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THE LOWEST FIGURES.

STRONG DISCOURSE PREACHED BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Baleful Amusements the Subject - A Harmful and Those That Are Not.

NEW YORK, March 15 .- The series of sermons Dr. Talmage is preaching in this city and Brooklyn on "The Plagues of the Cities" is attracting general attention. At the morning service in Brooklyn and at the evening services held under the spices of The Christian Herald, in this of the buildings can accommodate. The sermon to-day, which is the fourth of the series, is on "Baleful Anyson acts of the whose outer circle your boat and the series, is on "Baleful Anyson acts of the series, is on the series of the series There are two armies encamped by the

on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army whiripool that has already crushed in its accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But some young MAN BE ON YOUR GUARD. thing went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip, or in some way had his ire aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair, and then with the sword thrusting him in the side, so that that which opened in inpocent fun ended in the massacre of all the wenty-four sportsmen. Was there ever a ter illustration of what was true then, and is true now, that that which is inno-cent may be made destructive?

What of a worldly nature is more important and strengthening and innocent than amusement, and yet what has count-ed more victims? I have no sympathy with a straitjacket religion. This is a very bright world to me, and I propose to do all I can to make it bright for others. YOUTH'S SPORTIVENESS SHOULD NOT BE SUP-

PHESSED. I never could keep step to a dead march. A book years ago issued says that a Christian man has a right to some amusements.

the main part, knowed it. As in a riot, the | thereof is death." mayor plants a battery at the end of the street, and has it fired off so that everystreet, and has it fired off so that everything is cut down that happens to stand in
the range, the good as well as the bad, so
there are men in the church who plant
their batteries of condemnation and fire
away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. But my bible commends those thing to please and amuse us. In poetic children, bankruptcies that shock the figure we sometimes speak of natural ob- money market and appal the church, and fancy. Poets say the clouds weep, but the richly figured carpet of the mansion hastened. I entered the room. I found they never yet shed a tear; and the winds and dashing into the mirror and drowning him, to my surprise, lying in full every day sigh, but they never did have any trouble; out the carol of music with the whooping dress on the top of the couch. I put out and that the storm howls, but it never lost of bloated sons come home to break their my hand. He grasped it excitedly and its temper. The world is a rose, and the old mother's heart.

universe a garland And I am glad to know that in all our cities there are plenty of places where we may find clavated, moral entertainment. But all honest men and good women will agree with me in the statement that one of ried him to the door. They rang the bell saw her just as plainly as I see you. Wife, the worst plagues of these cities is corrupt at 1 o'clock in the morning. Father and I wish you would take these strings off of amusement. Multitudes have gone down mother came down. They were waiting me. There are strings spun all around my under the blasting influence never to rise. for the wandering son, and then the combody. I wish you would take them off of If we may judge of what is going on in rades, as soon as the door was opened, many of the places of amusement by the Sodomic pictures on board fences and in many of the show windows there is not a Ha, ha!" When men go into amusements much lower depth of profigacy to reach.
At Naples, Italy, they keep such pictures locked up from indiscriminate inspection.

they cannot afford they first borrow what they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into emter.' I got out of bed, put my arms around Those pictures were exhumed from Pompeli and are not fit for public gaze. If the effrontery of bad places of amusement in as that he does not stop short of the penihanging out improper advertisements of tentiary. There is not a prison in the land what they are doing night by night grows worse in the same proportion, in fifty years New York and Brooklyn will beat not only Pompeii, but Sodom.

may judge in regard to any amusement or tion, fluding out for yourself whether it is right or whether it is wrong.

MY ITS PRUITS KNOW IT. I remark in the first place that you can judge of the moral character of any amusement by its healthful result or by its baleful reaction. There we people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a com-bination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring. If you show them a beautiful rose they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the post-mortem examination of a flower. They have no rebound in their nature. They never do anything more than smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depths of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by

contract and made a bungling job of it. But, blessed be God, there are the world who have bright faces, and whose life is a song, an anthem, a prean of Even their troubles are like the people I like to have come to my house. of some Christian friend, "Who are you?" If you but touch the hem of their gar-ments you are healed.

Now it is these exhibarant and sympathetic and warm hearted people that are lice. most tempted to pernicious amusements. and you rise up in the morning, not be cause you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your simbers, you boy, and push back from the bloated brow have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work bloodshot, yawn-ing, simple, namested; and they are wrong than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankng, simild, nauscated; and they are wrong than a ser kinds of auctisement. They are entertain less child.

