LOVE AND A COMPASS.

To the north of her mouth, east and west of her eyes,
By the curls of her tresses half hidden,
Two ears, of the tiniest, daintiest size,
Are kissed by the breezes unbidden.

And right to the north of each exquisite cheek
Like her eyes a brilliancy tender,
Their color I know not, but in them I seek
Some sign of approaching surrender.

Due north of the dimple that hides in her chin,
Two lips conceal music behind them;
And when a smile plays on them, Cupids begin
To break from the bonds that confine them.

Just south of her chin stands a full rounded throat,
Whose whiteness than marble is whiter:
Southeast and southwest of it, shoulders I note—
No curves are more graceful, or lighter.

In the south of her bosom, a bit to the west,
Is the greatest of all of her beauties;
My loadstar's the heart that is hidden in her breast,
To obey it's my sweetest of duties.

—[Tid-Bits.

THE COLOR OF HIS WINGS.

There is a man on our block
Whose lungs are wondrous strong.
He tries them every evening,
And "White Wings" is his song.
He sings it with precision
And force, despite our pain;
Then turns the music over,
And sings it through again.
His singing makes one weary;
No peace is known at night.
Oh, when this torment gets his wings,
They'll surely not be white.

—[Tid-Bits.

THE VILLAGE BAND.

And the maiden shrieked in terror,
"'Tis the fierce and dread cyclone;
I can hear its dreadful mutter,
And its weird, wild, woeful tone!"

But the youth, though pale, was fearless;
And he said: "Oh, bear thy pain;
'Tis the village band who practice
'When the Robins Nest Again.'"

—[Musical Herald.

THE GIRL OF FASHION.

The girl of fashion ne'er goes out
With Algernon alone.
Whene'er they wish to stir about,
She calls a chaperone.

Yet where this obstacle to bliss
Is utterly unknown,
'Tis more than likely that the miss
Will call a chap 'er own.

[Merchant Traveler.

Redeemed by Love.

BY MAJOR FRED WHITMORE.

"Captain Lyman has returned, and he is boasting to the boys that you dare not punish him. He is destroying the discipline of the company, and something must be done."

It was my Orderly Sergeant who spoke. I replied:

"Well, send him to me, and after I talk with him we'll see about the punishment."

But I could see by the smile of incredulity on the sergeant's face that he either believed the talking or my weakness would prevent the punishment. Seating myself in my camp chair I bowed my head upon the table and reflected.

This disorderly soldier and I were, only a year ago, companions, and dearer than brothers, and now, as his superior, I must punish him. I had not seen him during this time, and had looked forward to our meeting with the fondest anticipations. I had often planned ways in which to show him my love and gratitude, and this was my reception. I had joined my regiment this day and been assigned to the command of the company which I had quitted as Lieutenant, having been in hospital and on detached service meanwhile for a year; and Lyman, whom above all others I had longed to meet, was reported to me on arrival as the worst man in the regiment. Detailed for guard that morning, he had muttered that he "would make it hot for me," and disappeared from camp, and we had not yet met. And now what should I do? The man mastered the soldier in me for the time.

Oh, it all came back to me with such force as to compel tears—tha' terrible Antietam battle, the pursuit of our brigade, my wound, the hospital bed, the fever and delirium, and Lyman. He had stuck by his company through all that battle bravely, and was beside me when I fell, and assisted me to the ambulance. It was only a flesh wound in my thigh, but the nervous strain and the malaria did the rest. I was taken to the field hospital of the brigade, and my captain at once called to see me. I wanted better nursing, and asked him to detail a man from the company. He sent Lyman. I then knew it was sympathy more than all else that I wanted. I was sighing for home, mother and Nellie, and to look in a face I had know in the dear old village was a tonic to me.

And how tender, how womanly he was. How we grew to know and love each other. Often as in my weakness I would moan for home, he would lay his face against mine and say. "Fred, don't! I'm here," and thus try to cheer me; and I, throwing my arms around his neck, would beg him to talk of home, of mother, of my Nellie and his Chloe, for I soon learned of the hidden and unspoken love he held for her. Then he would read over and over again letters I received from loved ones, and would so patiently write for me. O sad, precious four weeks in my life they were. Then came the breaking up of the hospital, and I was sent to Washington. Sad but full of promise for the future was our parting. Convalescing, I had a furlough home. Nell and I were married. I had several months then on court-martial service, and was aid on the staff of the department commander, when, in response to the repeated and urgent request of the colonel, I was ordered to join my regiment before Richmond. There had been but little communication between me and the boys meanwhile, and I had hoped to find Lyman wearing at least a second lieutenant's strap, and thus the discipline of the service might interpose no barrier to our intimacy. The comparison of my ideal with the real caused me to tremble with emotion.

