

WEEKLY STATESMAN

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STATE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

- For Congress—HUNGER HERMANN, of Douglas. For Supreme Judge—JOHN F. WALDO, of Multnomah. For Governor—THOMAS R. CORNELIUS, of Washington. For Secretary of State—GEORGE W. McBRIDE, of Columbia. For State Treasurer—HENRY L. MARSTON, of Clatsop. For State Public Instruction—R. B. McELROY, of Benton. For State Printer—FRANK C. BAKER, of Multnomah. For Judge of Third District—R. F. BOISE, of Marion. For Prosecuting Attorney—C. A. JOHNS, of Polk.

COUNTY REPUBLICAN TICKET.

- For State Senators—J. R. DIMICK, M. L. CHAMBERLIN, J. B. LOGNEY. For Representatives—J. T. GREGG, C. F. HICKS, D. J. PENNINGTON, W. R. CULVER, A. M. LAFOLETTE, SAMUEL LAYMAN. For County Judge—G. C. SHAW, J. N. DAVIS. For Clerk—M. N. CHAPMAN. For Sheriff—JOHN W. MINTO. For Treasurer—ATG. GIBBY. For School Sup't—GEO. A. FERRIS. For Assessor—BENTON PATTON. For Surveyor—JOHN NEWBOME. For Coroner—W. C. WARINER.

SELL BUCKING.

Albany Bulletin: Harvey Scott is badly mixed. He is just betwixt and between. He don't know whether he's a foot or horseback, whether he is a bucking mule or a kicking jackass. Both political parties have not come up to his ideal in their nomination for governor. The republicans have nominated Mr. Cornelius of Washington county, personally a good man, but, if, unless, except, whether or least, he's not Scott's ideal of the stuff a governor should be made of. He is too plain and honest and sensible and practical for the snobbish sensibilities of the House of Scott, who prefer an executive dude to a practical governor. The democrats have nominated Mr. Pennoyer, of Multnomah county, for governor, who is anti-Chinese in his convictions. This don't suit the bell-wether of the Oregonian, for the Chinese Six Companies own an interest in that concern, own in fact a majority of the stock, and Mr. Pennoyer's administration of state affairs would conflict with Lollagonian interests. Sabe? Harvey wants a son-of-a-gun on wheels for governor, a ring-tail snorter, something like himself, the double distilled quintessence of egotism, cynicism and diabolism. A governor to suit Harvey must be anti-Mitchell, pro-Chinese, high license, tariff for revenue only, and have a profound admiration for H. W. Scott, and a holy reverence for the great, immaculate Oregonian.

The county democracy is advertising its ticket in our columns. Compare the personnel of the same with the names at the head of this page, and decide which crowd you want to carry on the county's and state's business. Do you believe in a reward for faithful performance of trusts, or do you want to display your ingratitude and vote so as to show that you don't care how the public affairs are administered? whether efficiently or honestly, or not.

Pendleton is bound to have the sack this time. If the "prohibitionists" fill their ticket they are liable to have a man from Pendleton, too, for they are on a still hunt for a man from eastern Oregon who wants to be crucified on the third party cross bad enough to allow his name to decorate their ticket for the office of treasurer.

M. ZOLA, the French novelist, says his countrymen are at heart for a king. They love to look up to some one. "Therefore," he continues, "the proletarian volcano will not burst in France, but in the United States." There is one comfort, we have lots of room for it to burst in.

Will Judge Strahan please take the floor and explain to the voters of the state of Oregon all the points of the McConnell case? It might be interesting.

The United States senate has passed bills to authorize seven bridges over the Mississippi river. Pretty soon that stream will be roofed over.

Those eloquent flashes of silence of the Oregonian were very prominent and noticeable in yesterday's issue.

The decency and good order of Oregon will "boycott" Mr. Pennoyer's political aspirations.

Scott still chews the vital end of rovenge.

SENILE HATE.

