

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

June 23. Fire at New Orleans destroyed \$220,000 worth of property. The districts of Adams and Ketchikan, in the northern part of the coast, are threatened with famine. The Royal Havana Lottery has been suspended out of \$85,000 by a bogus ticket. The U. S. court has decided that the interstate commerce commission's decision on the 4th section of that law was correct. Striking steamship employees at San Francisco have been held for desertion. This decision by Commissioner Sawyer creates considerable comment. A riot was averted in Boston, in the neighborhood of Faneuil Hall, only by the presence of the police. Irish citizens objected to allowing a celebration of the centennial of the city's founding. The Bowen county (Kentucky) feud at its culmination in the annihilation of the Hinds murderers of the Logan boys, the death of four men and the wounding of several others. The killing was by the Hinds' posse. Justice Stephen J. Field, of San Francisco, refused to sign his name to a round trip ticket from San Francisco to Portland, saying there was no law authorizing transportation companies to require such a signature. He was given the ticket.

"GOOD FORM."

I. Don't allow your guests to become embarrassed. If he should break a champagne glass, immediately contrive to smash the epergne yourself. This conduct will put your guest in countenance, and will also develop powers of endurance in your wife. II. Don't be flustered. If you should find that you have just been disparaging a near relative of your host, continue the subject vigorously until you shift the embarrassment from yourself to your host. III. Don't while visiting, be languid or factitious. Don't have too little animation to get up and go home. IV. Don't wear soiled linen. It is not chivalrous to boycott the laundry woman. V. Don't nap in church. You are liable to snore, and it would be inconsiderate to awaken other members of the congregation. VI. Don't write anonymous communications. If you feel a hesitancy in signing your own name, use that of a friend. In writing checks, this practice is now sanctioned by the best usage. VII. Don't fail, as host, to follow a departing visitor to the hall door. You are responsible for the hats and umbrellas of the callers who remain. VIII. Don't smoke in public conveyances. Some fellow traveler might ask you for a cigar. IX. Don't shake hands with every person present. Respectfully submitted to the president of the United States. X. Don't hesitate to drink water during meals, no matter what may be said to the contrary. Some articles of food need to be put out. XI. Don't fly into a towering passion with the waiter at a watering place and throw crockery. He might prove to be a Harvard or Yale man, whose challenge you could not decline. XII. Don't leave the theatre just before the curtain falls. Everybody does; remain and avoid the crowd. XIII. Don't appear in evening dress on any occasion before six p. m. Otherwise the inference in polite society is that you didn't come home till morning. XIV. Don't notice or invite attention to the infirmities of others. Don't call on the mute for an after-dinner speech. XV. Don't fail to apologize whenever you inconvenience others. If you happen to be standing on a gentleman's head in a panic, don't forget to say, "Excuse me."

CINCINNATI CATURE.

Miss Birdie Maginnis has committed to memory a portion of a poem called "The Ills He Had," written, we believe, by a gentleman named Col. Homer. Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, a prominent literary figure of the northwest, was in the city this week. Mr. Donnelly, in addition to his literary pursuits, is engaged extensively in the Bacon business. Mr. Fitzmaurice Osborne, the gentlemanly secretary of the Browning Association, has purchased a new pair of trousers. The color is a dim whitish yellow, and matches perfectly with the excellent leafard which he manufactures. As an instance of the literary feeling in Cincinnati, we may mention that at the inauguration of a new hog-killing establishment in the Third ward, Mr. James Hawthorne Jugga recited Tennyson's new Jubilee Ode from memory. Mr. Melchoir Barnett has accepted the position of managing editor of the Greenham department of Harner & Co. Mr. Barnett is the janitor of the Colonel James Russell Lowell Literary Club. Mrs. Montmorency Squibbs has lately come out as an accomplished whistler. At a recent reception given by her she whistled "Yankee Doodle," with variations, in a delightful manner. After the reception a collation was served, in which Mr. Squibbs' famous "Acme" brand of sugar-cured hams was conspicuous. Mr. Chancer Lorne is so devoted to "Pegasus" that he has had a lovely original poem printed on the wrapping paper which he uses in his grocery store on West street. Thus he seeks to popularize the muse. The book trade in this city has lately received a wonderful impetus. The volume most frequently called for is "The New Rules of Baseball," while "The City Director for 1887" is also meeting with a heavy sale.

HE HAD A SYSTEM.

