Current Literature.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

He owned the farm—at least 'twas thought
  He owned it, since he lived upon it—
And when he came there, with him brought
  The men whom he hired to run it.

He had been bred to city life
  And had acquired a little money;
But, strange conceit, himself and wife
  Thought farming must be something funny.

He did not work himself at all,
  But spent his time in recreation—
In pitching quoits and playing ball,
  And such mild form of dissipation.

He kept his "rods" and trolling spoons,
  His gun and dogs of various habits,—
While in the fall he hunted coons,
  And in the winter skunks and rabits.

His hired help was quick to learn
  The liberties that might be taken,
And through the season scarce would earn
  The salt it took to save their bacon.

He knew no more than a child unborn,
  One-half the time, what they were doing.—
Whether they stuck to hoeing corn,
  Or had on hand some mischief brewing.

His crops, although they were but few,
  With proper food were seldom nourished,
While cockle instead of barley grew,
  And noxious weeds and thistles flourished.

His cows in spring looked more like rails
  Set up on legs, than living cattle;
And when they switched their dried up tails
  The very bones would in them rattle.

At length the sheriff came along,
  Who soon relieved him of his labors,
While he became the jest and song
  Of his more enterprising neighbors.

Back to the place where life began,
  Back to the home from whence he wandered
A sader if not a wiser man
  He went, with all his money squandered.

A Fellow Passenger.

It was the second week in October last, and I had returned from a delightful Continental campaign when urgent family matters necessitated my immediate presence in Ireland.

"I shall have to start by the 8.25 from Euston to-night," I remarked to a clerical friend who had just dropped in to welcome me back to London.

"I'll come and see you off," he replied promptly. "But it is too bad to lose you so soon after your return."

"I don't suppose I shall be very long in Ireland," I remarked, again reading over the letter in my hand. "Although I might stay and go and hear some of those trials that are coming on soon."

I had so much to see to during the few hours at my disposal that Mr. Chasuble soon took his departure, promising to call for me in time for the Irish mail. I waited until the last minute, but he did not put in an appearance. Finally, not a little piqued at being so treated, I went off, like the independent woman I am, and scon myself and my travelling impedimenta were comfortably ensconced in a second-class carriage at Euston. I had the compartment all to myself, upon which I congratulated my lucky stars, as I had observed that the three or four other second-class carriages were pretty fully occupied. Looking at my watch, I found that it yet wanted eight minutes to the time of starting, and I decided to walk up the platform and give a look round for my faithless friend.

Sure enough, there he was, hurrying down the platform. He was profuse in his apologies. I forget what they were, but I believe I considered his excuses valid, and forgave his breach of faith.

"Going the whole way, miss?" inquired a guard, approaching us and touching his cap.

"Yes," I replied. "I am going over by the Holyhead mail to Dublin."

"Thank you, miss;" and he walked away.

"I am so glad, Mr. Chasuble," I said, "that I have got a compartment all to myself, as I like to take off my hat, tie my head in a shawl, and lie down and make myself comfortable."

"Quite so," he assented. "I see them putting in the foot-warmers; don't you think you had better take your seat?"

He was looking into the carriages as he was speaking, and passed the one in which my rugs and shawls were deposited.

"Which is your carriage?" he asked, peering into each one. "They all seem to be more or less occupied."

"This is mine," I replied, indicating the carriage he had just passed. "What a nuisance!" I added, in an undertone. "There is some man in the far corner; he has come in since I got out."

Two minutes more and the train steamed slowly out of the station. Mr. Chasuble walked by the side of the carriage, and I kept chatting to him out of the window, until at last he could come no farther. I drew up the window, drew down the blinds, and seated myself near the lamp, in order to improve my mind by the perusal of the last number of London Society, and scarcely glanced at my traveling companion. Presently, there is no use of denying it, I began to feel very hungry. The mental pabulum had not refreshed me physically, and I longed to attack the sandwiches with which I had been careful to provide myself.

