[illegible]NK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

[illegible], SATURDAY, JAN. 20, 1883.

THAT BAD BOY.

[illegible] Played on His Pa in Chicago.

Peck's Sun.

"Then pa and I got to Chicago," said the bad boy, "we walked around most all day and went to the stores, and at night pa was offul tired, and he put me to bed in the tavern and went out to walk around and get rested. I wasn't tired, and I walked around the hotel. I thought pa had gone to the theater, and that made me mad, and I thought I would play him for all I was worth. Our room was 210 and the next room was 212, and there was an old maid with a Scotch terrier, occupied 212. I saw her twice and she called me a nuisance, 'cause she thought I wanted to steal her dog. That made me mad at her, so I took my jack-knife and drew the tacks out of the tin sign that the numbers were painted on, and put the old maid's number on our door and our number on her door, and then I went to bed. I tried to keep awake, so as to help pa if he had any difficulty, but I rather guess I got asleep, but woke up when the dog barked. If the dog had not woke me up the woman's screams would, and if that hadn't you would. You see pa came home from the theater about 12, and he had been drinking. He says everybody drinks when they go to Chicago, even the minister. Pa looked at the numbers on the doors all along the hall till he found 210, and walked right in and pulled off his boots and threw them on the lounge where the dog was. The old maid was asleep, but the dog barked, and she said, 'That cussed boy has brought a dog!' and he kicked the dog and the old maid woke up and said, 'What is the matter, pet?' Pa [illegible] and said 'Nuthin' the master with me, pet,' and then you ought to have heard the yelling. The old maid covered her head and kicked and yelled, and the dog snarled and bit pa on the pants, and pa had his boots off and his suspenders unbuttoned, and he got scared and took his coat and vest and went out in the hall, and I opened our door and told pa he was in the wrong room and I knowed it, and he came in our room and locked the door, and the bell boy, and the porter, and the clerk came up to see what ailed the old maid, and she said a burglar got in her room, and they found pa's boots on the lounge, and they took it and told her to be quiet and they would find the burglar. Pa was so scared that he sweat like everything, and the bed was offul warm, and he pretended to go to sleep, but he was wondering how he could get his hat back. In the morning I told pa that I would be hard work to explain it to me how he happened to get into the wrong room, and he said it was not necessary to say anything about it to me. Then he gave me $5 to go out and buy him a new hat, and he said I might keep the change if I would not mention it when I got home, and I got one for ten shillings, and we took the 8 o'clock train in the morning and came home, and I guess the Chicago detectives are trying to fit pa's hat onto a burglar. Pa seemed offully relieved when we got across the State line into Wisconsin. But you'd a died to see him come out of that old lady's room, with his coat and vest on his arm and his suspenders hanging down, looking scart. He dasent lick me any more or I'll tell ma where pa got his hat."

SOMETHING IN THE SKY.

Judge Pitman has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. One night somehow it slipped down, and as the judge was restless it worked its way to the foot of the bed. After a time, while he was lying awake his feet touched it; it felt cold; he was startled, scared, and jumping from the bed, he said:

"My gracious, Maria, there's a ball or something under the covers. I touched it with my foot."

Mrs. Pitman gave a loud scream, and was on the floor in an instant.

"Now, don't go to hollering and waking up the neighbors," said the judge. "You get a broom or something, and we'll fix the thing, mighty quick."

Mrs. Pitman got the broom and gave it to the Judge with the remark that she felt as though snakes were creeping up and down her legs and back.

"Oh, nonsense, Maria! Now turn down the covers slowly while I hold the broom and bang it. Put a bucket of water by the bed so that we can shove it in and drown it."

Mrs. Pitman fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The judge held the broom uplifted, and as the black ribbon of the silver watch was revealed, he cracked away at it three or four times with the broom, then he pushed the thing off into the bucket. Then they took the light to investigate the animal, when the Judge saw what it was, he said:

"I might have known it; it is just like you women to go screeching and fussing about nothing. It's utterly ruined."

"It was you that made the fuss and not me," said Mrs. Pitman.

"You needn't try to put the blame on me." Then the Judge turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.—Farmer and Manufacturer.

