

IN FAR OFF INDIA. A Severe Cyclone on the Bay of Bengal.

ECHOES OF HEAVEN'S ARTILLERY. The Great Temple of the Juggernaut, and the Worship of the Hindoos-- The Word "Mizpah."

CALCUTTA, INDIA, Sept. 3, 1887.

ED. STATESMAN:—I have only given your readers glimpses of this oriental city under sunny skies, and the most attractive appearance; but nature here in her angry moods is often grand and appalling. Always when the monsoons change—generally in May and October—we may expect storms here and cyclones in the Bay of Bengal, which is not a "mill pond" by any means, and we feel the effect of the cyclones even this far, 100 miles up the Hooghly river. Last May we experienced our severest storm in India. We were all exhausted with the trying intense heat, and had been longing for a rainy day—just a gentle, musical, pattering rain, that would remind us of Longfellow's "rainy day," "The day is cold and dark and dreary; 'Tis raining, and the wind is never weary; The vine still clings to the moldering wall, But at every gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and dreary."

Such a day in our tropical home is a boon to be coveted, when one can luxuriate in undisturbed quiet with letters and papers from home, and books, one's best and most discreet friends. But we were not asking for, or expecting what the elements gave us. The day had been oppressively hot, and when a hushed, brooding silence became perceptible, and the kites and rooks flew low in countless numbers, circulating to and fro, and uttering hoarse cries of warning, we began watching the tiny clouds that swept swiftly over the distant horizon. Higher and higher, darker and darker they grew; the wind began suddenly careering about banging doors, windows, and shutters in the most unapproved manner; the distant muttering of thunder and the bright gleams of lightning coquetting behind the wind-tossed clouds sent people hurrying in all directions seeking shelter; doors and windows were securely barred, and none too soon; when with terrific crash Jove hurled his thunderbolts broadcast; the lightning flashed lurid red tongues of flame which frequent and furious darted thro' the dark and broken ridges of a thousand clouds, filed hill on hill.

The wind wailed and shrieked like lost demons, the rain came down in pitiless blinding sheets, fast and furious; the tall trees away and bent, groaning under the fury of the storm king, as "nature rocked beneath his tread;" and how he roared and raved for a time! By and by he seemed to exhaust himself; the wind died away in fitful sobbing gusts, the rain ceased, the clouds slowly lifted beneath the struggling sunbeams, and as the echoes of heaven's artillery grew fainter in the distance, we saw the footprints of the storm in torn and ragged vines, bent and broken boughs, heaps of discolored leaves, and beautiful green trees that lay prone upon the rain-soaked earth, shattered ruins.

People told us "this was only the tail" of a severe cyclone which had visited the Bay of Bengal and the southern coast, causing great loss of life and damage to shipping. Calcutta is a great commercial port, there being constantly moored here over a hundred large sea-going mail ships and a number of fine passenger steamships, extending a distance of about three miles along the river. At least nine-tenths of these vessels fly the British flag. Our little American fleet generally consists of from three to ten ships in port at one time.

During this terrible cyclone a staunch little tug boat, the "Retriever," went down with all on board. Only one native sailor was rescued, after being in the water over seventeen hours, and a large steamer, the "Sir John Lawrence," was a total loss. Every soul on board perished, 800 all told; 750 passengers, the greater number of whom were Hindoo pilgrims on their way to Juggernaut in Orissa, which is the Holy Land to him what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, where thousands of pilgrims go every year. The loss of the "Sir John Lawrence" was a dreadful calamity, and called forth sympathy from all classes for the bereaved ones. It could almost be said of the Hindoos of this fair city, what Moses said of the Egyptians, "there is not a house, where there is not one dead," and the wail of unutterable woe that went up from these desolate homes called to memory one of the saddest poems of Lalla Rookh:

"AZIM IS DEAD!" "Oh, grief beyond all other grief when fate first leaves the young heart lone and desolate in the wide world, without that only tie for which it lov'd to live, or fear'd to die—born as the hung-up lute, that ne'er bath spoken since the sad day its master cord was broken."

