HOME.

The home governs the world.

All social and moral laws of our common civilization revolve around the home. It is the school of social progress. Public opinion is the collective opinions of our homes.

Clear-sighted reformers aim to direct the power that rules the home. In a certain sense we are all reformers, we all are trying to make the world better; some are trying in one way, some in another; but we all should begin at home.

Let the home be a cheerful, sunshiny place. There let us find neatness and comfort. Above all, let us have always goodnature and means for improvement.

Home is the place for all the best things; therefore don't keep all your cheerfulness for society, nor shut out all the sunshine except when you have visitors. Cheerfulness and sunshine do not cost anything, but withhold them and you are a heavy loser.

It is not alone the housekeeper's duty to keep the home rooms neat and tidy; each member of the family should assist in it. There are a thousand ways of keeping clean that saves a vast amount of making clean. Anyone of refined feelings regards all labor to secure neatness a labor of love and duty.

Did you ever hear that little fable of the chairs? For fear you haven't I'll tell it to you.

"Well," said a straight-backed, straight-legged chair to a cosy rocking-chair by whose side it chanced to be placed, "before I would be such a drudge as you are, I would be a stool; or, if possible, something more insignificant. People are not content with making you nurse everyone, be they big or little, but you must be continually rocking them to and fro."

"To be sure," answered the little rocking-chair, "I am always busy and on the go for the gratification of others; but thereby have I won many friends, and appear to be a great favorite with all. This pays me for all my trouble."

The moral of this pretty fable is, that all who cheerfully and willingly do for others are the ones who gain most for themselves.

This is a most beautiful lesson to utilize for home life.

One of the pleasantest and noblest duties of the family is to furnish its members with good reading. In times that are past, it was considered enough to clothe, feed, and shelter a family. But now it is recognized as a fact that we all have hungry minds to be satisfied.

They must be fed a healthy diet; they want to be sheltered from the pitiless storm of error and vice. An ignorant family is a dark spot on our modern intelligence.

Let good reading go into a home and the atmosphere changes. The boys begin to talk of men, principles, places, the past and the future. The girls find opening before them a new life of knowledge, duty, and love.

Out from that family will go intelligent men and women to fill useful and honorable places in society.

Let the torch of improvement be lit in every household. Let the young and the old vie with one another in introducing new and useful topics of investigation and in cherishing a love of study and advancement.

Such a home implants memories in the heart that can never die. The rough rubs of the world can never obliterate them. Lives so formed are the timbers that uphold the world.

MERCY ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

The incident of which we speak occurred after the Mine Run fight, during which our forces captured and held the first line of rifle-pits. It was only about twenty rods from the captured rifle-pit to the next pit held by the enemy. We lay without fire, for fear of the Johnnies' bullets.

During the night a moaning began to be heard out on the space between the two forces. It grew more and more agonizing. We thought, as it was one of their men, that they would come for him. They did not come. The cry of increasing pain continued, and I could stand the appeals no longer. With a comrade, I passed out and sought the wounded man. We found him without difficulty. As we surmised, he belonged to their forces, a young North Carolinan. But for help he had perished. In aiding him I forgot my own wet and almost frozen feet, and felt better than before I started.

Although we had not been fired at by the Johnnies, we were upon returning by a Pennsylvanian conscript vidette, although he knew that we were out on a mission of mercy. Luckily, his shot was thrown away that time. Such are the exigencies of war—shoot men down, and then get up in the night and minister unto them.

E. M. Russell.

THEY WOULDN'T TELL MUCH.

An engineering corps in two or three wagons passed through the city toward the south last evening. An effort was made by some of our citizens to find out what their mission was. One inquisitive citizen who attempted to pump them reports the following conversation:

"Where is this party going?"

"Oh, out here a ways."

"What are you going to do?"

"Going to work."

"Where did you come from?"

"Home."

"Who are you working for?"

"Money."

Nobody has been found who knew who they were or what they were doing, but they were railroad surveyors, and are perhaps the same outfit that has been looking for a river crossing down at Jones' Point, a few miles below Rock Bluffs.

A MYSTIFIED CLERK.

