

THE ONION.

Draw off his skin waistcoat,
Tear his shirt apart,
And, weeping tears of pleasure,
Creep closer to his heart!

Wrap in this modern mummy
In ceaseless fold on fold;
Yet what a wondrous power
Those endless wrappings hold!

Of all the vegetables
From the garden's length to length,
He is the one most mighty—
Epitome of strength.

When'er his person enters,
All noses sniff the air,
And epicurean stomachs
For gastric treats prepare.

A subtle spirit rises
Of dinner in full bloom,
An appetizing odor
Pervading all the room.

When at the well-laid table
How is the palate blest!
He betters other dishes,
Yet is himself the best.

But call upon your lady—
Why is her smile so grim?
Before a word is spoken
She knows you've been with him!

—Boston Transcript.

After Many Days.

When I was a young fellow I lived on father's farm, down there in Connecticut. You've seen the place. The church was near the tavern, and behind the church was the parsonage; and there lived Dominie Wheeler and his daughter Dolly. On Saturdays, after I had my supper, I used to dress myself, and tell my mother that I meant to call on Dominie Wheeler's folks. Mother generally answered that I couldn't do better; that the Dominie's conversation was sure to be improving, and that Dolly was not "fitty-tity," like some gals she could mention."

Father would add: "And a pretty little critter, too." And armed with parental approval, I would go to the parsonage.

It was a good time to go, for the sermon had to be finished, as a general thing, on that evening, and Dolly and I had delightful long talks in those solitary moments, and one evening I proposed to Dolly and she accepted me. The dominie gave us his blessing, father and mother said they could not have chosen a daughter-in-law to suit them better, and all they asked was that we should wait a little while.

"My daughter is not seventeen years old yet," said the dominie. "You must not be in a hurry to take her from me."

"Wait two years, and you will be three and twenty, and I'll give you the river farm and build you a house," said father.

Our course of true love seemed to be running smooth, indeed, and I would have staked my life and soul, a pretty heavy stake, on my constancy. But, somehow I think Satan thought we were too happy, and laid a trap for me.

Dr. Robin's widow, a managing woman with a big house, was in the habit of taking summer boarders, and every year a lot of city strangers wandered about the place from June to September.

When Dolly and I had been engaged about a year and a half, the widow had thirty boarders in her house, and like and Edwin and all the male help slept in the barn.

There was one young lady there, a Miss Sally Gray, so pretty that every one who saw her was talking about it. And I was introduced to her. Some women have a way of making a man act against his better judgment. She was one of them. I did not mean to flirt with her, but I did. I did not mean to meet her in shady lanes, and in the quiet wood paths, but we met. She knew (I suppose like Robins had told her) about my engagement, and she teased me about being afraid of my sweetheart.

"Such a good, prim little thing," she would say. "Is she dreadfully shocked at me? Does she think I am a flirt? Does she pray for me in meeting?"

I felt angry, but yet I was piqued into proving myself free to do as I liked. At a little evening party to which we were asked I danced five dances with her, and when, at last my conscience smote me, and I went to look for Dolly, I found she had gone home.

"She said her papa wanted her," said Mrs. Robins, "but I tell you plainly, James Gardener, I don't believe it; and for my part I don't see what people can find to admire in that impudent New York girl. If my Tilly behaved like her I'd shut her up on bread and water until she reformed."

I hurried away but the parsonage was shut up when I got there, and I spent an hour walking up and down before the house, staring at the dark windows.

The time seemed very long until the next evening, and I went over to the parsonage very early, but Dolly was not there.

"She's gone to spend the evening somewhere," said the dominie, kindly. "I suppose she forgot to leave word for you to come for her. She isn't very well, either; a cold I suppose. I know I generally caught cold at a party when I was young and attended such entertainments. I hope she'll be careful. Her poor mother died of consumption."

My heart gave a great leap. I thought of Dolly ill, dying, even dead, and I went into the kitchen to ask the servant if Dolly left any message for me.

"She said she wouldn't be home to-night," answered Nora; "at least this evening, I mean, and she did not leave word where she was gone."

Nora understood, I saw. I felt terribly injured, and I made up my mind to revenge myself by spending the evening with Sally Gray.

should like to kiss her.
"Do it, if you desire," said she.
And then! Yes, I kissed her; and as I did it the door opened, and we started apart, and there stood Dolly. She had seen it all.

"I left my bonnet here," she said. "Mr. Isaac is going home with me, and I came to get it. Sorry to disturb you." She was very cool and contemptuous. She tied her bonnet on at the glass; threw her little mantle over her shoulders; and went out. Next day she broke our engagement and sent me back my ring.

The next week I left home and went away to sea. Some one had told me that Dolly was going to marry Ike Robins.

Mother wrote to me often; and never mentioned Dolly and I never asked about her. I lived with men generally on the sea, and had no thought of liking or caring for any woman. I always intended to go home and see the old folks, but they died of a fever within two days of each other, and a stranger sent me the news.

