

HE WAS GOING TO HOLLAND.

Sailors are scarce in this section at present, and this gives rise to many amusing attempts on the part of our "shipping masters" to enlist "green-horns." Georgians generally are not of a roving disposition, and Georgia negroes are particularly averse to being carried to foreign ports.

Forster Maxwell, colored, came down on a raft of timber the other day. Inadvertently he exercised his vocal powers on a veritable sailor song. The shipping master picked up his ears and chuckled inwardly.

"Know something about sailing?" asked the wolf.

"Guess I does. I've been runing on a steam boat in the ribber for two months," answered the lamb.

"How would you like to go to Holland?" continued the purveyor of tars.

"Fust rate, only I've got only one shirt wid me," said the innocent darkey.

"Well, I'll buy another, and when you get to Holland you can buy as many as you want."

"How fur to Holland?"

"A little bit further than from Lumber City to Darien."

"All right," said the guileless up-country darkey; "if Jim Pearson comes down on a raft in the mornin', ax him to tell Eliza that I've going to Holland and won't be back fer two or three days."

Foster Maxwell is now, much to his discomfiture, we imagine, sailing the ocean blue on the British bark Perpetua, while the wily shipping master with swelled parse, is on the lookout for new victims.

THE FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

The following brief history of the fate of the apostles may be new to those whose reading has not been evangelical:

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Ethiopia in Egypt.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

St. James the Great, was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hieropolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached unto the people until he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simeon Zealot was crucified in Persia.

St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salania.

St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

INTERRUPTED BY A WEDDING.

The dreary monotony of a divorce case was dragging its soiled length along in Judge Hick's court yesterday. The woful contestants were listening eagerly when a handsome, broad-shouldered youth entered the room with a young lady on his arm. He was overflowing with joy. His face was constantly wreathed in smiles which seemed to fill the gloomy court room.

She was happy, too—bashfully, surreptitiously happy—and she looked shyly from behind her stalwart lover's arm.

They wanted to be married. The divorce suit was suspended at once, for the court will stop unmaking a marriage to make one at any time. The ceremony was performed. The young man drew out a five-dollar bill and placed it before the judge. With the brightest smile and a speech as gallant as a Chesterfield could make, he presented it to the bride.

The little lady accepted the money, and with a quick, graceful movement she drew the bouquet of roses from her bosom and placed it before the judge.

With a bow he received the rosebuds, and returned to the divorce suit, but the sweet odor pervaded the dingy court room all that day.—[Minneapolis Journal.]

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

The following is a substance of what a leading dentist said the other day: He was engaged with some gentleman in discussing the virtue of remedies used to avoid the pain caused by the extraction of teeth when a lady who wanted one of her molars pulled entered the office. The dentist, in order to prove what he had been saying, told her he had some of the new remedy and would use it, so that she would not feel any pain. She was well pleased, and after being seated in the chair, he rubbed a little water on her gums, and pulling her tooth thrust it up to the ceiling, exclaiming: "There! That didn't hurt any, did it?" The lady was positive that she felt no pain, and went away praising the new remedy.—[Oshkosh Northwestern.]

A SURE INDEX.

A writer in the Boston Journal says: "If I want to tell a woman's temper I watch her eyelids. You can read a man the same way, but not so readily. A woman with a fiery temper will move her eyelids with a snap, and that snap betrays her. Another who is easy-going and hard to arouse moves her eyelids languidly. One with a quick brain and a temper furious when aroused just winks steadily, but neither quickly nor slowly, until engaged in interesting conversation."

WHAT COULD A GIRL SAY.

"George, dear," said the girl, "do you ever drink anything?" "Yes, occasionally," George reluctantly admitted. "But, dear," she went on anxiously, "what do you suppose papa would say if he should discover that the future husband of his only daughter drank?" "He discovered it this morning."

A COWBOY FIREMAN.

"I'm a reformed cowboy," he said, "and I want a job." "Were you ever connected with the fire department?" asked the chief, to whom application has been made. "No, but I reckon a fire engine doesn't run any faster'n a Texas steer or a Colorado cyclone. The buffaloes are gone, and there's no more men out on the ranches worth a loaded shell, so I'm going to settle down on the effete customs of white men in the states. I've got to take it gradual, though, for a man who's lived where I have can't gallop straight into civilized society. I have heard tell of the lively times the fire boys have, and I think I can be tame enough to be one of you."

