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Appel's Complexion Cream Eradicates Wrinkles, and gives to the Skin the Texture of youth.

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JAS. A. SLOVER & CO.,

Sole Agents, MEDFORD, Ore.

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Labor hired for railroads and contractors.

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A STORY!

COUNTRY OF LUCK.

Back Numbers May Be Had At This Office.

By JOHN HABBERTON, Author of "Helen's Babies" Etc. [Copyrighted by J. B. Lippincott company, publishers, Philadelphia, and published by us through permission of the American Press Association.] Lots of fun, don't fail to read it.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER VI.

RECONSTRUCTION.

PHIL devoted part of the next day to studying well dressed business men in the streets. Thanks to well trained perceptive faculties, and also to some large mirrors which he accidentally encountered, he soon learned why his attire had attracted attention. Then he compared clothing stores for an hour, finally entered one and asked how long it would take to make a well fitting every day suit. The salesman looked him over, and replied:

"Fit you at once, from our ready made stock. Never any trouble to fit a good figure."

Phil could have hugged that salesman. Here, at least, was some one who did not intimate that he was from the country; and yet, perhaps, a good figure was a country product. He would think about this, as soon as business was off his mind. The salesman certainly fitted him to perfection. Phil scarcely recognized himself when asked to look in the glass.

"Don't think you could do better," said the veteran salesman, surveying Phil from rapidly changing points of view, "if you were to have yourself melted and poured into a suit. The tone of that goods is rather cold, but you've plenty of color. I think, though, to set it off to the best advantage you need to change your black tie for a scarf with a touch of red or yellow in it; if you don't happen to have one, you'll find a fine assortment in our gents' furnishing department. Needs a somewhat different style of shirt collar, too; let some furnishing goods man cast his eye over your neck. You always wear your hair pretty long, I suppose? Well, it's a pity it don't set off a man's clothes as well as it sometimes does his face."

Phil resolved at once to have his hair cut. Under the guidance of the salesman he had his neck wear changed; then the old man said:

"Those low crowned, straight brimmed hats used to look exactly right with the clothes of that season, but somehow they don't harmonize with the cut of this year. Hats are cheap, though, and there are two or three good dealers on the other side of the street, a little farther down. Keep this suit on, I suppose? All right, sir, I'll do up the others. H'm!"—here the old man scrutinized the material of the coat made by Sarah Tweege—"that's splendid stuff. Great shame 'twas cut sack fashion. There isn't much stuff as good as that in swallow tails nowadays."

"Couldn't it—I suppose it couldn't be made over into a party coat?"

"H'm!—scarcely—scarcely," said the salesman, controlling his features as well as if the question were the most natural in the world. "Not enough stuff, you see, too short; sleeves not full enough; button holes in wrong places; lapels too narrow. Besides, velvet collars have gone out. Any time you need a dress suit, though, we've got a boss artist who can cut it so as to do you justice. 'Tisn't often he gets a good figure to spread himself on."

Again Phil was profoundly graceful. He wanted to do something for that salesman, and after some thought he astonished the old fellow by thanking him for his attention and promising to send him a barrel of selected Newtown pippins. Then he placed himself in the hands of the boss artist, who studied him as if he were a model, measured him, and asked him if he needed his dress suit at once.

"Yes, right away," said Phil. "I can't get it too soon. I want"— He had begun to tell that he meant to dress himself in that suit and practice before a mirror until fully satisfied that he did not look unlike other men. The boss artist told him to return in three days; then the old salesman, who had remained in attendance, remarked:

"You have a thin fall overcoat, I suppose?"

"Oh, I won't need an overcoat for a month yet. Why, there hasn't been a bit of frost up our way." Phil was already appalled by the extent of his order.

"True enough," said the salesman, "but it doesn't do to go out in a dress suit without an overcoat, you know, unless you're merely stepping from your door to a carriage; and it's hardly the thing even then."

"Why, Judge Dickman"——

"Oh, yes, those old judges, who wear swallow tails day in and day out, can do it; nothing wrong about it, of course—only a matter of taste; but a young fellow don't like to make himself conspicuous, you know."