The mere fact that the occasion of laying the corner-stone of a monument to the confederate dead at Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, was made the pretext for summoning Jefferson Davis from the retirement of Beauvoir to pose as the central figure of that ceremony, called forth, so far as observation extended, not a single protest or remonstrance from loyal lips or pen. His presence was regarded as simply as an anachronism, and the general sentiment typified itself in a shrug or a smile, or resolved itself into some such feeling as possesses a man when he sees a child pleased with a rattle or tickled with a straw. When, at Montgomery, on the day set apart for the ceremony above alluded to Davis, for the first time in many years vexed the still air with his mountings, there was in his studied disavowal of any intention to say anything which could rouse the animosities which it was hoped had been buried in those graves in which the wearers alike of the blue and the grey sleep the sleeping which knows no further waking; when he was careful to say that, lest his feelings might lead him to transgress the proprieties of the occasion, he had committed such thoughts as he imagined he might safely utter without giving offence to the north, or which might react disastrously upon his friends, the people of this country accepted his ungracious and unnecessary qualifications of his real sentiments in good faith, and the show in which he took a part went on without protest; and the whole transaction would ere this have been consigned to oblivion except among those who followed the bastard banner of the mistaken south to its final furling on the historic soil of Virginia.

Davis reminded the philosophic observer of his conduct at Montgomery of nothing so much as that "gray and gap toothed man" as "lean as death" whom the poet laureate has immortalized in his "Vision of Sin," and as such the men of the present were content to let him pass as an interloper among scenes and policies with which he has nothing in common. But, fed for days upon the plaudits of men whom his very presence seems to have inspired with hate and fury, his withered anatomy appears to have taken on a new lease of temporary virility, and all the sweeter venom of his soul seemed to outpour itself in maledictions upon those who thwarted his ideal in their nomination for governor. The republicans have nominated Mr. Cornelius of Washington county, personally a good man, but, if, unless, except, whether or least, he's not Scott's ideal of the stuff a governor should be made of. He is too plain and honest and sensible and practical for the snobbish sensibilities of the House of Scott, who prefer an executive dude to a practical governor. The democrats have nominated Mr. Pennoyer, of Multnomah county, for governor, who is anti-Chinese in his convictions. This don't suit the bell-wether of the Oregonian, for the Chinese Six Companies own an interest in that concern, own in fact a majority of the stock, and Mr. Pennoyer's administration of state affairs would conflict with Lollagonian interests. Sabe? Harvey wants a son-of-a-gun on wheels for governor, a ring-tail snorter, something like himself, the double distilled quintessence of egotism, cynicism and diabolism. A governor to suit Harvey must be anti-Mitchell, pro-Chinese, high license, tariff for revenue only, and have a profound admiration for H. W. Scott, and a holy reverence for the great, immaculate Oregonian.

But, first to admit the downfall of his ill starred cause, the shipwreck of his perditionary bargain, built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark, then to counsel loyalty to the Union of which the several states are as they always have been and ever will be integral and indissoluble parts, and then to boast of unrepentance, and proclaim his sorrow that his cause had failed, that his pirate ship had been stranded on the rocks, is to present himself, in the shays of Alexander after he was buried in the earth, and to smell like him. The ancient ghosts that squeaked and gibbered in the Roman sheets a little ere the mightiest Julius fell, were such stuff as Jefferson Davis was made of. He and his will take nothing by his utterances. They offend the living and insult the dead. They give the lie to the many utterances with which the true soldiers of the lost cause have accepted the situation. All things, however, have their uses, negative, if not positive. If haply the spirit of rebellion still lives in the south, if that goal of constitutional liberty about which Jefferson Davis prates, and to which he says the southern states are tending, means a revival of the old issues, pushed again to the dread arbitration of the sword, we tell Davis and his followers that for every southern heart fired anew by Davis' wild utterances, there will be an hundred loyal bosoms in which the flames of a newly aroused and fondly outraged patriotism will burst into consuming fire.

As for any immediate effect which these utterances may have, the Astorian puts the whole matter into a nutshell, so to speak. That journal says: "Jeff Davis is traveling through Alabama and Georgia manufacturing capital as fast as he can talk for republican newspapers. When the Alabamians and Georgians enthusiastically cheer the veteran who superstitious lays upon the stage the newspaper report containing the account of the applause referring to the lost cause elicited, is carefully laid away for future use. All the cheering and hurrah will have its echo in coming elections."

