

STATE AND TERRITORY.

J. F. Kennedy, stationery dealer at Colfax, has resigned.

Thermometer registered 92 degrees in the shade on Tuesday.

The celebrated Hamlin rape case at Jacksonville has been given to the jury. A disagreement is predicted.

Work on the new railroad now being built eastward from Seattle, is progressing rapidly.

James Russell, of Fairview district, Columbia county, W. T., was kicked in the face by a fractious horse Wednesday.

Penitentiary tribune: The commissioners have awarded the contract to survey the diminished reservation to W. W. Caviness and W. T. Chalk.

On Thursday night last the residence of A. D. Culps, in Comb's canyon, about five miles from Pilot Rock, Umatic county, was burned to the ground with all its contents.

Corvallis Gazette: Tuesday, about ten head of horses got into a field on Haman Lewis's place.

Everything possible is being done to recover the bodies of the dead miners at Nanaimo, yet unexhumed.

The original manuscript of Home, Sweet Home, has been discovered in Athens, Georgia.

Patrick Fitzpatrick, at Tacoma, became drunk and died while in that condition by the roadside.

Joan Miller is preparing an article for the Overland on "Our Emerald Isle," references being made to Oregon.

H. Nic, a Japanese youth of noble family, aged 17 years, has been admitted to the naval academy by Secretary Whitener.

Twenty-five million dollars has been found by Indians, which had been secreted in the Palace Civalitos in India by the late Maharajah.

Ex-Congressman Townsend of Ohio says that the Foster faction there will support Sherman for president.

The Missouri militia is to be disbanded owing to the failure of the legislature to provide funds for its expenses.

A heavy gale of several days' duration is reported by vessels running between Puget sound and San Francisco.

The trial of E. T. M. Simmons, charged with setting fire to the Hotel del Monte has been fixed for June 20th.

A settlement has been made with the O. & C. bondholders, by the Southern Pacific company.

Transcontinental roads are going to boycott American roads that have Canadian Pacific connections.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

May 15. Patti has sailed for Europe.

Sunday was again dry in New York.

Mrs. Gen. Grant is very sick of diphtheria.

Mobilizing the French and German armies continues.

The funeral of Justice Wood will take place at Newark, Ohio, on Tuesday afternoon.

Irish citizens and the National League, of Ottawa, will give O'Brien a banquet and reception.

Lysander Spooner, the father of cheap postage in the United States, died at the age of 81, in Boston.

The South Carolina Episcopal Diocesan convention met, and broke up in a row because a negro rector demanded admission to the convention.

Morrison says that the majority of the testimony taken on the trip of the commission through the south, was in favor of permanent suspension of the long and short haul clause.

Ex-President Hayes has been offered the presidency of the Ohio state university.

Montana Regent beat Lucky B. at Louisville, in 4:04, for two and a quarter miles.

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SUPREME COURT.

SALEM, May 12, 1887. State of Oregon, resp., vs. Ellis Roberts, app.; appeal from Multnomah county; argued and submitted.

J. G. Elliott, app., vs. Wm. Stewart, resp.; appeal from Clatsop county; argued and submitted.

State of Oregon, resp., vs. Ellis Roberts, app.; judgment of the court below affirmed. Opinion by Strahan, J.

John Hobson et al., resp., vs. Thomas Monteith et al., app.; appeal from Clatsop county; argued and submitted.

Henrietta M. Kelly, respondent, vs. William F. Highfield, appellant; appeal from Multnomah county; argued and submitted.

On motion of Hon. J. H. Mitchell, Winslow S. Myers, of The Dalles, Oregon, was admitted to practice in all the courts of this state, upon certificate from the supreme court of Vermont.

A MODERN CASABIANCA.

The spirit of Casabianca is not dead; at least it was not some sixteen years ago.

Possibly, in these modern days, it is slightly mingled with mischief, as this story of war times indicates.

An Irishman stationed at Pensacola, in 1861, was placed upon picket one night on the beach, with orders to walk between two points and to allow no one to pass without whispering the countersign.

About midnight the Corporal with the relief discovered by the moonlight that the sentinel was up to his waist in water, the tide having set in since he was posted.

"Who goes there?" "Relief." "Halt, relief; advance, corporal, and give the countersign."

Corporal—I am not going in there to be drowned. Come out here and let me relieve you.

Sentinel—Will I, indeed! The lieutenant told me not to leave me post.

Corporal—Well, then, I'll leave you in the water all night (turning away at the moment).

Sentinel—Halt! I'll put a hole in ye if ye pass without the countersign. Them's me orders from the lieutenant (cocking and leveling his gun).

Corporal—You stupid, everybody will hear me if I howl it out to you.

Sentinel—Yis, me darlint; an' the lieutenant said it must be given in a whisper. In with ye! Me fingers' on the trigger, and me gun may go off.

