Copyright, 1889

KISSED ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

"You scoundrel," yelled young Jacob Green
As his good neighbor Brown.—
"You kissed my wife upon the street,—
I ought to knock you down."
"There where you're wrong," good Brown replied,
In accents mild and meek;
"I kissed her; that I've not denied
But I kissed her on the cheek—

and I did so because she looked so handsome—the very picture of beauty and health. What is the secret of it?"

"Well," replied Green, "since you ask it, I will tell you; she uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I accept your apology. Good night."

An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, ar prolific causes of pale, sallow faces, dull, listreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. It is a positive cure for leucorrhea, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS Purely Vegetable. Gently Laxative, or Cathartic, according to size of dose. By druggists. 25 cents a vial.

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C. B. KNIGHT, Eclectic Physician, office 127 Court street, Salem Oregon. Pulmonary diseases a specialty.

DR. J. M KEENE, Dentist. Office over the White Corner, Court and Commercial streets.

PRATT & HUNT, attorneys at law, Salem Oregon. Office over Barr's jewelry store State street.

J. J. SHAW, Attorney at Law, Salem Oregon. Office first door to the lef at head of stairs in the rear of Ladd & Bush's bank.

TILMON FORD, attorney at law, Salem Oregon. Office up stairs in Patton's Block.

J. A. APPLEGATE, attorney at law Friers block, Commercial and State streets, Salem, Or.

JOHN A. CARSON, Counsellor and Attorney-at-Law. Member of the Bar of Ontario, Canada. Office 192 State street Salem, Oregon.

W. P. WILLIAMS, STENOGRAPHER and Typewriter. Office with Capital city R'y. Co., 115 state St.

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ROBERT & McNALLY, Architects, No. 152 State Street. Plans and specifications of all classes of of buildings on short notice. Superintendence of work promptly looked after. 2 5-tf

SOCIETY NOTICES.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.—Regular meeting on Tuesday night of each week at 7:30 p. m.
J. O'DONALD C. C.
W. H. H. WATERS, K. of R. and S.

OLIVE LODGE No. 13, I. O. O. F., meets in odd Fellows' Hall up stairs. Corner Commercial and Ferry streets, every Saturday at 7:30 p. m.
J. L. MITCHELL, Secretary. I. A. MANNING, N. G.

G. A. R.—Sedgwick Post, No. 10, Department of Oregon, meets every Monday evening at the hall over the Oregon Land company's office. Visiting comrades are cordially invited to attend.
D. C. SHERMAN, Post Commader.
S. A. RANDLE, Adjutant.

A. O. U. W.—Protection Lodge No. 2, A. O. U. W., Salem, Oregon. Meets each Wednesday evening at its hall in State Insurance block, corner Commercial and Chemeketa streets Visiting and sojourning brethren invited S A RANDLE, M W
IRA ERB, Recorder.

W. C. MITCHELL, Veterinary Surgeon.

Graduate of Ontario veterinary college, Treats all diseases of horses, cattle and other domestic animals. Office at Ellis & Whitley's livery stable. If not professionally engaged can be seen at all hours. 5-6-dw-1m

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CURE AND PREVENTIVE WITHOUT medicine For information concerning Dr. A. WILFORD HALL'S Health Pamphlet, call on or address P. L. MOORE, Local Agt., University Building, Salem Oregon.

OUR STORY.

Around the World in 28 Hours.

[Continued from yesterday's Journal.]

[The Daily JOURNAL will contain regularly a story, completed in one or two numbers.]

CHAPTER II.

"A sudden blaze of light, an almost imperceptible jerk, were my momentary sensations when the door closed. I waited for Brunton's return, but a strange, rushing sound forced itself on my ears—a sound which I could not understand. I could liken it only to the roar of a cyclone. Could it be possible that a real cyclone was approaching, and that I was shut up in this trap, and entirely at the storm's mercy? I looked through one of the openings, expecting to see the wooden structure within which Brunton concealed his secret work.