Phil meekly purchased an overcoat, and hurried away with a heavy load on his conscience. More than three-quarters of the hundred dollars his father had given him was already gone or mortgaged; he had meant to spend none of it, except for some things which he knew his mother craved. Fortunately he had brought some savings of his own, and, as he informed himself, hair cutting was not an expensive operation, and the clothing salesman had told him that new hats did not cost much. He had nothing else to spend money for except a watch chain; his father had told him to buy one. Indeed, had not his father told him to buy clothes!—"lots of them" were the old gentleman's exact words. But could his father have known about evening suits and fall overcoats!

Phil continued in this vein of thought after he had dropped into a barber's chair, but was startled out of it by finding a lather brush passing over his face. He struggled and exclaimed:

"I wanted my hair cut."

"Yes, sir, so I heard you say; but when shaving has to be done too we like to have that out of the way first. But I beg your pardon; perhaps you were raising a beard?"

"No," said Phil, settling himself again in the chair. At Haynton young men shaved only on Saturday nights; Phil himself had shaved only three days before, yet here was another unexpected expense imposed upon him by New York custom. Half an hour afterward he emerged from that shop with the not entirely satisfactory assurance that his oldest friend would not know him at sight; and when he had bought a new hat and surveyed himself in a long mirror he was not certain that he would know himself if he were to encounter another mirror by accident. The replacement of his hard rubber watch guard by a thin chain plated with gold completed the metamorphosis, and a bootblack whose services he declined set his mind at rest by calling him a dude.

What next to do he scarcely knew. An inclination to go back to the sloop and see how Sol Mantring was getting along at discharging the cargo was suppressed by the thought of what Sol and the crew would say if they saw him in his new suit. The countryman has some grand qualities that denizens of cities would do well to imitate, but not all his moral courage can keep him from feeling uncomfortable when first he displays himself in new clothes to old associates. Country youths have sometimes run away from home—gone to sea, the city, the devil—anywhere—rather than undergo this dreadful ordeal.

Suddenly it occurred to him that he was not far from Tramlay's office; he might make a call, if only to show that he could, with proper facilities, look unlike a countryman. Besides, he wanted to know all about the iron business, about which he had seen so many contradictory assertions in the newspapers.

He entered the store and walked backward the railed counting room in which he saw the head of Haynton's recent summer boarder. A clerk asked him his business; he replied that he had merely dropped in to see Mr. Tramlay. The head of the establishment looked at Phil without recognition when this information was imparted, and advanced with a somewhat impatient air, which suddenly changed to cordiality as he exclaimed:

"Why, my dear fellow! excuse me. I didn't recognize you at first, we can't all of us have young eyes, you know. Come in; sit down; make yourself at home. I'm glad you dropped in. I'm going out to lunch pretty soon, and I do hate to lunch alone."

Phil soon found himself coaxed and assisted to a high office stool at a desk by the window and all the morning papers placed before him, while Tramlay said:

"Look at the paper two or three minutes while I straighten out a muddle in a customer's letter; then we'll go out."

Phil took up a paper; the advertising page—which happened to be the first—was very interesting, nevertheless Phil's eyes wandered, for his mind was just then curious about the iron trade. He looked around him for indications of the business, but the only bit of iron in sight was a paper weight on the desk before him. Closer scrutiny was rewarded by the discovery of a bit of angle iron, a few inches long, lying on a window sill. In the meantime the proprietor had scribbled a few lines, assorted some papers, and closed his desk by drawing down the top. Then he said:

"Now let's go in search of peace and comfort."

"I shouldn't think you'd have to leave your office for that," said Phil, who had found the counting room greatly unlike what he had expected.

"There's no peace where business is going on," Tramlay replied, "although I don't know, after careful thought, of any noisier place than a New York restaurant. Here we are. Come in."

Phil found himself in one of the very large and noisy places where New York business men herd about noonday. Phil protested, in the usual rural manner, that he was not at all hungry, but Tramlay ordered so skillfully that both were duly occupied for an hour. Phil found his host attentive, yet occasionally absent minded. He might have spared himself the trouble of making a mental memorandum to study out the why and wherefore of this apparently incongruous pair of qualities had he known that Tramlay was cudgeling his brain to know how to dispose of his rural visitor after dinner, without offending. While they were sipping the coffee—a beverage which Phil had never before tasted in the middle of the day—Mr. Marge lounged up to them, looking exactly as intelligent, listless and unchangeable as the night before.

