

FOR THE QUARTER

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF SALEM'S POSTOFFICE.

A Statement of the Amount of Business Transacted for the Past Three Months.

Hon. Edward Hirsch, Salem's postmaster, has prepared his quarterly report for the period ending on the 20th ult., and the same will be forwarded to the national postoffice department at Washington.

From the report the following statistics are taken:

Amount of postage stamps, postage-due stamps, newspaper and periodical stamps, stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, and postal cards on hand at close of last quarter.....\$6,564 11

Amount of postage stamps, postage-due stamps, newspaper and periodical stamps, stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, and postal cards received from the department this quarter.....2,377 50

Total to be accounted for.....\$9,411 61

Deduct amount of the postage stamps, postage-due stamps, newspaper and periodical stamps, stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, and postal cards now on hand.....\$5,213 46

Deduct damaged stamps returned to department, \$2.30; amount of dead letter bills, \$31.50.....37 80

To amount of postage stamps, postage-due stamps, newspaper and periodical stamps, stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, and postal cards sold during the quarter.....\$4,190 35

To box rents for the quarter, as per box account.....\$14 35

To newspaper postage collected.....97 86

To corrections of former accounts, as per auditors statement.....22 79

Total.....\$4,455 34

Disbursements:

By salary of postmaster.....\$600 00

By expenses special delivery service, being payments to messengers, as per their receipts herewith.....8 40

By amount paid clerks in post office.....700 00

By amount paid janitor.....150 00

To laundry account.....30 00

To office supplies.....2 13

To sprinkling street.....1 75

By amount paid for free delivery service.....851 00

By deposits at San Francisco, aggregating.....2,111 74

Total.....\$4,455 34

A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

The United States produces and exports more grain than any other country. The economical and timely harvesting of the enormous American crop depends largely upon a very ingenious device, the automatic binder. But twine is as essential as the binder; and as the materials of which it is made have had to be imported, both its price and its supply have hitherto been uncertain and governed by conditions beyond the control of our farmers. About ten years ago, when twine was very dear, and subject to the control of speculators, the attention of those interested was turned toward other fibers and materials. Jute, New Zealand and domestic hemp and flax, paper, straw, and, finally, grass, were tried with more or less success, and especial attention was given to the production of binder twine from a peculiarly strong wire grass growing abundantly upon the marsh and slough lands of Wisconsin, Minnesota and other Western States. A process for this utilization of the grass was invented, and its manufacture has now developed into an extensive industry. The grass, brought to the warehouse in boats or in car loads, is carried by tramway to the combing rooms, where the short or refuse fiber or grass is separated, to be made afterward into bottle covers. The long and cleaned material passes to the spinning rooms, where long rows of machines evenly distribute the fibers, spin the twine, and cast around it a protecting thread, all of which is done in a continuous operation. From the spinners the twine passes to the winders, and is balled for binders, or for the looms in the weaving department, where it is made up into matting, rugs, etc. A strong tension is put on the twine in winding, and if any length of it should break under the strain, it is rejected for binding, and sent on to the weaving room. The twine runs 250 feet to the pound, and is about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. In the weaving department the rugs, mats, linings, bagging, etc., are turned out by the looms in a great variety of attractive patterns and shades.

ELECTRICITY FOR RESIDENCES AND HOTELS.

The modern gas engine is a sturdy ally of the electric light, and the extent to which it is now being installed in connection with electric plants, especially for private houses and hotels, is surprising, even to those who can appreciate the mechanical perfection to which it has been brought. If a small electric plant is wanted at a few days' notice there is no longer any difficulty about the installation. Steam has ceased to be indispensable, and boilers, with their smoke, dirt and ashes, are no longer necessary. A gas engine can be started or stopped in an instant, and if there should be no gas available gasoline can be used for driving the engine. An inn on the coast of Maine about eight miles from Portland lights all its lawns and grounds, as well as its rooms and verandas, by current from an electric generator driven by a thirty-horse

power gas engine. Added to the plant is a triplex pump, which, operated by the gas engine, supplies thousands of gallons of water daily. The engine also drives the large ice cream freezer of the hotel. A large laundry is now being constructed, and this will also be electrically operated. A jeweler who until lately used gas for lighting his premises also bears testimony to the advantages of the gas engine. Instead of using his gas for illumination, he now supplies it to a one-half-horse power gas engine, which, with the help of a dynamo and storage battery, furnishes him with current for lighting his store, for electroplating and for running a polishing motor. In his last year of gas lighting he consumed 110,000 cubic feet of gas; in his first year of electric lighting the gas consumption dropped to 65,000 cubic feet. His goods no longer tarnish, and the decorations of his store preserve their freshness and color.