The old Scotch name for a draftboard was a "dam-brod," being simply a Scottish perversion from the French of the Gallic equivalent for draughts or chequers, i. e., "jeu de dames," or, as the board is called in French, "damier." "Can you show me," said an old Scottish lady, entering a London linen warehouse, "a tablecloth of a dam-brod pattern?" (she meant, of course, simply a "chequer" style.) "Well," replied the astounded shopman, "we have, madam, very broad patterns, but none quite so broad as that."

DARK VERSUS WHITE FLOUR.

Our well known correspondent, Geo. Wilson, whose articles on finance have so often appeared in the St. Louis Journal, departs from his usual line to give some account of actual practice, not theory, with flour out of which the gluten had not been all bolted. Since it is mere whim which makes people prefer the whitest flour, a whim which is both expensive and detrimental to health, let us all both practice and preach the abandonment of the prevalent custom. See what Mr. Wilson says:

Noting what you say about white flour recalls my experience. I induced our folks to try a quarter sack of flour called "Sunbeam," containing the "gum middlings" in millers' phrase. It is $1.75 cheaper per sack than the white flour. Before this the ladies had insisted on having the white flour and pitied the poor coal miners who use the dark. Now they not only use the dark always, except for certain cakes, but are educating all their friends to use it. They find that they are the ones who deserved pity as they paid nearly double price for what was not worth but half as much.

Whilst I am a friend of art it seems a misfortune that girls do not learn dietetics and the chemistry of cookery at school instead of a smattering of music and painting. Geo. Wilson.

Lexington, Mo., July 15, 1886.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S NEW FRIEND.

A rather dramatic scene occurred at the panorama of the battle of Bull Run to-day, Calvin Chase, the colored newspaper editor, was explaining to several friends the leading features of the battle when he was interrupted by a big, burly fellow, who announced himself as a Virginian who had owned a hundred negroes before the war and who noisily demanded to know what right Chase had to discuss questions relating to the rebellion. There were a number of people present at the time, and Chase unwilling to be drawn into a quarrel with the man, who evidently was under the influence of liquor, modestly withdrew. The Virginian then in a loud voice declared that he could lick any Yankee that ever lived, and directed his remarks principally to a stout, stocky little man standing near. The latter made a sharp rejoinder, which finally led to the Virginian inquiring, the little man's name. "My name is Philip H. Sheridan, present address War Department, Washington, D. C.," was the unexpected reply. The Virginian raised his hat politely and extending his hand, said: "Beg your pardon, general. We tried for four years to lick you and never fairly succeeded. I take it all back. You're a better man than I am. Shake." The general "shook" and there the matter ended.

A DRAMATIC STORY.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, came very near being drowned at Cohasset last week. Edwin Booth was visiting him, and the two went fishing with Messrs. Robson and Crane in Mr. Crane's beautiful yacht, the Neversink. About three miles from shore the party cast their lines in 200 feet of water, and in a few minutes Mr. Barrett had an eighteen-pound rock cod on his hook. A fearful struggle ensued, but in his attempt to land the scaly monster Barrett was dragged overboard. Now Barrett cannot swim a stroke, and in 200 feet of water it was a thousand to one that he would drown. Booth whipped off his boots and coat and plunged into the briny depths after his brother tragedian, and while the two were floundering and sputtering around in the billows Stuart Robson, half dead with fright, scuttled below deck for a brace of life preservers. With commendable presence of mind, however, Crane seized a boat-hook, and with remarkable skill succeeded in fishing out the drenched and exhausted tragedians. It was an exciting experience and a narrow escape, but we suspect that his thorough soaking in salt water was just what Mr. Barrett needed.—[Chicago News.

FOUND THE HIDDEN HIVES.

We notice a surprising phenomenon in connection with the swarming of bees. At the residence of Mrs. S. L. Boardman on Crescent street two empty beehives had been stored in a shed chamber, they having been formerly occupied by bees. This week a skylight in the roof was opened to admit air, and one day a buzzing was heard in the chamber. On investigation it was found that each hive was occupied by a swarm of bees, which were darting to and fro through the skylight, apparently much delighted with their new quarters and industriously engaged in storing sweets. Mr. Boardman proposes some dark night to transfer the new settlers to his front yard, where they can have a more airy position. Where the strange honey gatherers came from and how they discovered the hives is a mystery. But the most singular part of the phenomenon was the fact that they were two swarms of bees and it is not known that they travel in company in swarming.—[From the Augusta (Me.) Journal.