"God in heaven! What did it mean? Around the infernal machine in which I was inclosed there were no wooden walls. Only the open sky, and now and then a bank of fog, into which I passed and from which I emerged, almost as soon as I had entered it I was dazed; but in a few moments the conviction forced itself upon me that the madman had trapped me to make me the means of testing his insane conception of bird and fish. Yes, below me was the earth,—far far down; as I looked the depression and elevations of the earth were becoming more and more indistinct. I was rising, as well as speeding along as I had never traveled before. I thought of the button which the lunatic had told me would regulate the ascent of the bird. But ahead of me I saw a glittering surface, which I recognized to be Lake Erie. I was hurrying toward it with fearful rapidity. Dare I touch the button? Higher and higher was I being carried. The chill of the atmosphere was becoming intolerable. Almost below me was the long, gleaming, lake; and if the button should guide me doward into the lake there could only be one consequence—death. But every instant I was rising and the chill was becoming more unbearable. I must die at any rate if I rose much higher. I could only die if I plunged into the lake. I touched the button—very lightly. The effect was like magic. I began to descend not so rapidly as I had feared, but I was decending, and now the lake was below me. My finger was resting on the button, and an involuntary movement of my fingers turned it a little to the right. The decending motion ceased, and I seemed now to maintain a fixed height above the water. The end of the lake was near. There was Buffalo, and onward I raced, faster than a cyclone—faster than anything of which human beings had ever dreamed. Onward over northern New York, and ahead of me I saw mountians, against which I must be dashed, unless I in trying to control this devil's ship. But there was an uncontrollable fascination rising within me as I thought that I was the first who had traveled as I was now doing. I pulled the button toward me. I did it rashly, for a peak of the mountains was just ahead. I rushed upward, and I raced over the peak high above it. But again the chill struck me. I pressed on the button, and the downward motion sommenced. When I reached a desirable elevavation, where I would not come in contact with the peaks, and would also escape the penetrating cold of the higher atmospheric strata, I turned the button again to the right, and found that now I had full control of my strange air-ship. Despite the danger surrounding me an indescribable exhilaration took possession of me. The world below me was asleep. The Kalamazoo madman was not mad after all. But why had he chosen me to take the aerial voyage? Perhaps it had been an accident. Perhaps——

"But what is that? The great Atlantic, as I live. Soon I would be above it. Yes, here it is below me already. At least two thousand miles of water were ahead of me. Would my repelling force carry me beyond it, or would I fall into its depths and never more be heard of? Faith is my Kalamazoo lunatic began to rise within me. I had passed above two ocean steamers, and had seen innumerable crafts near the coast.

"Ah! What strange impulse is this? I had read of the wonders of the 'vasty deep.' Now I could see them, if the fish were as reliable as the bird. I hesitated, but at last my hand touched the other button. Down, like a flash I went, and I soon realized that I was encircled by the waters of the Atlantic. Downward, still downward, and I began to fear that I might reach the bottom or be dashed upon a submarine peak. I turned the button which had transformed my bird into fish. Its descent was at once checked. Suddenly there was a jar. Instinctively I looked toward a sort of window which had been constructed of sheets of ising-glass in the stern. There was a similar window at the bow, defended by rubber points to deaden the effects of a blow, if it should come. Behind I saw a moving monster, whose back the keel of my fish had grazed. I had studied zoology as a matter of course, but the books had never told me of a creature like that of which I got a glimpse. It was in some respects like a huge serpent, but it must have measured two hundred feet in length. I began to think that I ought to rise nearer the surface. I touched the button, and was soon within fifty or sixty feet of the water level. I did not wish to go higher, because in my fearful speed, if I should be struck by an ocean steamer, I would go to the bottom, and Brunton's fish would be my coffin.

"What is that? I had read of the octopus. I had imagined all sorts of marine monsters, but anything like that which I saw ahead of me now I never could have conceived. It seemed to be coming toward me, but in this I was deceived. It was resting in the water, holding in its terrible claws a porpoise and two sharks. My brief glance showed me a crab of such dimensions, Tom, that you would not believe me if I tried to describe it to you.

"I was in a quandary. I feared that there were rocks below the crab, and dared not descend. I discovered that I was ignorant of how to turn to right or left. I was going as straight east as an arrow, and if I could go entirely around the globe, must again land in Kalamazoo, or pass over it.

"The sight of this horrible-looking animal terrified me. I must get out of its way, somehow, and the only means I saw of doing so was to ascend to the surface, resume my bird shape, and rise into the air. Here it was that I came near ending my journey. In my excitement, just as I approached the surface of the water, I touched the bird button. I was a moment too soon. The fish covering retreated, and the wings made an effort to clear themselves of the water. There was a moment's struggle in the singular vehicle. It shook in every—I was about to say—plank, but every part of its rubber incasement is better. At last the wings rose, the water was cleared, and ahead of me I saw the shores of Europe. I was just in time.

"I don't wish to tire you, Tom, with this strange narrative. It is enough to say that I crossed the eastern continent, took a swim under the Pacific—though I was very careful there—and finally saw the Rocky mountains ahead of me. One strange thing, to which I just refer, was the fact that my days and nights were only about six hours in length, just as a little over.

"But I must hurry on. Here we are near Chicago, and I must tell you the end.