I laid down the paper, retreated into my corner, and looked at my companion. I was in the corner of the opposite seat, at the far end of the compartment. Suddenly it struck me there was something odd in the way in which he was wrapped up on the seat. He was evidently a tall, powerful man, I could see that plainly. He sat with his back on a line with the door, and his legs stretched out on the seat. I noticed that he wore a tall hat, rather sloutched over his forehead, a la a certain noble marquis on the ministerial benches when he is meditaing an attack upon an Irish unconvincable. He wore a heavy, dark overcoat, inside of which was folded a soft, warm-looking white cashmere handkerchief; his hands were beneath the well tucked in warm rugs with which he was enveloped from his waist to his feet, and his eyes were closed. I congratulated myself upon the latter fact, and furtively opened my paper of sandwhiches.

My companion, apparently, slept on soundly; he never moved a muscle. He might have been a wax figure of a good-looking man of about forty, with a short brown beard and slight mustache. My own impression is that I am somewhat of a romantic nature, at least my friends call it romantic, my enemies hysterical, and I could not avoid giving rein to my imagination and there was something uncanny in the way in which this wax or wooden man sat there for over two mortal hours and made no movement. Not even the faintest flicker of an eyelid demonstrated whether he were alive or dead.

All this time I had not lain down. I had been dipping into the magazine at intervals, but, feeling tired. I proceeded to take off my hat, tie a little woollen shawl around my head, and then settled myself on the seat in very much the same position as my motionless fellow traveler. There I sat looking at him. I was almost fascinated by him. I began to think of all the horrible crimes I had ever heard of in connection with railway traveling, and I wondered if this man were only pretending to be asleep, and that when I was off my guard, he would suddenly rob me, and perhaps murder me. Or could it be that he really was dead, and in some way or other his murderers had managed to place him in the carriage? I also surmised he might be under the influence of some narcotic; and even more ridiculous thoughts forced their way into my brain. But one resolution I firmly resolved to adhere to—I would not fall asleep on any account whatever.

We stoped at a station for a minute or two. I drew aside the blind and looked out. The mailbags were handed in, off we went with the speed of the wind, yet my companion made no sign. Like the majority of human beings, I regret to say, I took my part in macadamising Hades, for, despite my good resolutions, I succumbed to the blandishments of the drowsy god, and was soon fast asleep.

Some time or other during my life I had read a book on the philosophy of dreams, in which the writer said that dreams, no matter what period of time they seemed to have extended over, always occured at the moment of waking. I cannot vouch for the theory. I only know that I began to dream my fellow traveller was standing over me, that he was dragging off my muffling; and so vivid and real was my terror that I started up with a little scream, to find my heavy railway-rug slipping off me from the oscillation of the carriage, and, glancing at my companion, to perceive that his hat was slightly raised and his eyes were wide open.

Yet his position was unchanged, so were his traveling rugs. They were not in any way affected by the motion of the train. Apparently he never took the least notice of my scream, but stared calmly at me with a pair of the most mournful-looking, beautiful, fawn-like, soft, brown eyes it had ever been my lot to behold in the head of any human being.

I again settled myself on the seat, and tried to concentrate my attention upon one of the discarded magazines. But it was all of no use. Ever and anon my restless, inquisitive eyes wandered from the pages before me, and rested upon the man at the end of the compartment. The large, beautiful, brown eyes were yet fixed upon me. Now and again the lids dropped heavily over them; but whenever the eyelids were raised, he surveyed me with the same strange mournful gaze.

Suddenly the speed of the train became slower, and, pulling myself together, I tried to recollect the next station we were to stop at. I had an indistinct idea that we had passed Stafford; if so, the next station would be Chester. The fixed stare of the motionless man was making me thoroughly nervous; therefore, as I knew the train delayed for a few minutes at Chester, I determined to call the guard and to change carriages.