WHY BOB INGERSOLL SOURED.

I found one man here who was mad because Blaine did not have Ingersoll appointed minister to England. He tells me this story: When Garfield was elected Blaine met Ingersoll and said: "Well, Bob, what do you want? We couldn't get along without you in the campaign, now what shall we give you?" Ingersoll replied that he was making money at law, and wanted nothing. Still he did want recognition from the administration.

"Appoint me minister to England and I will decline it the next day," said the infidel.

There were objections, as the appointment of an infidel embassador to a Christian nation from a Christian nation would have made music among the church going voters.

"But I'll not accept," persisted Bob. "Appoint me and I'll refuse it. That's all I want—recognition."

But he was refused and ever since has been soured on Blaine and the party.—[Cincinnati Times-Star.

Remember, lounge mattresses on the installment plan, $1 per week, at Smith's auction house.

TWO DOZEN CODFISH BALLS.

During the business depression of five years ago, says the New York Christian Union, a man called one morning at the basement door of a house in the upper part of the city with a basket on his arm. The servant who answered his knock supposed he was a beggar, but something in the man's appearance when he asked for "the lady of the house" forced her to ask her mistress, who was in the kitchen, to step to the door. The man removed his hat and then uncovered the contents of his basket, delicious white, round codfish balls ready for frying. He told his story. He was a bookkeeper, but the firm had failed and he was without a position and had been for months. His wife, a New England girl, was an excellent cook, and had decided to make two dozen codfish balls, if he would take them around and try to sell them. Here he was. The price was five cents apiece, and they cost about four; if he sold the two dozen he would make twenty-five cents, and that was more than he had earned in months. Half of she quantity were bought at once, and a note written to a neighbor urging her to become a customer for the balance, and a partner in drumming up other customers if the fish cakes proved as good as they looked. The man went away with the promise of help if his goods deserved it. He was to call the next day for the decision. The two women reserved a part of their promise to cook and distribute to their friends and neighbors, on the ground that "the proof of the pudding is the eating."

The fish balls were delicious and immediately after breakfast each woman cooked the balance of her purchase, deposited the fish balls in baskets, and went about among her friends to get orders for the man. The result was that the third weekly delivery in the neighborhood was from a handsome cart pushed by a stout German boy, while the proprietor attended to his customers. In two months he had to deliver certain days in certain districts he had so many orders; besides he kept a stock on hand at his house at all times. In one year the lower part of his house was given up to the business, and restaurants, as well as private families, were his customers.

A friend of the first man, in the same financial condition, whose wife made good bread, came one morning with the seller of the codfish balls, having small, lovely loaves of bread, which he sold at five cents per loaf. He, too made so many customers by the superiority of his bread that six months later found him delivering bread and rolls from a wagon. The bread remained the same delicious home made bread, made by his wife and women whom she trained; twice a week he delivers tea biscuit. Both men have in five years' time bought the houses in which they live.

HE COULDN'T AFFORD IT.

Ex-assistant secretary of the treasury Coon told this story to a group of friends at the Fifth Avenue hotel last evening: "When the joint High Commission was sitting in Washington a few years ago, the proceedings were held behind locked doors, and the greatest pains was taken to keep the proceedings strictly secret. In spite of this many of the most important results of the discussions leaked out and found their way into print. Scott Smith, the well-known Washington correspondent, was known to be telegraphing the news to a syndicate of newspapers, and Secretary of State Hamilton Fish was terribly worked up over the matter. He brought several detectives from New York to Washington, who were unknown to the department officials, and placed them to shadow Smith's house and office, to ascertain, if possible, who it was that furnished him with the information. The vigils were fruitless and the news continued to be printed with daily regularity. Unable longer to conceal his annoyance, the secretary sent for Mr. Smith and told him that his course was unpatriotic.

"'Nonsense,' said Smith, 'it is all true, isn't it? It is news, and that is what I am sent here to get.'' Bnt he did not tell the secretary, what was the fact, that he regularly met a member of the commission every morning at 10 o'clock, from whom he obtained a detailed account of the previous day's proceedings. Finding that persuasion was useless, the secretary finally said:

"'Smith, I have got a nice foreign consulship, worth $5,000 a year, which I wish to offer you, which was my main object in sending for you.'

"'Can't accept it, Mr. Secretary, couldn't afford to do so.'