The democrats of Oregon may well make a note of the Astorian's brief but pregnant disquisition upon this unpleasant subject.

There is no disputing the fact that the Oregonian is the best newspaper in the Northwest, also that it is editorially the most inconsistent, untrustworthy and unreliable.

THE COMMUNE.

The disloyal and alien followers of the red flag in the cities of Chicago and Milwaukee have started out to capture the earth. They have raised the cry of treason against our government, whose laws they have not respect enough to obey, and whose institutions they have not sense enough to understand. They formed a disturbing element at home, where probably they had some cause for complaint in regard to the restrictions of their liberties, and were invited to come to America, the "asylum for the oppressed of all nations," where their liberties are almost without restraint, and their opportunities are equal to the most favored, and they are up in arms against the best government under the sun! They demand a "social" government, and the abolition of private wealth. With their bellies full of stale beer, they cry for bread for their families. The howling, vagabond, alien, mob of thieves and cut throats want to run our country and make and administer our laws. They demand a division of property, and lazy, improvident mendicants, want to be put on an equal footing with industrious and frugal citizens, who had energy enough to acquire a competence. The miserable rascals have too much liberty. There is no longer any such thing as treason. The word has lost its significance. The blood-thirsty devils have votes, and politicians will get down on their bellies to do homage to anything that votes. They are treated too well. Every mother's son of those that raise a red flag of communism should be shot down in his tracks, or hung up to the most convenient lamp post. They are as dangerous to society as murderers, and should be treated with the same kind of medicine.

No wonder that Emperor William of Germany banished the Poles from his borders and bought their possessions, that his people might be rid of this dangerous element.

The howling socialistic mob does not want to work. Their's is the trade of the assassin and the robber. They don't want peace and order, prosperity and contentment. They have no reason. Their arguments are the torch and the dynamite.

But the patience of the American people will become worn out by this lawless mob, and when the people do rise up in their might they will teach all the socialists left on this side of the Plintonian shores a lesson in decorum and respect that will last them for a generation. There is too much patience shown the mendicants. There should be more cold lead and less argument used on them. Whenever a man gets to thinking that the United States government should be overthrown and a social government set up in its ashes, it is time for that man to emigrate, and, to inspire the rest of the followers of the red flag with more respect for the laws, the United States should give every one caught in the act of thinking socialistic thoughts, a free pass over the hemp route.

"INFLUENCE."

It is now said that before Pennoyer was nominated for governor a committee of democrats waited on H. W. Scott and exacted a promise from him that the Oregonian would give him only one editorial of disapproval. This it has done, in a mild way, with soft gloved hands, as it were, and the future will reveal whether or not the programme will be carried out. If it is, who will be influenced by such a prostitute of a newspaper? Talk about independence! Boah! When the shadow of what Scott once was and might yet be consents to such an arrangement as this, will respectability or reason pay any attention to his rantings, prompted by the gangrene of jealousy, the consuming fire of hate?

Oh, Consistency! Mr. Scott, your political chickens will come home to roost. Mark these words.

The Oregonian is running the "prohibition" ticket at the head of its columns; but it don't say whether it is supporting that ticket or not. It is, however, opposing parts of both the other tickets, and if it didn't have something to fall back on it would be a political orphan. But one question: How can a high license paper support a prohibition ticket? The Oregonian, however, can no longer surprise Oregon people. It is such an egregious journalistic ass, and such a peevish political turncoat, that it is liable to do anything. It has no fixed policy or principle, and the public can no longer have any more confidence in it than a bob-tailed, yellow dog. If you call that independence, you would call an assassin or a suicide independent.

Mr. Houston, allow us to introduce you to Mr. Scott. Mr. Houston is the "prohibition" candidate for governor; Mr. Scott does the "kick" act on the Oregonian. Hope your acquaintance will be to your mutual benefit.

Third party "prohibitionists," take heart; for don't you see H. W. Scott making courtesies at you? Put out your hand, and he will come to your ranks.

The next thing on the programme is a republican victory, then the 4th of July. The one is coming as surely as the other.