We drew up at the platform, and I hurriedly put on my hat and pulled up the blind. But as I did so I recollected how crowded the other carriages were and I certainly had no valid excuse for wishing to shift my quarters. Yet it was humiliating to think that I, Aspasia Bricka, honorary secretary to the British Spinster's Society for the Repression of Man, should be thus cowed by the eye of one of those whom I had vowed to bring into subjection!

While I deliberated I lost my opportunity. The engine gasped, snorted and away we were again whirled into the darkness of the night. I did not settle myself to sleep again. I felt too painfully wide awake to do so. There I sat, with my hands in the pockets of my ulster, my feet on the now stone-cold foot warmer, and my eyes on the eyes of the man in the corner, who fascinated me as though he were a snake, and I some helpless animal he wanted to lure.

Should I speak to him? I asked myself. So maddeningly restless did I become that I could not sit still. I stood up, let down the window and again looked out. From having so often travelled by the same route, I knew quite well the part of the journey we had arrived at. We were rushing through Wales, and I knew there was no stoppage until the tickets were collected. I sat down again, and another half-hour passed away in the same manner, without my having mustered up courage enough to address my fellow-traveller. I closed my eyes to shut out the gaze of his, when I was aroused by a thunderous roar.

I started up. My companion was motionless as before, although we were careering madly through the great tubular bridge over the Menal Straits. My heart was beating violently, and when we had got some little distance upon terra firma again I rose, walked up to him and said:

"Don't you find this long railway journey very fatiguing?"

Perhaps he thought the question too inane a one to reply to, for he did not seem to hear me. But I was not to be baffled, and I returned to the attack.

"You must find it particularly tiresome sitting in the one position," I said, in my most dulcet and insinuating tones.

No reply, but the dark, soft, mournful eyes looked into mine. Flesh and blood—at least my flesh and blood—could stand it no longer. I seized his arm, gave it a good shake, and almost shrieked:

"What is the matter with you? Are you mad, or dead, or something on wires?"

At my touch the hitherto motionless figure seemed as though galvanized into life. Slowly he withdrew his hands, slowly he divested himself of his rugs, slowly he rose from his seat and stood calmly before me—a man of splendid physique, with his arms hanging loosely by his sides.

There he stood, and there I stood looking at him. He swayed to and fro a little from the motion of the carriage, but he did not attempt to grasp at anything to steady himself.

"O!" I exclaimed, in some trepidation, "I hope I have not disturbed you! Won't you sit down again?," I inquired hospitably, touching his arm.

Instead of which, the colossal figure followed me down the compartment several steps. Not a muscle on his face moved, and his eyes were yet fastened upon me. I retreated into my corner, terror-stricken, whilst over me stood this stony-looking Frankenstein which I had raised, and had not the power to lay.

I am ashamed to confess that several times I almost lost all control over myself, and very nearly fainted. At length the train stopped, and a clergyman and the guard entered the carriage, where I sat more dead than alive.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the clergyman, in a distressed voice, "I hope my poor brother did not annoy you. We did not think he would move; he never does unless touched."

"I put him here," said the guard, "because there was only this lady, and she was going the whole way. I wouldn't, of course, put him where there were a lot of passengers."

I told my story. The clergyman told me that of my Frankenstein. Twice a year the latter made the same journey, being placed in a carriage at one end of the route, and met by some one at the other end. He lived six months at a time with each of his brothers—one lived in Londen and one in Wales. He was their eldest brother, and he was—deaf, dumb and blind!—E. Owens Blackburne in London Society.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.—Adv. 8marly

RUSSIAN MULBERRY

The most valuable tree in the Northern States for

SILK CULTURE

producing food for silk worms that is unsurpassed. Also valuable as a fruit, timber and ornamental tree. **Also the largest list of FREST TREES and PLANTS, for Mailing in the United states. Send for price list.** I think I can convince you that it is for your interest to order of me. Address:
22feb6t G. F. CLARK, ODELL, NEB.

