

A Frontier Wedding.

"Speaking of weddings reminds me of one I took active part in a good many years ago," said a retired army officer.

"That was when you were married yourself, wasn't it?" I queried.

"No, 'twas at Fort Laramie in earlier days, when I was post adjutant there," he answered. "You know," he went on, "or perhaps you don't know, that a post or regimental adjutant can tie the nuptial knot as fast as any sleek-haired parson in the world."

"Didn't know it? Well, the ignorance of 'cits regarding military affairs in the United States is something amazing. Well, he can," went on Col. K., after I had manifested sufficient surprise.

"At frontier posts the people come in twenty-five and a hundred miles to have the seal of the law put on their affairs of amour."

"Tell me about the wedding."

"Well, you see, it was my first western experience, and the fact that any one ever got married out in Wyoming was news to me. I thought 'twas a feature of civilization quite superfluous in those parts. One day all of us officers were in the club rooms amusing ourselves variously. We'd settled down comfortably to a long pull at poker, and I'd just taken up a hand of four aces and a king, when a voice like bottled thunder spoke up:

"What's the marryin' man? Which one of you does the tyin'?" and just inside the doorway loomed the big figure of a red-shirted ranchman, with buckskin pants and slouch hat, and a sixshooter and bowie knife sticking up from his cartridge belt. He roared immense spurs on his big boots, and altogether it was a proper cowboy's or roadrunner's outfit.

"Every one looked at me, and I blushed like a milkmaid as I reluctantly laid down my four aces and stood up, while a half-suppressed laugh went around the crowd."

"Be you the soldier parson?" asked the man in the buckskin pants.

"I am the adjutant," I replied, with all the official dignity I could muster.

"Oh, you be, be you? Wal, we've come down here to get spliced, and I 'spect the quicker you kin get yer jaws to waddin' the better. Hey we got any thing to do or say?" and he reached outside the door and pulled a woman inside by the sleeve of her dress.

"She was mightily scared to see so many men, and I felt sorry for her, though she was a stupid-looking girl, and not very neatly gotten up. It was plain to be seen that her ante-marital relations had been not altogether of a Platonic nature, and it evidently would have been quite as well if this legal covenant had been ratified several months before."

"Will you step across in my office?" I said, feeling like that famous cat in the strange attic, or the dog with that traditional tin kettle appended, and I'm sure no boys ever delighted in chasing said dog more than my fraternal tormentors did in watching me, and for the moment I cursed the unhappy luck that had made me the tool of any one's fate. Buffin was the commandant, and he said, in a very magisterial way he could assume: "The law requires that this ceremony should have witnesses, and the more binding will be the obligation, so we will adjourn to the office and attest to the legitimacy of the contract."

"I hadn't the remotest idea what was expected of me, or what I had to do, but I determined one thing—that I should certainly do enough. They say it requires twelve hours to perform the marriage ceremony of a Syrian bride, but I didn't take me quite so long as that. First, I opened the hand book of military tactics. I don't know exactly why, unless it was because it looks something like a prayer book. As I couldn't find anything in that which seemed to strike the matter in hand, I took up the Army Regulations, and opening to the articles of war read a hundred or so of them to the bride pair, whom I had commanded to stand before me in the position of soldiers at inspection. After that I treated them to seven pages out of the regulations, beginning at the twenty-sixth. Watkins stood at my elbow giving me periodical punches in the ribs, Paris not far off, and, as usual, giggling like a school-girl. Major Buffin was at the left of the girl, having gravely suggested the propriety of his giving away the bride, and there were all of the rest of them, looking quizzically on, Merrill, Thorpe, Dobson, Cavendish, Elgers, Winternute, Hedge, Bleyer, O'Donnell, Severy, and Jim Barnaby, who was so bowlegged he couldn't stop sleep running through a gateway; all of 'em glaring at me till the sweat ran off in streams, and my face was as red as the rum-blossom on the end of old Col. Van Dam's nose, and I was shaking in every joint. I was in a dilemma to know whether a prayer was really an essential to the legality of the performance. I'd been to several weddings in my time, and was sure there was a prayer to come in some where. I looked around, and was even rash enough to hazard asking advice of Buffin in a low tone, which he answered in a stage whisper, "Pronounce 'em man and wife. Let up on the ceremony. Enough is as good as a feast." I did as he told me, and conjured them that what I had joined together they were in no wise to let some cowboy put asunder. I might have kept on till midnight, but the place was thick with tobacco smoke, and the state of the bride's health, the approaching darkness, and a few more things, seemed to point to the desirability of shortening the affair up."