One day this week a man knocked at the door of a Sioux Falls house, and to the woman who responded he said: "I am putting a heavy silver plate on table knives, at the low price of twenty-five cents per dozen. Can I—" "No, sir, you can't. There was a man here a week ago who plated all of mine." "Of course, that was my partner. Wasn't there another man here three days ago with silver polish?" "Yes." "Did you buy some?" "No." "Ah! The trouble is right here, madam. He is another of my partners. You should have bought some of his polish and it would have taken your plating off the first time you used it, and you would now be ready for more. You are the one who is at fault, madam, not us. Good day, madam. We'll be around again in the same order in about two weeks.—(Dakota Bell.)

CHILDLESS WOMEN.

"It is an interesting and astonishing fact," said Mr. Murgatroyd, at the breakfast table, "that most of the great women of history have been childless." "Queen Elizabeth," observed Billings. "Charlotte Cushman," suggested Swaines. "Susan B. Anthony," insisted another boarder. "Of course I am not speaking of women who never married. Look at that lady whom we all revere, Mary, the mother of Washington. She went childless to her grave." "Are you quite sure?" inquired little Miss Bird. "I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that it was the wife of Washington who was childless." "His wife? How could that be? Well, I don't know; perhaps you're right; but I had always supposed it was his mother."—Traveler's Magazine.

WHAT MADE THEM SICK.

"Mike, come here a minute," called a livery stable keeper to one of his hostlers. "Yes, sorr." "What ails the horses this morning? They look sick." "Felix, O' dunno, sorr. Mebbe ut's their water, sorr." "Wather?" "Yes, sorr." "What water?" "In the water-trough, sorr." "In the drinking-trough. What is the matter with that?" "Larry told me this morning he was after washing his dirty late in it lasht night, sorr."

THE GRANGE PICNIC.

The Grange picnic at Jefferson is a success, so far as numbers go at least. On the grounds, which is a very pleasant grove on the south side of the Santiam river, with plenty of water in a nice shady retreat, there must have been between two and three thousand persons, and good music furnished by a brass band. In the forenoon the main feature was an address by Col. Woodford, which according to advertisement was to have been made in the afternoon. The change in the order of the programme was quite a disappointment to many that came from quite a distance to hear him. After dinner the audience was entertained by listening to an essay by some young lady on the "exalted position of a farmer's life." By the way, Uncle Bob Irwin, as everybody calls him, was filling with dignity the president's chair, and his voice had evidently been on a tear, as he could not be understood at any distance from the stand. Judge Weatherford led off with a good Grange speech, after which came vocal music. The address of Judge Boise followed, and he was still speaking when I left. Quite a display of machinery was on the ground, and all necessary articles, such as swings, ice cream, soda water, oranges, peanuts, etc., were on hand in great abundance for the comfort and entertainment of the crowd. The managers of the affair may congratulate themselves on having made a success of the occasion. C.

A DROPPED BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Lady at the theater, to husband—John, you've been out a long time between these two acts, it seems to me. You said you only wanted to set your watch. John—I had a little disturbance, Maria, with a man, and I couldn't get back sooner. Lady (anxiously)—You are not hurt, are you, John? John (chewing a grain of popcorn)—No; I got the drop on him.—Chicago Tribune.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The grand encampment of Indian war veterans of the North Pacific coast at its late session in Portland adopted the following resolutions on the death of E. L. Bristow: Resolved, That it is with unfeigned sorrow we record the death of Comrade E. L. Bristow, late the grand adjutant of this encampment, who died on the 21st day of May, 1887. In his death the community has lost an honest and honorable citizen, his family an affectionate and indulgent husband and father, and we a brave comrade and friend. Resolved, That though he died without worldly wealth, he left to his family a legacy better than riches—an unsullied reputation and a spotless name. Resolved, That the grand adjutant be directed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the family of our deceased comrade. JOHN KELLEY, L. F. MORTON, WM. K. KELLY, Committee on resolutions.

THE CENTRAL PARK TRAGEDY.