"How are you, Marge?" said Tramlay. Phil afterward wondered that his host could smile so genially on so cold a person.

"As usual," replied Marge with a slight inclination of the head. "Good morning, Mr. Hayn. Don't let me interrupt conversation. I merely meant to say I've nothing to do this afternoon and would be glad to show Mr. Hayn about town a little, if he likes."

"That's ever so good of you," said Tramlay, "for the truth is, I was wondering how I could find time to do it myself, and fearing I couldn't."

"Entirely at his service," said Marge, as lifelessly as an automaton.

"And both come and dine with me this evening," suggested Tramlay, "entirely informal, you know."

"I should be delighted," said Marge, in his unvarying manner.

Tramlay hurried to his office, after the briefest of leave takings, and Marge began to conduct Phil about New York. Soon, however, there developed a marked difference of taste between visitor and guide. Marge wanted to show the young man the Stock Exchange, which to the many minds composing a very large class has no rival attraction except the various institutions on Blackwell's Island. Phil exhibited abject ignorance and indifference regarding the Stock Exchange, but wanted to go through the sub-treasury and assay office—two buildings in which Marge had never been. Marge made a special trip to show the young man the outside of Jay Gould's office, but Phil identified Trinity church from pictures he had seen, and wanted to make a patriotic tour of the tombs of distinguished men of the revolutionary period. Marge offered to introduce Phil to Russell Sage, but was amazed to learn that the young man had never heard of that distinguished individual. When, however, Gen. Hancock, passing by, was casually pointed out by Marge, Phil stopped short and stared respectfully. Marge showed the Field building, but, through the trees in front Phil correctly surmised he saw Castle Garden, and desired at once to go there and be made acquainted with the method of receiving and distributing immigrants.

On the Produce Exchange they fairly agreed, Marge admitting that in importance it ranked next to the Stock Exchange, while Phil was able to regard it as a great business necessity. Pretending to search, by Phil's request, for the building in which Washington bade farewell to his generals, Marge succeeded in getting back through Broad street to the vicinity of the Stock Exchange, where he tried to atone for his failure by pointing out through a window the head of Mr Henry Clews, but Phil had no eyes except for the statue of Washington, standing, as he knew, on the site of the first president's first inaugural. The two men exhibited equal interest on half a dozen successive occasions in "stock tickers," which Marge seemed to know how to find in all sorts of places, but, while Marge looked over the quotations on the tape, Phil studied the machinery of the indicator itself.

The strain upon Marge became almost too great for his self control, and he breathed a sigh of relief when Trinity's clock struck three. To have left the vicinity of the Stock Exchange earlier would never have occurred to him, but promptly on the stroke he hurried Phil to an elevated railway station and uptown to a stable, where he had his horse and wagon brought out and took Phil for a drive in Central park. Probably there he thought he could be entertained after his own manner, for he had the reins. Driving out Fifth avenue, the two men really became congenial for a little while, for Phil understood horses, and Marge's horse was a good one, and Phil admired him and knew of a good horse that would match him nicely, and Marge saw a prospect of making a team that he could sell at a large profit, and Phil promised to arrange that Marge should come out and see the horse.

But even this conversation was broken when Marge pointed out the late residence of A. T Stewart, for Phil insisted upon moralizing on riches. In the park he asked questions about statues, and about trees and shrubs that were new to him and equally unknown to Marge, as well as utterly uninteresting; Phil also wanted a number of facts and figures about the reservoir in the park, and was with difficulty restrained from spoiling the drive by visiting the menagerie. Finally, when he demanded the exact sites of the various engagements on Manhattan Island between the British and Washington, after the latter had been forced to evacuate what then was New York, Marge abruptly turned and drove homeward, confessing without the faintest show of shame, but rather with defiance, that he knew absolutely nothing about those times. And when the drive ended and the couple separated, the elder man's face broke from its customary calm as he muttered to himself:

"What can Tramlay want of that fellow?"

CHAPTER VII.

AT HER SIDE.

