Anne's Mistake.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

"I must and will!" cried Anne Mor imer, throwing down the letter she was ding, and looking up with an angry nee at her cousin Belle, who stood by ne window carefully folding and putting away some rare old lace, which she had en mending.

She was 25 years old; an only daugh tor; proud, very rich, and accustomed all her life to have her own way.

Her companion was two or three years younger than herself, with a face far nore pleasing, though she was never called handsome; with a very modest rtune inherited from her mother, Mrs. Mortimer's half-sister; with a bright, good-humored, unselfish way about her that won her many friends.

"Why do you smile, and say nothing?" she continued, frowning at her

Belle shrugged her shoulders.

"If you care for my opinion-" she be-

"No, I care for nobody's opinion! My mind is quite made up. I will not meet Harry Graham, to be reminded of the foolish promise I made five years ago; and I will see Norman Hildreth, who comes to us with a half-million for a wife

"But what if Mr. Graham refuses to be ignored," said Belle, sitting down by the window, just opposite her cousin; "you know he is quite as proud as you are, and as determined. If you will take pains to remember, he is apt to have his own way too!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Anne.

"But your honor, Anne?"
"I cannot be always thinking of my honor, either. I said I would marry Harry when he made a fortune to match my own, but five years is long enough to wait for any man. I tell you I shall disappear before he comes back in time to welcome Norman Hildreth."

"I do not suppose anything I can say will alter your determination, but I do not think Mr. Hildreth would wish to

applant any other man."

And Belle's brown eyes flashed, and hen grew soft again, as if a pleasant hought had crossed her mind.

"How can you guess what Mr. Hildreth eried Anne, petulant-"I have heard that he cares nothing r the gay young butterflies that have led to charm him at Cape May. Why uldn't he like me?"

"But you will tell him—"
"I shall tell him nothing," Belle returned a little hautily. She hesitated
only a moment, then taking up her work,
the left the room.

"This very afternoon," Miss Morti-ars said, pulling a crumpled note from er pocket, "Harry Graham will be here; at I am not such a goose as to wait for tim. Perhaps he may fall in love with him. Perhaps he may fall in love with Belle, and if she plays her cards right she may get a husband yet. They could live, I suppose, on what they both have, but for my part, I need a great deal ike me contested !"

And as Anne Mortimer was never one to linger when she had once made up her be wrote to her cousin that afternoon, mind, her maid was called to pack her she said again, "I am sorry"—but this runk, and at 2 o'clock she was driven to the station, and was soon on her way to the house of a friend in a neighboring

Four o'clock came, and as Belle was sitting in her own room, reading, a card

was brought her.
"Harry Graham!" she exclaimed.
Then going to the door, she said, "Mary, yas intended for my cousin. Did you not tell the gentleman she was not at "I told him and gave him the bit of note she left for him."

"So she has been too cowardly to tell him," Belle said to herself angrily, "but wounds him and goes away to avoid the

ight of his pain!"
"He read the note," continued Mary,
'and then he said, 'Will you oblige me by taking that eard to her cousin, Mise

"Very well, say that I will be down in moment," Belle said, and closed the

She stood for a moment looking at the card, feeling angry with her cousin for having forced her into such an unpleasant position, and sorry for the man whom Anne had so coolly wounded

But she must not keep him waiting, and with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, she went slowly down the stairs, and opened the door of the library.

For one moment she only saw a man's back, and even in that brief moment, thought to hersell. "Anne has told him she will not marry him, and he is trying to get his feelings under control. Poor

The next moment he had turned around, was coming toward her with a smiling face and outstretched hands, and he saw Norman Hildretb.

For a single second a look of delight rossed her face, and her heart began eating turnultuously; then she said: "You here, too, Mr. Hildreth! I came

down to see Mr. Graham. I think-he must be in the parlor." And she half

must be in the parlor." And she half turned away.
"So you did not expect me?" he said, still holding out his hand.

Belle blushed and gave him her own.
"My cousin said you would call here next week; that Mrs. Roland had asked you to do so, and—"
"But you did not expect me to-day, and you did expect Mr. Graham! I have the name quite right?"

Belle was almost ready to gry.
"Indeed, Mr. Hildreth, I was not expecting anyone; but I must see Mr.

peeting anyone; but I must see Mr. Graham a moment, for I think he wishes

to—to leave a message."

"Do not go," he said, holding her hand so tightly in his own that she could not, if she had wished; "and do not be angry with me when I tell you that I sent that card up to you."