"Wal, I don't see but what it's all slick enough," said the groom, "and done up as neat as one of them fellows could do it with his religious racket. What's yer price, Cap'n?"

"I sized up the crowd, and concluded it would take about ten dollars to treat all around, so I named that sum, and the man cheerfully handed over the greenbacks, satisfied that he'd got the full worth of his money in time had any value, and the erstwhile twain made one rode off together on their shaggy steeds toward Forty-mile ranch."

500 REWARD.

For a better or more pleasant remedy for the cure of Consumption, Cough, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis, troubles the Green's Lung Restorer, Santa Abbe, the Abbe-tine and Mountain Balm Cough Cure. Every bottle warranted by all druggists.

Salem is enjoying a steady growth; so also is the business of J. G. Wright, the pioneer grocer. He is always up with the times, and his stock is of the best the market affords. He handles the vegetables from the fine gardens of H. W. Savage. Call early and leave your orders; first come first served. Gift, edge Jersey butter every Friday. New Crustless Cheese "top ap."

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THE NEW LAWS.

[PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.]

An Act directing the Governor to submit to the Electors of the State, at a special election to be held on Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November, 1887, the three pending proposed constitutional Amendments, providing the manner of conducting such Election, and providing for the commencement of the Terms of all officers elected at the general election to be held in November, 1888, if such election be held. Be it enacted by the legislative assembly of the State of Oregon:

SECTION 1. That the governor of the state of Oregon be and he is hereby authorized and directed to cause to be submitted to the legal voters of the state of Oregon, at a special election, by him to be called, to be held on Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November, 1887, the following proposed amendments to the constitution of the state of Oregon:

First—House joint resolution No. 2 of the regular session of the legislative assembly of 1885, the same having been agreed to by a majority of all the members elected to each house of the legislative assembly of 1887, and commonly known as the "Prohibition Amendment," which shall be designated as Prohibition Amendment, and there shall be written or printed on each ballot "Prohibition Amendment" and the word "yes" or "no."

Second—Senate joint resolution No. 12 of the regular session of the legislative assembly of 1885, the same having been agreed to by a majority of all the members elected to each house of the legislative assembly of 1887, being an abrogation and substitution of section one of article thirteen of the constitution of the state of Oregon in relation to the salaries of state officers, which shall be designated as Amendment to Salaries of State Officers, and there shall be written or printed on each ballot "Amendment to Salaries of State Officers" and the word "yes" or "no."

Third—House joint resolution No. 1 of the special session of the legislative assembly of 1885, the same having been agreed to by a majority of all the members elected to each house of the legislative assembly of 1887, being an abrogation and substitution of section 14 of article two of the constitution of the state of Oregon in relation to time of holding general elections which shall be designated as "Amendment to time of holding general elections," and there shall be written or printed on each ballot "Amendment to Time of Holding General Elections" and the word "yes" or "no."

SECTION 2. That poll books for said special election shall be appropriately ruled and lettered so as to allow the voters upon each amendment to be fully and completely counted, recorded and canvassed.

SECTION 3. That the general election laws of this state shall govern in the conduct, management and returns of said special election.

SECTION 4. That each county clerk shall, within thirty days after said election, or as soon as all the votes within his county are returned, counted and canvassed, transmit to the secretary of state an abstract of the vote cast in his county at said election upon any and all of said proposed amendments, and the secretary of state shall canvass the votes for the various counties, and publish the result thereof within thirty days in at least (10) ten newspapers published in this state.

SECTION 5. That if the proposed amendment to the time of holding general elections be carried, then there shall be no election in June, 1888, but the same shall take place on the date specified in said amendment, namely, the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1888.

SECTION 6. That if the proposed amendment to the constitution fixing the time for holding general elections shall be adopted, the terms of officers which theretofore would have expired on the first Monday in July, 1888, shall be extended until the first Monday in December, 1888, and the terms of all such officers elected at the general election in November, 1888, shall commence on the said first Monday in December, 1888.