CHERRY TREE GROWING IN THE PARLOR.

A cherry tree, which a week or two ago was gayly decorated with a luxurious growth of blossoms and is now weighted with about a dollar's worth of green fruit, is thriving in the center of the parlor of a new house that is being erected in South Meridian street, says the Indianapolis News of recent date. The unusual sight of a tree growing inside of a house is attracting more attention in the neighborhood than would a parade of Buffalo Bill Wild West shows. The house is being erected by W. A. Scott, a carpenter. Some time ago he started a sale stable on South Meridian street. Finding it necessary to live near his place of business, and being a thrifty man, he began to build a home on the lot adjoining the stable. Right in the center of the lot was a cherry tree, which promised an abundant crop of fruit, and for several days it was a question with Scott whether to sacrifice the tree to the progress of civilization or to continue to live in West Indianapolis. He finally solved the question by building his house about the tree, thus saving the crop and at the same time carrying out his plan of building. The neighbors watched the excavation for the cellar with interest, which increased when they thought it was time for the tree to come down and it came not down. The foundation was laid and the work of putting up the framework proceeded with the tree still standing. The framework was completed and the weatherboarding started, when the neighbors thought it was time to inform Scott that he had overlooked a tree which was growing in the parlor, and that it should be taken out before it was too late. They did so, one at a time, until the affair became a nightmare in Scott's dreams of a happy home. He is doing most of the work considering by himself, and he is now sitting on a lumber pile on the sidewalk explaining why the tree is in the parlor instead of some other room, whether or not he has adopted a wise plan. Some one suggested to "Stay with it and save the expense of buying a tree for Santa Claus next Christmas."

FINED FOR NOT CURING A TOOTHACHE.

"An advertiser has to stick to the truth in South America," said the representative of a large shipping concern in New Orleans. "I know that seems incredible, but it's absolutely true. Some years ago a dealer in New Orleans sent an assorted lot of patent medicines to an American agent at Santiago, Chili. Among the stuff was a lot of toothache drops, which were warranted on the bottle to cure the worst case of toothache in ten minutes. Here nobody would take such an assertion seriously, but down there it's different. The first man who bought a bottle made an immediate application, and then pulled out his watch. When ten minutes elapsed and the tooth calmly continued to ache he was furious, and at once had the agent arrested. The poor fellow was fined \$1000 and sentenced to three months in jail. Through the efforts of the American consul the imprisonment was knocked off, but he had to pay the fine, and it broke him up in business. That story is absolutely true, as can be testified to by a dozen people now in the city. It is said to be such a law was enforced in the United States."

Persons troubled with diarrhoea will be interested in the experience of Mr. W. M. Bush, clerk of Hotel Dorrance, Providence, R. I. He says: "For several years I have been almost a constant sufferer from diarrhoea, the frequent attacks completely prostrating me and rendering me unfit for my duties at this hotel. About two years ago a traveling salesman kindly gave me a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Much to my surprise and delight its effects were immediate. Whenever I felt symptoms of the disease I would fortify myself against the attack with a few doses of this valuable remedy. The result has been relief from the affliction." For sale by J. H. Lunn, druggist.

WHEAT KING OF THE WORLD.