"I crossed the Rockies, passed over the great valley, and had a brief trip over Lake Michigon. I began to wonder whether the machine was wound up to go on forever—whether, in short, I was started on a car of perpetual motion. I had not long to wonder, as I came to Kalamazoo there was a sudden stoppage of the onward movement. There followed a brief fluttering of the wings, a restful descent, and the wonderful machine alighted within the inclosure with which its inventor had concealed it. Everything had been calculated with an accuracy which would have gratified even Jules Verne.

"The door of the machine opened, and there stood old man Brunton.

"'I have to apologize to you, Mr. Gerar,' he said, 'for omitting to tell you that there are condensed beef and milk in the virvector.'

"'You old villain, is this a dream, or are you a wizard?' I asked.

I was not sure yet whether I was dreaming or awake.

"'Neither,' was his quiet reply. 'You have gone round the world. I wish mine had been such a fortunate lot. You are a lucky man, Mr. Gerar.'

"Tom, am I dreaming still?" said my friend to me.

The train was wheeling into the depot. There was nothing now very suspicious about the appearance of my friend.

"I am going to make money out of this when the world's fair comes to Chicago, Tom," said my friend, as we parted. "Brunton is so grateful for my going that he is willing to go smacks with me."

I haven't seen Jim Gerar since, and don't know whether he was insane that night or not. I know Brunton, and he is a very peculiar man. But can it be possible that Jim Gerar's story was true? Or was it insanity? The time of the world's fair will tell.

A CASE IN POINT.

In our forefathers' days, pimples were attributed to diseased blood. The modern medicine has demonstrated that rich food does not create eruptions by feeding the blood, but retards digestion, which makes the stomach torpid, and the circulation sluggish, and in turn causes an extended action of the pores which cause unsightly pimply. The modern theory therefore is not to treat the blood, but the stomach and liver, and it is under this new idea that Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla was compounded. It is wiping the old "blood disease" idea out of existence. A case in point:—I have had for years spells of indigestion and dyspepsia and tried nearly everything. Finally I took one of the leading sarsaparillas. It caused pimples to break out on my face, which I was told was caused by the potash. Hearing that Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla did not contain mineral, I sent for it. The pimples disappeared and I have had no return of the old spells. It is a cure for indigestion and dyspepsia and the accompanying face eruptions.
MRS. C. H. GRANT,
1214 Marion street, S. F.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Memorial Day.

The stars gem nightly all the sky above,
Though clouds may dim earth's round below,
Cheering in their path they ever go
Obedient to their duty and their love.
The sun be there though we in darkness move;
The flower in bulb sleeps mid the winter's snow;
The waters find the sea; the wild birds know
Their way; and all their loyalty thus prove.
So man is ever to his duty ever;
Is loyal to the dead, the true, the brave,
A while in sky with his love soon to dissever
His love from comrade, his thoughts from the grave;
Like sun in cloud, like flower beneath the snow,
Occasion shows man's passion in full glow.
H. H. BROWN.

Salem, May 30, '90.

To Home Seekers.

The Capital City railway company is prepared to tell home-seekers something to their advantage. Mr. David Simpson has taken charge of their real estate department at 115 State street. Call and see him.

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES
NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD CO. LESSEE

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Fast trains with Pullman Vestibule Drawing room sleepers, dining cars and coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

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Through Pullman vestibule drawing room and colonist sleepers via the Northern Pacific railroad between Chicago and Portland, Or.

Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and central Wisconsin points, affording unequaled service to and from Waukesha, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., and Ironwood and Bessemer, Mich.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

S. H. AINSLIE, Gen'l. Mgr., Milwaukee, Wis.
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—VIA—

Southern Pacific Company's Line

THE MOUNT SHASTA ROUTE.

Time between Salem and San Francisco Thirty-six Hours.

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUN DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F.

South.			North.
4:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 10:45 a. m.
8:44 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv. 7:35 a. m.
7:45 a. m.	Ar.	San Fran.	Lv. 7:00 p. m.

LOCAL PASSENGER TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

8:00 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 3:45 p. m.
11:10 a. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv. 12:32 p. m.
2:40 p. m.	Ar.	Eugene	Lv. 9:00 a. m.

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TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

For accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

The S. P. company's ferry makes connection with all the regular trains on the East Side Division from foot of F street Portland.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis:

DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).

7:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 6:20 p. m.
12:25 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv. 1:30 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

Through tickets to all points south and east via California.

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

4:30 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 9:00 a. m.
8:00 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv. 5:45 a. m.

Through Tickets

—To all points—

SOUTH and EAST

—VIA—

CALIFORNIA.