Approved February 21, 1887.

THE NEW LAWS.

[PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.]

An act entitled "An act to amend an act to amend section 14 of title 1 of chapter 28, general laws of Oregon, being section 686, chapter 8, criminal code published in 1874, by authority of the legislative assembly of the state of Oregon, as amended October 17, 1876." Be it enacted by the legislative assembly of the state of Oregon:

That section 14 of title 1 of chapter 28, general laws of Oregon, being section 686 of chapter 8 of criminal code as published in 1874 by authority of the legislative assembly, be amended as to read as follows:

SECTION 686. That if any person shall sell, give or cause to be sold or given any intoxicating liquor to any minor in this state; or if any keeper of any saloon, bar-room, or other vender of spirituous or intoxicating liquors within this state shall harbor, permit or suffer any minor to loiter or remain in such saloon, bar-room or other place where such spirituous or intoxicating liquors are sold or kept for sale, or to engage in any game of cards, dice-throwing or other game of chance, billiards, bagatelle, or other game in such saloon, bar-room or place aforesaid, either for amusement or otherwise, such person shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not less than fifty or more than 300 dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not to exceed one year, or by both, at the discretion of the court; and shall also forfeit any license such person may have to sell spirituous or intoxicating liquors in less quantities than one gallon, or to keep such saloon, bar-room or other place for the sale of such liquor; and in all prosecutions under this act, common fame shall be competent evidence in support of the prosecution.

Approved February 16, 1887.

FILES CAN BE CURED.

For thirty-two years I have suffered from piles, both internal and external, with all their attendant agonies, and like many another sufferer from hemorrhoids. All those thirty-two years I had to creep myself to pay doctors and druggists for stuff that was doing me little or no good. Finally I was urged by one who had had the same cure, that I should try the "Piles Cure." I began to improve, and for the past two years I have had no inconvenience from that terrible ailment.

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A "NIGGER" WITH A CARD.

One afternoon a half-drunken fellow got on one of the Louisville and Nashville sleeping cars bound north. When the conductor showed him to his seat, he found a clean, well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking colored man to be his partner in that section, and occupying the seat facing his.

He at once began in a drunken fashion to abuse the negro, accusing him of trying to "set up for white folks," doing the dude act, etc., and finally got up from his seat, declaring that he'd "be d—d if he'd set that and be outdone by a blasted nigger in a high lift."

The conductor, to keep the peace and prevent any disturbance in his car, led the indignant patron of old Kentucky bourbon to a seat in another part of the car. Next morning the drunken man, who was not a bad fellow at heart, had sobered up considerably, and with some remembrance of his previous misconduct went over to the colored man's seat and commenced to apologize by saying he had been "a little off his bat" the evening before, and did not mean any harm by anything he might have said; that he hadn't anything against the "niggers," and was always their friend when they behaved themselves. So he hoped the stranger would see that in anything that had passed he had meant no personal offense to him.

"That is all right, sir," said the colored man, with politeness. "I saw your condition at once, and of course, under the circumstances, did not consider you responsible for your acts at that time. Your apology this morning makes the same honorable. Allow me"—at the same time offering his card to his former persecutor.

The drunken fellow drew back as if he had been shot. "Look a-here, Mr. Nigger," he cried, in great excitement, "I had made up my mind to stand the end-around coat and stovepipe hat, but I'll be damned if I can stand a nigger with a keyard!"—[Harper's Magazine.]

HOW BOUCAULT KEEPS YOUNG.

"Did I read an account of how I transformed myself from an elderly gentleman of 64 into a boy of 20? Yes, the writer drew on his imagination for his facts. He never was present in my dressing-room—where no one is ever admitted—for I employ neither valet nor dresser, but wait on myself. I never leave my room until the overtire has commenced. It takes me just seven minutes to complete the transformation. I use no 'get-up' whatever excepting the costume and wig. If I require no grease-paint, no disguise of cosmetic kind, it is because I have been all my life a temperate man, never indulging in excess of any kind. I never was 'tipsy' in my life. Therefore, 'Drink writes no wrinkles on my aged brow.' I always rise hungry from the table. So my waist is the same, thirty-one inches around in measurement, as when I was nineteen. I am as erect, pliant, active, and untiring as ever, because temperance and moderation have preserved a sound Irish constitution, sound teeth in my head and a healthy stomach. My club is my library, where the conversation of Shakespeare, Voltaire, Sheridan, Swift, and Dante, seem preferable to the silly chatter of the smoking room. When I want society I prefer the conversation of bright women, who do not ask me to take a drink every five minutes, whose ideas are fresh and whose language is clean and not second-hand shop."—[Philadelphia Press.]