A few years ago the honor of being designated the "Wheat King" of the world was claimed by several extensive raisers of the cereal in the Northwest and along the line of the Northern Pacific railway. The "Wheat King" of the world today, however, is to be found in Argentina, South America. He is an Italian immigrant of the name of Grazzini, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres. His crop occupies an area of over 66,000 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand, and each one receives a certain share of the profits. When his wheat crop is harvested and loaded for transportation it fills over 3,000 railway cars with the grain, the bulk of which goes to European markets.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with my family for years and always with good results," says Mr. W. B. Cooper of El Rio, Cal. "For small children we find it especially effective." For sale by J. H. Lunn, druggist.

MODERN GIANTS.

An Independence Day Sermon by Rev. Louis A. Banks, D. D., of Cleveland, a Graduate of Philomath College, Benton County, Oregon.

"There were giants in the earth in those days."—Genesis vi., 4.

There are giants on the earth yet; but they change their type with every succeeding age. The giants of the book of Genesis and three later giants that scared the spies in the promised land into feeling like grasshoppers would be only freaks in a dime museum in our day. It has been well said that an age may be judged by its heroes. The idols of popular enthusiasm of any time are thermometers of the civilization and of the character of the people of that day. With that thought in view, I am sure it will be interesting to note the peculiar types of heroism that have attracted the special attention of this country, and, indeed, the whole world would, during the recent Spanish-American war.

First among them all is Dewey, the naval hero. But how different the type from the old ideal! The drunken, swearing bully of ancient naval history and fiction has no chance for a foiling in the picture of this modern hero of the seas. Instead, you have an unassuming, straightforward gentleman, no bluster, no bravado, no self-assertion. Everything that has been told us about the battle itself has portrayed to the gaze of the world a quiet man, who thought out his plan and followed it steadfastly to the end, until every ship of the enemy was sunk or destroyed, in as calm and unobtrusively a way as a college professor would conduct his classes or a bank president preside at an annual meeting.

And the year that has passed since has not robbed Dewey of one laurel, but has added them month by month. Fame and adulation have not turned his head. They have not changed his estimate of his own ability or character. He has had the good sense to know that George Dewey, the naval hero, has not, through flinching a Spanish fleet, suddenly gained any proper equipment to write a history or be president which he did not have before. There he stands—the methodical, gentlemanly, cool, brave man; ready for all emergencies, and dealing with them as they arise with calmness and composure. Put him alongside of Nelson and Perry and Farragut—all glorious in their way—and you will see that George Dewey is a new type, but that laurel wreath does not fade in their presence.

Again, Hobson's heroism will stand out clear and bright as long as man love heroic acts. Here you have a youth of intelligence and character deliberately acting out to do a brave deed for the sake of his country under very unique and peculiar circumstances. It is one thing to face hostile guns when your own are hurling thunderbolts in return. It is quite another to deliberately steam your ship into the mouth of the enemy's harbor, knowing that you will be the center of the fire of her fleet and forts, with no power to return the fire; knowing that, with all this hail about you, you are to sink your own ship under your feet, to take the chance not only of being shot, but, escaping that and the explosion of your own torpedoes, to face the almost certainty of drowning afterwards. And all this that the enemy's ships may be shut in and your country's flag may go on to victory! History has not recorded many a more splendid deed of heroism than that!

It is worth while to notice that this was not a piece of recklessness, but a deliberately wrought-out plan; not conceived by a rash enthusiast, but by a keen-brained, educated, big-hearted Christian man, who was young and full of life, and who had everything to live for. It was the heroism that feels that life in its blossom, and at its best is not worth the having unless accompanied with that nobler heroism which fills every opportunity up to the fullest measure.