Oscar Lamont suddenly stopped eating. "That is a very strange thing," he murmured. He ceased to dip his morsels of bread into the cup of chocolate set before him, and taking up in his hands the journal which the moment before he had been running over with a careless eye, he read for the second time the passage that had struck him so forcibly. It was the end of a very long article which gave a multitude of details regarding the crime of Central Park, a fearful murder which for the last fortnight had turned the metropolis upside down and whose author had as yet been sought in vain. The article ended as follows: "The Mayor offered a reward of \$500 to the person who should arrest or cause the arrest of the person who committed the murder at the Central Park. Just here we will remind our readers that the man is described as follows: About 35 years old, of medium height, with brown hair, brown beard trimmed to a point, pale complexion, wearing an overcoat of dark cloth and a tall silk hat, having about his neck a silk handkerchief striped with red and blue." "Most extraordinary," repeated Lamont; "this description is mine precisely. I am 35 years old, of medium height, with brown hair, a pointed beard, and a pale complexion, and I wear an overcoat of dark cloth and a high hat, and am in the habit of wrapping about my neck a silk handkerchief striped with red and blue." "That is just the man," thought Lamont; "this description is mine precisely. I am 35 years old, of medium height, with brown hair, a pointed beard, and a pale complexion, and I wear an overcoat of dark cloth and a high hat, and am in the habit of wrapping about my neck a silk handkerchief striped with red and blue stripes. Singular coincidence!" He finished his cup of chocolate at a draught and began to complete his toilet. What he had just read had already almost passed from his mind, until, as he was putting on his hat, he saw his reflection in the mirror that hung from the window pane. "There is no denying it," said he with a smile, "I am as like the murderer as one drop of water is like another. It would be queer enough if some poor fellow, tempted by the reward of \$500, and thinking he had the good luck of discovery, should have me arrested! Queer enough, indeed!" A thought that struck his mind just at this moment, calmed his gayety considerably. "If such a thing, by great ill luck, should happen, could I furnish an alibi proving what I was doing on the day of the crime? How, in heaven's name did I use my time two weeks ago to-day? Upon my word, I know nothing at all about it. But what a fool I am to fret about such nonsense. He was dressed, ready to go out for his luncheon. But at the instant of taking his overcoat from its peg, he changed his mind, rushed to his bureau, and drew from the drawer a summer overcoat of a pale fawn color, which he proceeded to put on at once. "Strange things are possible," said he, as if excusing himself. "I had better catch a cold than expose myself to annoyances." And although the month was December and it was excessively cold, he did not, as usual, fold about his neck his silk handkerchief striped with red and blue. Out on the street it seemed to him that the passers-by stared at him oddly. This surprised him disagreeably. A gentleman, however, who, with the mercury below zero, goes forth in a handsome light-colored summer overcoat ought not to feel astonished when people turn to look at him. But Lamont gave no thought to his outfit—that wretched advertisement he had read in the journal filled his brain like a demoniacal possession. Without having any too well considered the step he entered a barber-shop. "Want a shave, or your hair cut?" questioned the tonsorial artist. "A shave," replied Lamont, rather timidly; "shave off my beard, leave only the side whiskers. He seated himself in the chair, and during the whole operation he thought he saw that the barber eyed him very curiously. "He takes me for the murderer, evidently," thought Oscar. When he put his hand into his pocket to pay for his shave he pulled out three or four five dollar gold pieces, which in his confusion he awkwardly dropped on the floor. "I am betraying myself horribly," he thought; "I shall certainly confirm this man's suspicions by throwing gold about in this way." After a great deal of fumbling in all his pockets he finally found a little change, paid his bill, and left the shop. At a distance of a few steps he glanced behind him; the barber, standing in his doorway, was watching Oscar as he walked away, and was shaking his head gravely. Instinctively Lamont quickened his pace and turned up the first cross-street he came to. "If I should go back home," said he to himself, "I should find an end to this wretched walk which certainly has nothing pleasant about it, with all these staring looks and in this fearful cold. Yes, but then there is another thing; my landlady must certainly have read that confounded advertisement. She will notice that I have had my beard shaved and have changed my clothing; she will have her own suspicions; perhaps will have me arrested. Who knows? Five hundred dollars is a tidy sum." He decided that he would not return till nightfall. He was walking along, hanging his head, and thinking of the dreadful day he would be obliged to live through, when he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. He turned around in alarm. "I could not fail to recognize you," said a voice; "it is my good friend Oscar Lamont breathed freely again; it was an old friend who addressed him in this manner. "Are you well? You haven't killed any body, I hope," continued his smiling friend. "What makes you say that?" stammered Lamont. "Why, I thought you wore a full beard only last evening." "Oh, yes, yes; so I did. Why, I'll tell you about that. It was just a matter of taste; I decided not to wear any thing but side-whiskers." "And, was it taste, too, that led you to put on a summer overcoat with the mercury 10 degrees below zero?" "Yes, taste, you are right; it is a freak of taste," said Lamont with a forced laugh. His friend looked at him in great astonishment, doubtless wondering if the unhappy man had not lost his reason. Having uttered a few common places he took his leave. Lamont grew more and more irritated. He swore a round oath that if he once regained his domicile without impediment he would never set foot out of it again as long as the murderer whose double he believed himself to be should be at large. He was looking about for some deservingly neighborhood where he could keep himself out of sight until evening, when his attention was caught by peering eyes. He listened; in the distance a voice, which was drawing nearer, and nearer, was crying: "Stop him! stop him!" Terrified in desperation Lamont rushed into a shop; it was a restaurant. The proprietor stepped forward to meet him. "Oh, save me sir! Hide me, I beseech you," begged Lamont, with chattering teeth. "What on earth is the matter with you?" remonstrated the other, "such accidents happen every day in a city's streets." At this moment a runaway horse clattered through the street, jolting over the paving stones a carriage from which a terrified old lady was uttering breathless screams. "Oh! thought Oscar sinking into a seat, "it was only a horse! and I thought—mercy what a fright!" The place in which he had taken refuge was a little suburban restaurant, almost unrequited until evening. Relieved to find himself sheltered by four walls he gradually began to recover from his painful emotions, and drawing nearer the stove he warmed himself. Then, not daring to return home before the time he had set he concluded to eat his luncheon where he was. After his meal he passed the time in endless games of cards with the proprietor who was only too happy to devote himself to the entertainment of his unlooked-for guest. "About 6 o'clock, when it was quite dark, he went home. "Well, sir, have you heard the news?" were the words with which his landlady accosted him in the hall. "No; what news?" he rejoined, at the same time turning up his overcoat collar to hide his face as much as possible. "The murderer of the Central Park was arrested this morning. It seems that he is not more than 20 years old; he is a tall fellow with red hair."—(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of the Winalow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething. Its value is incalculable; it will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures colic and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winalow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times symptoms of indigestion are present, flatulence, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm is common attendant. Blood, bleeding and itching piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Rossko's Pile Remedy, which sets directly to relieving the suffering, and by its action, allaying the intense itching and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address, the Dr. Rossko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by Geo. E. Good.