Lawyer Dredgers saw to the estate, and did what I asked him to do with the money. I did not need it then, but it would keep me from being a beggar in my old age. And still I sailed the sea, until when 40 years old an accident happened to me which came near being my death. It did not kill me or cripple me, but I was no longer fit for a sailor's life, and there was nothing left for me but to settle down on land and live on my money; and so I went home at last to talk to Lawyer Dredgers, and get his advice.

I felt very sad as I walked through the village. My parents were dead, no one remembered me; I had not a friend in the place.

The lawyer had done his best to make my money profitable to me, and I was richer than I dreamed. When all the business was over I took a moonlight stroll through the street. It was twenty years since the night I kissed Sally Gray and lost my love by it; but nothing had altered in the outward aspect of the place.

People were sitting on their porches as of yore; the same flowers seemed to bloom in the gardens; the same loungers to stand about the tavern doors; the same young men and girls to hang upon the garden gates. It was odd to think that the girls might be the daughters of those I knew.

There stood the church; there the parsonage. I walked toward it. The windows of the sitting room were open. I threw softly near and peered in.

The old rag carpet was either the same or just like it. There was only one blue vase on the mantel; I suppose the other one had been broken, but there were the profiles of Grandpa and Grandma Wheeler over the fireplace.

There was Dominie Wheeler, looking very much older, sitting exactly as he used to sit beside the table, his red handkerchief over his knee, a cup of tea in his hands.

"Dolly," he said. "And from an inner room came a woman, large, handsome and high-colored, who said:

"Well, father?"
"Could it be my slim, young Dolly?"
"Yes, it was. She was very fine looking now, and she looked so maternally that I immediately concluded that she was Mrs. Isaac Robins.

"Still I could not leave the window." "It was my one glimpse of her," I said to myself, "for years past and for years to come."

"Well, father?" she said. "And turned smiling toward him. "I've been thinking it over, Dolly," he said. "I think it would be best for you to marry. I am 80. I cannot live long. You had better marry Mr. Braham. He is very fond of you. You like him, I am sure. Is it for my sake you say so?"

She bent over him and put her hands on his shoulders.
"Father," she said, "I am going to tell you the truth, a thing a woman seldom does in these matters. I should not have to leave you; so it is not for your sake, much as I love you. But I do not care for Mr. Braham. I have only cared for one man in my life—my first love, James Gardener. I sent him away from me, and he had done very wrong; but I think now that we both loved each other. I know that, even now, and I cannot forget him, and that I never shall forget him while I live."

There were tears in her eyes, she brushed them away. In another moment I was at the door; she opened it. I held out both my hands. Those were Dolly's girlish eyes that looked at me, and I caught her in my arms.

"I have come back to be forgiven, Dolly," I said, and I saw that I had not come in vain.—[Texas Siftings.]

SORRY HE SLEPT SO WELL.
Bjones is a very sound sleeper. A thunder shower and a Salvation Army jubilee combined wouldn't begin to wake him.

"It's a blessing to be able to sleep," said one of his friends one day, "I'm sure I envy your accomplishment."
"Yes," said Bjones, "it's nice at times, but do you know I get worried about it occasionally. I get to thinking sometimes what would happen to me if the end of the world should come some night when I'm asleep. I'm morally sure I shouldn't wake or know anything about it and the thought of the sensation I should have next day when I woke up and found how I had been left sends a cold shiver down my spine and away into the coal cellar of my house when I am up in the attic."—[Somerville Journal.]

JUST LIKE HIS PAPA.
"Oh, mamma!" said a little boy.

"What, darling?" responded the indulgent mother.

"Will Gabriel blow his horn?"

"Yes, darling."

"When, mamma?"

"At the last day."

"And—and what will he blow it for, mamma?"

"Keep quiet, child."

"But, mamma, what will Gabriel blow his horn for?"

"Oh, he still, Willie! I don't know."

"I know, mamma. Gabriel will blow his horn because it is hot. That's the way papa does when he takes a horn."

Alf. Holman, of the Oregonian, is on hand for the legislature.

SMILE PROVOCATIONS.

"Doctor," said the friend, stopping him on the street, "what do you take for a heavy cold?" "A fee," replied the doctor coolly, and so passed on.—[Burdette.]

Charles Reade says that all children should be taught to have some presence of mind, but haven't they got it? Catch a boy in the sugar box and isn't he looking for flies?

Lady (in shoe store): "I would like to look at some cloth slippers for myself." Clerk (until recently in the dry goods line): "Yes, madam, something all wool and a yard wide?"

Curran, one day when the judge was shaking his head, said, addressing the jury: "Gentlemen, don't be convinced by the learned judge shaking his head, for there's nothing in it."

"Why didn't you come when I rang?" said a lady to her domestic. "Because I didn't hear the bell." "Hereafter when you don't hear the bell you must come and tell me so." "Yes, mum."

School Teacher—"Now, Master Kirby, suppose I should say: 'I didn't have no fun at the picnic.' How would you go to work to correct me?" Master Kirby—"I sh'd say you'd better study grammar, teacher."—[Tid-Bits.]

"It is a curious world," my barber said yesterday; "nobody ain't satisfied. The last man but one in my chair made me brush and grease his curly hair till it was straight, and the next man to him made me curl his straight hair."—[San Francisco Argonaut.]

