

A Mother's Dream.

"Oh, dear," said tidy Mrs. Jewett, "there's Willie in the parlor again with his muddy boots, and Jennie has fingered the woodwork of the piano all over, I see, that I polished so nicely only yesterday. I know the door of the spare room has been left open too, for the muslin curtains are pulled all awry, where Pusey must have frolicked in the folds, and, dear me, there's Jack this minute with his feet on that stuffed chair."

"Come, come, mother, I wouldn't fret," said easy Mr. Jewett, "the children must put their feet somewhere, and I suppose kittens will be kittens and fly about where they can find the most fun."

"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Jewett, "it's very easy for you, father, to think children and cats can go where they like and do what they please. I'm not fretting, but it's hard work to sweep and polish and do clear starching, and men never did know and never will know anything about the work of a housekeeper and a mother."

So saying, Mrs. Jewett, with her fair, pretty face all in a wrinkle went out of the room saying "Oh, dear," and her husband looked after her with a compassionate, "Poor mother."

Naturally, Mrs. Jewett was of a happy disposition, but like many another fond, faithful mother, she was unconsciously falling into the habit of worrying over the inevitable faults and thoughtlessness of her children.

She was a scrupulously neat housekeeper, and as her things had not come as easily as they do to many others, they acquired all the more value and importance in her eyes, once they came into her possession.

But the usual restlessness and activity of boys and girls, and even poor capering kitty herself, was fast developing in Mrs. Jewett that irritating fretfulness and impatience which kills true happiness and comfort in many a home, where the mother's real object is to make all as comfortable and happy as possible.

In vain Mr. Jewett hinted that things were always going wrong somehow, and that there was no end of peevishness and fault-finding taking root in the family. At such times Mrs. Jewett would shed tears and declared no one could do more than to spend all their time and energies for the welfare of their family as did she.

One morning the curtains were discovered to have been rolled up all to one side, while the summer sunshine was flooding with its wholesome light the bright pattern of the new Brussels carpet. Jennie and Carrie had left their school books scattered around on the chairs, and Jack's muddy boots stood in the middle of the floor.

Mrs. Jewett burst into a tirade of displeasure, but the children were out of hearing, so instead of judiciously and patiently calling them in and obliging them to put things in their places, she began putting things to rights herself, allowing Mr. Jewett, as frequently happened, to bear the blunt of her displeasure, and for once his good-nature gave way as he said pettishly:

"I declare, wife, it's a thousand pities there are any children here to bother you so!"

Mrs. Jewett made no reply, but, going to her room, she sat down for a moment to consider whether or not her husband meant what he had just said. But by degrees the room faded from her vision, the house became quiet, terribly quiet, the sunlight died out, and shade and stillness reigned supreme.

There were footsteps heard, but hushed, creeping, awed.

All of active life had ceased; even kitty had taken herself off, and was nowhere to be seen.

Mrs. Jewett roused herself, and went from kitchen to dining-room, from dining-room to parlor. The invariable order of the nicely adjusted shutters.

The curtains were rolled with exact evenness; not the finest line of sunlight could pierce through crack or crevice of the nicely adjusted shutters.

Every book was in its place; the chairs as guiltless of dust as if just cleaned, and the unblurred polish of the piano reflected each undisturbed ornament and object in its vicinity.

But the children! Oh, the children! A great appalling throb of apprehension and withering pain shot unexpressed through the mother's heart at mention of their name.

Where were winsome, no longer mischievous, but winsome, Willie?

Where, pray, was sportive Carrie and lively Jennie? Where, too, bounding, loving, little Jack! "Yes," she said, vaguely peering about in the sunless gloom, "where are my precious children?"

She left dining-room and parlor, and went from one child's chamber to another, everything in that same depressing order, even their little beds were unruined, each smooth pillow looking as if unpressed by a sunny head for, oh, so long!

And, ah, misery! what was that in Willie's room in the porcelain vase?