All this was passing in my mind when a rap upon my tent called my attention. "Come," said I, and the sergeant entered, saying respectfully, as he touched his cap:

"Captain, your man is outside."

"Let him come in, and you retire," I said.

He entered sullenly. I motioned him to a seat on the camp stool, dropped the flap of my tent, and again seating myself at my improvised table of empty hardtack boxes, upon which my candle was burning, I dropped my head in my hands and shook with emotion. It was some time before I could think, even so little, and I did not think. It was the overmastering force of a great passion that moved me involuntarily upon my feet, and turning to him with the one word, "Lyman," I seated myself across his knees, threw my arm about his neck, and burst into sobs.

I felt a tremor pass through his frame, then there was a resistance, like a strong will beating back a flood; this giving way he grasped me convulsively and murmured "Fred," and wept with me. There was a long, sacred silence, broken at last by his saying, "Fred, do you care so much for me?"

"Lyman, you are as dear to me as when my arms encircled your neck like this last, and it will kill me to punish you. I will resign my commission first."

"You shall do neither," was his reply. "If you love me I will be all you desire. I thought you had forgotten me. Everybody seemed to. You were prospering; you were loved. I was alone, and I got desperate and didn't care what became of me, and I made up my mind if you attempted to show your superiority I would do something that would get me court-martialed, for I could not remain in the regiment and bear your scorn; but you are just my dear boy again, and, Fred, I'll stand by you."

Then we had a long confidential talk. I told him of Nelly and my happiness, and also told him that Chloe loved him. Nelly discovered it and told me. Oh, what a glory shone over his face then. "Will she wait for me, Fred?" he asked. "I know she is waiting for you," I replied. "Then I'll be worthy of her."

It was late when captain and private separated that night, but closer than ever were the ties then that bound us, and light-hearted I slept till morning.

There was never a better soldier after that than Lyman. The company never knew the bright charm that redeemed him, but they all grew to love and respect him, and when I called him from the ranks one roll-call to fasten a pair of corporal's chevrons on his arms they cheered us both. And I never did a more popular thing among them than when I gave him a sergeant's warrant.

Often after the camp got quiet at night we had our hours of sweet communion, and by a woman's tact, Nelly had got Lyman and Chloe into correspondence, and he had her love now to hold him to the right.

On every march and in every skirmish he was my closest companion, and I was anxious for the time when he could carry a sword by my side.

The winter soon passed, and that terrible spring of 1864 came upon us with those horrible battles of the Wilderness. We were through them all. Lyman was the bravest of the brave, standing closely as ever at my side, winning encomiums from regimental and staff officers, and never was I happier than when one May day I presented him his commission as my second lieutenant. Now we were tent mates and bed-fellows. Skirmish and disease lessened our officers, and not long after came his commission as first lieutenant and mine as major. But still my duties allowed me to be much with him.

As we entered Richmond he won the other bar, and sitting in my tent one evening in that suffering, captured city, I placed upon his shoulders the straps I had worn as captain, the same ones upon which his head had rested when he said, upon that memorable occasion: "Fred, do you care so much for me?" I felt as though my task to the country and for him was done. Love had redeemed him and given him back all he had lost. In a closer embrace than ever, we thought of peace and home.

A few weeks later, when the ——th Connecticut volunteers marched through the streets of Hartford with tattered banners and depleted ranks, among the faces tear-bedewed to welcome us were Nellie and Chloe with each other. We four went home together, and before his uniform was laid away there was a marriage in mother's old home.

* * * * *

It is eighteen years since then, and I am now only forty. We were mere boys then. An honored citizen, a loving husband and father became my comrade. Waiting at the station at Worcester two days ago met one of the boys of the old company. I had not heard from Lyman in two years, for I have been traveling south and west, so I asked for him.

"Promoted," was the answer. The Grand Army post will carry another wreath to the cemetery next Decoration Day.

A LIVELY SCUFFLE.