A bright little six year old girl in a town near by, who was to give a party, remarked to her father on the morning of the eventful day, that she thought the children must all be coming, for she hadn't received any "regretations."

Old General (putting a few questions)—Now, boys—ah—can any one tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit? Small scholar (like a shot)—Please sir, th' scholar no commandments then sir.—[Punch.]

A gentleman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sah," replied Sambo, "dat turkey roostin' on our fence three nights; so dis mawnin I seize him, for derent of a little boy who was to pass the afternoon with the doctor's little daughter was given two pieces of candy. When he returned his mother inquired if he gave the largest piece to the little girl."

"No, mother, I didn't; you told me to give the biggest piece to the company, and I was the company over there."

"What pretty children you have," said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. "Ah, my little dear," said he, as he took a girl of 5 on his lap, "are you the eldest of the family?" "No, ma'am," responded the little miss with the usual accuracy of childhood, "my pa's older'n me."—[St. Paul Herald.]

"There was a man in to see you while you were out," said the foreman to the editor of a Dakota paper, and he said he thought he must be some relation to you because his name was the same."

"He was a rank fraud—I haven't got a relative in the world." "You didn't go like a blank fool and give him some money, did you?" Why, no, he didn't ask for any. He said he guessed he'd subscribe on the strength of the relationship—here's the two dollars." "Subscribed, eh? Well, well, that's good. Must have been Uncle George—I never expected to see him out in this country."—[Estelline Bell.]

THE BADLY MIXED HEATHEN.

Disheartened missionary, returning to his field after years of absence: "Oh, unhappy man, you have lapsed into error and darkness and paganism again!" Chief heathen, apologetically: "Well, you see, after you went away a Catholic missionary came along and told us the bad place was full of Methodists, and so he secured us into his communion; and then he went away and a Presbyterian came along and waked us up on regeneration, adoption and election, and we joined his church; then an Episcopalian came and we burned our Westminsters and stocked up on prayer-books; then he left and a Baptist landed and walked us into the water and baptized us right, and we'd just about got settled when a New Congregationalist came over and told us that we were heathen we had to walk mighty straight or go to the everlasting bonfire. So we ate him up, burned our bibles and resumed business at the old stand. Boys, put the parson in the cage and fat him for Thanksgiving day!"—[Bob Burdette.]

WANTED TO BE A WIZARD.

The advance agent of barn-storming Wizard had just landed in the country editor's office.

"I want an ad. in your paper," he said.

"What for?" asked the editor.

"For the greatest and only living prestidigitator. He can do anything and everything, change water into wine, and wine into water. Take a twenty dollar note out of a cat's mouth; take a ten out of a turnip; take a fiver out of a man's hat every time he puts his hand in, and so on."

"Do all that, can he?" queried the editor.

"You bet he can, and not half try."

"Can he take a dollar out of an editor's pocket?"

"Course he can; a hundred of them, for that matter."

"Well, he's the man I'm looking for, and if he will teach me how I can do it, I'll be darned if he can't have his ad. in every column of my newspaper, free, and I'll get out a supplement besides."

THE MUGWUMP'S STOCKING.

If the Mugwump hangs up his Christ mas stocking, we know what he will get in it. A hole with the accompanying note, "You be darned."—[Detroit Tribune.]

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

NEEDED MORE THAN ONE.

"John, do you remember when we used to swing on my father's front gate?" "Yes, Maria, I do."

"And the moon used to look so beautiful, John."

"It did, Maria."

"And the stars were so bright."

"They were."

"I wonder if the moon is so beautiful and the stars just as bright now as they were then, John?"

"I presume they are, Maria."

"Then why can't we swing on the front gate now and look at the moon and the stars and the blue night skies, with their fleecy clouds, as we used to do then?"

"We can, Maria, if we want to."

"Then, John, let us go out to the front gate for awhile, and see if it seems anything like it used to."

"All right, Maria. You go out and try it awhile, and if you like it maybe I'll take a turn at it."

But Maria thought him too much of a brute to do anything of the kind.

NEWSPAPER DIFFICULTIES.

A newspaper out west has started under difficulties. It tells its own story as follows: "We began the publication of the Rocky Mountain Cyclone with some phew difficulties in the way. The type founders phrom whom we bought our outfit phor this printing opprice phaled to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we get any. The mistake we made was to phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't like the look of this variety of spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamaliaes, and iph the ephs and c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It is no joke to us—it's a serious aphtair."

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, Ohio writes: Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold, which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do her any good, but she continued to get worse, and finally raised large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. At this time a friend who had been cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSA FOR THE LUNGS, advised me to give it a trial. We got a bottle, and she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured."

CHILDREN.

Often need some safe cathartic and tonic to avert approaching sickness, or to relieve cold, headache, sick stomach, indigestion, dysentery and the complaints incident to childhood. Let the children take SIMON'S LIVER REGULATOR and keep well. It is purely vegetable, not unpleasant to the taste and safe to take alone or in connection with other medicine.

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