Some white flowers tied with white satin ribbon. And this heart-breaking emblem in Jennie's room! Her picture, sweet child, with a crown of fading flowers encircling it; and here in Carrie's room her picture, the darling, also crowned with immortelles.

And Jack's room, forlorn in its tidiness; yes, yes, a funeral wreath in his room, dear, loving little Jack!

Mrs. Jewett's first wild impulse was to disarrange everything; the quiet and palling neatness were goading her to madness; even kitty had deserted the sunless, childless house; but the children! The mother felt as if her brain were afever, and her heart was bursting with its pent grief; she could not endure it another moment, and she awoke.

Thank God! she was sitting directly in the rare, sweet sunlight which God made to come in, not to be shut out of our homes. In the garden she heard the sweet, delightful voices of her children, the blessed children.

Kitty, with fluttering little paws, was stretching with unheeded glee at the tassels of the muslin curtain; and she nodded, with a sigh of relief, that the mahogany bureau with its burnished surface, had been paved with fresh finger marks.

Mrs. Jewett arose slowly, locked the door, then knelt down; after a while she

went forth, a new quiet in her heart, a new smile on her face.

In the dining-room she raised the curtains, so that the sunlight danced gayly through the room.

Jennie came in with a torn apron, and was greeted with a smile of welcome, rent and all.

Willie had been using paste in the dining room, and had daubed the cloth, door-knob and his blouse, but mamma patiently showed him how to clean the spots away, and Willie promised with great sincerity to be more careful another time.

The children had a gloriously happy day. At night, when they were all asleep, their mother went from room to room, gazing with pure thankfulness at each darling little sleeper, so dear, ah, so dear! She sighed, then smiled at the little porcelain vase in Willie's room, filled with sweet wild flowers of his own picking.

Then she went to her own room and tearfully told "father" her terrible dream. He kissed his wife's fair brow fondly, and said soothingly, "Never mind, dear, we're all right now."

And they were. The timely warning was not lost on the mother's heart, for she never forgot how terrible it was when but in dreams she roamed from one empty, orderly room to another in quest of her children, and could not find them. And she resolved that she would not wait to place white flowers in their hands when their perfume could not reach the dulled senses, and their fading beauty would not only break her heart; the children should have the flowers now, while their dear eyes were open to behold them, and their hearts still alive to all of earth's comforts and delights.

And we would that many another wife and mother, who is drifting into habits of fretfulness and nervousness through undue care for the children's bodies rather than their souls, might dream this lady's dream."

THE NAMES OF WOMEN.

Give your daughter but one name in baptism. She will be perfectly content with it. Her lover never requires, never uses, more than one of her names if she has half a dozen. In the height of his tenderness he never exclaims: "Amelia Jane, come to my arms!" He simply extends his arms and cries: "Amelia!" When the girl marries let her always keep her surname. Then, whenever we see a woman's name we shall know whether she is married or not, and if she is married, we shall know what her family name is. If she has earned a reputation as a writer or a doctor or an L. L. D., as Mary Brown, she will carry that with her as Mary Brown Johnson, and in all cases there will be spared an infinite amount of talk and inquiry as to who she was before she was married. The system is essential to the "cause" of women. It may be said that it lacks perfection in two respects; we could not tell from the three names whether the bearer of them might not be a widow, and it makes no provision for a second marriage. These are delicate questions. In regard to the first, it is nobody's business to know whether the woman is or is not a widow, unless she chooses to make the fact prominent, and then she has ways enough to emphasize it; and in the second place, it does not at all matter what becomes of the name of the first husband. It is the woman's identity that is to be preserved, and she cannot be required to set up milestones all along her life.—[New Orleans States.]

IS THE WORD LIBELOUS?