THE WELL KNOWN

MITCHELL WAGON,

..... ALSO .....

THE SAME MAKE OF

SPRING WAGONS, BUCK BOARDS, PHAETONS and BUGGIES.

Mitchell, Lewis & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS.

Pacific Coast Branch—192 and 194 Front St., Portland, Oregon.

W. H. MITCHELL, Manager.

Bridges & Rosch, Salem | W. H. Golter, Albany
Smith & Cox, Eugene, | W. F. Owens, Roseburg.
mmly

LIFE LOANS AT 4 PER CENT.

Principal and interest payable on Demand in Gold.

We negotiate mortgages on improved farms only, and then only parties who have use for money for a term of years, preferring those who desire to pay back a portion of the principal annually, thereby reducing interest and expense. Address, with full particulars, stating amount required, etc., JOHN H. SCHULTZ, Portland, Oregon.

Address, TAYLOR BRO. CO. (Please Mention this Paper.) Chambersburg, Pa.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, English or French, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp and naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. n9m

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

The Best is the Cheapest.

Safety! Economy!! Certainty of Good Results!!!

These qualities are of prime importance in the selection of a preparation for the hair. Do not experiment with new remedies which may do harm rather than good; but profit by the experience of others. Buy and use with perfect confidence an article which everybody knows to be good. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER will not disappoint you.

PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Sold by all Druggists.

DR. JAYNE'S AGUE MIXTURE.

A CERTAIN AND EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR

Fever and Ague, Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, &c.

This class of diseases so common in all parts of the World, and especially prevalent in malarious districts and vicinage of water-courses, are almost invariably accompanied by more or less derangement of the liver, and frequently by a defective action of the digestive organs.

The mere breaking of the Chill is but a step towards completing a radical cure; the various organs of the body, especially the stomach and liver, must be brought to a healthy and vigorous condition before a permanent cure can be established, and this fact has been specially kept in view by Dr. Jayne in his treatment of these complaints. The use of Jayne's Ague Mixture, in conjunction with Jayne's Sanative Pills, as prescribed in the Directions which accompany each bottle, will not only

BREAK UP THE CHILLS,

but restore the system, more particularly the liver and stomach, to a sound condition, and so prevent a relapse of Fever and Ague by thoroughly

ERADICATING THE DISEASE,

and the best evidence of this is the invariable success which has always followed the administration of these remedies, as attested by the certificates published annually in Dr. Jayne's Almanac, and the wide-spread popularity of the Ague Mixture in those districts of the United States, where the diseases, for which it is adapted, most prevail.

For sale by Hodge, Davis & Co., Agents.

1850. 33 Years Practical Experience. 1883.

John A. Child & Co., DRUGGIST

AND DEALERS IN

Drugs, Chemicals Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Sponges, Soaps and rubber Goods.

Corner Morrison & Second Sts.

PORTLAND, - ORE.

Special attention paid to orders by mail, when accompanied by cash. angly

Caldwell, Becker & Licke.

LARGE STOCK OF NEW GOODS!

Dry Goods,
Fancy Goods,
Furnishing Goods,
Boots, Shoes,
Hats and Caps.

We aim to build up our trade by selling GENUINE GOODS OF THE BEST QUALITY ONLY, at prices from

10 to 25 Per Cent Less

than the same goods can be sold for on credit.

THE GENUINE ONE-PRICE CASH STORE!

Opposite Chemeketa Hotel, Salem, Oregon.

45 FINE MIXED CHROMO CARDS, name on in all styles type, 10cts.; 6 packs, 50cts, by mail postpaid. Stamps taken. Address:
1feb6m IRA A. PHELPS, Newport, Oregon.