The corporal had to yield, and wade in to the sentinel, who exclaimed: "Be jabbers, it's well you've come; the bastards have almost drowned me!"—[Youths' Companion.]

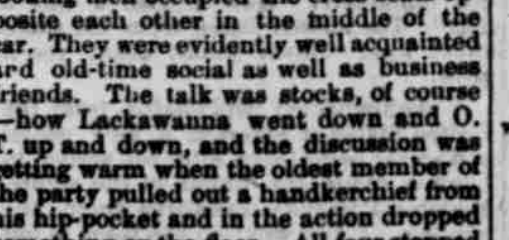
When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

WHY HE SAVED A POTATO.

THE BROKER ALWAYS KEPT ONE IN HIS KIP POCKET.

He did not carry it for luck, but to keep a memorandum at hand—A Friend Finds Out a Better Thing and Investigation Proves Him to be Right—A Wonderful Discovery.

New York World, March 6, 1887.



Nothing down town the other morning on the Third avenue road I caught a later train than usual and found the car full of 1-o'clock birds on their way to Wall street to get their gin their day's business.

Four nattily-looking men occupied the cross seats opposite each other in the middle of the car. They were evidently well acquainted old-time social as well as business friends.

The talk was stocks, of course—how Lackawanna went down and O. T. up and down, and the discussion was getting warm when the oldest member of the party pulled out a handkerchief from his hip-pocket and in the action dropped something on the floor.

All four stopped talking until the lost object was finally fished out from under a seat. The finder gravely examined it, held it up for the inspection of the others and asked, "What the deuce is it?"

"A potato," replied the owner, looking a little sheepish and reaching out for it.

"What are you carrying it around in your pocket for? Do you expect a famine? Have you got a steak also in your coat pocket?"

"No, but I want my potato. It is for rheumatism."

"For rheumatism?"

"Yes; don't you know that if you carry a potato in your pocket it will cure rheumatism? It hasn't cured me yet," he added thoughtfully.

caressing his knee with gentle touch, "but I live in hope. So give me your potato."

He got his mascot and the other three gentlemen laughed at the superstition of their friend, who went on to tell how he had suffered for two years with twinges of rheumatism and how nothing seemed to do him any good.

The one who had found the potato said that it served him right to suffer so. Any man who did not know enough to take the proper medicine ought to have the rheumatism, and have it bad, too.

The potato carrier protested that he had tried all kinds of remedies and employed the best physicians in New York city, but without effect.

"But you haven't tried the right thing," continued his friend. "My wife was troubled the same way for years, and in four months was completely cured. I will bet you a dinner for the four of us at Delmonico's that I can tell you a secret that will make you well before the summer hotels open again.

Of course I don't know yet who won the wager; but I mean to find out as soon as possible, and will tell you all about it and the dinner. But this illustrates as well as anything I have seen in a long time the fondness for betting which possesses the average Wall-street man.

MARKET REPORT.

The Prices Paid for Produce, and General Summary of the Salem Market, Each Week.

WHEAT—Quoted at 92 cents net for shipment, with an upward tendency.

Flour—Per barrel, \$4.50. Oats—Per bushel, 50 to 55c. Barley—Per bushel, 50c.

Brans—Per ton, \$12 at the mill. Shorts—Per ton, \$21. Chop—Per ton, \$20.

Hops—Offering all the way from 15 to 18c. Eggs—Per doz, 35 to 36c. Potatoes—Per bushel, \$1.

Corn meal—Selling at 50c. Cheese—15c per pound all round. Beans—5c per lb.

Dried apples—Per pound, 9c. Dried plums—Per pound, 8c. Dried peaches—Per pound, 12c.

Dried prunes—Per pound, 10c. Butter—17c to 20c per pound. Lard—85c per lb.

Hams—Per pound, 11c. Bacon sides—7c per lb. Shoulders—Sugar cured, selling, per lb, 10c.

Breakfast bacon—Selling at 12c. Beef—Sugar cured, selling, per lb, 10c.

Beef—Selling, 9c to 12c. Pork—8c to 10c. Mutton—6c to 8c.

Veal—10c to 12c. Chickens—Buying, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per doz. Hogs—Buying, 4c.

Beef—On foot, 2c. Green apples—Per bushel, \$1. Onions—Out of market.

Cabbages—Out of market. Timothy Seed—Per pound, 7c. Red Clover Seed—Per pound, 14c.

White Clover Seed—Per pound, 25c.

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Pardee's Baking Powder. It is a fact that the blood, says this physician, is the foundation of health.

The Best!

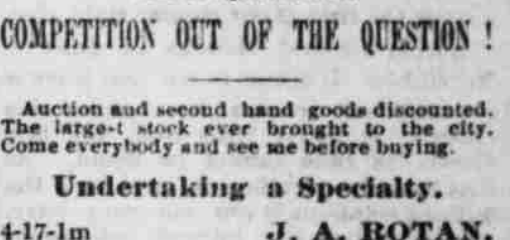
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