Orissa is now, and has been for two thousand years, the Holy Land of the Hindoos, yet there still exist traces of an earlier time when the religion of Buddha prevailed in that country. About 260 miles southwest of Calcutta is the great temple of Juggernaut, or "Lord of the Universe," which history tells us was built in 1198 of red granite and dedicated to the god, Vishnu, the chief deity of Hindoo worship. There are 4,000 priests connected with the temple. Doubtless the loss of the many pilgrims on the "Sir John Lawrence" will have a sad effect on the festival this year, but a late paper informs us that this festival has been on the wane, and that the number of pilgrims has been decreasing for some years, and that it has been found difficult to get the temple of Juggernaut pulled to the country-side of the god. The religious enthusiasm of the crowds which used to rush to a place at the ropes is disappearing, and it has actually come to pass that hundreds of coolies have to be hired to perform this job. The Hindoos say that "a prophecy had been issued from the Juggernaut, that two more pil-

grim-ships are to be destroyed as an atonement for the loss of the pilgrims in the "Sir John Lawrence." Half the prophecy has been fulfilled, it is said, in the loss of the "Mahoratta," which was lost on the treacherous sands of the James and Mary bank in July last. This ship also carried about 300 pilgrims, of whom only ten or twelve perished. In the province of Orissa, twenty miles north of the great temple of Juggernaut, a recent writer tells us, is the "Black Pagoda" or "Sun Temple," the most exquisite memorial of sun worship in India, built in the thirteenth century, the entire revenue of Orissa for twelve years being spent on its erection. Originally there were twenty-eight minor temples near the "Black Pagoda," but the great "Sun Temple" and a few isolated monoliths alone remain, the temple itself being now a deserted ruin overgrown with moss and weeds.

The Mohammedans have a month of fasting, commencing about the fifth of May, during which month nothing whatever passes their lips from 3 a. m. until 7 p. m. At the expiration of that month they celebrate the festival of "Eudal Futur," the festival of breaking the fast, also called Ramzan ki Eed, and the "feast of alms." The day is observed as a high holiday by the Mohammedans of this city. The streets are thronged by happy holiday-makers, and the scene is very animated at the various mosques; especially at the great mosque on Dhurumtoela street, with its thousands of devout worshippers "clad in shining raiment," covering the long steps, extending far beyond the mosque itself, to the adjoining enclosure, and out on the maidan. It is a pretty picturesque sight, seen under a cloudless sky, and bright sunshine, the many-hued costumes of the dusky worshippers glittering here and there with oriental splendor. The devotees of the day are commended by all good followers of Islam performing extra ablutions; araying themselves in new garments, using a great amount of perfume; attar of roses and other delicate odors of which they are extremely fond. They apply antimony around their eyes (an additional coating of black), and generally distribute "fitur" or "sadak," wheat or other grain food to the poor; after which the most devout ones proceed to the mosque, repeating "God is great!" "There is no God but God!" The priest ascends the minbar, or pulpit where he reads the sacred precepts of a mosque; only the outer apartment can be seen by a Christian, and the seeing necessitates the removal of one's shoes, and offers up a short thanksgiving, and reads the sermon for the day. Then he descends to the lowest step, (which with "Siah" is the third, but with the "Sunnies" is the fourth), telling the virtues of the Sultan and imploring the prayers of the multitude for him. Then a general prayer is offered up, the congregation rising en masse with shouts of "Din! Din!" (faith). The remainder of the day is spent in rejoicing and enjoyment. In every house from palace to hovel—according to the means of the family—luxuries and dainties are provided, and all manner of amusements indulged in. The Nautch girls dance in the apartments of the men, and the miradins (a class of singers who exhibit before women only) are in great demand for the festival. The matron of each palace sits in state to receive presents from inferiors and bestows favors on others.

Permit me through the medium of your interesting paper to thank my kind friend, Mrs. Dunniway, for the very encouraging and wholly unexpected compliment she paid me through the columns of the STATESMAN. Being an accomplished veteran in the ranks of journalism herself, I appreciate her helpful words all the more as I am only a timid novice in the art of "pen writing." Mrs. Dunniway questions my orthography of "Mizpah." If my kind critic will look in her bible, chapter XXXI, verse 49, of Genesis, she will find my authority for spelling "Mizpah." Some one has said, "What an unromantic name, nothing musical or pretty in it." No, dear reader, but there is something sweet and solemn in the message it bears to those who understand and love me, which is, "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." I had no idea it was a name so loved in Europe and this eastern world when it was chosen as a nom de plume, which has proven ineffectual, after all, to conceal my identity. One sees the name worn here by Europeans (and in all the elegant jewelry shops) on rings, charms and bracelets set in precious stones, and on souvenirs of love and friendship, always spelled "MIZPAH."