PROFESSIONAL POISONERS.

Although the thugs of India have been long since exterminated, a Hindu writer in the London Standard tells how they have been replaced by professional poisoners. These people make use of a poison extracted from the seed of the castor, mixed with opium, and travel from place to place, now poisoning a traveling companion for his money, a stranger for his oxen or a host for the venalities in his house. They are distinguished from the thugs in that they kill women, children, and pilgrims, which the thugs would not do. The professional poisoners are organized secretly, and great efforts have been made to exterminate them, but thus far without success.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

ONE GREAT MERIT.

Of that Restorer of the Teeth, SOZODONT, is that its effect upon the mouth is refreshing. It is a means of cleansing the teeth, and improving the breath, it stands alone.

MET THEIR MATCH.

First Western Desperado—There comes a tenderfoot; let's have some fun with him. Second Western Desperado—Don't touch him. I know him. He's a regular dare devil. Eh? Fact. He was a baseball umpire in Cincinnati for two seasons.—(Omaha World.)

WITALIATED BLOOD.

Scrofulous, Inherited, and Contagious Humors Cured. Scrofulous Humors. THROUGH THE MEDIUM of one of your books received through Mr. Frank T. Way, Esq., Apollo, Pa. I became acquainted with your CURCUMA REMEDIES, and take this opportunity to testify to you that they were a most successful cure of one of the worst cases of blood poisoning, in connection with erysipelas, that I have ever seen, and this after having been pronounced incurable by some of the best physicians in our county. I take great pleasure in forwarding you this testimonial, unalloyed as it is by you, in order that others suffering from similar maladies may be encouraged to give your CURCUMA REMEDIES a trial. Reference: FRANK T. WAY, Druggist, Apollo, Pa. One of the Worst Cases. Scrofulous Humors. James E. Richardson, Custom House, New Orleans, on oath says: "In Scrofulous Humors broke out on my body until it was a mass of eruptions. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. I became a mere wreck. At length I could not lift my hands to my head. I could not turn in bed; was in constant pain, and looked upon life as a curse. No relief or cure in ten years. In 1887 I heard of the CURCUMA REMEDIES, used them, and was perfectly cured. Sworn to before U. S. Com. J. D. CRAWFORD." We have been selling your CURCUMA REMEDIES for years, and have the first complaint you received from a purchaser. One of the worst cases of Scrofula I ever saw was cured by the use of your CURCUMA REMEDIES and CURCUMA SOAP. The Soap breaks the cures into a medicinal soap. TAYLOR & TAYLOR, Druggists, Frankfurt, Kan. Scrofulous, Inherited, and Contagious Humors, with loss of hair, and eruptions of the skin, are positively cured by CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and CUTICURA Resolvent internally, when all other remedies fail. Send for pamphlet. Druggists use them. We have obtained satisfactory results from the use of the CUTICURA remedies in our own family, and recommend them beyond any other remedies for diseases of the skin and blood. The demand for them grows as their merits become known. NACHTIGALL & CO., Druggists, Latrobe, Pa. CUTICURA Remedies. Are sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, the great skin cure, 50 cents; CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite beautifier, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, \$1. Potter Drug & Chemical Co., Boston. CUTICURA, blackheads, skin blemishes, and PIMPLES, piercing itching, use CUTICURA SOAP. CHOKING CATARRH. Have you awakened from a disturbed sleep with all the horrible sensations of an assassin attacking your throat and pressing the life-breath from your tightened chest? Have you noticed the languor and debility that succeed the effort to clear your throat and head of this catarrhal matter? What a depressing influence it exerts upon the mind, clouding the memory and filling the head with pain and strange noises! How difficult it is to rid the nasal passages, throat