Winter is still redolent in the lap of spring in this section; and if he don't let go pretty soon there will be a scandal.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

The democratic state ticket is before the people of Oregon for criticism. If the democrats had a shadow of a chance, they have lost the opportunity by putting forth such men for the respective offices. Sylvester Pennoyer, their nominee for governor is manager of a saw-mill in Portland, at \$300 per month. He poses as the laboring man's friend. It is a very cheap trick, and it is too transparent to catch any laboring man who can see three inches before his nose, for he has always paid lower wages to and been more exacting with his men than any other employer of the same kind of labor. He is the boss crank of the state, and has no fitness whatever for the office. He would rather disgrace than grace the high position to which he has gall enough to aspire.

N. L. Butler for congressman, is a "little lawyer man" at Dallas. He will not run very fast. He has not energy enough to run much. Sitting is his favorite posture. He would have about as much influence in Washington as a wooden man, and the people of this great and growing state, who want their interests represented, will not exchange such a man as Binger Hermann for such a man as Butler.

R. S. Strahan, of Albany, would like to be supreme judge, and the corporations and wholesale liquor dealers, and such, want him there. For this simple reason, alone, he should be beaten, and will be. Waldo is the people's man, able, honest and honorable, and the princeliest capitalist has no more show, and no less, before him, than the poorest beggar. Right and justice alone hold influence over him and his actions.

R. F. Gibbons, of The Dalles, for secretary of state was selected for his geographical position, not for his fitness or deserving qualities. He will be one of the last horses over the political wire in the race.

George Washington Webb, of Pendleton, runs a hardware store there, and is reported to be a fair, average, every-day man; but Mr. Marston, our candidate, comes from the same place, and he is a republican, and a man of integrity and honesty, so we learn from democratic as well as republican sources.

Charley Nickell, of Jacksonville, who wants to be state printer, is an unscrupulous, though successful man, and thoroughly unpopular among his own people. Having that kind of a reputation at home, what kind of treatment can he expect from abroad?

The candidate for superintendent of public instruction is Rev. J. R. N. Bell, editor of the Roseburg Review. Mr. Bell is a good neighbor, and a very agreeable gentleman, but his qualifications do not fit him for the office for which he is nominated; and the writer does not think he will press himself forward to any great extent, for no one knows and esteems his "friend, the enemy," Prof. McElroy, better than does Mr. Bell.

RING RULE.

The Oregon Vilette and Anti-Monopolist says Marion county republicans are tired of "ring rule," and now have a first class chance to throw off the galling yoke, and vote in the democratic ticket!

Where is the republican who is tired of any ring rule, and where is the ring rule? Where does the ring come in? When an officer does his whole duty, is that an indication that he belongs to a ring?

No one but a democrat or a disappointed office seeker has yet hinted at the existence of any ring. The wish is father of the thought. There is no ring in this county, but there is a wholesome and strictly honest administration of the county's affairs, open and above-board, and every detail, every act, is open to, and invites the strictest scrutiny. Taxpayers, do not take our word for it. See for yourselves. If you find any ring, or any trickery, or a scheme, then score them; but do not take the words of political malcontents and enemies in a matter so deeply affecting your interests.

FROM MR. BELL.

For supt. of public instruction J. K. N. Bell of Douglas was nominated, and fully appreciates the high honor thus tendered, and believes that the requisite qualifications for this important trust, are time and adaption to this work; in order to serve the people with honor, and profit to the incumbent, and realizing that no great amount of special honor to the state, nor particular profit to the individual was apparent, he declined. In Benton county by "an oversight" the democrats failed to nominate a man against Prof. McElroy for county superintendent, and "an oversight" of that kind now in the state, would not imperil our school work, nor bring the world to a premature end.—Roseburg Review, Rev. J. R. N. Bell, democratic candidate for superintendent of public instruction, editor.

REV. SAM SMALL said that a certain Mississippi editor hadn't "sense enough to feed a calf." The editor retorted that Small was a liar, and could take it any way he pleased. The Kansas City Times advises him to take it one-third down and the balance in one and two years.