But we shall not lack for heroes if we turn to the land. Where in all history has there been a more picturesque career than Roosevelt's? Take him from the time he graduated from Harvard college, the pride of an old, aristocratic and wealthy family. Follow his story as a rancher on the great Western prairies, go with him into the mountain canyons, hunting for bear; then in his fight for civil service reform against politicians more fierce and vindictive than the grizzlies of the Rockies; see him taking his days of recreation in writing books of travel and adventure, as well as strong volumes of history; stand by him while he makes at the call of duty to forsake the future of the case in his library, or the delightful associations of the man of wealth and culture, to take the head of the police department of the great metropolis of his native land; watch him as with steady grip and bulldog tenacity he fights politicians, saloon-keepers and gamblers. Then his keen intuition scents from afar the rumbling of the war that is to come. He sees the need of a better equipped navy, a navy whose personnel is awake and alert and practical, and he thrusts everything aside to become assistant secretary of the navy, where he may have the opportunity of getting this country ready for the great struggle that is before it. His keen appreciation suggests that George Dewey be sent to take charge of our fleet in the East. He asks for \$1,000,000 worth of ammunition, and sets the sailors to shooting at targets, and when it was all fired away he asks for half a million more. Asked what he had done with the other, he said: "What have you got to do with this?" "What are you going to do with this?" he answered in the same way. "I looked wasteful, with a smile. It looked wasteful; but when Dewey sunk the Spanish fleet at Manila, and Sampson and Schley sent Cervera's fleet to the bottom at Santiago, without the loss of a ship and scarcely the loss of a man, the wisdom of Roosevelt had its vindication."

When all had been done that could be done by way of preparation, Roosevelt resigned, against the advice of the president and secretary of the navy and all the wise newspaper editors. Then he began to gather to himself a regiment of spirits like his own. Indian fighters and hired, daring riders from the far West, the heroes of foot-ball teams and college rowing matches, and athletes from the homes of culture and refinement in the East. Offered the colonelcy, he declined it, that his friend, Dr. Wood, a man he knew could lead and master the regiment he had gathered, might be put at the head, while he went to assist and learn as lieutenant-colonel. I can not follow the story into all its details, but all the world knows it, how he slept in the open with his troops, ate hard tack and spoiled meat with them, bought food for them with his own money when they were hungry, led them ever in the van of the army, gaining deathless glory on the battlefield, until the war was done.

Then, when hundreds of soldiers all about were dying of disease, and the new necessity was to get the troops away to the North, where they might regain their health, it was Roosevelt, who dared to break through all the red tape and write the letter which aroused the country, and which, though it brought on him for the moment harshest criticism, induced action and saved the lives of hundreds and possibly thousands of men. At home again, new duties arise, and today the cry goes out over the land that he, and not the political bosses, is governor of the great Empire state.

There is another type of heroism which this war has illustrated in a peculiar way—a type of the hero outside of the army and yet related to it. Such men as the newspaper correspondents who kept with the advancing columns on the firing line, who were wounded again and again, and who wrote reports of battles in what they supposed were their dying moments. Surely, the spirit of ancient chivalry had in it something akin to the light-hearted audacity, mingled with a certain sublime fearlessness of death, and a solemn sense of responsibility to duty, found in such spirits as Cielman, and Crane, and Marshall, and Davis, and a dozen others who might be named.

Along with these one might note such men as George E. Waring, who had purified the streets and the atmosphere of New York city in the days when Theodore Roosevelt was cleansing the police force. Col. Waring went to Havana, and, risking his life every hour of the day, searching out its hidden recesses of filth and planned and reported how it might be made a safe place in which to live. He did that, and died with the fever he contracted in the work. So good a judge as Kilgore says that no need of the war will compare with Waring's as a specimen of the noblest heroism. This is a sort of heroism that comes close home to us all. The opportunity for such heroism is within the reach of every one of us. To do one's duty in his place—to stand steadfastly by the kitchen stove, or the blacksmith's anvil, or the nozzle of the fireman's hose, and do one's duty honestly, faithfully, loyally—that is always heroic.

A single other type of heroism must hold our attention. I give you the name of Helen Gould. Multitudes of noble women have wrought and toiled and sacrificed, but she is the woman who has caught the eye of the world, and whose name will remain as peculiarly the heroine of the Spanish-American war. It was not only that she gave money, but that she gave herself with her money. It was a fine act to give a hundred thousand dollars to furnish substitutes to fight in her place; it was fine to send a shipload of limons and car loads of delicacies to feed the sick and the wounded; but when Helen Gould, the many times millionaire, left her luxuries home and went to the camps, and gave herself to minister to the sick and the dying, she captured the hearts of America and of the world—an example of the possible heroism of the women with large wealth who holds herself to be the trustee of Jesus Christ, and who administers her wealth in such a way as to soften the hard lot of the poor and the weak and make a brighter outlook for the orphaned and the destitute.