A DRAWN BATTLE.

In the last days of March, two wind-mill agents called on a Wayne county farmer the same time, and under the circumstances each felt it incumbent on him to do his level best to make a sale. One talked, and then the other talked, and then both talked at once, and each talked so well that the farmer could not make up his mind which mill to take. He finally said:

"Gentlemen, I see only one way to do. You are both about of a size, and you can come out to the barn, peel off your coats, and go at it. The one who licks makes a sale."

The agents agreed, and in a few minutes were hard at it. They upset the fanning mill, smashed in the granary door, broke the hind spring of the family carriage, and frightened a young calf into fits as they thrashed around, and as the afternoon waned and the sun began to go down without either man giving in, the farmer, who was roosting on the hay-mow for safety, called out: "Gentlemen, the referee decides this fight a draw, and you kin wash off the blood and take my order for both windmills."—[Detroit Free Press.]

NOT FAMILIAR WITH TICKETS.

Ex-Secretary of War Lincoln, his family and several friends were on their way east from the slope a few days before the interstate commerce law went into effect. They had been out of San Francisco two days, and were passing through a rather rocky and dusty district, when an Englishman got aboard the train and entered the Pullman car. About sundown Mr. Lincoln and his party and the Englishman went out on the rear platform to enjoy the evening breeze. The conductor joined them a few moments later. The Englishman went down into his pocket, pulled out a long string of tinted paper and handed it to the ticket-puncher.

"What's that?" asked the conductor, with an air of surprise.

"Hi! bought hit of your blasted company," replied the Englishman in alarm. "And what do you call it?"

"Why, blawst your eyes, that's a ticket; can't you see?"

"So it is," drawled the conductor, winding the string on his arm. "It's the first one I've seen since I left Oakland and I'd forgotten how they looked. Beg pardon, sir."

Delicate persons, and all whose systems have become debilitated should bear in mind that Simmons' Liver Regulator is not a drastic, purgative or other purgative, but a gentle, tonic, and invigorator like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage to lead to intemperance; will promote digestion, dissipate headache, and generally tone up the system.

Hon. Alex. H. Stephens, of Ga., says: "Simmons' Liver Regulator is mild and suits me better than more active remedies."

CALIFORNIA CAT-"R" CURE.

Guaranteed a positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in the Head, Hay Fever, Rose Cold, Catarrh of the Throat, Sore Throat, and all the ailments of the head, throat and chest. It is a pleasant to use. Follow directions and a Cure is warranted by all druggists.

ROUTED OUT BY MICE.

Prince Bismarck's second son seems to be destined to before the world a modern disciple of the famous Piper of Hamelin. Count Will, who since his recent marriage has exchanged his lively bachelor amusements for a retired life in some sombre ancestral castle, has had his honeymoon interrupted in the most prosaic manner by a formidable army of mice, which infested the place from cellar to garret, causing the greatest annoyance, and making life almost unbearable, like the locusts of Pharaoh, "very grievous were they." A man presented himself before the Count and entered into a contract to the effect that he would cause every mouse to disappear as soon as he was promised 100 marks in payment. No sooner said than done; the mice vanished as if by enchantment, but Count Will refused to pay when the man soon after demanded his 100 marks, on the plea that a servant had still seen one mouse at the stables. After endeavoring in vain to find the last of the vanquished host, the charmer once more demanded, and was refused payment as long as he could not prove the non-existence of the stable mouse. In despair, he went at last before the magistrates, and his case is now pending. Fortunately, the castle where Count Will is residing is situated in a very lonely part of the country where there is but little danger of the terrible revenge of the first famous ratcatcher being repeated. —[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

MAN WANTS A TONIC.