ANYTHING to avenge the election of Mitchell, so the Oregonian will support the "prohibition" ticket to try to defeat the republican party; but it is the worst thing that could happen to the "prohibition" ticket.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDITOR STATESMAN:—During the week that has just slid into the henceness of eternity the most exciting scene on the world's stage was the tragedy of the commune in Chicago and Milwaukee. The followers of the red flag, the communists, the anarchists, have got a sneaking idea that all governments are wrong. They want a social government, where nobody is to own any thing, but the control of all property and everything else is to be under the government, and they are idiotic enough to imagine that such a state of affairs is coming, and that when it is realized they will have nothing to do except to bask in the sunlight of happiness and kick up their heels for joy all the year round, and Sundays, too. They are laboring under the hallucination that they will then all have free beer and whisky, and they can stay drunk all the time and have a dickens of a time generally. But to attain to this state of perfect social felicity they think everything else must be overthrown, and rivers of blood must run in the general preliminary butchery. This is what socialism means. This is communism, the doctrine of the followers of the murderous red flag. Such fanaticism in this country is inexcusable. In the big cities they have men whose duty it is to go round and catch dogs without collars on, and kill them, if unclaimed after a short time. They should also have men out to lasso communists, for they are a worse element than vagabond dogs. A mangy, flea-ridden, bob-tailed yellow dog, without a master or a friend, is a better element in our social fabric, for a dog cannot talk. Whenever a communist is caught he should be made the subject of a necktie entertainment forthwith. If this thing should be kept up it would not be long till socialists were few and far between as the angels' visits of old.

It is a very natural trait of human nature that runs to things foreign, shrouded by vague and doubtful things. An Italian opera will be a success in a great city, where an American opera will not pay the expense of the ushers. It is the same spirit that sold a peach-blow vase recently at the Morgan sale in New York City, only four inches high, for \$18,000. Its real value was only a few dollars, but its foreign connections and age brought the money. People will stand on the ragged edge of expectancy and look over the high hats of fashion to hear and see a singer who has been to Paris (Here! Pronounce that Par-see!) or Italy, though his or her voice may resemble that of a steam callopie in distress. Don't understand me, that I would try to change the drift of this natural tendency, for I couldn't if I would, and wouldn't if I could. If the people want to pay a million dollars for a peach-blow vase no larger than a finger-bowl, or pay \$50 dollars a night to listen to an Italian opera, it's their business, not yours or mine; but it's rather funny, ain't it?

President Cleveland might as well put craps on the White House door and retire from the business. Two hundred sewing women of Buffalo have boycotted his "further political aspirations," because Miss Frankie Folsom bought her trousseau in Paris, instead of patronizing home industry. They insist that they could toy Grover's bride out in better shape than any measily French dress-maker, and are after his scalp with the broom-stick of revenge. Let the country give them room, and they will put the everlasting kibosh on imported trousseaus. NED H. FEEL.

OVER ZEALOUS.

EDITOR STATESMAN:—It is currently reported that ex-Governor W. W. Thayer, who is now one of the justices of the supreme court of Oregon, threw aside the judicial ermine and left the hall of justice and came down to the democratic state convention at Portland this week, and in conjunction with Barney Goldsmith, Joe Teal, and a few other illustrious lights of the democratic party, became so over anxious that Hon. R. S. Strahan, of Albany, should be nominated for supreme judge that no stone was left unturned to accomplish such purpose. Well, Judge Strahan was nominated, and no doubt the ex-Governor and Barney Goldsmith and Joe Teal are happy, but may not be so happy when sterling and upright Judge Waldo will walk over the track as in 1880. Perhaps the ex-Governor will then learn that when a man is elected to a high judicial position as he has been he should not descend to mix up with political squabbles, but remember the eleventh commandment. The people want to know why so much anxiety for Judge Strahan's nomination and election. Are there not many other good and upright lawyers in Oregon that the corporations will support? Have Barney Goldsmith and Joe Teal any litigation pending or likely to come before the supreme court, in which they do not want the sterling Judge Waldo, the people's man, to get a lick at? Why is it that Judge Strahan, the attorney for the Oregon Pacific railway company, with a good salary, is willing to sacrifice such for the supreme judgeship—unless it be as said by a prominent politician of Portland in speaking of the state treasurer's office, "It is a good office without any salary."