Now, I know that in these types of heroism here I have spoken of one there are thousands as deserving of mention. I am in the situation of the writer of the 11th chapter of Hebrews. In that wonderful chapter, which has been well termed "the roll-call of the heroes of faith," the writer starts out as though he intended to name them all, but finally exclaims: "The time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and Barak, and Samuel, and Jephthah; of David and Samuel and the prophets; and he concludes by saying that there were multitudes of others, unnamed, of whom the world was not worthy."

So today, back of Dewey and Hobson are Gidley and Sampson and Schley and Philip and Evans, and the multitude of others as true and as noble in their heroism—even to "the men behind the guns" and the stokers in the hold. Back of Roosevelt are a host of young men of culture and wealth and leisure, who followed him and inspired him by their courage, and many of whom died for the flag. Back of Helen Gould are hundreds of Sisters of Charity, dauntless and nurses from town and country and city, who, in camp and hospital, gave themselves with unflinching self-sacrifice to police the sick and the dying. But God keeps count of them all, and it only remains for us to catch their spirit, and seek amid the daily struggles of life to show forth the same noble heroism which inspired them.

A Few Pointers.

The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with consumption. This disease has its commencement with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 25c. and 50c. For sale by all druggists.

HISTORIC TANNERY

It Stands Today As Built by John Brown in 1826.

Grave of His First Wife—His Energy and Indomitable Nature in the Remote Pennsylvania Backwoods.

In 1805, when John Brown was 5 years old, his parents removed from Torrington, Conn., where he was born, to Hudson, Ohio, says the Kansas City Star. The boy worked on his father's farm and learned the tanner's trade. At the age of 20 he was married to Dianthe Lusk. Six years later he located with his young wife and small family in Richmond township, Crawford county, Pa., then a wilderness and as yet sparsely settled. The township had perhaps 25 families when he settled on tract No. 132, containing about 460 acres, on the state road from Meadville to New York, about 10 miles from the railroad station of Cambridge Springs. The farm was an unbroken forest.

Immediately on his arrival Brown built a double log house and began to clear a five-acre tract of land, which he put under cultivation. He had come to Crawford county to follow the tanner's business because of its large growth of hemlock timber. He built a tannery, in size 26x70 feet, and began tanning leather for the market. This building is in good condition today as it was in 1826, the year in which it was built. It is a two-story structure, the lower part of stone and the upper part of wood. The tannery contained 18 vats of leeches, and was an important industry for those days. When, on account of business reverses he had to dispose of his property, the tannery passed into the hands of a Methodist preacher by the name of Butt. He sold it to a Mr. Guigley, and he in turn transferred it to Morrison Melroy. Ira H. Clark was the next owner, and was the last to use the building for a tannery. For a while it was utilized as a cheese factory, and in the autumn of 1881 it was converted into a jelly factory and corn-grinding mill. A few years ago it was purchased by a Mr. Cannon, who converted the upper story into a dwelling house and used the lower part as a mill for grinding corn. The building now has a porch along the front. It still has in it the original doors and windows and frames, and in the rear may still be seen the old clapboards which John Brown nailed on to the building.

Just across the road, in a field, is the spring which furnished the water for the tannery, dwelling house and cattle, and a little distance away is the site of the old log house built by him, now marked by the outlines of an irregular foundation and a growth of underbrush. Near the spring also is the orchard, now numbering only ten trees, planted by his own hands. The barn which he built is still in a good state of preservation. It served for many years as a station along the "underground railway." In the hay-mow he had built a room of rough boards, with a trap door and proper ventilation, around which the hay was piled. The negro fugitive descended into the room by means of a step-ladder, the trap door was let down and the hay thrown upon it. When the slave owner or agent came to find his property there was nothing which indicated that the slave was secreted on the premises.