[illegible] rigorous rule: "Uncle Ben," said Bob, "there's dat $10 what you lent me about a year ago." "Well, nudder Bob, I is greatly surprised at de course what yerself is takin'. Fore the Lawd I neber did yer git dat money again, an' I jes thought dat I had gin the money yer." "If dat's the case, Uncle Ben, I'll jest put it back later on. I always makes it a rule never to disappoint a man."—Anon.

[illegible] hundred thousand people are to contribute a nickle apiece to build a church in Texas. It should be called the church of St. Nickel. When in operation it is to be run by the old Nick-ell have less [illegible].

PERSIAN SERENADE.

Hark! as the twilight pale
Tenderly glows,
Hark! how the nightingale
Wakes from repose!
Only when, sparkling high
Stars fill the darkling sky,
Unto the nightingale
Listens the rose.

Here where the fountain-tide
Murmuring flows,
Airs from the mountain-side
Fan thy repose.
Eyes of thine glistening,
Look on me, listening;
I am thy nightingale,
Though art my rose.

Sweeter the strain he weaves,
Fainter it flows
Now, as her balmy leaves
Blushingly close.
Better than minstrelsy,
Lips that meet kissingly
Silence thy nightingale—
Kiss me, my rose!

—Bayard Taylor, hitherto unpublished.

A WOMAN ALONE IN THE HOUSE.

When the house is all alone by itself, inexperienced persons may believe that it behaves exactly as it does when there are people in it; but that is a delusion, as you will discover if you are ever left alone in it at midnight, sitting up for the rest of the family; at this hour its true disposition will reveal itself.

To catch it at its best, pretend to retire, put out the gas or lamp, and go up stairs. Afterwards, come down softly, light no more than one lamp, go into the empty parlor, and seat yourself at a table with something to read.

No sooner than you have done so you will hear a little chip, chip, chip, along the top of the room—a small sound but persistent. It is evidently the wall-paper coming off, and you decide, after some tribulation, that if it does come off you can't help it, and go on with your book.

As you sit with your book in your hand you begin to be quite sure that someone is coming down stairs. Squeak—squeak—squeak! What folly! There's nobody up there to come down; but there—no, it is on the kitchen stairs. Somebody is coming up.

Squeak—snap! Well, if it is a robber you might as well face him. You get the poker and stand with your back against the wall. Nobody comes up. Finally, you decide that you are a goose, put the poker down, get a magazine and try to read.

There, that's the door. You heard the lock turn. They are coming home. You run to the back door, unlock and unbolt it, and peep out. Nobody's there!

But, as you linger, the door lock gives a click that makes you jump.

By daylight neither lock nor stairs make any of these noises unless they are touched or trodden on.

You go back to the parlor in a hurry, with the feeling that the next thing you know something may catch you by the back hair, and you try to remember where you left off.

Now it is the table that snaps and cracks as if all the spiritualist knacks were hidden in its mahogany. You do not lean on it heavily without this result, but it fidgets you, and you take an easy chair and put the book on your knee.

Your eyes wander up and down the page, and you grow dreamy, when, apparently, the bookcase flies off a pistol.

At least a loud, fierce crack comes from the heart of that piece of furniture—as loud, so fierce, that you jump to your feet trembling.

You cannot stand the parlor anymore. You go up stairs.

No sooner do you get there than it seems to you that somebody is walking on the roof. If the house is a detached one, and the thing is impossible, that makes it all the more mysterious.

Nothing ever moaned in the chimney before, but something moans now. There is a ghostly step in the bath-room. You doubt afterwards if it is the tap dripping, but you do not dare look at that time.

And it is evident that there is something up the chimney—you would not like to ask what.

If you have gas it bobs up and down in a phantom dance. If you have a lamp it goes out in a blue explosion. If you have a candle a shroud plainly enwraps the wick and falls toward you.

The blinds shake as if a hand clutched them; and, finally, the cat begins to moan in the cellar. You do not keep a cat, and this finishes you.

You pretend to read no longer, and sitting with a towel over your head and face, and hearing something below go "shew, shew, shew," like a little saw, you believe in the old ghost stories.

Ten minutes later the bell rings; the belated ones come home; the lights are lit; perhaps something must be got to eat. People talk and tell where they have been, and ask if you were lonesome.

And not a stair cracks. No step is heard on the roof; no click to the front door. Neither bookcase nor table cracks. The house has on its company manners—only you have found out how it behaves when it is alone.