"You! Mr. Graham's card!" "Even so. See! Here is her note—a lovely bit of prose—you may read it if

Belle looked indignant. "I do not read notes written to other people," she said, and then she turned away her head, for she felt the tears ris-

ing to her eyes. "Comeandsit down, Belle, dear Belle," "Compeands town, helle, dear Belle, he said softly, "I want to talk with you." "But Mr. Graham?" she cried, be-wildered and yet, oh, so happy. "He is not here. You don't compre-hend, but you will know it all in five minutes." And he drew her to a sofa

and sat down beside her.

"Miss Lacy—Belle—do you love me?"

"Is it a jest?" she asked faintly.

"It is sober earnest," he returned, laughing a little. "Listen, dear! I love you dearly, and I want you to promise to be my wife before I tell you anything

"Be your wife!" "Yes. Does it seem so dreadful to you? Ah, Belle, I can be very serious. I learned to love you in three days, but perhaps you cannot learn so quickly."

Her hand was in his, his lips very near her own, and as she looked up, he

read her secret in the sweet uplifted eyes. The next moment he had taken a lover's "Now, I will tell all," he said. "You know that five years ago Miss Mortimer promised to marry Graham if he could bring her a fortune equal to her own? Two years later, she met Robert Lee, and deliberately won his love only to trample it under her feet. Robert Lee was my dearest friend; and when he came out west, where I was hard at work, and after a month's struggle, died there, of a broken heart, he left me his papers to destroy, telling me to read his journal and his letters, and be warned. He did not know my secret, but he saved me from being fooled by a heartless woman! What do you know of Harry

Graham, my darling?" She looked up startled at something in his voice.

"You have never seen him?"
"No," she said, "I have never seen him, for he went away the summer before I came to live here; but I have heard much of him, not from Anne alone, but from other friends. "I think," she continued slowly, he must be a very good man—a noble man—and oh, I am sorry that Anne—"

"Don't be sorry," and he laughed again. "If you love me, you can't be sorry." "I beg your pardon, my own dear one; but I nave been playing a part. I am Harry Graham, or I was, three months ago!"

She was too much frightened to say anything. "I was coming home, glad of my poverty, for I was not nearly rich enough for your cousin; but meaning to tell her that Robert Lee was my best friend, and that I did not and could not love the woman who had betrayed him, "If you ask me seriously," said Belle, a swift bluah manifum nercheeks, "I believe him to be the soul of honor, and I cannot think he would—"

"You know him?" cried Anne; "and you will tell him—"

"I met him when I was at Edge Hill a place of my own. My mother consented. I was met by the news that my myther's brother, a very wealthy and very eccentric old bachelor, had died, leaving me his entire fortung, on condition that I would amopt his name in place of my own. My mother consented. dition that I would anopt his name in place of my own. My mother consented. I was willing to do so myself, and I am 'I met him when I was at roge out ago, but it was only a brief action and a sintance, for he left the next week to the happy possessor of a million and a half in good securities, all of which I lay

at your feet, my darling!"
"And so you are really Norman! I liked the name so much," Belle stammered, blushing under his eager gaze. "Even my name shall be yours, little e. How glad I am that you like it!"

Belle hid her face on his shoulder. "I tried to make you see that I loved you," he said at length; "but I would not tell you until I had seen my mother and told her all. She is glad, and waiting to welcome you at Greystone. When will you come, dear, because I shall want

you to come to stay before long?"

And Belle promised all that he asked, and when she read the long letter which syllable. time it was for Anne and not for herself

A PICKPOCKET'S PLEA.

A new excuse for pocket-picking has been invented at Berlin. An old gentleman, possessed of a very ample share of this world's goods, had purloined in the course of a few months no less than seventy five beautifulty embroidered ladies' handkerchiefs. He was finally discovered when pursuing the same occupa-tion Unter den Linden on the Emperor's last birthday fete. Together with a num-ber of other gentlemen of the same pro-fession he appeared the other day before the magistrate, who sentenced him to ten days' imprisonment. And here Dr. Friedman's (the lawyer) art steps in, for, while admitting that his client was not suffering from the convenient ailment known as kieptomania, he urged that the old gentleman was subject to a morbid state of mind, which compelled him, whenever he saw a beautiful woman, to try and obtain as a souvenir some object which had belonged to her. The old pickpocket was acquitted, but whether the high court was moved to compassion with the prisoner's homage to beauty, or whether the "beautiful women" were touched by it and demanded his release the chrosicle does not say .- [Pall Mall Gazette.