A PARISIAN CLOCK-MAKER. A Parisian clock-maker, evidently an admirer of General Boulanger, has hit upon a happy expedient for increasing his portion of wealth and fame. Having noticed that only the jingo-men are popular in this fickle day, he posted a notice to the effect that many of the clocks which were being sold as American product were really German make, and announced that he would handle no more of them. To prove his sincerity he went to the trouble of smashing two or three "suspected" timepieces in the presence of a goodly crowd of admirers who cheered him in his patriotic work. Since then work, which he often lacked before, has begun to flow in plenty to his doors, and he is coining money at a lively rate. In a city like Paris this was easily done, for in spite of his surroundings the Parisian rabble is easily gulled. But it is dangerous work nevertheless; for if the same people who are now cheering this hero were to learn that his actions were only an advertising ruse, they would soon make it warmer for him and his shop than he probably desires it to become.—[Philadelphia Times.

TROUBLE ENOUGH. They tell a good story apropos of the visit of the two East Indian Sabhis who recently honored Toronto with their presence. The attache and interpreter of one of them was reminded rather late in the morning that breakfast was ready and waiting for them. "But we can't go to breakfast now," he replied testily. "We can't go to breakfast at all until we've had our prayers. And we can't have prayers till we can get this d—d trunk open and get at our books."—[Chicago Times.

Large assortment of trusses and shoulder braces for sale at D. W. Matthews & Co.'s drug store.

HURRA FOR BLAINE! The following "deadly acrostic" appeared in that ferocious mugwump organ, the Chicago News, upon the occasion of the visit of President Cleveland and wife to that city: Here in the land of promise, Under the glorious sky, Ruler and bride o'er shore and tide, Boasting wide, do thou abide, And, heart of the west, best high! Forgetting the dismal rancor Of years that should be dead, Rally we all from east and hall, Blessing our nation's head. Long life to you, O ruler, And to your gentle wife— In prosperous ways God guide your days, Nor count them past till you are last, Enjoy the endless life!

A Napoleon of Finance. Now it chanced that in the days of King Putand-Call, the Mammonite, that one Ali Ben Scoundrel was the trusted high scribe and treasurer of the Freezout exchange. The glittering minarets that towered above its vaults, once stored with bonds and bullion, coin of the realm, and multitudinous stocks, doubtfully dilated with metaphorical aqua pura, rose high and stately on the flower-laden banks of the golden Euphrates. Now, after a season in this position of trust, it came to pass that Ali Ben Scoundrel became sore distraught, and would fain turn to some immediate relief from his agony of apprehension. So the young man got him straightway to the inn of Ali E. Pluribus, the publican. And, as he moved toward the gilded vases of high wines, and jars of low coffin varnish, yea, even unto the long slab of carved cedar from Lebanon, and stained pine from Muskegon, Ali E. Pluribus rubbed gleefully together the palms of his jeweled hands, and cogitated, solus: "Verily, behold the young Napoleon of finance draweth nigh. It is indeed good that he should be here, for will he not draw custom to my hotel, even as glucose draweth the fat fly of September?"

And old E. Pluribus spoke facetiously to Ali Ben Scoundrel, inquiring if it were "hot enough for him," and fawned before him, even as the impetuous duffe fawneth before the wrath of his tailor. And his words were like music to the ear, and sweet withal, dropping as drosseth the honey from a bear's jaws while looting a Wisconsin bee gum. Now, as Ali Ben Scoundrel was athirst, he demanded a tippie of sherbet, tintured with absinthe from the clime of the lotus eater, and dashed with an amber vintage from the place over against the land of the blue grass and the equine wind splitter. And, when he had drank of his deception, his mood became more calm, and his speech glibber, and he passed straightway from the lair of the narcotized bell boy and Senegambian biscuit shooter, to the busy street, pulsating with human life. And among the pulsators did Ali Ben Scoundrel encounter one Mustapha Crookedwork, the caliph, who he judged vague from the police wool-sack, and was himself pretty well sized up by the vox populi, which did its great vox act among the neighboring hills and valleys of the golden Euphrates. And the caliph caught Ali Ben Scoundrel by a pearl button of his gray serge cutaway and signified that he would have speech with him.