Gus Tate of the White Sulphur springs had a lively tussel with a large, forked-horned buck on Taylor mountain, Wednesday morning. A party of hunters were scouring the mountain with their dogs, which had bayed the buck in a clump of chemise. Gus was near the spot and hearing the baying of the hounds went up and, after some trouble, succeeded in grabbing the animal by one of his hind legs. After a furious struggle in the chemise he managed to drag the kicking, frantic animal through an opening in the fence. He then commenced a search for his knife, but, under the circumstances, he was unsuccessful in getting it into his hands. Being unable to secure any weapon with which to dispatch the deer, he determined to drag him down the side of the mountain to the hotel. With much difficulty and after receiving several rents in his clothing he succeeded in gaining the kitchen door of the hotel. He called to his wife who handed out to him a butcher knife. With this he cut the struggling animal's throat. The party of hunters soon arrived and were much surprised on hearing related what had happened, and congratulated Gus on his achievement. It appears that the dogs got up the buck in a vineyard in Bennett valley.—[Santa Rosa Republican.

It is well known that the inhabitants of many eastern nations shield themselves against infectious disorders by wearing Aromatic Gums on the pit of the stomach. Their instincts are right, for strong permanent odors are antagonistic to the living germs which cause disease. For this reason Allcock's Porus Plasters, being composed of fragrant aromatic gums, are the best safeguard to wear on the pit of the stomach in cholera time, or in localities where sewer gas and malaria are found. They not only prevent infection, but will cure diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera and bowel complaints.

Take your oysters at Emerson's.

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

AT THE MINNEAPOLIS EXPOSITION.

Last week, in company with my family and about eighty thousand other people, I paid a visit to the industrial exposition at Minneapolis.

There, on the east bank of the great parent of waters, by which term I would imply the Mississippi river, and near to and overlooking Colonel St. Anthony's justly celebrated falls, stands a building costing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, full of the products of every clime, and all prepared in eighty-three days. It filled me with wonder, as it must any one who views it thoughtfully and from a purely unpartisan point of view.

Less than three months ago, where the morning sun rose reluctantly over the elms of the east side, and looked down upon several acres of unimproved real estate and a broad sweep of wet sawlogs, flecked with cream-colored boys wearing nothing but an air of defiance for the police, now a magnificent building faces the turbulent tide, and people from the four quarters of the globe jostle each other to the weird music of the Mexican band, while ever and anon a large expensive fountain is dreamily squirting its rhythmic squirt.

Everywhere science and art are visible. Here, in the new west, where Minnie Haha but a few fleeting years ago strained maple syrup through a pillowsham, the pale-face wanders through acres of beautiful and useful articles, the offspring, I may say, of tireless hands and throbbing brains all over the universe.

Here, where the warrior wooed his mahogany mate, and the papoose seemed indigenous to the soil, people from Farther India and Erin prairie, Wisconsin, come to listen to the passionate notes of the Mexican band and stab their umbrellas into the old masters.

A large policeman at the door of the art gallery, in harsh tones, requested me to deposit my umbrella with a young woman. I did it, for I respect a policeman wherever I meet him. Some of them are strangers to me, but they are generally men whose advice it is well to heed. Had it not been for these men I do not know where I would have been today—thousands of miles from here, perhaps.

He told me afterward that he had to stop people from carrying their canes and umbrellas into the art department, because thoughtless visitors now and then jabbed holes in an eighteen-thousand-dollar painting, and it delayed the exposition when they had to wait for a Minneapolis artist to paint another one. He also stated that excited people poked the statuary with their canes and knocked off the drapery.

So I left my umbrella at the check room, for I did not wish to delay the exhibit while new overcoats were being prepared for the revised statues.

When I came back the young woman took my check, and as my radiant smile burst upon her and lit up that end of the building, she became embarrassed, dropped the check upon the floor, where it mingled with the redeemed checks, and when I asked for my umbrella, she looked at me with eyes like a startled codfish, and murmured:

"What umbrella?"

Time was gliding swiftly by and I wanted to see some other things besides the umbrella exhibit, so I got over the counter to show her which one was mine. To jump over a counter is but the work of a moment with me. I am tall, athletic, and easy in my movements, so I got over readily.

It seemed to surprise and startle her. I learned afterward that it was not customary to climb over the counter in order to identify goods.

But she would not give up the umbrella. She wanted it herself, no doubt. I do not blame her, for it is a good one, and has the name of James Whitcomb Riley engraved on the silver plates of the handle.