The chief rather liked the appearance of the American Arab, especially as he was a master at horse-training, and accordingly the cowboy was installed as a pipeman on trial. That night he observed that the other firemen, when retiring, placed their clothes by the bedside, ready to be slipped on at a second's warning. The cowboy, gathering the idea that time is every thing at a fire, determined to risk no delays. Accordingly he slept in his clothes, having previously hung his lasso and pistols on the harness of the engine horse. In the dead of the night an alarm came in. Before the firemen had slipped in their boots the cowboy had sprung from his bed, mounted the horse to which he had fixed his "working tools," and was dashing down the street at a break-neck speed in the direction of a column of smoke and flame that could be seen rising on the horizon.

"Hold on! Come back!" shouted the other firemen. But the son of the plains heard them not. He was on his way to the fire, and was indifferent as to whether the other boys got there or not. He evidently thought the engine's motive power was steam, for he left the crew with only one horse. The cowboy fireman was personally ambitious to excel all his new associates, but at the same time he was desirous that his company should get first water on the flames. Only a thin line of spectators was around the burning tenement when he arrived on the scene. "Look out for old Texas," he howled, swirling about through the people and literally surrounding the building so fiercely did he drive his horse to and fro. In his hand was the coiled lasso, and from his belt the brace of pistols reflected the light from the flashes of flame. Every one shrank from him as from a band of Zulus.

Presently a hose company swung around ready for action. A nozzle was pointed toward the flames and soon a stream of water would have poured on the fire. The cowboy's eyes took in the situation. It was an opposition company. His lasso rose in the air and its tightening noose in falling encircled the nozzle of the hose. "Time enough for you fellows to squirt after our company gets here," the cowboy said, whipping up his horse and hauling the hose and clinging pipeman after him. Down the street he dragged the hose, determined to carry it beyond reach. Horse, hose and rider soon disappeared from view of the thunderstruck people.

The Tames rolled on. The cowboy, Oh, where was he? Nine hours later the police found him. But they didn't take him. On his brow was the flush of great achievements; in his hand the looped lariat. In a yard which he had seized in the name of the government and "the Boss Fire Company" were a hundred cattle or more! The cowboy, in hauling away the enemy's hose from the fire, had encountered droves of animals which law-breaking citizens permit to roam the streets. The ruling passion of a cowboy drove out all other thoughts. The tenement burnt to the ground, but there has not been such a job of corraling since the cow ordinance was passed.—[Chicago Tribune.]

A BAD MAN WITH A BOWIE.

"I'm from California, I am; y' hyar me? I'm from the slops. I kin s'ite my heft in wildcats. I prefer wildcats; but now I want to eat up a dude, a blank, blank, blankety blank of a dude. Fetch me a dude till I sliver him. I own this end of this blank, blank town just now. I'm takin' this hull sidewalk; d'y' hyar me? this hull sidewalk. I want it all. I might need it. The fust blankety dude who puts his fut on this hyar walk's my meat."

It was a Western gentleman, says the Sun, favoring the metropolis with a passing call. He stood in front of the World office a little before 8 o'clock last evening, and held at bay a swarm of alarmed-looking newboys. The bigger the crowd got the more he slashed around, making an ever widening circle about him as he drandished a long, ugly looking knife and extended a general invitation to the masses to come and have their livers carved. "D'y'e see me?" he went on, "d'y'e hyar me? Wildcats is my regular vittles. I own this end of the town. This hyar sidewalk's my private property. I take it because I want it. Don't none uv ye set a foot on it. I own it. I own the hull dam gulch. Wild cats is—"

WHAT COULD A GIRL SAY.

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"PHIL" ARMOUR'S MISSION.

When the Armour mission, up on Thirty-third street, was started with its \$500,000 endowment, it was hard to decide just how to manage the religious end of it. Joseph Armour had directed in the will by which he gave it \$100,000 that it should be non-sectarian. Phil Armour, who added \$400,000 to the original fund, was altogether opposed to the mission being anything but a broad, humanitarian charity, with plenty of religion, of course, but of that generic sort only which would be as acceptable to the Romanist as to the Methodist, and as agreeable to the Episcopalian as to the Baptist. The reverend gentleman who was finally selected to take charge of the religious welfare of the institution was given in general terms an idea of this purpose of the founders. One day he received a summons to come down town to the office. He got there promptly and was beckoned over to the big packer's desk. Armour wheeled around in his chair a couple of times as if to select his vocabulary, looked the man of God over carefully and then launched forth his own ideas of theology. "You're giving those youngsters too much grape and canister," he began, slowly. "Hell fire and brimstone are all right for the old sinners, but the mission isn't for them."