THE arrangement of the guests at the dinner table that evening suited all concerned. Phil sat at the right of the host, with Lucia directly opposite, where her face was before him all the while. Marge sat at the right of the hostess, where he could closely observe the young man from the country, and, not less important, Tramlay's manner toward the younger guest. He could also note the effect of the young man and his ways upon Mrs. Tramlay: for did he not know how to translate every expression of her face? It was his own fault if he did not, for he had been one of her suitors nearly a quarter of a century before, and the lady had never ceased to be mildly grateful for this compliment, and to repose as much confidence in him as a loyal wife might without harm grant an acquaintance who never had been offensive.

That Mrs. Tramlay wanted Lucia to become Mrs. Marge was one of these confidences—not spoken, but none the less distinctly understood—and it had taken all of Marge's adroitness to maintain his position with the family, since Lucia's "coming out," to avoid being brought to propose. Several years earlier he had fully intended to make Lucia his own when she should reach marriageable age, and many and acceptable had been the attentions by which he had endeavored to secure the first place in the girl's regard. But somehow, as his prospects gradually yet distinctly brightened, the profits of the iron trade as gradually and distinctly waned, Marge was not in the iron trade himself, but Lucia's father was, and bachelors at 45 generally expect something with a bride besides a father's blessing. What the girl's father thought of him Marge had never taken time to wonder, for if he was satisfactory to his fastidious self how could he be otherwise to a plodding family man? His social position was good, his name had never been part of a scandal, he had no debts, he never borrowed money, and, although a club man, no one had ever seen him drunk or heard of his being fond of actresses. If all this did not make a man not merely irreproachable, but highly desirable as a son-in-law, what did parents expect?

The arrangement of seats at the table suited Lucia also. She knew her mother's matrimonial intentions regarding her. She was not in love with Marge, but girls in her set did not think it good form to be very fond of men whom they probably would have to marry. If, however, Marge meant business, she wished he would be more attentive to it. She felt that she was missing a great deal of pleasure for lack of proper escort. Twice in the course of the last season Marge had taken her and her mother to the opera. Lucia adored opera—that is, she liked to look about the house, and see who was with who, and how the prima donna dressed, and to have gentlemen call at her box between acts—but two operas were merely sips at a cup she longed to drain, and only once had she been able to persuade her father to mitigate the privation. If apparent interest in Phil at table could have any effect upon Marge's languid purpose, the provoking fellow should not lack stimulus. To have to devote herself for a whole hour to one young man, in the long hair and country garb which regained their awkwardness in her mind's eye when her father announced that Phil was coming to dinner, seemed a hard task, but when the young man made his appearance Lucia was so agreeably surprised that what had seemed a task at once became by anticipation a positive pleasure.

The evening soon opened promisingly for Marge, for Phil took soup a second time—a proceeding which inflicted upon Mrs. Tramlay several moments of uncontrolled annoyance and caused profound silence around the table. But Lucia rapidly recovered desperate cases required desperate remedies, so she said

"Phil, do you remember that dinner you once made us in the grove by the beach?"

"Indeed I do," said Phil. "I never shall forget it." And he told the truth, for Lucia's look of horror when he brought from the fire a piece of board piled high with roasted clams had been one of the few great mental dampers of his life.

"You made us forks from dried twigs," said Lucia. "I kept mine as a memento, it is hanging over my mantel now with a bow of blue ribbon around it."

Marge frowned perceptibly. Mrs. Tramlay looked horrified, but Phil's face lighted so quickly that Lucia's little heart gave a ga, bound.

"Why didn't you ever give a clam bake on Sunday—the only day I could be there?" asked Tramlay. "I'd give more for such a meal out of doors than for the best dinner that Delmonico could spread."

"Edgar!" gasped Mrs. Tramlay. It did not reach him, though the look that accompanied it passed in its full force from the foot of the table to the head.

"Why, Sunday?" said Phil, with some hesitation. "Sunday is—Sunday."

"Quite true," said the host. "It is in the country, at least, I wish 'twas so here."

"Edgar," said Mrs. Tramlay, "don't make Mr. Hayn think we are heathens. You know we never fail to go to service on Sunday."

"Yes," said Tramlay; "we're as good Pharisees as any other family in New York."

"And after that dinner in the woods," continued Lucia, "we went for pond lilies, don't you remember? I do believe I should have been drowned in that awful pond if you hadn't caught me."

Again Marge's brows gathered perceptibly.

"He merely drew her aside from a muddy place," whispered Mrs. Tramlay.