That is the way I identify it.

She wanted me to identify myself. I thought of showing her my pass to the exposition, but I decided not to do so because I went in on another man's pass, so I told her that if she would send a male attendant with me to an adjoining room I would demonstrate to the practical eye by certain embroidered hieroglyphics on my linen that I was the man I passed myself off for.

A young man who is an attache of the building accompanied me.

I succeeded in convincing him that my linen was marked Amos J. Walker, Indianapolis, Ind.

I did not again demand the umbrella. It has only been about two years since I began to conform to this umbrella habit, and to revel in its false joys, and I know that I was happier and more contented when I did not wear one than I have ever been since.

Some would have lost their tempers, but I did not. I was a perfect gentleman throughout. I thought I succeeded in convincing the most skeptical that, no matter how signally the young lady may have failed in that respect, I was a gentleman.

I thought so at least, until I was going through the hardware exhibit, about an hour later, when I heard a spectator say to the owner of the hardware:

"Here comes the party that's claiming to be Bill Nye, the humorsome writer, and just tried to nip an umbrella that belongs to J. W. Riley. Watch your stoves and keep your eye on your hot-air furnaces till he goes away."

It seems to me that wealth certainly brings with it a degree of care, of responsibility, and heartache that poorly recompense one for the long, hard struggle. And how much of comfort too, we yield in our mad efforts to appear well in society. Had I clung to simple ways, instead of aping the wealthy and straining every nerve to wear an umbrella far above my station, how much happier I might have been.—[Boston Globe.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia or Blood and Liver Syrup will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is, indeed, a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has often proven itself to be the best blood purifier ever discovered, effectually curing scrofula, syphilitic disorders, weakness of the kidneys, erysipelas, malaria, all nervous disorders and debility, bilious complaints, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, etc. It corrects indigestion, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the vigor of the brain and nervous system.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

NOT MUCH OUT OF THE WAY.

The babies of Boston seem to imbibe culture with their infantile pabulum. A little girl wrote in a composition recently: "The State-House is a handsome building on Beacon street, with a huge abdomen on top."—[Boston Record.

THE APPLICATION EXTENDED.

My little boy, aged four and a half years, had learned the Mikado's song, and did not quite understand the meaning of the chorus, which ran as follows:

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time,
To make the punishment fit the crime,
The punishment fit the crime.

I had endeavored to illustrate the idea. The following morning at breakfast he began to play with the cruet stand. I told him not to do so. He persisted, and at last upset it and spilled the red pepper on the tablecloth. I said: "Now, Allen, you were disobedient and upset the pepper castor, and I should make the punishment fit the crime by putting some of the red pepper on your tongue." He looked up like a flash and asked: "Would the punishment be the same, papa, if I upset the sugar bowl?"—[From Babyhood.

"QUESTION!"

A bright little girl of this village happening to notice for the first time the never ended dispute of those "sturdy little dogmatists," the katydids, turned to her mother asked, "What do they say?"

"Katy did and Katy didn't," was the reply.

"Well," said the child, after a moment's reflection, "which is right?"—Middleton Argus.

CONTRADICTORY ORDERS.

"Bessie, temper is an awful thing. You ought to get rid of it."

"Why, mamma, only yesterday you told me to keep it."

TEMPUS FUGIT.

"A little girl "On the Hill," Rondout, last night, strongly importuned her mother to allow her to go a short distance with another little girl. After promising not to be gone over five minutes, she was given permission. She did not return home for half an hour. Her mother took her to task by saying:

"How is it? My little girl said she would be back in five minutes and she was gone over half an hour."

"I doesn't know, mamma. I dess the minutes was wubber and stwetched," was the child's answer.—[Kingston Freeman.

SPOILED INDEED FOR MUCH.

Young Hopeful (on seeing a negro baby for the first time)—Mamma, is that a spoiled child?—[From Life.

TOMMY'S BUSINESS PRAYER.

Little Tommy, an interesting boy, but timid when left alone in a dark room, was overheard recently by his mother to say in his loneliness: "O Lord don't let any one hurt me, and I'll go to church next Sunday and give you some money."

REGARDED BY A PHYSICIAN.

"No other remedy within my knowledge can fill its place. I have been practicing medicine for twenty years and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the liver to action and at the same time aid (instead of weakening) the digestive powers of the system.—L. M. HINTON, M. D., Washington, Ark."