A PARTY MAN.

He was a politician and a democrat, and he had been striving with the powers that be for a post office, but without success. The other day he returned to the city, and he registered at his hotel, "John

Morrey, P. M."
"Ah," said the clerk, "you've got there at last?"

at last?"

"Got where?" he asked, bluntly.

"Got your post office," replied the clerk, pointing to the appended initials.

"Not much, I haven't."

"Well, what did you sign your name that way for?"

"I've got a right to."

"But you said you were not a post-master."

People throughout the Williamette valley and all Oregon have found out that they can get as good photographs in Ssiem as in Portland, or any where else. The work of Pickerill & Catterlin, Ssiem's artistle photographers, is attracting the attention of all who admire fine

Take your dinner at Emerson's.

A DEMAND FOR WOMEN.

The demand for women in the northvest is only exceeded by the demand for rain. Out in Wagon Wheel, Idaho, re cently, a couple of old maids were called to attend a dying brother. The brother died, but before the girls could get away the whole male population was after them, including the mayor, justice of the peace and other notables. Excitement ran high, and bids were six to one on the mayor et al. In six days after their arrival the battle was over and the girls both engaged. The mayor had been cut out by a strapping young miner of thirty. The weddings were set and the mother sent for, order that proper eclat might be given. The mother arrived in due seas-on, and at once sailed into the girls for their disrespect of their late brother and their immoderate haste. She declares the marriages off, and announced her intention of taking her daughters home with her. In despair a mass-meeting was called, and the mayor was appointed a committee to wait on the mother and persuade her to reconsider the former motion. Like all good mayors, Chicago's included, this gentleman waited upon the irate mother. He called her attention to the control of the called her attention to the called he tion to the great need of Wagon Wheel, and in the name of patriotism implored her not to inflict such a crushing blow on the hopes of the town. The mother was obdurate, and declared that she would not depart without her daughters. On this hint the mayor spoke. He at once proposed a compromise. The mother need not depart at all. She was fair, fat and fifty edd. So was he. They would not their issues. And they did The pool their issues. And they did. The three women are now concocting excuses by which all their belated female friends and relatives east can be brought to Wagon Wheel.—[Chicago Mail,

IT WAS FLEAS.

He was making his first call, and all the formalities of the season were in full blast. She toyed with her fan as she conversed about the gayeties of the winter time. Leisurely strolling into the elegant drawing-room came the family dog, a large and intelligent type of the Newfoundland breed. It was a warm even-ing, and the dog came in with his mouth and his tongue protruding from his mouth. He made directly for the hostess, who manifested great uneasiness at the first sight of the unexpected animal. As he came nearer, the young woman dropping her fan, mounted first the center table.

Seeing the unusual performance, the young man was soon on top of the marble mantlepiece, to which place of safety he invited his hostess. Meanwhile the dog, the cause of the commotion, crawled un-der the soia, preparing himself to take a

"When was he taken?" asked the young man, as he balanced himself amid the mantle ornaments. "Oh, he's been that way all summer,"

replied the young woman.

"It's strange he dosen't try to bite us, isn't it?" continued the young man.
"Oh, he wouldn't bite anybody," re-

marked the young hostess.

"Why, hasn'the got the hydrophobia?"

"No," replied she, "he's got fleas, and that's pretty near as bad."—[8t. Paul

A QUESTION OF PRONUNCIATION.

"Can you direct me to the Chatougay hotel?" asked a lady on the platform at White Bear station on Sunday afternoon. "The Chatewgay?" was the answer,

with a perceptible accent on the second syllable. "No, I am a stranger here." teered a well-dressed lady with eyeglasse near by, who looked very classical and accented the "aw." "Chategay, I think, is to the right of

spoke up the husband of the

woman with eyeglasses.
"Can't anybody tell us where the Chatergay is?" at length asked the six-year-old child of the lady who made the

first inquiry, in a whining tone.
"Probably the man with the peanutstand there can direct you to the Chatten-gay," remarked a well-dressed gentle-man who had beard the inquiries. "He looks like an old resident of this place.'

"The Shaddegay? Sure, go down to the lake and foller along till you see the sign of the Hotel Shaddegay, an' that's it," answered the old-timer, who knew not only where it was but how it's name was pronounced .- [St. Paul Globe

A HUSBAND'S VALUE.