"I would fain give thee a pointer," quoth the caliph, Mustapha Crookedwork, "a fly tip from the high seat of judicial acumen." Then Ali Ben Scoundrel bended himself forward to harken unto the potent words voiced by the man of legal attainments and gutta percha conscience. And the twain had speech one with the other. And it came to pass that as the hours waxed somewhat small and decidedly wee, the hour of low twelve, when

Did squeak and ratchet the streets of Rome," Ali Ben Scoundrel crept to the rear entrance of the Freezout Exchange and admitted himself with a pass key. Before the door of a money vault he sat him down wearily and communed with himself. "Verily," he said, "for eighteen moons have I steadily sucked pecuniary emoluments from this now desolate financial shell. The money changers on the curbstone with whom I have hypothecated these forced loans are discreet and solid, but—"

And Ali Ben Scoundrel did breathe heavily, like unto a Long Branch belle subsequently to her maiden header in the surf. The caliph is now onto me, and verily the swag is short wherewith to silence the clatter of his tongue; in sooth the boodle waxeth low in the crib, and it were better I hie into the money centers and gat me into the congenial clime of the Canuck, where directors cease from troubling and embezzlers are at rest. Yea, verily, it is high time to hie," and Ali Ben Scoundrel chuckled a few unostentatious chuckles.

And lo, as the night watchman moaned heavily in the lethargy of his deep slumber, it became incumbent upon Ali Ben Scoundrel to inject a portion of laudanum down the sleeping guardian's larynx. And after a period of monkeying with the combination of the money vault he plentifully stored his scrip with such wealth and collateral as seemed good to him and bade farewell to the pudgy cash book, and the old familiar ledger, honeycombed with false balances and entries, and fled toward the scenes of past struggles and triumphs. The night watchman was alone with his conscience and soothing scrip. Now, as Ali Ben Scoundrel paced up and down the platform by the side of the tramway, with a weaver eye to leeward, and his hand on his pocketbook, a strange man with pink whiskers plucked the hem of his garment and beckoned him away to a seat in the lunch room amid the steam of debilitated coffee and where the invulnerable sandwich defiantly awaited an attack. "I am a detective," quoth the strange man, pulling his eery beard and turning the glare of his sky-blue optics full in the face of his victim. Then Ali Ben Scoundrel would fain have arisen and got himself off to be lost in the crowd, but the strange man detained him and insinuated that any attempt to escape might possibly be followed by bloodshed and torn raiment.

"I am a detective," continued the stranger, "and—"

"You have clues?" inquired Ali Ben Scoundrel. "Dozens of 'em," straightway answered the stranger, "I've got 'em in bunches in my shawl strap." "You are what is known as a sleuth hound?" pursued Ali Ben Scoundrel sarcastically. "You've called the turn," meekly answered the stranger, "but to my business. One of my clues is this pearl button. Oh, it is strangely similar to the remaining three on thy cutaway. And this hair, plucked from the brush on thy toilet stand. It is not, perchance, the same one stroked by thy loving mother's hand in years ago before the last thirst for boodle became an unholy passion?" And Ali Ben Scoundrel smote his breast. "I must gather thee in," said the stranger, "even as the rude, unclutched cow man gathers in the maverick at the season of branding. I have piped thee off, and unless—"

Then Ali Ben Scoundrel caught the meaning of the dutiful stranger's glance, and he straightway drew from his scrip a corpulent roll of green velvet which he had abstracted from the treasure vault of the Freezout Exchange. And he counted into the palm of the stranger the full value of many talents of silver, and the sleuth hound arose deferentially and abased himself before the young Napoleon of finance, and would have fallen upon his neck and kissed him had it not been for the presence of the youth with scrofula, who accepted the cash of the travel-stained emigrant in lieu of the boiled ham and turnovers. "Don't let me detain you," asserted the detective, "you must excuse my inquisitiveness. My card. Guileless Hawkshaw, Central station. Call me up by phone should you wish to see me on any further business. I go now to re-examine my clues. Ta-ta."

And again it came to pass that as the modern Vidocq skipped the tra-la-la from one end of the station, a hansom cab was rapidly driven up to the other. And from the vehicle alighted Rebecca, the beautiful daughter of Opulent Hassan, head center and president of the Freezout Exchange. And Ali Ben Scoundrel drew nigh and saluted her warmly, and kissed the maiden on both cheeks, and together they entered the train there in waiting and sped over trestles, through forests and valleys, and boomed through cavernous tunnels, shrieked through small obscure hamlets, thundered along at the base of the mountains, and rattled o'er cross-roads and culverts and cattle-guards. And with Ali Ben Scoundrel and Rebecca, the fair, went peace and security sweet, for was not their case safe in the hands of a modern detective?