When there is a lack of elastic energy in the system, shown by a sensation of languor and unrest in the morning, frequent yawning during the day and disturbed sleep at night, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters infuses unwonted energy into the enfeebled and nervous, endowing them with muscular energy, an ability to repose healthfully, and digest without inconvenience. Nervousness, headache, biliousness, impaired appetite and a feeble, troublesome stomach, are all and speedily set right by this matchless invigorator and regulator. The mineral poisons, among them strychnine and nuxvomica, are never safe tonics, even in infinitesimal doses. The Bitters answers the purpose more effectually, and can be relied upon as perfectly safe by the most prudent. Fever and ague, kidney troubles and rheumatism yield to it.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.

Hon. Edward A. Moore, Member of Assembly from Richmond county, New York, writes: "Some two years ago I was taken with inflammation of the kidneys. The pain was intense, and I was unable to get up. I tried Plaster over each kidney. Wonderful to say the pain and inflammation began to abate in three hours. In two days I was entirely cured. I am now as well as ever. I am indebted to Allcock's Plasters; they are certainly the best external remedy known. I used them as chest protectors, and found them most efficient."

A specific for liver and kidney complaint—Plunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

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Oregon Pacific Railroad.

225 MILES SHORTER. 20 HOURS LESS TIME.

Accommodations unsurpassed for comfort and safety. Fares and freight via Yaguira and the Oregon Development Co.'s steamships much less than by any other route between all points in the Willamette Valley and San Francisco.

Daily passenger trains except Sundays.

Leave Yaguira 6:20 a.m. Arrive Corvallis 10:28 a.m. Arrive Albany 11:20 a.m.

Leave Albany 12:40 p.m. Arrive Corvallis 1:22 p.m. Arrive Yaguira 3:45 p.m.

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis. Fares between Corvallis and San Francisco, rail and cabin, \$14; rail and steerage, \$9.88. Fares between Albany and San Francisco, rail and cabin, \$14.45; rail and steerage, \$9.88.

Wm. M. HOAG, Acting G. F. & P. Agent. General Manager. Corvallis, Or.

Oregon Development Co.

—First-class steamship line between—

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FROM YAGUIRA

Yaguira City Tuesday, May 10. Willamette Valley, " 13. Yaguira City " 17. Willamette Valley, " 20. Yaguira City " 27. Willamette Valley, " 30.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Willamette Valley, Wednesday, May 4. Yaguira City, " 18. Willamette Valley, " 25. Yaguira City, " 28. Willamette Valley, " June 1.

The company reserves the right to change steamers or sailing dates.

S. B. TOBY, Gen. F. & P. Agent, 301 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

John G. Wright,

—DEALER—

Garden and Field Seeds,

—Garden sets, etc. General agent for—

WALLA WALLA GARDEN SEEDS

For western Oregon and western Washington Territory.

227 and 229 Commercial St., Salem, Or.

THE Oregon Peach Bitters!

A superlative tonic and appetizer. This medicinal beverage is warranted to be free from any injurious properties; works direct upon the torpid liver and bowels, stomach, kidneys and bladder; and excellent remedy for chronic rheumatism, cramp, colic, morning sickness, croup, cough, sore throat and loss of appetite. Manufactured at Yaguira, Marion county, Oregon. Registered in patent office November 9th, 1886. For sale by all druggists or H. K. Kias, proprietor, Yaguira, Or.

SQUIRRELS MUST GO.

Farmers, now is the right time to go for these traps and save your crops from their devastations.

Use Wakelee's squirrel and gopher exterminator. For sale by D. W. Matthews & Co., 105 State street.

SEEDS!

E. J. Bowen's large illustrated descriptive and priced catalogue of vegetable, flower, clover, grass and alfalfa seeds, and containing valuable information for the farmer, gardener and stock raiser, is sent free to all applicants. Address E. J. BOWEN, Seed Merchant, 425 and 427 Sansome street, San Francisco.

GLENBROOK

Will make this season's offshoots a stable, solid, on Fridays and Saturdays, and at the balance of the time. Terms \$12 if paid within the season, or \$15 if not.

G. G. GLENN, Proprietor.

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