A democrat who heard something awful good in the City Hall yesterday morning started for Woodward avenue with his hat in his hand. Meeting a stranger at the gate he swung his tile and called out:

"We're met 'em!"

"Yes."

"And won a glorious victory!"

"Yes,"

"It is the biggest tidal wave ever heard of!"

"Just so."

"And it will sweep the republican party off its feet!"

"It will."

"And give us a democratic president!"

"I believe it."

"Then let's give three cheers!"

"I—I—that is a little too mush."

"How—why! Aint she glorious!"

"Yes, but you see I was a republican up to midnight last night, and it might not be in good taste for me to utter any democratic yells before to-morrow. I'm with you—I'm all right—but give me a little more time to get used to the new party.—Free Press.

A fine line of trusses of all kinds at Jap. R. Miller's.

Call at Jap. R. Miller's and purchase "Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It is sold for 25 cents.

LASCA.

I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The medley of horns, and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles, and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above;
And dash and danger and life and love.

And Lasca!
Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or creeds;
As Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro

By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet.
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a deer little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn rebosa about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown,
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and footed high
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb,
With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

* * * * * *

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close oppress,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its breath take flight;
And woe to the rider and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

* * * * * *

Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
I spring to my saddle without a word.
One foot on mine, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared.
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one;
Halt, jump in the ground and shoot your horse
Crouch under his carcass and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your stars; if not, good-by
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air, and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast.
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise,
Lasca was dead!

* * * * * *

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in earth's arms I laid her to sleep,
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and glides,
Into a rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still, like a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

—[Frank Desprez.

"DON'D FEEL TOO BIG."

A frog was a-singing von day in der brook,
(It vas beddher, mine friends, you
don'd feel too big!)
Und he shrelled mit pride, and he say
"shnai look;
Don'd I sing dese peautiful songs like a
book?"
(It vas beddher, mine friends you
don'd feel too big!)

A fish came a-swimming along dat way:
(It vas beddher mine friends you
don'd feel too big!)
"I'll dake yen ondt on dar vat," he say:
Und her leedle froggis vas shtewed away.
(It vas beddher, mine friends, you
don't feel too-big!)

A hawk flew down and dar fish dook in;
(It vas beddher, mine friends, you
don'd feel too big!)
Und der hawk he dink det der shmardest
vin
Ven he shtuck his claws in det fish's
shkin.
(It vas beddher, mine friends, you
don't feel too big!)

A hunter vas ondt mit his gun arroundt,
(It vas beddher, mine friends, you
don't feel too big!)
Und he say, ven der hawk vas brought to
der groundt
Und der fish and der leedle frog vas
fondt:
"It vas beddher, mine friends, you
don't feel too big!"

—Harper's Magazine for January.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by Jasper R. Miller.

Sleepless nights made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale by Jap. R. Miller, Dallas.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. For sale by Jap. R. Miller, Dallas.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of Temper, Low Spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Flutterings at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine.

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, that the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 39 Murray St., N. Y.

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GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

OFFICE, 39 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

Dr. TUTT'S HAIRY of Valuable Information and Costly Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.

Scientists now all admit that most diseases are caused by disordered Kidneys or Liver, and that if these great organs are kept in a perfect condition, health will be the result. WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Is made from a Simple Tropical Leaf

OF RARE VALUE.

And is a POSITIVE Remedy for the following Troubles:

Pain in the Back; Severe Headaches; Dizziness; Bloating; Inflamed Eyes; A Tired Feeling; Night Sweats;

Pains in the Lower Part of the Body; Palpitation of the Heart; Jaundice; Gravel; Painful Urination; Malaria!

Fever; Fever and Ague;

And all the diseases caused by the Kidneys, Liver or Urinary Organs being out of order.

It is a SAFE and CERTAIN cure for all Female difficulties, such as

LEUCORRHOEA; INFLAMATION OF THE WOMB; FALLING OF THE WOMB; ULCERATION THE WOMB.

It will control and regulate Menstruation, and is an excellent and safe remedy for females during pregnancy.

As a Blood Purifier it is unequaled, for it cures the organs that make the blood. For BOILS; CARBUNCLES; SCROFULA; WHITE SWELLING; SALT RHEUM; POISONING BY MERCURY OR ANY OTHER DRUG,

It is certain in every case.

For Incontinence; Impotence; Pains in the Loins, and all Similar Diseases.

It is a safe, sure and quick Cure.