The best is none too good, therefore go to Pickerill & Catterlin's new gallery (near court house, on State street), where they make none but first class photographs. They use nothing but the latest process, dry plate work, such as is used by all leading photo artists, in the east. This process insures a beautiful effect in the picture, and an artistic finish. When in Salem don't fail to call and examine this work. wtf

WORTHY
Of Confidence.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla is a medicine that, during nearly 40 years, in all parts of the world, has proved its efficacy as the best blood alterative known to medical science.

SARSAPARILLA (extracted from the root of the genuine Honduras Sarsaparilla) is its base, and its powers are enhanced by the extracts of Yellow Dock and Stillingia, the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and other potent ingredients.

IS your blood vitiated by derangements of the digestive and assimilatory functions? is it tainted by Scrofula? or does it contain the poison of Mercury or Contagious Disease?

THE leading physicians of the United States, who know the composition of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, say that nothing else so good for the purification of the blood is within the range of pharmacy.

ONLY by the use of this remedy is it possible for a person who has corrupted blood to attain sound health and prevent transmission of the destructive taint to posterity.

THOROUGHLY effective renovation of the system must include not only the removal of corruption from the blood, but its enrichment and the strengthening of the vital organs.

RELIABLE witnesses, all over the world, testify that this work is better accomplished by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA than by any other remedy.

BLOOD that is corrupted through disease is made pure, and blood weakened through diminution of the red corpuscles is made strong, by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

PURIFYING the blood and building up the system require time in serious cases, but benefit will be derived from the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA more speedily than from anything else.

MEDICINE for which like effects are falsely claimed, is abundant in the market, under many names, but the only preparation that has stood the test of time, and proved worthy of the world's confidence, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists. Price 1; six bottles for $5.

FOR SALE.—TWENTY HEAD OF GRADED Shropshire bucks, from selected Cotswold and Leicester ewes. They can be seen at my farm near Hubbard, or at the fair grounds during state fair weeek.
9-7-d10t-w4t GEO. B. HOVENDEN.

A NEW DEAL!

Having revised and reduced the prices of

Harness

To correspond with the general falling off of values, I am determined to furnish anything in the

SADDLERY LINE

—AS—

Cheap and of a better quality than any one in the market, and invite an examination of my stock of harness, saddles, whips, halters, bridles, etc. Repairing quickly and well done.

R. H. DEARBORN.

Next door to Minto Bros' livery stable, Salem

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

First National Bank,

SALEM, - - - - - - - OREGON

—Transacts a—

GENERAL BANKING

—BUSINESS—

Solicits Deposits subject to check or on special certificates.

Exchange on Portland, San Francisco, New York, London and Hong Kong bought and sold State, county and city warrants bought. Special inducements extended to patrons of the bank.

Farmers are cordially invited to deposit and transact business with us. Liberal advances made on wheat, wool, hops and other property at the legal rate of interest and no commission charged. Insurance on such security can be obtained at the bank in most reliable companies.

NeW Machine Shop!

All kinds of machine work done, such as repairing reapers, mowers, steam engines, etc.

Chilled Iron Plows Ground.

——Satisfaction guaranteed.——

All persons who may have repairing to be done with neatness and dispatch, will find it to their advantage to call at

BENJ. FORSTNER'S

——Old stand.——

None but efficient workmen employed. A specialty made of grinding chilled iron plow shares for 25 cents a share.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY

MortgageLoan & Trust Co.,

——OF SALEM, OREGON.——

Loan money on improved farms and other first class real estate, and personal property.

Buy notes, bonds, mortgages and other securities.

Buy and sell real estate.

Write Fire and Marine Insurance in first class companies.

Furnish abstracts of title to real estate, make collections, etc., etc.

Office over First National Bank, Salem, Or.

T. McF. PATTON, President, WM. N. LADUE, Vice President, D. W. SHANKS, Secretary.

All Sorts of

Hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

Wittschen & Schmidt

HAVE BOUGHT OUT THE STORE OF E. E. McKinney & Co., at Turner, and are receiving a

New Stock of Goods

Of all kinds, which they propose to sell at prices as cheap as are consistent with good goods. They ask all old customers of the firm to call and see them, and solicit the patronage of all.

7-23-w. WITTSCHEN & SCHMIDT.

——SHERWOOD'S——

Novelty Steel Harness!