The value of a husband is a difficult thing to arrive at in a court of justice, but it is clear that there ought to be some way of doing it in fairness to railroad companies or others responsible for the accident of his death. It may be remembered that some time ago a man was killed on a Georgia railroad whose body was claimed by two women, Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Weaver, each believing it to be that of ber husband. Both entered suits for damages against the company, but a circumstance occurred which compelled Mrs. Weaver to withdraw. This was the arrest of the missing Weaver for some crime and the revelation of his identity. He was a bad character who had deserted his wife a long time previous and had been several times in the clutches of the

The question arises as to what possible value this man could be to his wife, and yet had it not been for this turning up at a critical moment the railroad company might have been compelled to pay her large damages, as there were several per-sons of good repute who were convinced that he was the man who was killed. Mrs. Weaver would doubtless resign all proprietary rights in her husband for onequarter the amount she expected to be awarded by the court. Probably she would pay him something of a bonus for staying away from her and would really be under obligations to anybody (or com-pany) who would relieve her from any chance of being bothered by him. Evidently there is a screw loose somewhere in the state of affairs which enables a widow to realize on the loss of such a husband as this at the expense of her benefactor.

Since the bridge construction has fairly begun many people pass by and admire those show windows of Gilbert & Patterson's.

From 115 Lbs to 161 Lbs.

To the Cuticura Remedies I owe my health, my happiness, and my life.

A day never passes that I do not think and speak kindly of the Cutleura Remedies. Seven years ago, all of a dozen lumps formed on my neck, ranging in size from a dherry stone to an orange. The large ones were frightful to look at, and painful to bear; people turned aside when they saw me, in disgust, and I was ashamed to be on the street or in society. Physicians and their treatment, and all medicines failed to do any good. In a moment of despair I tried the Cuticura Remedies - Cuticura, the great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin sain core, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin heautifier, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, internally; the small lumps (as I call them) gradually disappeared, and the large ones broke, in about two weeks, discharging large quantities of mater, leaving two small scars in my neck to-day to tell the slory of my suffering. My weight then was the slory of my suffering. My weight then was the slory pounds, and my height is only give feet the inches. In my travels I praised the Cuticura Remedies, north, south, east and west. To Cuticura Remedies I owe my health, my happiness, and my life. A prominent New York druggist asked me the other, "Do you still use the Cuticura Remedies; you leok to be in perfect health?" My reply was, "I do, and shall always. I have never known what slokness is since I commenced using the Cuticura Remedies." Sometime I am laughed at by praising them to people not acquainted with their merits, but sooner or later they will come to their senses and belive the same as those that use them, as dozens have whom I have told. May the time come whon there shall be a large Cuticura supplie house in every city in the world, for the benefit of humanity, where the Cuticura Remedies shall be sold only, so that there will be scarcely a need of ever entering a drug store.

Zio Pulton St., New York, N. Y.
Cuticura remedies are a positive cure for every form of blood and skin diseases, from every form of blood and skin diseases, from beantifier, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent

Cuticura remedies are a positive cure for every form of blood and skin diseases, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, & cents; Resoivent, \$1. Prepared by the Potter Brug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Care Skin Diseases PIM PLES, blackheads, shin blemishes, and bayo humors, use Cuticura Soap.

SNEEZING CATARRH.

The distressing sneeze, sneeze, sneeze, the serid, watery discharges from the eyes and nose, the painful inflamation extending to the throat. the swell of the mucous lining, causing chok ing sensations, cough, ringing noise in the head

ing sensations, cough, ringing noise in the head and splitting headaches—how familiar these symptoms are to thousands who suffer period ically from head colds or influenza, and who live in ignorance of the fact that a single application of Sanford's Radical Cure for Gatarrh will afford instantaneous relief.

But this treatment in cases of simple catarrh gives but a faint idea of what this remedy will do in the chronic forms, where the breathing is obstructed by choking, putrid mucous accumulations, the kearing affected, smell and taste gone, throat ulcerated and hacking cough gradually fastening itself upon the debilialed system. Then it is that the marvellous curative power of Sanford's Radical Cure manifests tealiff. 'istantaneous and grateful relief. Cure begins from the first application. It is rapid, radical, permanent, economical, safe.

Sanford's Radical cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for \$1.00.