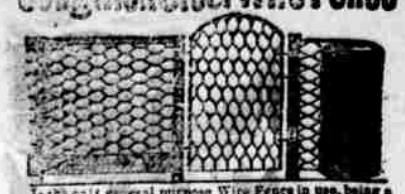
Weak Nervous Men

Whose debility, enhancedpotency, premature decay and failure to perform duty, combine properly are caused by excesses, or secret habits, will find a perfect cure, and vigorous manhood restored to sufferers, healthy and vigorous manhood restored to sufferers. THE MARSTON BOLUS, another discovery, a marvelous improvement. This treatment of Nervous Debility and Physical Decay is generally based on the known physical laws, new and direct methods and remedies therefore. Full information and Treatise free. Address Consulting Physician of MARSTON REMEDY CO., 45 W. 14th St., New York

USE ROSE PILLS

LANG'S LIVE SEEDS. MOTHERS GROWN, THOROUGHLY TESTED. Flower Vegetable and Field. 20,000 Catalogues free. Send names of your friends. FRED. H. LANG, Rochester, N.Y.

Sedgwick Steel Wire Fence



Is the only general purpose Wire Fence in use, being a Strong Net-Work Without Barbs. It will turn dogs, pigs, sheep, and poultry, as well as the most vicious stock, without injury to either fence or stock. It is just the fence for farms, gardens, stock ranges and railroads, and very neat for lawns, parks, school lots and cemeteries. Covered with rust-proof paint (or galvanized) it will last a lifetime. It is superior to Boards or Barbed Wire in every respect. We ask for it a fair trial, knowing it will wear itself into favor. The Sedgwick Gates, made of wrought-iron pipe and steel wire, defy all competition in neatness, strength and durability. We also make the best and cheapest All Iron Automatic or Self-Opening Gate, also Cheapest and Neatest All Iron Fence. Best Wire Stretcher and Post Auger. Also manufacture Russell's excellent Wind Engines for pumping water, or geared engines for grinding and other light work. For prices and particulars ask hardware dealers, or address, mentioning paper,
SEDGWICK BROS. Mf'rs., Richmond Ind.

Dr. Allen's

PRIVATE DISPENSARY,
26½ Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Expert Specialist, Dr. Allen, is a regular graduated Physician from the University of Michigan. He has devoted a lifetime to the study of Special diseases. YOUNG MEN And MIDDLE-AGED MEN, who are suffering from the effects of Youthful Indiscretion or Excesses in maturer years, NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY, LOST MANHOOD, etc., remember that, by a combination of remedies of great curative power, the Doctor has so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief, but permanent cure.

MY HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE

(Having been surgeon in charge of two leading hospitals) enables me to treat all private troubles with excellent results. I claim to be a skillful Physician and Surgeon THOROUGHLY informed in my specialty—

DISEASES OF MAN.

All will receive my honest opinion of their complaints—No experimenting. Consultations FREE and strictly private. Charges reasonable. Call or address: DR. ALLEN, 26½ Kearny St. San Francisco, Cal. Office hours, 9 to 3 daily, 7 to 8 evening. 1jan84-tf

DR. SPINNEY,

No. 11 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. Treats all Chronic and Special diseases: YOUNG MEN Who may be suffering from the effects of youthful follies or indiscretion will do well to avail themselves of this, the greatest boon ever laid at the feet of suffering humanity. Dr. Spinney will guarantee to forfeit $500 for every case of weakness or private disease of any kind or character which he undertakes and fails to cure

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

There are many at the age of 30 to 35 who are troubled with too frequent evacuation of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposit a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be a thin, milkish hue, again changing to a dark and torpid appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. Dr. S. will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genito urinary organs. Office hours—10 to 4, and 6 to 8. Sundays from 10 to 11 A.M. Consultation free. Thorough examination and advice, $5. Call or address: DR. SPINNEY & CO., No. 11 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal. 1jan84-tf

DR. MINTIE,

Specialist and Graduate.