It is the only known remedy that has cured BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

As a proof of the purity and worth of this Great Natural Remedy, read the following

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS:

A. S. LATTIMORE, Ph. D., L. L. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Rochester, N. Y., knowing the popularity and merit of WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE, after a thorough Chemical Analysis, has furnished the following statement:

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER,
Chemical Laboratory,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1880.

Mr. H. H. Warner has placed in my possession the formula of the medicine manufactured and sold by him under the general designation of WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE. I have investigated his processes of manufacture, which are conducted with extreme care and according to the best methods. I have also taken from his laboratory samples of all the materials used in the preparation of this medicine, and upon critical examination I find them, as well as the medicine into which they enter, to be entirely free from poisonous or deleterious substances.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

This Remedy which has done such wonders, put up in the LARGEST SIZED BOTTLES of any medicine upon the market, and is sold by Druggists and all dealers at $1.25 per bottle. For Diabetes enquire for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE. It is a positive remedy.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION ISSUED OUT of the Honorable Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Polk, on the 20th day of December, 1882, on a decree of foreclosure of a mortgage lien in favor of L. Enchers, plaintiff, and against W. D. Cole and Rosanna Cole, his wife, defendants, for the sum of $4,033.33, with accruing interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum from December 6th, 1882, and the further sum of $250.00 attorney's fee, and $34.20 costs, I have levied upon, and will sell at public auction, on

Thursday, the 29th Day of January, 1883,

At 1 o'clock p. m., at the Court House door in said Polk County, the following described real property, to-wit, all of the right, title and interest of the said W. D. Cole and Rosanna Cole in the hereinafter described premises, to-wit: Beginning at a stake 20.50-100 chains east from the southwest corner of the Donation Land Claim of Aaron Chamberlin, in Polk County, Oregon, thence north 116.25-100 chains, thence east 41.71-100 chains, thence south 22.21-100 chains, thence west 15.50-100 chains, thence south 4 degrees, west 15.24-100 chains, thence south 19 degrees, west 18.56-100 chains, thence south 27.8-100 chains, thence west 21.43-100 chains, to the place of beginning, containing 224.54-100 acres, more or less, situated in Polk County, Oregon, save and except a tract of ten acres sold to W. James and sixty-seven acres sold to Daniel Baughman from the above described tract, to satisfy said judgment and costs and accruing costs.

H. HOLMAN,
Sheriff of Polk County, Oregon.

DALLAS, December 23, 1882.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO WHOM IT MAY concern, that I have been appointed Executor of the last will and testament of Elias Smith, late of Polk County, deceased. All persons having claims there against are required to present them to me, duly verified, at the office of Dalton & Butler, at Dallas, within six months, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to me.

WILLIAM M. LYLE, Executor.

DALTON & BUTLER, Attorneys.

Dated December 22, 1882.

Final Settlement.

In the matter of the Estate of Samuel S. Bendiek, deceased.—A. Gesner, Administrator.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I HAVE presented for settlement and filed in the County Court of Polk County, State of Oregon, my final account of the administration of said Estate, and that Tuesday, the 24 day of February, 1883, has been set for the hearing and settlement of said account, at the usual place of holding said Court, at which time and place any person interested in said matter may appear and offer objections, if any there be, to said account.

A. GESNER, Administrator.

WARREN TRUITT, Attorney for Estate.

Dated December 23, 1882.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
DALLAS, OREGON.
OFFICE ON MILL STREET, NORTH OF COURT House.

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MONTGOMERY WARD & CO
227 & 229 Wabash Ave.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION ISSUED OUT of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Polk, upon a decree and judgment rendered in said Court on the 11th day of December, 1882, in favor of R. Bedwell and against J. H. Boyle, W. J. Boyle and Josephine F. Boyle, for the sum of $1,264.60, and the further sum of $188.00 attorneys' fees, and the further sum of $20.15, costs and disbursements, and to me directed, against certain mortgaged real property, I have levied upon, and will offer for sale, to the highest bidder, on

Tuesday, January 30th, 1883,

At 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the Court House door, at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, the following described real property, to-wit: All the undivided interest of the said J. H. Boyle and W. J. Boyle in and to the west half of the Donation Land Claim of J. M. Boyle and wife, Nat. No. 1,849, claim No. 53, situated in Polk County, and State of Oregon; and also all the right, title, interest and dower of the said Josephine F. Boyle in and to the said undivided half of the said J. H. Boyle and W. J. Boyle in and to the said west half of the said land claim, together with the tenements and appurtenances thereunto belonging, to satisfy said judgment, costs and accruing costs.