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Le Richan's Golden Balsam No. 1 Cures Chancres, first and second stages; Sweats the Legs and Body; Sore Ears, Eyes, Nose, etc., Copper-colored Blotches, Syphilitic Rash, Diseased Scalp, and all primary cases of the disease known as Syphilis. Price, $5.00 per Bottle.

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Le Richan's Golden Spanish Antidote for the cure of Gonorrhea, Gleet, Urinal Gravel, and all Urinary or Genital discharges. Price $2.50 per Bottle.

Le Richan's Golden Spanish Injection, Positive cure of Gonorrhea, Leucorrhea, Stricture, etc. Price $1 per Bottle.

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Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, or C. O. D. by express.

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SALEM LAND COMPANY

—Incorporated 1889---Capital Stock $30,000.—

POSTOFFICE BLOCK, -- -- SALEM, OREGON.

As early as 1800 Americans were fully alive to the fact that there was a value to real estate in and around cities of this country which did not attach to that of any other nation in the world.

The cause of this is easily understood when we stop to think that in all other countries up to that time real property belonged largely not to the individual but to a line of inheritance—a perpetuity that offered no incentive to acquisition or trade. At that time all mercantile pursuits and trades were looked upon as beneath the dignity of genteel people, and as a vulgar adjunct of life which contributed remotely to their comfort. Hence men who dealt in real estate in a commercial way were looked upon as little better than professional gamblers. This did not apply to agents alone—for they were little more than servants—but to anyone who was known to be dabbling in real estate.

Foreigners and descendants of nobility living in this country could not perceive that the will of the people was the sovereign of this nation, and that individual was an equal part of the sovereignty, thus attaching to them a right or joint ownership of the nation whose property they could acquire and convert by legitimate means into individual holdings—absolutely in their control, giving them the right to buy and sell as they please. This value is best realized when we think it was an opening for the poorer classes to acquire homes, and with commendable vigor they sought to secure property as quickly as possible. The progressive had faith in his government, in his country and his town, and when he had secured his home he added to his holdings and "provided for a rainy day" by taking advantage of his knowledge and opportunities and buying a piece of property which he knew someone would come along and want, and that, too, within a very few years, and at a price which would net a handsome profit. From that day till now this has been practiced with profit by the wide awake people in every walk of American life. It has worked its way across the continent from east to west and from north to south, till nearly every point in America has had a period of unusual prosperity which of late years has been designated by the suggestive name of booms. Several years ago California headed all competitors and for several years led the procession not only of the Pacific coast but of the entire country. Hardly had its spirit began to wane when Washington Territory, with all the vigor of a dashing youth, sprang to the front and has led up to the present time.

Now, however, Oregon—the happy medium between California and Washington—is coming into view right in the front line and with its marvelous natural wealth and advantages of an enduring quality will forge to the front and lead all other states.

The secret has gradually leaked out that the Willamette valley, and particularly the country composing Polk and Marion counties, is the most worthy of all countries yet brought to the general notice, and that till within the past two years the people living here so happily and contented have been too modest to proclaim the merits of the country to the outside world.

During the rush to the south and north of them, they have looked on with an half amazed wonder, never dreaming in a few short months the charms of this valley would be found out and attract thousands of people in search of just such an earthly paradise.

Hardly has this been realized till it is also seen that it is the last, almost, in the United States that has not been crowded full to over flowing.

There is little need for us to remind men of capital and experience of this opportunity, for they are thinking and acting for themselves. But we do think it is a good idea that the laboring men and farmers, the bank clerks and store keepers and the professional men—who are too busy in their practice to give much thought to financial matters—the teacher and salesman, in fact, the masses should look this field over and make good, judicious investments before it is too late to reap the full benefit.

We believe that this is an "opportunity of a life time," and that it is unlikely that it will ever again offer to the masses now living here. Of course it is possible that some individuals may drift into some other locality at the right time to repair the damage which will have been done to their finances by procastinating now. We admit that it is possible, but who wants to run that chance? We don't. Do you?

From all points of the United States we are informed that people are going to remove to the Willamette Valley, of which they have heard such wondrous and attractive reports.

EVEN IN WASHINGTON AND THE PUGET SOUND there is a strong undercurrent, setting in towards Salem and the Willamette valley, which, before the season is over, will resolve itself into an immigration that will add a good many thousands to our already fast increasing population.

In addition to our present attractive and substantial improvements there are now proposed some public measures which will advertise our city so that the impetus will place Salem and the Willamette valley so far in front that she will hold her own against all competitors for years to come.

Property is now within your reach, and if you do not take advantage of your opportunities it will not be our fault.