VOTER.

PORTLAND, Or., May 6th, 1886.

It would be a disgrace to the state of Oregon to elect Pennoyer for governor and Strahan to the supreme bench.

While the bombs are crashing and revolvers are clattering, it is well that the whole land should hear the still, small voice of American labor protesting that it has no sympathy with the Anarchist murders perpetrated in Chicago. Labor is lawful, wants its rights, and will get them. Anarchy is lawless, and will get its rights, too.

If the democratic delegates to the state convention had sent their proxies to the republican state convention with instructions to choose a democratic candidate for governor, they would undoubtedly have selected Sylvester Pennoyer.—McMinnville Daily Campaign.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE THAT MY WIFE, Lenora E. Shultz, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, and I hereby warn all persons concerned not to harbor or give her credit on my account, as I will pay no bills she may contract from this date. JOHN H. SHULTZ. Woodburn, Or. May 8, 1886. 5-14-86

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST the estate of Reuben Lewis, late deceased, will present the same properly certified, within sixty days from date of this notice, to undersigned at Astoria, Multnomah county, Oregon, and all persons owing same will settle within same time. ABNER LEWIS, May 13th, 1886. 5-14-86 For the Heirs.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT BY VIRTUE of an execution, decree and order of the Hon. Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Marion, and to me directed on the 27th day of May, 1886, wherein A. N. Gilbert, plaintiff, recovered a judgment against J. H. Hagan, defendant, said judgment being for the sum of \$75 and interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum from the 24th day of February, 1886, and \$50 of costs and disbursements, together with accruing costs and expenses, I have levied upon and will sell at public auction on Saturday, the 13th day of June, 1886, At the court house door in Salem, Marion county, Oregon, at one o'clock p. m. of said day to the highest bidder for cash in hand on the day of sale, all the right title and interest which the said defendant, J. H. Hagan, had on or after the 24th day of February, 1886, in or to the following described real estate, to-wit: Lot number five (5) in block number two (2) as shown by the recorded plat of the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon. JNO. W. MINTO, Sheriff Marion County, Or. 5-13-86.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT BY VIRTUE of an execution, decree and order of the Hon. Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Marion, and to me directed on the 13th day of May 1886, wherein Verena Wisener, plaintiff, recovered a judgment against A. J. Hagan, A. T. Gilbert, F. N. Gilbert, G. W. Brown, J. H. Linn, J. P. Brown, Joseph Fishburn, Henry Schlemmer, John Hughes, James C. Brown, and J. P. Brown, and J. M. Brown, defendants, said judgment being for the sum of \$427.90 in United States gold coin and interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum from the 22nd day of February, 1886, the date of said judgment, and \$25.00 costs, together with accruing costs and expenses I will sell at public auction on Saturday, the 13th day of June, 1886, At the court house door in Salem, Marion county, Oregon, at two o'clock p. m. of said day to the highest bidder for cash in hand on the day of sale, all the right title and interest which the said defendant, A. J. Hagan had on or after the 23rd day of December, 1885, in and to the following described real estate to-wit: The north half of the north half of the donation land claim of Catherine J. P. Hagan and the heirs of Andrew Hager claim number six (6) in block number one (1) in township seven (7) north, range two (2) west of the 11th meridian, in Marion county, State of Oregon, except 4.82 acres decedent December 22, 1885, as shown by A. J. Hagan and wife for the satisfaction of the lien of the plaintiff Verena Wisener on said land, and the same this said plat, in the order of their priority as set forth in said records, and I will further, if necessary, in the manner set forth in the order of the court for the satisfaction of the liens of the defendants, Gilbert Bros. and Johnson, Linn & Co., in the order of their priority as set forth in said decrees and orders of the court, and the parties, viz: The south half of the north half of the donation land claim of Catherine Hagan, and the heirs of Andrew Hager, claim No. 6, situated in T. 7 N. R. 2 W. of 11th meridian in Marion county, Oregon. JNO. W. MINTO, Sheriff Marion County, Or. 5-13-86.

"SALEM"

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