"Now," he added, with the same emphasis he'd use to one of his office clerks, "I want you to change around and try another plan. If you don't you'll drive all those children away." "When you begin your service in the morning," he said, "you can read a chapter from the Bible. Something short. Then have a little prayer, something short; not longer than that"—measuring off about a foot with his forefingers. "Then I want you to sing—a good many times," he repeated, emphatically. "Then tell a story," he continued, "something with a point to it and a moral, but short. Then you can have another little prayer, but mind you, not longer than that,"—holding up his hands about six inches apart this time. "Mr. Armour," remarked the preacher rather jocosely, "I suppose you can run a packing house, but you don't know much about religion."

THE SCOTCHMAN.

In his daily litanies the Scotchman enters into the most trifling details with careful forethought; the list of favors he has received and for which he has to return thanks; the list of the blessings he wishes for, and will certainly receive, for God cannot refuse him anything—all this is present to his prodigious memory. He dots his i's, as we say in France, and if by chance he should happen to employ a rather far-fetched expression, he explains it to the Lord, so there shall be no danger of misunderstanding what he asks for—he corners Him. Thus I was one day present at evening prayers in Scotch family, and heard the master of the house, among a thousand other supplications, make the following: "O Lord, give us receptivity; that is to say, O Lord, the power of receiving impressions."

A DANDY COOK.

Landlord of Summer Hotel—George, run down to Keep Beech and stop with me a couple of days. You'll like the house. I've got the dandy cook now, you bet.

George—French chief?

Landlord—Dutch baron. He's so drunk all the time he can't cook, and so has all our meals sent in from the restaurant, and we're just living fat.—[Burdette.]

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 dysentery 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 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, flatulency, 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. Bonanno's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the humor, relieving the intense itching and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address, the Dr. Rosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by Geo. R. Good.

YOU WHO LEAD SEDENTARY LIVES

will find great relief from constipation, headache and nervousness, by taking Simmons' Liver Regulator. It is a simple, harmless vegetable compound, sure to relieve you. Persons of sedentary habits often suffer with kidney affections. If they would maintain the strength of the digestive organs and improve the quality of the blood by taking the regulator it would restore the kidneys to health and vigor.

CATARH, HAY OR ROSE FEVER.

The cleansing, soothing and healing properties of Darby's Prophytic Fluid are experienced in the treatment and cure of catarrh and kindred complaints. The fluid soothes and heals the inflamed membrane and removes the offensive odor that characterizes the disease. It has been found to have reached the throat use the fluid as a gargle to allay the inflammation and to disinfect.

The best insect powder for sale at D. W. Matthews & Co.'s drug store.

A TEST OF COURTESY.

De Musset cordially detested dogs. When a candidate for the Academy he called upon a prominent member. At the gate of the chateau a dirty, ugly dog received him most affectionately and insisted on preceding him into the drawing room, De Musset cursing his friend's predilection for the brute. The academician entered and they adjourned to the dining room, the dog at their heels. Seizing his opportunity, the dog placed his muddy paws upon the spotless cloth and carried off a bonne bouche. "The wretch wants shooting!" was De Musset's muttered thought, but he politely said: "You are fond of dogs, I see?" "Fond of dogs?" retorted the academician, "I hate them!" "But this animal here?" queried De Musset; "I have only tolerated it because it was yours, sir." "Mine!" exclaimed the poet; "the thought that it was yours alone kept me from killing him."—[Cassell's Magazine.]

Mexican War Veteran.

The wonderful efficacy of Swift's Specific as a remedy and cure for rheumatism and all blood diseases, has never had a more conspicuous illustration than this case affords. The candid, unselfish and emphatic testimony given by the venerable gentleman must be accepted as convincing and conclusive. The writer is a prominent citizen of Mississippi. The gentleman to whom Mr. Martin refers, and to whom he is indebted for the advice to which he owes his final relief from years of suffering, is Mr. King, for many years the popular night clerk of the Lawrence House, at Jackson.