We are free to admit that we are interested in your welfare in a selfish way, and that our incentive to interest you in property is largely due to the small commission which will fall to our share, but it is not all, as you will perceive upon reflection. We have a reputation to build up and sustain, and an ambition to extend our acquaintance and enlarge our circle of friends.

This course cannot help but enlarge our business and make it a pleasant pursuit as well. To accomplish this we must prove to you that our judgment is good and that our motives are not entirely selfish or enough so as to cause us to influence anyone to invest where he might lose all his hard earned pennies.

Our trade is rapidly increasing and we flatter ourselves that our efforts in behalf of Salem and her people are being duly appreciated, yet we do not expect nor desire more trade than we merit and which the merits of our property deserve. Come and see us and if we cannot please you go to some other agent and look at his bargains, but do not neglect to invest now. If you do you will have to buy and pay the newcomers a profit which you could just as well have had as your own.

We have made it the policy of the corporation which we represent to recommend only such property as will prove profitable to the investor and which possesses an actual value entirely distinct and separate from a speculative value, and which, at the same time possesses rare qualities and is located where it has the greatest prospective value of any in the market.

Living in a country possessed of a fertile soil and beautiful scenery, it is natural for the inhabitants who give a thought to such things to desire to locate upon high and sightly ground, and where there is deep, rich, black soil.

In a country like this valley, of course, there are no bluffs. Near the river are prairies like the one which lies to the east of Salem.

Hence to find the highest, sightliest and healthiest as well as the most fertile you must seek the highest of the level ground in sight. In selecting and buying our own homes we were influenced by these qualities, and believing that we are an average in our tastes with other men, we have made our investments and secured other property to sell in the same direction. Our addition, Englewood, is the most central, slightly fertile and conveniently located in the market. It is within four blocks of the elegant East Salem schools which accommodate nearly 700 pupils.

Street cars are now running near it, and we hope and have every reason to believe, that before another month is passed we can announce to you that a line of street cars will pass through it, which will bring it within five minutes of Commercial street.

The city water mains will be laid through it during the present summer, arrangements having already been completed for having it done.

It lies nearly 100 feet above Commercial street, and overlooks the city, the state and public buildings and the clear, blue waters of the beautiful Willamette river. From it you can look to the westward and view thousands of acres of the fertile and romantic Polk county hills fringed in the dim and hazy distance by the heavily timbered Coast range, while to the east are the green-clad foothills of the Cascade range, with the snow tipped peaks of Mounts Adams, St. Helens, Hood, Jefferson and the Three Sisters showing beyond them. Following up the Garden Road—the most popular road leading out of the city, we have suburban homes for sale that are highly improved, being planted to fruit of all varieties, with buildings and gardens that go to make up an ideal home.

These places have from five to twenty acres of land, lying high and very choice. In this same direction, that is east of the city, and in Salem Prairie, we have Fairview, Hampden Park and Garden City subdivisions of five acre tracts, all ready for setting out to fruit, and the very choicest fruit and vegetable lands in the county at very low prices, and on payments of one-fourth down, one-fourth each in 1, 2, and 3 years' time.

For farms we have some of the very choicest on Salem and Howell Prairies, which we can heartily recommend to any one desiring a farm that will yield a good revenue.

We have city property in all portions of the town, some very choice and very cheap property in South Salem, and also a very cheap residence property and four lots in Capital Park.

Some business property which will make big money for some man very soon.

Come and let us show you some of our bargains—free of charge. Surely you will not let all of the good chances pass by.

Call and see us or write for our circulars.

SALEM LAND CO.,
Postoffice Block.

TWO LOTS
on Church Street, two blocks from Court House $1,600 each. Also
HALF LOT AND RESIDENCE
on Center Street, and on same block, $1,250.
60 ACRE FARM
three miles from town at $25 per acre.

Five, Ten and Twenty Acre Tracts

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Court Street, - Salem, Oregon.

First National Bank

SALEM, OREGON.
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Exchange on Portland, San Francisco, New York, London and Hong Kong bought and sold. State, County and City warrants bought. Farmers are cordially invited to deposit and transact business with us. Liberal advances made on wheat, wool, hops and other property at reasonable rates. Insurance on such security can be obtained at the bank in most reliable companies.

A Bargain!

A desirable lot of lands in lots to suit, seven miles southwest of Salem, within eighty rods of steamboat landing, the best oak wood and some fir timber—enough to pay for the land—and it is good soil for fruit, with springs and meadow land. Would take a good small lot of Salem property in trade. Addres
O. F. DENNIS.
Salem, March 15, 1890. 3 13tf

COOK HOTEL

Center and High Street.
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