"'What!' exclaimed Mr. Fish in amazement, can't afford to accept a $5,000 a year consulship?'

"'No sir,' replied Mr. Smith, 'I earn more money than with my pen. To speak plainly, Mr. Secretary, I couldn't afford to take your place and work for the salary you work for.'

Mr. Fish looked at Smith with profound amazement," added Mr. Coon, "but his views of the value of the services of trained newspaper writers probably soon afterward underwent a change."—[New York Star.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

"If I was to live my life over again," said an American defaulter as he cocked his feet in the office of a Montreal hotel, "I'd be a lawyer instead of a cashier."

"For why?" was asked.

"Well, I embezzled $7,000 and am an outlaw and an outcast. My brother-in-law, who is a lawyer, 'managed' an estate so that it put him $48,000 ahead, and they have just elected him mayor of the town and got him to join the church. I advise young men to think of these things."—[Wall Street News.

"Say, Matilda, have you tasted the new tea that Gilbert & Patterson have just got into their store?" "No. Is it good?" "Good! Well, I should just say so. I shall never buy anything else, and I only wonder I did not know it before. Why, its flavor is delicious, and a cup of it does me more good when I am tired out than any tea I ever drank before." "I must get some of it. What is it called?' "'Epicure Tea.' Mind, you can only get it in Perfection Tea cans." tf.

A good quality of No. 2 castor oil for wagon grease, at two bits a pint, for sale, at D. W. Matthews' drug store. 1wd

FIRST QUARRELS.

Young married people are often told to beware of the first quarrels, and of breaking "the silver line, so fine, so fine." They accordingly make brave resolves to keep on the lookout for great storms, and to be prepared for them. But alas! the first storm comes in such a strange and unsuspected way, and takes them at such an inconvenient time! This is illustrated by the following little scene from an old magazine:

A young couple had passed the first few weeks of their marriage at the house of a friend. Having at length occupied their new home, they were taking their first breakfast, when the following scene took place:

The young husband was innocently opening a boiled egg in an egg cup. The bride observed that he was breaking the shell at what she thought was the wrong end.

"How strange it looks," said she, "to see you break your egg at the small end, my dear. No one else does so, and it looks so odd."

"Oh, I think it is quite as good, in fact better, than breaking it at the large end, my love, for when the large end is opened the egg runs over the top," replied the husband.

"But it looks very odd when no one else does so," rejoined the wife.

"Well, now, I really do think it is not a nice way you have of eating an egg. That dipping of strips of bread and butter into an egg certainly is not tidy. But I do not object to your doing as you please if you will let me break my egg at the small end," retorted he.

"I am sure my way is not so bad as eating fruit pie with a knife, as you do, instead of using a fork; and you always eat the syrup as if you were not accustomed to have such things. You really do not see how bad it looks, or I am sure you would not do so," added the wife.

"The syrup is made to be eaten with the pie, and why should I send it away in the plate?" asked he.

"No well-bred persons clear up their plates as if they were starved," said the young bride, with a contemptuous toss of her pretty head.

"Well, then, I am not a well-bred person," replied the husband angrily.

"But you must be if we are to live comfortably together," was the sharp answer.

"Well, I must break my egg at the small end, so it does not signify; and I must also eat the syrup."

"Then I will not have either eggs or fruit pie at the table."

"But I will have them," he petulantly exclaimed.

"Then I wish I had not been married to you," cried the young wife, bursting into tears.

"And so do I," added the now incensed husband, as he arose and walked out of the room.

This domestic quarrel was followed by others equally trying in their origin and disgraceful in their character, until the silly couple made themselves so disagreeable to each other that their home became unbearable and they separated. —[Philadelphia Press.

THE BRIDGE.

Polk County Appropriates $5,000--- The Pile-Driver in Sight--- Work to Begin.

On Thursday the Polk county court, sitting in its regular term, appropriated the sum of $5,000 to the bridge across the Willamette river at Salem. This sum is to be paid upon the completion of the bridge, and after it is accepted by the city, upon the certificate of the mayor of the city. It is to be paid to the city of Salem.

