea. It will then be provided with two bilge keels, a rudder, light spar deck, mast and lug sail, an anchor and good chain cables, and, if necessary, a pump, in case of leakage. The cylinder will then be fit to go to any part of the world with its freight, and in any weather. The cost of the operation is estimated at \$15,000 which will be increased to \$50,000, by the time the obelisk is placed in position on the pedestal already prepared for it.

THE ORPHANS' HOME.

In a small village on one of the most barren districts of the West of Ireland there lived a very poor widow, whose sole inheritance from her husband were two healthy children, girls, of the respective ages of three and five. Painfully and by the utmost effort she had contrived to pass two years of her sorrowful widowhood. Bad and scanty food, obtained only by labor too great for her delicate frame, had at last thrown her upon her sick-bed, and death, in pity, removed her in a few days and without great suffering, from her earthly troubles. The poverty of the whole parish was so great that nothing could be done for the poor orphans.

"If the children could only be got to Kilburn"—a village some miles distant said one of the neighbors, after the poor mother had been buried, "a brother of their father lives there, and he could not possibly refuse to take care of them."

So a carrier, who was going near to Kilburn, as an act of charity, took the two girls—Lizzie was seven now, and Mary was five—in his cart with him. Toward noon they reached the spot where the cart would turn off. The man lifted them out, showed them the road, and bid them go straight forward.

"I am so hungry," sobbed Mary. "We have had nothing to eat all day." And again they both began to cry; for Lizzie was equally hungry.

The children were very weak, and could only drag themselves slowly along. Hand in hand they tottered on. At last Lizzie saw a house. With hesitating steps they entered the yard, for they had never begged before, in spite of their former misery. But at this moment they could not think of nothing else than their terrible hunger. The children, terrified, stood still at the door until an angry voice ceased. Then Lizzie opened the door and both children entered. The farmer sat in an arm-chair by the fire.

"Well, what do you want?" he harshly asked the children, who were too frightened to utter a word and to tell their errand. "Can't you speak?" he asked, more roughly.

Lizzie at last took courage, and said, gently: "Oh, if you would be so good as to give us the least bit to eat—a small piece of bread a few potatoes."

"I thought so," shouted the farmer; "I was sure you were nothing but beggars, although you do not seem to belong to this neighborhood. We have plenty of those here, and we do not want them to come from other parts. We have not bread for ourselves in these hard times. You will get nothing here. Be off, this moment!"

The children, both dreadfully frightened, began to cry bitterly.

"We have not eaten a morsel the whole day," pleaded Lizzie. "We are so tired that we cannot move a step. If you would but give us the least bit to eat, we are so hungry."

"I have told you I would not. Beggars get nothing here."

The farmer got up with a threatening look. Lizzie quickly opened the door and drew her sister with her. The children again stood in the barnyard, but knew not what to do. Suddenly little Mary drew her hand from her sister's clasp and went to the other side of the yard; there was a fierce dog chained, his dinner stood before him in a wooden basin. Mary put her hand in the basin and began to eat with the dog. Lizzie went nearer and saw that in the basin there was some liquor in which a few pieces of bread and some boiled potatoes were floating. She, likewise, could not resist; she had but one feeling—that of the most gnawing hunger; she took some of the bread and potatoes, and ate them greedily.

The dog, not accustomed to such guests, looked at the children; he drew back, then sat down and left them his dinner, of which he had eaten but very little. At this moment, the farmer stepped into the yard; he wished to see whether the children had really left, and when he saw this singular scene he was amazed. The dog was noted for his fierceness, and feared alike by old and young. He was obliged to be constantly chained, and no one dared to come near him except his master. Even the servant put his food before him in a most cautious manner. In the first moment the man thought of nothing but the fearful danger in which the children were, and walking quickly toward them exclaimed:

"Don't you see the dog? He will tear you to pieces!"

But suddenly he stopped as if rooted to the ground; the dog had got up again and gone near the children; then he looked at his master and wagged his tail. It seemed as if he wished to say: "Don't drive my guests away!"

At that slight a great change came over the man; the spectacle before him acted like an electric shock, and feelings such as he never had before, seemed to stir within him.