This interesting bit of dialogue was part of the proceedings in a libel suit tried in Buffalo on Wednesday:

After the noon adjournment Dr. Abbott was again called to the stand. Said Mr. Andrus:

Q—When I left you this noon you were about to give me the definition of a Mugwump? A—Well, a Mugwump is a man who dares to vote according to the dictates of his own conscience, without regard to parties. (Laughter.)

Q—That, I suppose, is conjoined with superior intelligence? A—Yes. (Laughter.)

Q—It is, indeed, then a flattering appellation? A—I believe so.

Truth, a Buffalo newspaper, was indicted for a libel, part of which consisted in describing Mr. Charles Cary as a Mugwump. The testimony above quoted was drawn out by the attorney for Truth. If the gentleman can establish that to call a man a Mugwump is not injurious and is no libel, he will perform an exploit that ought to advance his professional reputation.—[Rochester Union and Advertiser.]

FOR LADIES ONLY.

Onyx and pearl jewelry are once more fashionable.

According to the Pall Mall Gazette, Mrs. Langtry is writing a novel.

The Comtesse de Paris is said to be a keen sportswoman and an excellent shot.

It is mentioned as worthy of note that Ella Wheeler Wilcox is in love with her husband.

The Gainsborough hat is once more popular. It is altogether too artistic in effect to remain long in obscurity.

Large balls of wood showing the grain, stained, polished and mounted on silver or steel eyes, are a novelty in dress buttons.

The New York Tribune is responsible for the following: "It is said that there are in San Francisco 300 unmarried young women, each of whom is an heiress in her own right to the tune of \$500,000."

THE PREFERRED ALTERNATIVE.

One day, not far from Atlanta, a young man after listening to a certain preacher pound and expound the scriptures for two hours, arose and started to leave the church.

The preacher stopped short. "Young man!" he said. "The young man stopped. "If you'd rather go to hell than to hear me preach, just go on!"

"Well," replied the young man, after a pause, "I believe I'd rather!" and out he went.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

For orders dressed up in every style, go to Chas. Hollenbrand's.

HAD HIS MIND READ.

"I suppose I was swindled some more," sorrowfully remarked Mr. Dunder, as he paid a visit to Sergeant Bendall the other day.

"Not a doubt of it. What's your story?"

"Do you believe dot a man can read somebody's mind?"

"Well, I've heard of mind readers."

"So has Shake, and he goes crazy about it. He vhas going to be a mind reader if it takes all winter. He practice a leedle on me, and I vhas astonished."

"But about the swindle?"

"Vhell, two mans come in my place last night when I vhas alone. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right; von do got pair vhas a mind reader, and he like to got me some points. He doan't do it by eferypody, but I vhas such a friend of der poor dot he like to oblige me. Vhell, sergeant, dot seems all right, and we lock der door and we set down. I vhas blindfolded mit a handkerchief, und der mind reader says:

"Now, Mr. Dunder, you fix your mind on some subject shust so hardt as you can, and keep awful still. If you take dot pandage off or shump around, dot breaks me all oop."

"Vhell, Sergeant, I fix my mind on dot time I falls off my purn on Hastings shreet, und maybe two minutes goes by und nobody speaks to me. Den der oldt voman comes down shairs und I take off der pandage. Dose mans vhas gone."

"And what else?"

"Two pokes of segars und five pottles of vhiskey. Vhas it a swindle on me?"

"I should smile. Mr. Dunder, you are very soft."

"Sergeant, look in my eye. I vhas going home. To-night somebody will drop in. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. Mr. Dunder, I like to read."

"Yes."

"Dot vhas all, sergeant. If some inquest was heldt, you remember dot I vhas a swindled man, und dot I kidlt him in self-defense."—[Detroit Free Press.]

CRISP AND CASUAL.

Is it peculiar to greatness? Mr. Blaine has the rheumatism, President Cleveland has it, and we have a touch of it ourselves.—[Martha's Vineyard Herald.]

Miss Boston (sweetly)—I understand, Miss Chicago, that the bells of your city find large boots the more preferable?