"Well, this is interesting," said Tramlay, at the other end of the table. "Hayn, are there many places out your way where silly girls are likely to be drowned if they are allowed to roam about without a keeper?"

"Quite a number," said Phil, as seriously as if his host expected a list of the Haynton ponds and their relative depths. "For instance, Boddybanks pond is about"——

"Oh, that was the pond where we went canoeing—that pond with the funny name! My! I wish I was in that very canoe, on that very pond, this very minute."

"Lucia!" exclaimed Mrs. Tramlay.

"I know 'twas dreadfully impolite to say before company," said Lucia, with a pretty affectation of penitence, "but everybody knows I can't be there, and that 'twould be too cold for comfort; so it doesn't do any harm to wish it. And I should like that canoe trip over again; shouldn't you, Phil?"

"I certainly should," said Phil. "That pond is very pretty in summer, when everything around it is green. There are a great many shades of green there, on account of there being a great variety of trees and bushes. But you wouldn't know the place at this season; and I think it's a great deal prettier. The ground—the water, too—is covered with leaves of bright colors; there are a lot of blazing red swamp maples around it, in spots, and three or four cedar trees with poison ivy vines"——

"Ugh!" ejaculated Mrs. Tramlay.

"Poison ivy leaves, you know, are the clearest crimson in the fall," Phil continued, "and they're so large and grow so close together that they make a bit of woods look like a splendid sunset."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Lucia, clapping her hands, "let's go out to Haynton to-morrow, just for two or three days."

"Lucia," said her mother severely, "you forget all your engagements for the next few days."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

PEOPLE'S PARTY PLATFORM

A Terse and Comprehensive Declaration of Vital Principles.

The People's party assembled in national convention at Omaha on July 4, 1892, nominated James Baird Weaver, of Iowa, and James Gaven Fields, of Virginia, for president and vice president of the United States respectively, and adopted as its preamble and platform the following:

Assembled upon the 116th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence the People's party of America, in their first national convention, invoking upon their action the blessing of Almighty God, puts forth, in the name and on behalf of the people of this country, the following preamble and declaration of principles:

The conditions surrounding us best justify our co-operation; we meet in the midst of a nation brought to the verge of moral, political and material ruin. Corruption dominates the ballot box, the legislatures, the congress, and touches even the ermine of the bench. The people are demoralized; most of the states have been compelled to isolate the voters at the polling places to prevent universal intimidation or bribery. The newspapers are largely subsidized or muzzled; public opinion silenced; business prostrated; our homes covered with mortgages; labor impoverished and the land concentrating in the hands of the capitalists. The urban workmen are denied the right of organization for self protection; imported pauperized labor beats down their wages; a hireling standing army, unrecognized by our laws, is established to shoot them down, and they are rapidly degenerating into European conditions. The fruits of the toil of millions are boldly stolen to build up colossal fortunes for a few, unprecedented in the history of mankind; and the possessors of these, in turn, despise the republic and endanger liberty. From the same prolific womb of the governmental injustice we breed the two great classes—tramps and millionaires.

The national power to create money is appropriated to enrich bondholders; a vast public debt, payable in legal tender currency, has been funded into gold bearing bonds, thereby adding millions to the burdens of the people.

Silver, which has been accepted as coin since the dawn of history, has been demonetized to add to the purchasing power of gold by decreasing the value of all forms of property as well as human labor, and the supply of currency is purposely abridged to fatten usurpers, bankrupt enterprises and enslave industry.

A vast conspiracy against mankind has been organized on the two continents, and it is rapidly taking possession of the world. If not met and overthrown at once it forebodes terrible social convulsions, the destruction of civilization or the establishment of an absolute despotism.

We have witnessed for more than a quarter of a century the struggles of two great political parties for power and plunder, while grievous wrongs have been inflicted on the suffering poor. We charge that the controlling influences dominating both these parties have permitted the existing dreadful conditions to develop without serious effort to prevent or restrain them. Neither do they now promise us any substantial reform. They have agreed together to ignore in the coming campaign every issue but one. They propose to drown the outcries of a plundered people with the uproar of a sham battle over the tariff, so that capitalists, corporations, national banks, rings, trusts, watered stock, the demonetization of silver and the oppressions of the usurers may all be lost sight of. They propose to sacrifice our homes, lives and children on the altar of Mammon; to destroy the multitude in order to secure corruption funds from the millionaire.