By this action the Polk county court has redeemed itself in the estimation of nearly every intelligent citizen of both Marion and Polk counties. Whatever strictures may have been made before on the integrity or intelligence of the gentlemen of the court will now be cheerfully withdrawn, and the Statesman, which said some harsh things upon misinformation and in the haste of the moment, wishes to be one of the first to acknowledge its mistake. It was mistaken in the spirit of fairness and intelligence of these gentlemen, and feels no qualms of conscience in most humbly begging their pardon, as it will always be found ready and willing to do when it finds itself in the wrong.

This action of the court lifts a burden from the shoulders of a few of Polk county's citizens who assumed the responsibility and guaranteed to the city that the sum of $5,000 would be raised in Polk county.

DISTRESS AFTER EATING.

Will not be experienced if a half teaspoonful of Simmons Liver Regulator is taken. Good as a glass of wine after a hearty meal to ensure good digestion, and is so used by many. Does not nauseate or irritate the stomach, and, unlike any other medicine, when its use is discontinued, the system is not left constipated.

Correct.—"Why don't you trade with me?" said a close-fisted tradesman to a farmer, the other day. "Because," was the characteristic reply, "you have never asked me to. I have looked all through the papers for an invitation, in the shape of an advertisement, but in vain. I never go where I am not invited, sir."—[Ex. 1

Closing Out.—Wm. Staiger, having engaged in other business, announces to the public that he must close out his marble business at once. His assortment is large and complete, and was not gotten up with a view of closing it out at a discount; therefore, all interested should avail themselves of this opportunity to secure a bargain. First come, first served. dw

The most deadly foe to all malarial diseases is Ayer's Ague Cure, a combination of vegetable ingredients, of which the most valuable is used in no other preparation. This remeny is an absolute specific, and succeeds when other remedies fail. Warranted.

CLEOPATRA DRANK PEARLS

In her wine, and captivated Cæsar with her beauty and magnificence. But pearls in the mouth are better, and our modern beauties may have these if they faithfully use Sozodont every day, and captivate all by simply smiling to show their pretty white teeth.

For all forms of nasal catarrh where there is dryness of the air passage with what is commonly "stuffing up," especially when going to bed, Ely's Cream Balm gives perfect and immediate relief. Its benefit to me has been priceless.—A. G. Chase, M. D., Millwood, Kansas.

FEVER AND AGUE.

C. Vrecland, Hackenpack, N. J., Feb. 25, 1885, writes that he has been troubled with fever and ague, for over two years. Quinine would not cure him, though taken in very large doses. By taking five Brandreth's pills a night for two weeks he was restored to perfect health.

ON THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

The recovery of digestion, and the resumption of activity by the liver, bowels and kidneys are mile-stones which mark our progress on the road to health. They speedily become perceptible when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is used by the invalid. Nothing so surely and expeditiously consumes the distance to the desired goal. As no bodily function can suffer interruption without impairing the general health of the system, so the system can never acquire perfect vigor, health's synonym, until that junction be actually resumed. Take, for instance, digestion, a suspension of which is invariably rectified by the Bitters. If the organs upon which it develops grow weak, biliousness, constipation, headache, poverty of the blood, and a hundred other symptoms supervene which indicate unmistakably the baneful general influence of dyspepsia. The disappearance of all these symptoms through the use of the Bitters, show with what thoroughness it removes their cause.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of the Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferor immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures disentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the World. Price 25 cents a bottle.

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times symptoms of indigestion are present, flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching piles yield at once to the application, of Dr. Bonsanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts effected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address, the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by Geo. E. Good.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with electric suspensory appliance, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Michigan.

Nothing Like It.

No medicine has ever been known so effectual for the cure of all those diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood as Scovill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, the universal remedy for the cure of scrofula, white swellings, rheumatism, pimples, blotches, eruptions, boils, cancers, and all kindred diseases. There is no better means of securing a beautiful complexion than by using Scovill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, which cleanses the blood and gives permanent beauty to the skin.

KEYNOTE TO HEALTH.

Health is wealth. Wealth means independence. The keynote is D. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the best Cough Syrup in the world. Cures coughs, colds, pains in the chest, bronchitis and primary consumption. One dose relieves in every case. Takeno other. Price 50 cents and $1. Sample free. Sold by Geo. E. Good.

THE RAREST OF COMBINATIONS.

True delicacy of flavor with true efficacy of action has been attained in the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its pleasant taste and benefical effects have rendered it immensely popular. For sale by Geo. E. Good, Salem, Oregon.