Took First premium at New York, Ohio and Missouri state fairs. No tugs or whiffletrees required. For sale by

Jordon & Son,

Agents for D. Jefferson, Salem, Oregon.

IF YOUR WATCH IS

Out of Order!!

——Take it to——

F. D. McDowell

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

BREYMAN BROS.

Money Brokers.

——Money to loan——

In sums to suit on real estate or approved personal security. Purchasers of

Notes, County and State Warrants, and every

Other class of securities. Office in Breyman's block, up stairs. Salem, Oregon. dw

NOTICE.—TAKEN UP BY THE SUBSCRIber, 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 about Nov. 14, 1885. J. W. GRAHAM,
Dec. 12, 1885. Graham's Ferry.
7.30w6t P. O. address, Butteville, Or.

NOTICE FOR LICENSE.

To the Hon. the County Court of Marion county, State of Oregon, at the November A. D. 1886, term thereof:

THE UNDERSIGNED LEGAL VOTERS OF the precinct of Saint Paul, Marion county, Oregon, respectfully petition of your honorable body to grant a license to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors in less quantities than a gallon, within the said precinct of Saint Paul, in said county and state, to A. Choquette and F. Bernier, under the firm name of Choquette & Bernier for the period of six months, and, as in duty bound we will ever pray.

Dated this 3d day of October, A. D., 1886.

John F Theo B Brentano, Alfonce Boutin, Theodore Boutin, J W Gay, Peter Servant, F. Gratton, John D Mahoney, Frank Ahrens, A E Crosby, Frank Lambert, Henry Ahrens, Stephen Coleman, Andrane Labontee, Alfred Lambert, P Vivette, J D Kenedy, Peter Bernier, John Douwd, Augustain Lambert, N Labontee, A Bergevin, Alexander Forchee, Frank Raymond, Patrick Mullin, John Conway, J. W. Smyth, John B Bergevin, Frank Davison, Thomas Kirk, P I Magrath, Will Murphy, Charles Prevast, F Bernier, A Choquette, David Bernier, Isaac Boutin, B Wisp, William Tresor, J L Cooke, N F Cook, John Plett, J Bellenger, Joseph H. Debax, Hugh Cosgrove, Louis Managrie Sr, Louis Managrie Jr, Felix Delille, G Bergeron, Thomas Becheer, O Wilson, Joseph Bernier, G E Aplin, Henry Picard Sr, J G McClure, J Wiggins, Frank C. Wirfs, C F Ray, L Arndt, Thomas Coyklee, Henry Picard Jr, Frank Dumpiere, Augustin Raymond, Louis Labontee Sr.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will file the above petition in the county court for Marion county, in the state of Oregon, on the 3d day of November, A. D., 1886, and that they will apply for said license to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors within the precinct of Saint Paul, county of Marion and state of Oregon. A. CHOQUETTE,
9-8-5w F. BERNIER.

NOTICE FOR LICENSE.

TO THE HON., THE COUNTY COURT OF Marion county, state of Oregon. The undersigned legal voters of the precinct of Woodburn, Marion county, state of Oregon, would respectully ask your honors to grant a license to sell spirituous, vinous and malt liquors in less quantities than one gallon, in said precinct of Woodburn, to Louis Seguin, for a period of six months.

Dated this 1st day of October, 1886.

Dr O Bourret, T A Goulet, Joseph Savigeur, J B Vendale, Peter Lucier, Frank Girard, W H Gouley, A Sequin, C A Ridgway, M McCormick J H Shults, J F Wright, A B Warneck, Ed Clayton, Patrick Casey, P H Fitzgerald, David McKay, Moses Bertrant, Curtis Kutske, Sebastian Aisher, Florian Osterhamer, Francais Callier, Frank Dubauel, Wm Scollard, E Perrine, O Steuer, T W Leith, Geo Andris, Jake Sharbuck, Basile Bluard, John Foley, Chas Gibbs, T B Buashue, Jno Whitney, H Heinbrother, Etienne Lucier, Peter Sharbuck, Sr, Frank Maurais, Alex McKay, Matthew Gunbt, J W Taylor, J H Broyles, Thos Mooney, C McCormick, F Chamberline, G Hall, R M Livingston, J M Zimmerle, W W Engle, Louis Provost, Thos Code, S D Bowmer, F C Walker, Jno McKay, Jos Morell, Martin Aisher, Peter Deguire, N S Scollard, John McCormick, John S Gobin, C Seguin, T J Hall, Wenzel Kahnt, A J Melvin, Ambroise Bluard Wm Meakins, A Reiling, Frank Burshue, Burshue, James Casey, Sebastian Orthofer, A Orthofer.