Miss Chicago (still sweeter)—Yes; but we don't use the mucklage on our garters.—[Puck.]

"I tell you honest men are not all dead yet," he said, as he returned to his sleigh at the Central market. "Here's a robe which could have been sold to me for a bearskin, but the dealer frankly informed me that it was nothing but goat." "How much did you pay?" "Only \$11." "H'm. Same man sold me one for a bearskin and didn't ask but \$8."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Young woman, listen to this: Tom Moore began to write poems when he was a boy of 14. Southey wrote his first verses when he was 11, Keats was a successful poet at 18, Leigh Hunt talked in rhyme at 13, Chaucer at 12, and Milton when he was only 10. And where are they now, Ethel? Where are they now? They are dead. Go wash the ink off your thumbs and help your mother pare the potatoes. Ethel, if you would live long, I'll write the poetry; I don't care to live any longer. P. S. In fact, I'd rather die than pare the potatoes.—[Burdette.]

FACIAL PREPARATION.

A professional beautifier said: "Some ladies prefer just to come and be treated for an evening; it is less trouble."

"Treated how?"

"Well, suppose the lady is going out in evening dress, cut décolleté or otherwise. First, I anoint her face, neck and shoulders with oil—no washing at all, but just put on the oil on top of the dirt, if there is dirt. The hard water irritates the pores, and so we don't wash any. When the oil dries I put on a coat of cream, and, when that dries, then another coat. Prepared cream you know. Then I pencil the edge of the eyelids and lashes and give her a brilliantine powder swallow. Then the rouge has to be put on the cheeks and lips and the veins painted on. The hands may also have to be creamed and manicured. Altogether it's just two hours' hard work."

"And the price?"

"Well, that depends. Not less than \$10, though."

"Would the perspiration not affect this painting?"

"Not at all. It will last all night in perfect shape, and can be washed off with violet cream in the morning."—[Chicago Tribune.]

WILLIAM WAS NO SLAVE.

Mr. William R. Morrison, the gentleman who has just received the republican nomination for speaker of the Minnesota house of representatives, is a nephew of Mr. Amherst H. Wilder, the millionaire. One day as William was biting off the end of his after-dinner cigar, his uncle, who had no such habits, said:

"William, I would be ashamed to be a slave to tobacco as you are."

"I am not a slave to it," said the nephew; "I can quit at any time."

"No, you can't. I'll bet a thousand dollars you can't go one year without smoking."

"Done," said William; "I take that bet."

The two shook hands to bind the wager, and William threw away his cigar. For just one year he abstained from the weed. When that time was up he called on his millionaire uncle to pay the \$1,000, and when that gentleman did so William went straight to a cigar store laid in a stock of the best Havanas, and began burning them at a rate which showed his determination to make up for the time he had lost.

SYMPATHY.

Mr. Skinfint Vanastorbilt (handing the waiter a nickel). Here, my friend, is a slight compensation.

Waiter—Thanks, Gov'ner, keep it. I was poor once myself.—[Harvard Lampoon.]

KEEPS HOUSE NOW.

Mrs. Cleveland has taken into her own hands the management of the White house. Hitherto the president ran things, now Mrs. Cleveland is housekeeper and ruler.

Last spring, just before the president went away, he gave his cook, Seigle, a vacation and also a recommendation. The latter was written in the most fulsome style, and recommended the man cook in the highest terms. When he left the president informed him that he would only have a vacation of a few months, and that he would notify him when he wanted him back. Not many weeks ago the president wrote to Seigle to come back, and was surprised to receive a letter stating that the recommendation had proven such a good one, and that he had such a good place, that he could not think of coming back at the old wages, but wanted an increase.

Mrs. Cleveland got hold of the letter before the president could answer it and vetoed it at once. She remarked that she could get a cook as good as Seigle at the old wages, and that she would not yet yield to the strike. Then and there she took the management of the household affairs into her own hands.

WELL! WELL!