SINGULAR CONVERSION OF WINE. The following statement, which is going the rounds of the press, is declared to be a fact: An English gentleman had a cask of Malmsey sweet wine placed in an inner room in his wine-cellar. He was absent from home for a long time, and on his return ordered his butler to open the wine for his guests. His astonishment may well be imagined when he was informed that the entrance to the room was closed by an enormous fungus growth. An entrance was forced by chipping the fungus with an ax. The cask was found empty, pressed against the ceiling, supported upon and surrounded by this vegetable matter, which almost entirely filled up the remaining space in the apartment.

A PERFECT ORDNANCE OFFICER. A Danish officer is pictured to us making observations in regard to the deviation of rifle bullets. One day, when walking on the ramparts at Duppel, he saw a Prussian sharpshooter taking aim at him. While the soldier placed himself against a tree, in order to take a steady aim, the officer raised his glass to watch his movements. "This is all right," said he; "the musket is just on a line with my breast—we shall see." The trigger was pulled, and the Danish officer quietly went down: "At a distance of about five hundred yards the deviation of a ball from rifled musket is about one meter."—[Chambers's Journal.

SPORTIVE. American guest: "My God! What's that under the sofa? See, there it goes under the piano." German host: "Ach, Mein Gott! dot was only der cheese I bought to-day. He's a leetle playful!"—[Town Topics.

A USEFUL PRECAUTION. It is a useful precaution for the tourist, the commercial traveler, or the emigrant to the West to take along Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Invalids who travel by steamboat or rail should provide themselves with it, in order to prevent or remedy the nausea which the jarring vibration of vehicles in transit often causes them. Vastly preferable is it for this simple, but needful purpose, to the heavy, unmedicated stimulants of commerce. On board ship, it not only remedies seasickness, but neutralizes the pernicious effect of water slightly brackish, which, if unqualified, is apt to give rise to irregularity of the bowels, cramps in the abdominal region, and dyspepsia. To the serial poison of malaria it is an efficient antidote. Sick headache, heartburn, and wind upon the stomach, are promptly banished by it. It healthfully stimulates the kidneys and bladder, and nullifies the early symptoms of rheumatism.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH. Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillinger's Blood and Liver Syrup will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is, indeed, a pleasant syrup, pleasant to take, and often proven itself to be the best blood purifier ever discovered, effectually curing scrofula, syphilis, and all diseases of the kidneys, erysipelas, malaria, all nervous disorders and debility, bilious complaints, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the blood. It is especially adapted to the treatment of an "exhaustive nature," having a tendency to lessen the vigor of the brain and nervous system.

FILES 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 agonies, and like many another suffered from hemorrhoids. All those thirty-two years I had to cramp 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 complaint, but who had been cured by Bradstreet's Pills to try his cure. I did so, and began to improve, and for the past two years have had no inconvenience from that terrible ailment. RICHARD BENNETT.

Hellenbrand's restaurant. Everything new, neat and clean. Tables supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Oysters in every style.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY. Oct. 12. Snow fell at Utica, New York. Gould says telegraph rates will not be advanced. The postoffice at Mt. Pleasant, Linn county, has been discontinued. Mrs. James A. Garfield and daughter Nellie have sailed for Europe. In the Mitchellstown, Ireland, inquest, Rigg and five others were found guilty of murder. Vice President Potter, of the Union Pacific railroad, is en route to the Pacific coast. The Chicago & Atlantic railroad still withholds all particulars of the Kouts horror. All the pressmen in the office of De Vinne, the printer of the Century, are on a strike. The U. S. steamer Adams has been dispatched to the Samoan islands, to protect American interests. Mrs. Peavy and an eighteen-month-old child, one mile from De Smet mission near Colfax, W. T., found murdered, presumably by Indians. Oct. 13. It is now predicted that the Southern Pacific company will extend the O. & C. road on to Seattle. The Crow Indians in Montana are making trouble. They are insulting, and crowing over citizens. Seattle will have two cable street-car lines, one with a circuit of four miles and the other six miles. The next annual meeting of the National teachers' association will probably be held in San Francisco. George Francis Train, the insane fiend, has been suppressed in Chicago. He will sue the city for damages. Edison is getting out a machine to take the place of stenographers. All you've got to do is to talk into it, and then unwind it and read what you have said. Another company is also preparing to manufacture a machine similar to this. They call it the graphophone. The United States district attorney for New York has commenced suit against the vestrymen and wardens of Trinity church to recover a fine of \$1000 provided by the immigration laws of this country in case of persons coming under a contract to labor in the United States. Rev. Mr. Warren came over from England under contract to take the rectorship of this church. It will be a test case to decide whether or not the law can be made to apply to ministers. Oct. 14. In the Iowa evictions, the evicted parties are said to be living, in want, in tents on the public highways. Dr. Porter, president of the Key West board of health, says there is no doubt that the disease at Tampa, Florida, is yellow fever. Physicians say that the emperor and crown prince of Germany are both dying, slowly, but surely, and a very dark horoscope for that empire is read by them. Mackay's latest corner and scheme is the territory of New Mexico. He and Frank Hurd claim the whole territory, they claiming to hold an ancient grant from Mexico. Etna Cason, well known here, who got into trouble, and became a prostitute while in the Salvation army at Oakland, has been released from jail there after serving a 90 days' sentence. The editor of the Minneapolis Tribune wrote and published his opinion of President Cleveland, which was very poor, and his sympathies for Mrs. Cleveland, as the wife of a man with Cleveland's social record, and he was burned in effigy. James Miller, a tough citizen from Volcano, Amador county, Cal., took a 15-year-old girl to Santa Cruz, claiming her to be his wife, and tried to take her to a house of ill fame. She was rescued by the police, and a lot of disguised citizens tarred and feathered him.