Eastward from the spring, in an open field, is buried John Brown's first wife, Dianthe, who died on August 19, 1832. An infant son, dying three days after his mother, lies buried in the same grave. In another grave is buried a son, Frederick, aged four years. Two tombstones mark the resting places of wife and children, around which has been built a picket fence. His first wife, Dianthe, bore him seven children, and his second wife, Mary Day, whom he married a year later, was the mother of thirteen children. Five of his twenty children were born in Richmond township.

During the nine years that he lived there he was regarded as one of its leading and most public-spirited citizens. He was the first to introduce blooded horses and blooded live stock into the county. He did an extensive business, and had constantly in his employ from five to fifteen men. He was instrumental in the establishment of a mail route from Meadville to Richville through Richmond, and was Richmond's first postmaster, appointed by President John Quincy Adams. He also had the contract for carrying the mails for a number of years between Meadville and Richville, a distance of twenty miles. When a youth of sixteen years he was "converted" and joined the Congregational church. While living in Richmond he was the leader in the organization of an independent Congregational society, which was perfected in January 11, 1832. He wrote out its articles of faith, and was the clerk of the society while he lived there. He also took a deep interest in education. During a part of the year his home was the school for his children of the neighborhood. He took several weekly papers and his hired men and household generally were expected to read them in order to keep posted on the events of the day. He arranged for debates and took part in them. He was also interested in athletics, and he would urge the young men and those employed to him to feats of physical skill. He discouraged the use of profanity, tobacco and liquors. He held daily family worship, which every one working for him was compelled to attend. He was very practical in his religion. He helped the poor, and many an incident is related how he often sent his men with provisions to sick and indigent families.

Brown had a peculiar sense of justice. The story is told that he refused to sell leather until the last drop of moisture was out of it for fear that he would sell the customer water and reap the gain. Another story is told, how he caused a man to be arrested on some trivial offense, although he had sustained no personal injury, but because he thought the crime ought to be punished, and then he supplied the wants of the prisoner and his family out of his private means until the day of the trial. From his family he demanded implicit obedience, and he was stern and severe. His punishment of his children was often unique. At one time he decreed that one of his sons should have fifty stripes as a punishment for some offense committed by the boy. After having administered twenty-five stripes he placed the whip in the boy's hand and had him lay twenty-five on to himself. He was imperious to a high degree. "He always affected to listen to what others had to say," said Geo. Delamater, of Meadville, who knew him well, "but he always followed his own judgment, and expected those under him to yield implicit obedience." One day a man riding along before him refused to stop after Brown had called his name several times. A pistol shot from Brown promptly brought the man's horse to a standstill.

Failing in business, he left Richmond in the year 1835, but he often returned, and he spoke to his friends of his purpose to strike a blow against slavery. In speaking of it to a Mr. McFadden, this gentleman said to him, "If you do you will hang for it." To which Brown answered, "Well then I will hang." Mr. Delamater says that "he was firm as Mahomet in his belief that he had a call from God to strike a blow against slavery." He always laid great stress on the purpose of the duty. "He always affected to listen to what others had to say," said Geo. Delamater, of Meadville, who knew him well, "but he always followed his own judgment, and expected those under him to yield implicit obedience." One day a man riding along before him refused to stop after Brown had called his name several times. A pistol shot from Brown promptly brought the man's horse to a standstill.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
WATKINS, KERRAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

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A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. You have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweating feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

UTILITARIAN POINTS OF VIEW.

"Can you tell me, my friend," said the gentleman to the keeper of a camel, "what the hump on that camel's back is for?"
"What's it for?"
"Yes, of what value is it?"
"Well, it's lots of value. The camel wouldn't be so good without it."
"Why not?"
"Why not? You don't suppose people 'ud pay to see a camel without a hump, do yer?"—London Telegraph.

WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

Love is like a hunter who "aren't not for the game when once caught, which he may have pursued with the most intense and breathless eagerness. Love is strongest in pursuit; friendship is possession."—Emerson.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Wm. D. Druggist

Trade Mark

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That's what wins—Getting these first and hitten 'em hard when you arrive. That's what

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and

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We're hammering down prices and driving up values.

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Is our price for the above Shoe

—Faultless in style and finish. Made by The Brown Shoe Co., St. Louis, who turn out nothing but the best.

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