Capital hose team will meet this afternoon at 2 p. m., by order of T. A. Howard, second assistant foreman.

1851. 1886.

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An excellent farmers' paper given away with the

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THE AMERICAN FARMER, a sixteen-page agricultural magazine, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., is one of the leading agricultural journals of the country. It is devoted exclusively to the interests of the Farmer, Stock-breeder, Dairyman, Gardener, and Household, and every species of industry connected with that great portion of people, the farmers. Farmers can not well get along without it. It puts new ideas in their minds. It teaches them how to farm with profit. It makes the home happy, the young folks cheerful, and the growler contented. The subscription price of the FARMER is $1 per year. It is published monthly---twelve numbers a year.

To all new subscribers to the Daily or Weekly STATESMAN who, after August 1st, 1886, subscribe and pay one year's subscription in advance, the American Farmer will be sent one year free of charge.

Old subscribers to the STATESMAN who pay up all arrearages and one year in advance will receive the American Farmer one year free of charge.

Old subscribers who will pay up all arrearages and one year in advance, may subscribe for another copy of the Weekly STATESMAN for $1.50, and the American Farmer will also be sent to the new name, thus giving four papers for less than the price of two; but the additional name must be that of some person who is not a subscriber to the Statesman---a new subscriber. If you are not a subscriber, and you have a friend who is also not a subscriber, you may each receive the Weekly STATESMAN and the premium paper for $3.50, which is 50 cents less than the price of the Statesman alone. Send the Weekly and the premium to friends in the east. It will be appreciated.

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NERVOUS Debility, Impotency seminal losses, sexual decay, mental and physical weakness, failing memory, weak eyes, stunted development, impediments to marriage, etc. from excesses of youthful follies, or any cause, speedily, safely and privately cured.

Young, Middlesaged and Old Men

and ALL who need MEDICAL SKILL and experience should 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, medicines can be sent anywhere by express FREE FROM OBSERVATION. It is self-evident that a physician who gives his WHOLE attention to a class of diseases attains greater SKILL, and physicians throughout the country, knowing this, frequently recommend difficult cases to the OLDEST SPECIALIST, by whom every known good remedy used. The Doctor's Age and Experience make his opinion of supreme importance.

Those who call see no one but the Doctor.—Consultations free, and sacredly CONFIDENTAL. Cases which have failed in obtaining relief elsewhere especially solicited. Female diseases successfully treated. The Doctor will agree to forfeit $1000 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. Send for the SANITARIST GUIDE TO HEALTH! SENT FREE. Address as aboue.

The services of the celebrated old German Physician, DR. O. GIRARD, from Stransburg, have been secured at the LIEBIG DISPENSARY. His fame as a specialist for diseases of men is universally known, and hundreds are daily availing themselves of the opportunity of free consultation, personally or by letter, in all languages.

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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 cannot get cured of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, etc., is owing to a complication, called PROSTATORRHEA with HYPERAETHESIA, which requires peculiar treatment. Dr. Liegig's Invigorator is the only positive cure for PROSTATORRHEA, with peculiar Special Treatment, used at the LIEBIG DISPENSARY.

VARICOCELE.

Or wormy veins of the scrotum. Often the unsuspected cause of lost manhood, debility, etc. Price of Invigorator, $2. Case of six bottles $10. Sent to any address, covered securly from observation.

Most powerful electric belts free to patients.

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Deals only in the best goods in his line consisting of watches, clocks, diamonds, solid silverware, jewelry, spectacles, and silver plated ware. In silver plated ware we have a better article than can be had elsewhere in the city. Call and see it.

We are selling the genuine Rogers Bros. spoons, forks, and knives, at the following prices per set:

1847 No. XII Table Spoons,	$3 50.
" Table Forks,	$3 50.
" Tea Spoons,	$1 75.
1847 Medium Knives,	$2 50.

The Roger Bros. goods are good, but we have something far better.

Mr. McDowell will attend personally to all his customers' wants and is pleased at any time to have you call and examine his wares.

No Second Hand Goods

—Kept in stock.—

All goods warranted to be as represented. Very respectfully,

F. D. McDOWELL,

221 Commercial street, Salem, Oregon, Between John Wright's and the postoffice.

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Cures Female Complaints. A Great Kidney Remedy. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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