The children had risen, terrified at the call of the man, and, fearful of punishment for having eaten, came with down-cast eyes. At last, after seventy minutes' silence, the farmer said:

"Are you really so fearfully hungry that you do not even despise the dog's food? Come in, then, you shall have something to eat, and as much as you like." And then taking them by the hand he led them into the house, calling out to the servant, "Biddy, get some hot bread and milk, and be quick, for these children."

The dog had shamed his master—the

brute had shamed the man. He seated the children at the table, sat down by them, and kindly asked them their names, which they gave him.

"Do you know my name, children?" "No," replied Lizzie.

"How happened it, then, that you have come to me?" he asked. "Has any one sent you to me?"

"Nobody has sent us," replied Lizzie. "We were to go to Kilburn, where a brother of our father lives, and they said he would gladly receive us. But I do not believe it, for our mother always said he is a hard-hearted man, who does not care for his relations."

"Your mother was quite right when she said so," said the farmer. "But what will you do if this hard-hearted man does not receive you?"

"Then we will have to starve," answered Lizzie.

"No, no!" exclaimed the man, quickly. "It shall never come to that—never! Dry your tears. The merciful God has had pity on your helplessness, and has made use of a fierce brute to soften the heart of your uncle, and therefore he will never forsake you—never."

The children looked at the man in bewilderment; they did not quite understand what he said—his words and his behavior were alike strange to them. This he soon perceived, for he said: "You are going to Kilburn to Patrick Sullivan; you are already there! I am your uncle, and now that I know that you are the children of my brother Martin, I make you welcome."

The children's tears quickly changed into smiles, and the meal which Biddy just put on the table for them made them forget their grief. A kind Providence had directed the children's steps, but if the dog had not taught the man a lesson of kindness, who knows what might after all become of the poor orphans.—Salem Argus.

A man was landed at the ferry dock yesterday, dripping wet, and shivering till the rattle of his teeth could be heard forty feet away. When taken into a saloon to thaw out some one passed around the hat, remarking that the victim was a poor man. The man two whom the hat came first called out: "Where was it that you fell into the river?" "On the Canadian side," was the reply. "Then not one cent from me," continued the man. "It is every true patriot's duty to succor those who fall into American waters, but I'll be hanged if I'm going to help run two countries! And the collection amounted to only four cents."

An intemperate printer is a typographical error. Retiring early at night will surely shorten a man's days. As you cannot avoid your own company make it as good as possible.

"Sir you have broken your promise." "Oh, never mind! I can make another." The motto of the Chinese race is "No chin chin." It is a good motto for any one.

Have more than thou showest, speak less than thou knowest, lend less than thou owest. There is a general falling off of little boys who try to ride on the behind end of a street car.

A burning barn in Germany so warmed up an orchard that the trees bore new leaves and blossoms. The man who sang "Cub, oh, cub wid me," is supposed to have been in the habit of going out bear-headed.

Because a man who attends a flock of sheep is a shepherd, makes it no reason that a man who keeps cows should be a coward. "Doctor, please cut along the seam," said an affectionate wife to a physician, who was cutting open her apoplectic husband's shirt.

A man out West, who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the judge if he had any incumbrance on his farm. "Oh, yes," said he, "my wife."

Set your mark high in the world, and then move toward it. Do not wait for somebody to lift you up to the place you aspire to—lift yourself. Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, abuse and evil speaking, slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitalities in a hearty and appreciative manner; if you give offence, have the manliness to apologise; infuse as much elegance as possible into your acts and thoughts; avoid vulgarities, and you will grow in the respect of others.

Bates says, "Early to rye, and late to bed, melts a fortune and busts your head." Italians prefer snails to oysters. Perhaps because the lazy-roni people can catch them easier. Farmers never wait idly for something to turn up. They just take a plow and force business.

A nation has no judgment till it can judge itself. And this great advantage is of late attainment. Vanity is as ill at ease under indifference as tenderness is under a love which it cannot return. We cannot be too thankful even for small mercies, but we may be troubled about small miseries.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely, pass it to another. "Babies after having taken one bottle of my soothing syrup will never cry any more," says a celebrated compounder of soothing syrups.

The man who wears gum shoes has no music in his sole. The infant bridge at Brooklyn is being put up on cradle wires. When diphtheria is about, all babies should kick against being kissed. Shopkeepers who sell goods on Sunday put up their shutters for a blind. Even a false set of teeth may have a silver lining. Two of a trade seldom agree. Health and mirth create beauty.