Terms of Sale—United States Gold Coin, cash in hand.

H. HOLMAN,
Sheriff of Polk County, Oregon.

DALLAS, December 27, 1882.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION ISSUED OUT of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Polk County, on the 15th day of December, 1882, on a decree of foreclosure of a mortgage lien in favor of R. T. Hallock, plaintiff, and against Lucas Zeigler, defendant, for the sum of $287.60, and lawful interest thereon from the 6th day of December, 1882, together with costs and disbursements taxed at $15.05, I have levied upon, and will sell at public sale, on

Thursday, January 25th, 1883,

At 1 o'clock p. m., at the Court House door, in said Polk County, for cash in hand at the time of sale, all the right, title and interest of said Richard Zeigler in the hereinafter described premises, to-wit: Lot No. 6, in Block No. 8, of Tarrey's Grande Ronde Addition to the town of Dallas, and the building erected thereon, and the appurtenances to said land and building belonging or in anywise appertaining, to satisfy said judgment and costs and accruing costs.

H. HOLMAN,
Sheriff of Polk County, Oregon.

DALLAS, December 23, 1882.

INCORPORATED IN 1864.

HOME MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL, Paid up in U. S. Gold Coin,	:	$300,000.00
COIN ASSETS, December 31, 1880,	:	642,841.00
Income for 1880,	:	340,641.00
Losses, paid since organization,	:	1,635,202.84
Reinsurance Reserve,	:	174,989.60
Losses Paid in Oregon,	:	200,000.00

This leading and popular company offers superior advantages to those desiring reliable indemnity against loss and damage by fire, being solid in assets, conservative in management, moderate in rates and prompt and liberal in the adjustment and payment of losses.

$50,000.00 deposited in Oregon for the further security of Policy Holders in Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

SUPERVISORS OF OREGON BRANCH—C. H. Lewis, of Allen & Lewis; J. McCraken, of McCraken & Co.; P. Wasserman, of Wasserman & Co.; Bankers, Ladd & Tilton.

GEO. L. STORY, Manager Oregon Branch
D. B. BUSH, Special Agent.
my2- H. J. FERGUSON, Agent, Independence.
B. H. BROOKS, Solicitor.

CHAMPION FRUIT DRYER,

MANUFACTURED BY

E. COX,

At Independence, Polk County, Ogn.

SOLE RIGHT FOR POLK & BENTON COUNTIES.

This Dryer is the latest improvement in Fruit Dryers, having been patented in August, 1881. It has the largest capacity of any Fruit Dryer sold at the price, and is the most easily and economically operated of any on the market. The fruit trays are raised by an elevator, operated by a lever at the bottom, and can be put in or taken out without loss of the heated air, and without exposing the fruit to a cold draft. It has also a feature not possessed by any other dryer, to-wit: It has reflectors at the bottom that throw the fresh air on to the furnace, thus heating the air before it goes to the fruit. This is a very important feature. These dryers will be built only on orders, and orders should be sent in early, in order to insure their being filled.

The dryer can be seen at Mr. Paul Hiltebrand's on Luckiamute, or at Robert McLaughlin's, 1½ miles north of Buena Vista. We guarantee satisfaction to any one who will purchase a dryer. Orders can be sent to the undersigned at Independence, Polk County, Oregon. I indulge in no boasting, but am willing for all to see and examine for themselves.

INDEPENDENCE, Oregon, January 26, 1882. E. COX.

PLUMBING, GAS
And Steam Fitting.
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS PLUMBING ESTABlishment south of Portland, where you will find
FORCE & LIFT PUMPS, BATH TUBS,
Shower Baths, Sinks,
Stationary Washtubs, all kinds of Iron, Lead and Stone Pipes, Brass Goods and Fittings, Rubber Hose and Packing, Zinc, Sheet Lead, etc., etc.
Address, LUTHER MYERS,
SALEM, August 11, 1882. Salem, Oregon.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.
A SURE CURE GUARANTEED.
DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATment, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary emissions, premature old age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment; one dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by
WOODARD, CLARKE & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Portland, Oregon.
Orders by mail at regular prices. ap19-y

BARBER SHOP!
Main St., opp. Court House, Dallas.
H. F. SMITH, Prop'r,
(Late of Salem.)
A GOOD CLEAN SHAVE TO BE had at all times. Give me a call
H. F. SMITH.
DALLAS, July 1, 1881.