A well that for forty years has furnished water for a large community of negroes on the Coolewahee plantation, Georgia, was cleaned for the first time the other day. Here are some of the contents: Two live crawfish, perfectly white without eyes, three pocket knives, three pipes and pipestems, one common ball, dippers, hairpins, one brass breast-pin, one hoopskirt, two bucket lids, pieces of hand saw, old shoes, old pieces of plough, two bucket balls, one snuff box, one lot of irons, part of a buggy, wagon band, clevis irons, pieces of plank, tin cups, pieces of chair, glass, old bottles, hoe, window sash, leather, brass pins, wire, rocks, bricks, chains, hoes, whip handles, broom handle, old wool hat, large iron bucket, iron rims, pieces of keys, spikes, iron bolts, nails, taps, heel pins, screws, sardine box, light wood torch, bed roller, canes, pistol shell, iron ring, iron quill, pieces of earthenware plate, gin box, cloth, acorns, mud.—[New York Sun.]

TESTIMONY OF CHIEF JUSTICE.

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for constipation caused by a temporary derangement of the liver, and always with decided benefit. It is a good medicine for the derangements of the liver, such has been my personal experience in the use of it.—[Hiram Warner, Justice of Georgia.]

AN EASTERN RAJAH.

Had a ruby which lighted his palace at night. More precious than gems are beautiful teeth, which light up the face when displayed by a smile. Use SOZODONT, and your teeth will be brilliant as jewels, your breath sweet as the roses of Cashmere.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. For sale by Post & Son.

MEDICAL.

SCALY, ITCHY SKIN

And all itching and scaly skin and scalp diseases cured by Cuticura.

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, TETTER, RINGWORM, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barbers' Itch, Grocers' and Washermen's Itch, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, pimply humors of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, are positively cured by Cuticura, the great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin beautifier externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

PSORIASIS, OR SCALY SKIN.

I, John J. Case, D. D. S., having practiced dentistry in this country for thirty-five years and being well known to thousands hereabouts with a view to help any who are afflicted as I have been for the past twelve years, testify that the Cuticura Remedies cured me of Psoriasis, or scaly skin, in eight days, after the doctors with whom I had consulted gave me no help or encouragement. JOHN J. CASE, D. D. S., Newton, N. J.

DISTRESSING ERUPTION.

Your Cuticura Remedies performed a wonderful cure last summer on one of our patients, an old gentleman of seventy years of age, who suffered with a fearful distressing eruption on his head and face, and who had tried all remedies and doctors to no purpose.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Texarkana, Arkansas.

DUSTPANFUL OF SCALDS.

H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by Cuticura Remedies. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him by the use of Cuticura. He writes: "I have been cured by Cuticura. My friends thought he must die."

ECZEMA RADICALLY CURED.

For the radical cure of an obstinate case of Eczema of long standing, I give entire credit to the Cuticura Remedies. E. R. RICHARDSON, New Haven, Connecticut.

Sold by all druggists. Price: Cuticura, 50 cts. Resolvent, 75 cts. Box, 25 cts. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

Send for "How to cure Skin Diseases." BEAUTIFIES the complexion and skin by using the Cuticura Soap.

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Those worn out with pain, aches and weakness find relief in one minute in the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. At druggists, 25 cents.

Constitutional Catarrh.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing, the human voice, the mind—more or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands of one competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous, affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, sniffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the nose, sweetening the breath, restoring the sense of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and Improved Inhaler; price \$1. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN PURSUANCE of and by virtue of an order of the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Marion made on the 11th day of December, 1886, authorizing the undersigned as administrator of the estate of Thura King, deceased, to sell at public auction on the premises, the real estate of said decedent, I will on

Saturday, January 30th, 1887, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, sell at public auction, at the premises hereafter described, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, to-wit: Commencing at a point one hundred and thirty-five feet west and sixty feet north of the north-west corner of Water and Third streets in the town of Stayton