Notice is hereby given that the foregoing petition for license to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors in less quantities than one gallon in Woodburn precinct, Marion county, Oregon, will be presented to the Hon. County Court of said county on the first day of the setting of the county court for the November term, 1886. LOUIS SEGUIN.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 13, 1886.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the county judge or county clerk of Marion county, at Salem, Oregon, on Saturday, November 6th, 1886, viz: Francis M. McDaniel, homestead entry No. 4369 for the S W ¼ of Sec. 22, T 8 S, R 1 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz:

N. B. Washburn, D. Zerking and O. S. Butler, of Knight, and J. C. Phillips of Whiteaker, all of Marion county, Oregon.

W. T. BURNEY, Register.
9-24-6w

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OREGON, AUGUST 30th, 1886.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the U. S. land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, October 12th, 1886, viz: Archer McArthur, homestead entry No. 4508, for the S. W. ¼ of section 19 T. 8 S. R. 9 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Oscar Doke, F. U. Hull, John M. Barban and Sylvester Church, all of Mehama, Marion county, Oregon. W. T. BURNEY,
9-3-6w Register.

LOCAL OPTION LAW.—I, THE UNDERsigned, beg to inform the people of Aumsville and the public generally, that in accordance with, and in obedience to the local option liquor law, I have discontinued selling such articles some time since, and in order to obtain a livelihood for my family, have started a small grocery business, and will keep as good a stock as my means permit, a variety of the best brands of tobacco, cigars and also tea, coffee and sugar, patent medicines and confectionery, all of which will be sold at the very lowest remunerative prices. Thanking the public for past favors, and trusting to good goods and low prices for a continuance of the same in the future. Produce will be taken in exchange for goods at the market rates. 9-24-1m H. KLAS.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned administrator of the estate of Frank E. Parmenter deceased, has filed his final account, and that the 6th day of November, A. D., 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day has been appointed by the county court of Marion county, Oregon, for hearing objections to said final account. That all persons interested are hereby required to be and appear in said court on said day and at said time and show cause if any there be why said final account should not be allowed and the administrator of said estate discharged.

H. A. CORNELL, Administrator.
9-8-5w

ESTRAYED.

FROM ALBANY FERRY, ON THE WEST side, on the 20th of September, 1886, and last seen at Salem Ferry on the 24th of September, one sorrel horse, with "O. C. 225" on left hip, and vented, small white spot in forehead and shod all round, weight about 1000 pounds. The other is a bay mare, with small wart on left hind pastor joint, small white spot in forehead, and shod all round, weight about 1100. Any one finding the horses will please address the undersigned by mail at Albany, and they will be paid for all trouble and expenses
10-8-1m JOHN SCHRAMM.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN APplication will be made to the advisory board of pardons of the state of Oregon on the 4th Tuesday of October, 1886, the same being the 26th day thereof, for the pardon of A. C. Simmons, the undersigned, sentenced to the penitentiary of the state of Oregon, at the June term of the circuit court of the state of Oregon for the county of Marion for the year 1886, for the period of two years for uttering a forged wheat receipt.

This September 21st, 1886.
10-1-2w A. C. SIMMONS, Applicant.

NOTICE.—ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY warned against the purchase of a certain promisory note given by me to Walter Ruble for the sum of five hundred dollars bearing date of about March 20th, 1885, which note will not be paid by me for want of consideration.

Salem, Oregon, August 10th, 1886.
8-11-d1w-w1m D. R. RUBLE.

ESTRAYED.—FROM JONES' RANCH, NEAR Markham's mill, Clackamas county, about the last of July, a bay mare, 5 years old, branded circle H on left shoulder. Any one giving the undersigned any information that will lead to her recovery, will be suitably rewarded.

H. A. HARTLEY,
9-10-1m Macleay, Oregon.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

CAME TO MY PLACE ABOUT JULY 20th, 1886, a Durham bull, 10 or 12 years old, no brands or marks, white with red spots. Owner may find the property at my place 5 miles south-east of Salem.
3-9-5w MRS. DANIEL CLARK.