PLAGUES OF THE CITIES, breadth escapes, you may depend upon it day; and after the sea has sung its last and uncleanness, and threw himself forthat you are the sacrificed victim of un- chant and the mountain shall have come sanctified pleasure. Our recreations are down in an avalanche of a rock, you will intended to build up, and if they pull us live and think and act, high on a throne down as to our moral or as to our physical where scraphs sing, or deep in a dungeon strength you may come to the conclusion where demons howl. In a world where that they are obnoxious.

There is nothing more depraying than tendance upon amusements that are full Great Concourse Present-The Speak- of innuendo and low suggestion. The young er Specifies Amusements That Are man enters. At first he sits far back, with his list on and his cost collar up, fearful that somebody there may know him. Several nights pass on. He takes off his hat garlier and puts his coat collar down. The blush that first came into his cheek when anything indecent was enacted comes no more to his cheek. Farewell, young man! which ends in consummate destruction. text was II Samuel, ii, 14: "Let the young But you are being drawn in, and the gen-men now arise and play before us."

But you are being drawn in, and the gen-tle motion will become terrific agitation. You cry for help. In vaint You pull at pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily the oar to put back, but the struggle will on their hands. One army proposes a game not avail! You will be tossed and dashed and shipwrecked and swallowed in the

Young men who have just come from country residence to city residence will do well to be on guard and let no one induce you to places of improper amusement. It is mightily alluring when a young man, long a citizen, offers to show a new comer

Still further. Those amusemunts are wrong which lead you into expenditure be-Those amusemunts are youd your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you hundreds or thousands of dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusements.

The first time I ever saw the city-it was the city of Philadelphia-I was a mere lad. not one tear at your burial. They will I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the chuckle over your damnation.

I had a friend at the west—a rare friend. his infernal art. He saw I was green. He He was one of the first to welcome me to wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it looked ance he added a generosity, frankness and For instance, if he comes home at night weary from his work, and feeling in need like emerald; but I was afraid of him. I weary from his work, and teeling in need of recreation, puts on his alippers, and shoved back from the basilisk.—I made up like a brother. But I saw evil people gathering around the floor several times there can be no harm in it. I believe the church of me, and with a concentrated and diabolical they pited him with a thousand arts. God has made a tremendous mistake in effort attempted to destroy my soul; but They seized upon his social nature, and he trying to suppress the sportfulness of there were good angels in the air that could not stand the charm. They drove youth and drive out from men their love night. It was no good resolution on my him on the rocks, like a ship full winged, of amusement. If God ever implanted part, but it was the all encompassing grace shivering on the breakers. I used to adapthing in us he implanted this desire. of a good God that delivered me. Beware! monish him. I would say, "Now I wish anything in us he implanted this desire.

Of a good God that delivered me. Beware! monish him. I would say, "Now I wist But instead of providing for this demand beware! oh, young man. "There is a way you would quit these bad habits and be of our nature, the church of God has, for that seemeth right unto a man, but the end come a Christian." "Oh," he would reply, the main part trooped it. As in a riot, the thereof is death."

who use the world without abusing it, and to "go shopping;" large bets on horses he would go out to the endaming cup and his cance journeyed inland. in the natural world God has done every- have their counterparts in uneducated the house of shame, like a fool to the corects as being in pain, but it is a mere that send drunkenness staggering across

rang violently late at night. The son had been off in sinful indulgences. His comrades were bringing him home. They carbarrassment, and then into lying, and then into theft; and when a man gets as far on

amusements. there a disarrangement in your accounts? would take these strings away. They To help stay the plague now raging I Is their a leakage in your money drawer? annoy me so. I can hardly talk. Won't project certain principles by which you Did not the cash account come out right you take them away?" I knelt down and last night? I will tell you. There is a young man in your store wandering off not realize what I was saying. I got up. I into bad amusements. The salary you said, "Good-by; I hope you will be better give him may meet lawful expenditures, but not the sinful indulgences in which he has entered, and he takes by theft that which you do not give him in lawful

How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens. The young man says; friend of mine while he was alive, and I "Now I am off for a good time. Never mind economy. I'll get money somehow. Bring him to the church."

What a fine road! What a beautiful day

LAST SCENE OF ALL. for a ride! Crack the whip, and over the turnpike! Come, boys, fill high your glasses. Drink! Long life, health, plenty of rides just like this!" Hard working men hear the clatter of the hoofs and look up and say: "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from! We have to toil and drudge. They do nothing." To these gay men life is a thrill and an excite | this coffin lid." On one side the pulpit sat ment. They stare at other people, and in turn are stared at. The watch chain tiful as any little child that sat at your jingles. The cup foams. The cheeks table this movuing, I warrant you. She flush. The eyes flush. The midnight hears looked up wistfully, not knowing the full their guffaw. They swagger. They jostle decent men off the sidewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the face looking upon us through a horrid the vines that crawl up the side of a great decent men off the sidewalk. They take tower, on the top of which the sunlight the name of God in vain. They parody the sits, and the soft airs of summer hold perhymn they learned at their mother's knee: petual carnival. They are the people you and to all pictures of coming disaster they like to have come to your house; they are cry out, "Who cares!" and to the counsel