NO. 11 KEARNY STREET, San Francisco, Cal., Treats all Chronic, Special and Private Diseases with Wonderful Success.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

Is a certain Cure for NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST MANHOOD, PROSTATORRHŒA, and all the evil effects of Youthful follies & excesses. DR. MINTIE, who is a REGULAR PHYSICIAN, GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, will agree to forfeit $500 for a case of this kind that the VITAL RESTORATIVE, (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure. Price, $1 a bottle; Four times the quantity, $5. Sent to any address, confidentially, in private address if desired, by
A. E. MINTIE, M.D., 11 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
Send for pamphlet and list of questions.
SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE
Will be sent to any one applying by letter, stating symptoms, sex and age. Strict secrecy in regard to all business transactions. jan84tf

THE

DR. LIEBIG'S

PRIVATE DISPENSARY.

400 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

Conducted by Qualified Physicians and Surgeons—Regular Graduates.

The Oldest Specialist in the United States, whose LIFE-LONG EXPERIENCE, perfect method and pure medicine, insure SPEEDY and PERMANENT CURES of all Private, Chronic and Nervous Diseases, Affections of the Blood, Skin, Kidneys, Bladder, Eruptions, Ulcers, old Sores, Swelling of the Glands, Sore Mouth, Throat, Bone Pains, permanently cured and eradicated from the system for life.

NERVOUS Debility, Impotency, Seminal Losses, Sexual Decay, Mental and Physical Weakness, Failing Memory, Weak Eyes, Stunted Development, Impediments to Marriage, etc., from excesses or youthful follies, or any cause, speedily, safely and privately cured.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED & OLD men, and all who need medical Skill and Experience consult the old European Physician at once. His opinion costs nothing, and may save future misery and shame. When inconvenient to visit the city for treatment, medicine can be sent everywhere by express free from observation. It is self-evident that a physician who gives his whole attention to a class of diseases attains great skill, and physicians throughout the country, knowing this, frequently recommend difficult cases to the Oldest Specialist, by whom every known good remedy is used. The Doctor's Age and Experience makes his opinion of supreme importance.

Those who call see no one but the Doctor. Consultation FREE and sacredly confidential. Cases which have failed in obtaining relief elsewhere especially solicited. Female diseases successfully treated. The Doctor will agree to forfeit $1,000 for a case undertaken, not cured. Call or write. Hours: Daily from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., 6 to 8 evenings; Sundays, 10 to 12 only. READ FOR THE SANITARIAN'S GUIDE TO HEALTH; SENT FREE. Address as above.

DR. LIEBIG'S

Wonderful German Invigorator

Permanently prevents all Unnatural Losses from the system, tones the nerves, strengthens the muscles, checks the waste, invigorates the whole system and restores the afflicted to Health and Happiness.

The reason so many can not get cured of weakness and the above diseases is owing to a complication, called PROSTATORRHŒA, which requires peculiar treatment. DR. LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR is the only cure for PROSTATORRHŒA, with peculiar Special Treatment, used at the LIEBIG DISPENSARY.

Price of the Invigorator, $5. Cure of six bottles, $10. Sent to any address, covered securely from observation.

Most powerful electric belts free to patients.

TO PROVE THE WONDERFUL POWER OF THE INVIGORATOR A $2 BOTTLE GIVEN ON SHOT FREE. Consultation free and private.

Call or address: LIEBIG DISPENSARY, 400 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Private entrance, 405 Mason street, four blocks up Geary Street from Kearny, Male entrance through Dispensary Drug Store. 1jan84tf

DR. H. SMITH,

DENTIST.—ALL OPERATIONS OF DENTISTRY performed in the most easy an skillful manner. Those wearing Artificial Teeth that do not look well, or that disfigure their face, will do well to call on DR. H. SMITH, and get a set of teeth that will make you look natural again. All Work Warranted. OFFICE—In Moores' block, over Levy's store, Salem. 11jan84

PATENTS Hand-Book FREE. O. A. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attys, Washington, D.C.