and lungs of this poisonous mucus! All can testify who are afflicted with catarrh. How difficult to protect the system against its further progress towards the throat and lungs, and kidneys, all physicians will admit. It is a terrible disease, and cries out for relief and cure. The remarkable curative powers, when all other remedies utterly fail, of Sanford's Radial Cure, are attested by thousands who gratefully recommend it to fellow sufferers. No statement is made regarding it that cannot be substantiated by the most respectable and reliable references. Each packet contains one bottle of the Radical cure, one box of Catarrhal Inhalant, one improved inhaler, with treatise and directions, and is sold by all druggists for \$1. Potter Drug & Chemical Co., Boston. HOW MY SIDE ACHES. From the bench and the counter, from the loom and sewing machine goes up the cry of Catarrh of the Side. Aching sides and back, kidney and bladder pain, strains and weakness, coughs, colds and chest pains, and every ailment and ache of old told relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA Anti-Pain Plaster. New, clear, and infallible. At Druggists, 5c.; five for \$1. or Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

Scroful's Sarsaparilla and Stillinger's 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, syphilis, eruptions of the skin, rheumatism, erysipelas, in larva, all nervous disorders and debility, bilious complaints, and all diseases depending on impure condition of the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, etc. It corrects indigestion, especially when the complaint is of an excessive nature, having a tendency to lessen the vigor of the brain and nervous system. INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEY. Hon. Edward A. Moore, Member of Assembly from Richmond county, New York, writes: "Two years ago I was taken with inflammation of the kidneys. The pain was intense. I applied as soon as possible an Alcock's Purgative 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 always take great pleasure in recommending Alcock's Purgative Plaster, and like many another sufferer, especially when the complaint is of an excessive nature, having a tendency to lessen the vigor of the brain and nervous system. PILES CAN BE CURED. WESTFIELD, N. Y., May 18, 1885. For thirty-two years I have suffered from piles, both internal and external, with all their attendant ailments, and like many another sufferer from hemorrhoids. All those thirty-two years I had to cramp myself to pay doctors and druggists for medicine, and during the time I was in pain I was unable to do any work. Finally I was cured by one who had had the same complaint, but had been cured by Dr. Rossko's Pile Remedy. I did so, and in three days I was cured. For the past two years I have had no inconvenience from that terrible ailment. RICHARD BENNETT.

GODFREY & MOORES. JOB PRINTERS, LEGAL PLANKS, IMPROVED BLANK FORMS. SALEM, OREGON. Opposite Postoffice. dw

ALWAYS VICTORIOUS. THE OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER (PUNDERS') KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR. Every one's duty is to not allow the liver, the stomach and the kidneys, three great organs, to become clogged or torpid, and in time expel all impurities of the blood. The Oregon Blood Purifier, a purely vegetable compound, is the Remedy to cure all diseases of the kidneys and liver, also those caused by impure blood, as biliousness, constipation, sick headache, dyspepsia, erysipelas, eruptions of the skin, rheumatism, etc. Try it and you will find it always victorious in its battle with disease. Sold everywhere. \$1.00 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.00. 4-22-MS-dw

RIVER EXCURSION. The steamer N. S. Bentley will make the following trip between Corvallis and Portland on July 4th and 5th. Leave Corvallis 5 a. m. July 4. Round trip, \$2.00. Albany, 6:30. Independence, 9. Salem, 10 p. m. Chappoose, 9 p. m. Butterville, 9:30. July 5. Arriving at Portland at 5 p. m. Returning leave Portland at 6 a. m. July 5th, arriving at Corvallis at 9 p. m.

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