All modern improvements. Restaurant the best in the city. Open all day.
J. H. BRENNER, Prop'r.

GEORGE FAIRGRAVES,
Lawn Arbor, Polk County,
Has just received a new lot of goods, such as are usually kept in a country store, which he will sell, for
Cash or Produce.
Cheaper than any dealer in Polk County. He positively means business and will convince you that he states the truth if you will give him a call.

Dr. J. B. JOHNSON,
DENTIST.
Having returned to Independence to permanently locate, is prepared to do all kinds of detail work. Filling and treating a specialty.
Office in Vanduyn & Smith's new brick, up stairs.

D. W. PRENTICE & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents for the Celebrated

STERLING ORGANS.
The above cut represents style 50, which we will sell for $190. $20 cash, $10 per month, with interest upon deferred payments, one per cent. per month. Good stool and book included. Address
D. W. PRENTICE & CO.,
Portland, Oregon.

McTAMMANY ORGANETTES

The only Instrument that children can play as well as grown persons. Only five minutes' time required to learn how to manage them. Any kind of tunes can be played. Finest accompaniment for the voice in singing. They are sold so low that any family can easily procure one. Having one no family could get along without. Prices of different styles $10, $12, $14 and $16, including twenty-five feet of music. Send for catalogues and price list. Address
D. W. PRENTICE & CO., Portland, Oregon.

PORTER, SLESSINGER & CO.,
117 Battery St., San Francisco,
Manufacturers and Jobbers of the Celebrated
IRON CLAD BOOTS AND SHOES.
THESE GOODS ARE WARRANTED NOT TO rip and are the best goods for farmers yet offered. Call in at Vanduyn & Smith's, Independence and examine these goods.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

Saved Him 1,800 Dollars.

ADAMS, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1882.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Gents:—Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had as speedy a colt as was ever raised in Jefferson County. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs all to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thorough-pin, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it took the bunch entirely off, and he sold afterwards for $1,800 (dollars). I have used it for bone spavins and wind galls, and it has always cured completely and left the leg smooth.

It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Watkinsington & Kendall's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not. They said that if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

From the Oneonta Press, N. Y.

ONEONTA, New York, January 6, 1881.

Early last summer Messrs. B. J. Kendall & Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., made a contract with the publishers of the Press for a half column advertisement for one year, setting forth the merits of Kendall's Spavin Cure. At the same time we secured from the firm a quantity of books, entitled "Dr. Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which we are giving to advance paying subscribers to the Press as a premium.

About the time the advertisement first appeared in this paper Mr. P. G. Schermerhorn, who resides near Colliers, had a spavined horse. He read the advertisement and concluded to test the efficacy of the remedy, although his friends laughed at his credulity. He bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and commenced using it on the horse, in accordance with the directions, and he informed us this week that it effected such a complete cure that an expert horseman, who examined the animal recently, could find no trace of the spavin or the place where it had been located. Mr. Schermerhorn has since secured a copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which he prizes very highly, and would be loth to part with at any price, provided he could not obtain another copy. So much for advertising reliable articles.

From Col. L. T. Foster.

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio, May 10, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt, which I prized very highly. He had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other, which made him very lame. I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons who failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago Express, and I determined at once to try it, and got our druggists here to send for it. They ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial. I used it according to directions, and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame, and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the State. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I lost two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles, and they are now using it. Very respectfully,

L. T. FOSTER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
ON HUMAN FLESH.

PATTEN'S MILLS, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1878.

DR. B. J. KENDALL, Dear Sir:—The particular case on which I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months' standing. I had tried many things, but in vain. Your Spavin Cure put the foot to the ground again, and for the first time since hurt, in a natural position. For a family liniment it excels anything we ever used.

Yours truly, Rev. M. P. BEEM,
Pastor of M. E. Church, Patten's Mills, N. Y.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure in its effects, mild in its action, as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, and any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or for rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly, and yet certain to produce effect.

Send address for illustrated circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

**SOLD BY ALL DRUG