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I MUST GIVE UP, I cannot bear this pain, I ache all over, and nothing I try does me any goood. Back-ache, urtine pains, sorances, lames, hack-ache, ing cough, pleurisy and chest pains cure by that new, original and elegant autidate to pain and inflammation the Cuticura anti-pain Plaster. Especially adapted to ladies oy reason of tis delicate odor and gentle Medicinal action. At druggists, 25c., fave for \$1. mailed free by Potter Drug & Chemical Co. Boston.

-1886.-

-OF THE---

ellable. "No, I am a stranger here." "I think the Chatawgay is to the left of the track, some distance up," volun-

To be held at their grounds near Sa-lem, Gregon, commencing

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NOTICE FOR LICENSE.

To THE HON., THE COUNTY COURT OF Marion county, state of Oregon. The undersigned legal voters of the precinct of sutteville, Marion county, state of Oregon, would respectfully ask your honors te grant a liceuse to sell spiritnous, vinous and mair liquors in less quantities than one gallon, in said precinct of Sutteville, to J. J. Ryan for a period of six months:

Butteville, to J. J. Ryan for a period of six months:
Dated this 29th day of July, 1886.
B. Jennings, Jos. Scheurer, Y. Barnes, Moses McKay, John McKay, J. J. Ryas, W. Viethers, E. Machiet, S. Inners, J. B. Wolf, J. F. Matthieu, Jas. Whitney, F. X. Matthieu, John Greenleaf, P. J. Cone, T. Pinard, J. W. Long, Peter Feller, A. H. Coue, Charles Matthieu, Chns. E. Shaw, E. P. Reuts, Francis Feller, John Kennedy, Crest Ohlegschiager, L. B. Sanders, Frank Field, Henry L. Bents, W. K. Cler, G. Dentei, J. W. Khien, T. C. Acherson, C. B. Plilow, F. Batchel er, Jacob Miller, Thos. Rees, H. B. Cone, J. Arndt, George Hartneck, Bernard Glynn, S. A. Bogom, James Hunt, Thomas Hunt St., Thomas J. Hunt Jr., Robert Whitney, John Johnston, Thos. Collusson, Joshua Collinson, John Stute, F. Beeshag, K. Bauer, M. Kennedy.

Notice is hereby given that the forestder period

nedy.

Notice is hereby given that the foregoing petition for license to sell spirituous, mait and vinous liquors in less quantities than one gallon in Rutteville precinct, Marion county, Oregon., will be presented to the Hon. County Court of said county on the 8th day of September, 1886.

8.6-44

J. J. KYAN.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the county court of marion county, oregon. In the matter of the estate of 6. W. Peck, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of 6. Peck, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same with proper vouchers, to the undersigned at his residence in Salem, Marion county, Oregon, within six monts; and all persons owig said estate will pease call upon the administrator and settle as soon as possible.

J. C. JOSEPH,

dministrator and settle as soon as possible.

Administrator of the estate of G. W. Peck.

Dated Salem. Oregon, August 7th, 1886.

PINAL SETTLEMENT.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Marion County.

In the matter of the estate of Daniel Clark, deceased. Final account.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE EXMODILE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE EXMODILE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE EXMODILE IS A COUNTY, and that on Tuesday, August 18th, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day in the court house at the office of the county court is hereby et apart as the time and place to hear any objections to the settlement of said account.

MKS. DANIEL CLARK, R. S. CLARK, Saiem, July 15, 1886.

Executors.

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, THAT THE undereigned has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of James S. White deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them with the proper vouchers within six menths from the date hereof to me at Holmes & Hayden's office in Salem, Marion county, Oregon. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Dated August 6th, 1886

ISABEL M. WHITE, Administratrix of said estate

NOTICE.—TAKEN UP BY THE BUBSCRI-ber, one brown horse, shod all round, a little white on two feet, small star in forehead, harness marks on sides; had a small rope around his neck when he came to my place glout Nov. 14, 1885. J. W. GRAHAM, Dec. 12, 1885. Graham's Ferry, 7:30wSt P. O. address, Butteville, Or.

Wm. N. Ladue, Dr. J. Reynolds, John Moir Pres. Vice Pres. Cashier

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Loan money on improved farms and other first class real estate, and personal property. Buy notes, bonds, mortgages and other accur-

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Furnish abstracts of title to real estate, make

Out of Order!! McDowell

And have it repaired and warranted. No. 221 Commercial street, Salem Oregon. BREYMAN BROS.

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