Assembled on the anniversary of the birthday of the nation, and filled with the spirit of the grand generation who established our independence, we seek to restore the government of the republic to the hands of "the plain people," with which class it originated.

We assert our purposes to be identical with the purposes of the national constitution—to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our posterity.

We declare that this republic can only endure as a free government while built upon the love of the whole people for each other and for the nation; it cannot be pinned together by bayonets; that the civil war is over, and that every passion and resentment which grew out of it must die with it, and that we must be in fact, as we are in name, the united brotherhood of free men.

Our country finds itself confronted by conditions for which there is no precedent in the history of the world; our annual agricultural productions amount to billions of dollars in value, which must within a few weeks or months be exchanged for billions of dollars of commodities consumed in their production; the existing currency supply is wholly inadequate to make this exchange; the results are falling prices, the formation of combines and rings, and the imporverishment of the producing class. We pledge ourselves that if given power we will labor to correct these evils by wise and reasonable legislation, in accordance with the terms of our platform.

We believe that the powers of government—in other words, of the people—should be expended (as in the case of the postal service) as rapidly and as far as the good sense of an intelligent people and the teachings of experience shall justify, to the end that oppression, injustice and poverty shall eventually cease in the land.

While our sympathies as a party of reform are naturally upon the side of every proposition which will tend to make men intelligent, virtuous and temperate, we nevertheless regard these questions—important as they are—as secondary to the great issues now pressing for solution, and upon which not only our individual property but the very existence of free institutions depend; and we ask all men to first help us to determine whether we are to have a republic to administer before we differ as to the conditions upon which it is to be administered, believing that the forces of reform this day organized will never cease to move forward until every wrong is remedied and equal rights and equal privileges securely established for all the men and women of this country.

We declare, therefore—

That the union of the labor forces of the United States this day consummated shall be permanent and perpetual—may its spirit enter into all hearts, salvation of the republic and the uplifting of mankind.

Wealth belongs to him who creates it, and every dollar taken from industry without an equivalent is robbery. "If any man will not work neither shall he eat." The interests of rural and civic labor are the same; their enemies are identical.

We believe that the time has come when the railroad corporations will either own the people or the people must own the railroads, and should the government enter upon the work of owning and managing any and all railroads we should favor an amendment to the constitution by which all persons engaged in the government service shall be placed under a civil service regulation of the most rigid character, so as to prevent the increase of the power of the national administration by the use of such additional government employees.

We demand a national currency, safe, sound and flexible, issued by the general government only, a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and that without the use of banking corporations, a just, equitable and efficient means of distribution, direct to the people, at a tax not to exceed 2 per cent. per annum, to be provided as set forth in the subtreasury plan of the Farmers' Alliance, or some better system; also by payments in discharge of its obligations for public improvements.

We demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1.

We demand that the amount of the circulating medium be speedily increased to not less than fifty dollars per capita.

We demand a graduated income tax.

We believe that the moneys of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all national and state revenues shall be limited to the necessary expenses, economically and honestly administered.

We demand that postal savings banks be established by the government for the safe deposit of the earnings of the people and to facilitate exchange.

Transportation being a means of exchange and a public necessity, the government should own and operate the railroads in the interest of the people.

The telegram and telephone, like the postoffice system, being a necessity for the transmission of news, should be owned and operated by the government in the interest of the people.

The land, including all the natural sources of wealth, is the heritage of all the people, and should not be monopolized for speculative purposes, and alien ownership of land should be prohibited. All lands now held by railroads and other corporations in excess of their actual needs, and all lands owned by aliens should be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlement only.

THE SENTIMENT OF THE PARTY.

Important Resolutions Not Included in the Platform.

When the platform had been adopted at Omaha the committee on resolutions met and unanimously agreed upon the following resolutions, which were adopted by the convention:

Whereas, Other questions have been presented for our consideration, we hereby submit the following, not as a part of the platform of the People's party, but as resolutions expressive of the sentiment of this convention:

Resolved, That we demand a free ballot and a fair count in all elections, and pledge ourselves to secure it to every legal voter without federal intervention through the adoption of the states of the unperverted Australian or secret ballot system.