JACKSON, Miss., April 23, 1887.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen—I have been an invalid pensioner for forty years, having contracted pulmonary and other diseases in the Mexican War, but not till the last of March, 1853, did I feel any symptoms of rheumatism. On that day I was suddenly stricken with that disease in both hips and ankles. For twenty days I walked on crutches. Then the pain was less violent, but it shifted from joint to joint. For weeks I would be totally disabled, either on one side of my body or the other. The pain never left me a moment for eleven years and seven months—that is from March 1, 1853, when I was first attacked to October 1, 1866, when I was cured. During these eleven years of intense suffering I tried innumerable prescriptions from various physicians, and tried everything suggested by friends, but if I ever received the least benefit from any medicine (taken internally or externally) I am not aware of it. Finally, about the first of September, I made arrangements to go to the Springs of Arkansas, having despaired of every other remedy, when I accidentally met an old acquaintance, Mr. King, now of the Lawrence House of this city. He had once been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and, as I supposed, had been cured by a visit to Hot Springs. But when I met him he told me that his visit to the Hot Springs was in vain—he found no relief. On his return from Hot Springs he was cured for the first time of the R. & A. as a remedy for rheumatism. He tried it and six bottles effected a complete cure. Several years have passed since, but he has had no return of the disease. I immediately returned to try it. In September I took four bottles, and by the first of October I was well—as far as the rheumatism was concerned. All pain had disappeared, and I HAVE NOT FELT A TWIG OF IT SINCE.

I have no interest in making this statement other than the hope that it may direct some other sufferer to a truly reliable and if it has his remedy I am well rewarded for my trouble. I am very respectfully and truly your friend.

J. M. H. MARTIN.

For sale by all druggists. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by impure blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its nobility in curing cancer, Rose Rash, Holes, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swelling, Gout, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terrible fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES OF THE Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have yellow color of face, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, hot spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite and coated tongue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. There is a remedy for all such cases. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, 625 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Pierce's LITTLE Liver and Kidney PILLS.

ANTI-BILIOUS AND CATHARTIC. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a box.

\$500 REWARD

is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, or partial loss of smell, taste, or hearing, or weak eyes, or any other case of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," and Catarrhal Headache, 50 cents.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me. E. A. ANCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lunn & Brown. In cloaks, finest line of wraps, newmarkets and jackets for ladies, misses and children. Latest style. CARPETS. Finest line of patterns in the city. An excellent assortment of rugs. Shades and lace curtains. DRESS GOODS. Dress goods daily arriving in staple and fancy novelties, Trimmings of all kinds representing the very latest. FANCY GOODS. Fancy goods, hosiery and notions complete in all departments. Agents for Down's self-adjusting corsets and the celebrated French silks; every yard warranted. FURNISHING GOODS. Well selected stock and complete. Remember we don't deal in auction nor shelt worn goods, or seconds and thirds, but offer you first-class goods and latest styles. Call and see our goods. 230, Corner State and Commercial streets, Salem.

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COMMERCIAL Paper discounted at reasonable rates. Drafts drawn direct on New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Portland, London, Paris, Berlin, Hong Kong and Calcutta.

FOR SALE.—AN 8 YEAR OLD BLACK Mare, weight about 900 pounds, and nearly new buggy and harness. Will sell for \$100, or more please for \$75. Apply at the house of C. W. Sears, on the Arjuna Avenue, to D. W. Matthews, until Monday Morning.

MRS. F. D. McDOWELL Watchmaker and Jeweler 221 Commercial street, Salem. A full line of

WATCHES and CLOCKS —And jewelry of every description— Repairing a Specialty

All work in this line warranted. GEO. H. JONES REAL ESTATE OFFICE. —204 Commercial street— We have for sale farms of all sizes and prices, on the prairies and in the hills, stock ranches in the foot hills. Timber lands for mill men in good locations. 3-24-dw

REAL ESTATE.—I HAVE FOR SALE SOME of the best fruit and garden lands near Salem in tracts of five to fifty acres, either with or without buildings and improvements; also a few good farms. One of the property located by non-resident. It can be bought cheap and partly on time. Address me at Salem, or call at my home, one and a half miles northeast of Salem. 10-14-dw H. V. MATTHEWS.

FOR SALE.—ONE SEPARATOR, AND ENGINES, almost new, and one span good work horse, on the Arjuna Avenue, to D. W. Matthews, until Monday Morning. 10-14-dw