WORTH KNOWING. Allcock's are the only genuine porous plasters. All other so-called porous plasters are imitations. Their makers only get them up to sell on the reputation of Allcock's. All so-called improvements and new ingredients are humbugs. No one has ever made an improvement on Allcock's Porous Plasters. When you buy ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS you obtain the best plasters made. A THUNDER STORM May purify the air, but nothing except SOZODONT will purify the mouth filled with neglected teeth, and rescue those faithful servants of mankind from utter ruin before it is too late. Don't neglect to try it. You will be surprised and delighted with its results. DYSPEPSIA Is that misery experienced when we suddenly become aware that we possess a diabolical arrangement called a stomach. The stomach is the reservoir from which every fiber and tissue must be nourished, and any trouble with it is soon felt throughout the whole system. A dozen dyspepsias no two will have the same predominant symptoms. Dyspepsia of active mental power and a bilious temperament are subject to sick headache; those, fleshy and phlegmatic have constipation, while the thin and nervous are abandoned to gloomy forebodings. Some dyspepsias are wonderfully forgetful; others have great irritability of temper. Whatever form dyspepsia may take, one thing is certain, The underlying cause is in the LIVER. And one thing is equally certain, no one will remain a dyspeptic who will It will correct acidity of the stomach, Expel foul gases, allay irritation, assist digestion. And, at the same time Start the Liver to working, when all other troubles soon disappear. My wife was a confirmed dyspeptic. Some three years ago by the advice of Dr. Steiner, of Augusta, she was induced to try Simmons' Liver Regulator. I feel grateful for the relief it has given her, and may all who read this and are afflicted in any way, whether chronic or otherwise, use Simmons' Liver Regulator and I feel confident health will be restored to all who will be advised.—W. M. KERR, Fort Valley, Ga.

REGULATOR OF THE LIVER AND BILIOUSNESS. The quickest route to the east.

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REGULATOR OF THE LIVER AND BILIOUSNESS. The quickest route to the east.

MEDICAL. SCRATCHED 28 YEARS. A Sealy, Itching, Skin Disease with Endless Suffering Cured by Cuticura Remedies. If I had known of the Cuticura Remedies twenty-eight years ago it would have saved me \$200 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease, Psoriasis, commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off me all the time, and my suffering was endless and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times. Anything more that you want to know write me, or any one who reads this may write to me and I will answer it. DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, Vt., Jan. 20th, 1887. Psoriasis, eczema, ringworm, lichen, pruritus, scall head, milk crust, dandruff, barber's itch, every species of itching, burning, scaly, pimply humors of the skin and scalp and hair, 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. Sold every where. Price, Cuticura, 50c; Soap, 25c; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by the Foster Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials. PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin preserved by Cuticura Medicated Soap. CATARRHAL DANGERS. To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while lying down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste and hearing; to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a blessing beyond all other human enjoyments. To purchase immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have tried many remedies and physicians despair of relief or cure. Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional, instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never-failing. Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of the Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for \$1.

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