Resolved, That the revenue derived from a graduated income tax should be applied to the reduction of the burden of taxation now resting upon the domestic industries of this country.

Resolved, That we pledge our support to fair and liberal pensions to ex-Union soldiers and sailors.

Resolved, That we condemn the fallacy of protecting American labor under the present system, which opens our ports to the pauper and criminal classes of the world and crowds out our wage earners; and we denounce the present ineffective laws against contract labor, and demand the further restriction of undesirable emigration.

Resolved, That we cordially sympathize with the efforts of organized workingmen to shorten the hours of labor, and demand a rigid enforcement of the existing eight hour law on government work and ask that a penalty clause be added to the said law.

Resolved, That we regard the maintenance of a large standing army of mercenaries, known as the Pinkerton system, as a menace to our liberties, and we demand its abolition, and we condemn the recent invasion of the territory of Wyoming by the hired assassins of plutocracy, assisted by federal officials.

Resolved, That we commend to the favorable consideration of the people and to the reform press the legislative system known as the initiative and referendum.

Resolved, That we favor a constitutional provision limiting the offices of president and vice president to one term and providing for the election of senators of the United States by a direct vote of the people.

Resolved, That we oppose any subsidy or national aid to any private corporation for any purpose.

Free to the Afflicted.

The staff of Physicians of the

CALIFORNIA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INFIRMARY,

of San Francisco,

Will examine all cases free of charge. The doctors describe the different diseases better than the sick can themselves.

It is a wonderful gift for anyone to possess. Their diognostic powers have created wonders throughout the country. The doctors are well known as successful practitioners in all of the chronic diseases and diseases of the eye and ear, and all forms of nervous and private diseases will be successfully treated on the most scientific principles. Cancer positively cured without pain or the use of a knife.

Important to Ladies. The doctors after many years of experience have discovered the greatest cure known for all diseases of their sex. Female diseases positively cured by a new remedy. The cure is effected by a home treatment, entirely harmless and easily applied. **Consultation free and Strictly Confidential.** Correspondence will be promptly answered.

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Private Diseases. Blood Poison, Venereal Taint, Gleet, Stricture, Seminal Emissions, Loss of Sexual Power, Weakness of Sexual Organs, want of desire in male and female, whether from imprudent habits of youth, or sexual habits of mature years, or any cause that debilitates the sexual organs speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free and strictly confidential.

Epilepsy or Fits. Positively cured by a new and never failing method.

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There are many from the age of 30 to 60, who are troubled with frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied with a slight burning or smarting sensation, weakening the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. There are many men who die of this difficulty who are ignorant of the case, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. We will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

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Persons applying for medical treatment should send or bring from two to four ounces of urine, [that passed first in the morning preferred] which will receive a careful chemical and microscopical examination. Persons ruined in health by unlearned pretenders, who keep trifling with them month after month, giving poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately. Delays are dangerous.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Aug. 31, '92.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or County Clerk of Jackson county, Oregon, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on Thursday, Oct. 20, 1892, viz: Homestead entry No. 5156, of John S. Foster, for the E½ of SW¼ and W½ of SE¼ of Sec 6, Tp 37S, R 1E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

John A. Williams, Sr.; John A. Williams, Jr., Jacob Shadler, P. Swinning, all of Medford, Jackson county, Oregon.

36-41 JOHN H. SHUPE, Register.

One Dollar Weekly

Buys a good Gold Watch by our Club System. Our 14-karat gold-filled cases are warranted for 20 ysars. Fine Elgin or Waltham movement. Stem wind and set. Lady's or Gent's size. Equal to any $50 watch. To secure agents where we have none, we sell one of the Hunting Case Watches for the Club price $28 and send C. O. D. by express with privilege of examination before paying for same.

Our agent at Durham, N. C., writes:

"Our jewelers have confessed they don't know how you can furnish such work for the Money."

Our agent at Heath Springs, S. C. says:

"Your watches take at sight. The gentleman who got the last watch said that he examined and priced a jeweler's watches in Lancaster that were no better than yours, but the price was $45."

Our agent at Pennington, Tex., writes:

"Am in receipt of the watch, and am pleased without measure. All who have seen it say it would be cheap at $40."

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Above trains stop only at the following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving and Eugene.