Passing along the street some night you hear a shrick in a grog shop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the po-lice. What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young man has been killed in a In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a grog shop fight. Carry him home to his strong helmsman; in proportion as a horse | father's house. Parents will come down is gay, it wants a stout driver; and those and wash his wounds and close his eyes in people of exuberant nature will do well to death. They forgive him all he ever did, ook at the reaction of all their amuse although he cannot in his allence ask is, ments. If an amusement sends you home The prodigal has got home at last. Mother at night nervous so that you cannot sleep, will go to her little garden and get the awectest flowers, and twist them into a chaplet for the silent heart of the wayward long locks that were once her pride

ments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not awards, with working aprona because they are not infuriated bulls of the arens.

If any amazonent ends you home looping for a life of removes and thrilling adventures, love that takes poison and shoots firstly with tool, you will sweat with toil, you will sweat with toil you will sweat with the pump of a judgment firstly mornibule adventures and hair-lifely mornibule, and there was not one less customer in all the bouses of inquity. This destroyed man was a Samson in plays lead strongth, but Delilah sheared him, and they gambled, and there was not one less customer in all the bouses of inquity. This destroyed man was a Samson in plays lead strongth, but Delilah sheared him, and they gambled, and there was not one less customer in all the bouses of inquity. This destroyed man was a Samson in plays lead strongth, but Delilah sheared him, and they gambled, and there was not one less customer in all the bouses of inquity. This destroyed man was a Samson in plays lead strongth, but Delilah sheared him, and they gambled, and there was not one less customer in all the bouses of inquity. This destroyed man was a Samson in plays lead strongth, but Delilah sheared him, and they gambled, and there was not one less customer in all the bouses of the less customer in all the bouses of the less customer in all the bouses of the less customer in all the bouses.

If the far there was not one inqu

APPROPRIEST TO STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

on their way to stirring achievements. You have probably started on the long road | the hammers. Alas for the man who spends his life in laboriously doing nothing, his days in husting up lounging places and loungers, his nights in seeking out some gas lighted foolery! The man who always has on his sporting jacket, ready to hunt for game in the mountain or fish in the brook, with no time to pray or work or read, is not so well off as the greybound that runs by his side, or the fly bait with which he whips the stream.

A man who does not work does not know

how to play. If God had intended us to do nothing but laugh he would not have given us shoulders with which to lift, and hands with which to work, and brains with which to think. The amusements of life are merely the orchestra playing while the great tragedy of life plunges through its five acts—infancy, childhood, manhood, old age and death. Then exit the last earthly opportunity. Enter the overwhelming realities of an eternal world!

I go further, and say that all those amusements are wrong which lead into bad company. If you go to any place where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will give not one cent to support your chil-dren when you are dead. They will weep

The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the way back." In his moments of repentance rection of the stocks.

I was summoned to his deathbed. I bastened. I entered the room. I found said, "Sit down, Mr. Talmage, right there." I sat down. He said: "Last night I saw I saw a beautiful home, where the bell my mother, who has been dead twenty rang violently late at night. The son had years, and she sat just where you sit now. It was no dream. I was wide awake. There was no delusion in the matter. I I saw it was delirium.

"Oh," replied his wife, "my dear, there is nothing there, there is nothing there.' He went on, and said; "Just where you sit, her, and said: 'Mother, I want to do bet ter. I have been trying to do better. Won't you help me to do better? You used to help ms.' No mistake about it, no where there are not victims of unsanctified delusion. I saw her—the cap, and the apron, and the spectacles, just as she used Merchant of Brooklyn or New York, is to look twenty years ago; but Ido wish you prayed, conscious of the fact that he did

seon." He said, "Good-by, good-by. That night his soul went to the God who gave it. Arrangements were made for the obsequies. Some said, "Don't bring him In the church; he was too dissolute." "Oh," I said, "bring him. He was a good

As I sat in the pulpit and say his body oming up through the aisle I felt as if gould weep tears of blood. I told the people that day: "This man had his virtues, and a good many of them. He had his faults, and a good many of them, but if there is any man in this audience who is without sin let him cast the first stone at that little child, rosy, sweet faced, as beausorrows of an orphan child. Oh, her coun lar. "When the minister was prea There they sat, hard visaged, some of them pale from exhausting disease, some of of iniquity flamed through the cheeks and crackled the lips. They were the men who had done the work. They were the men who had bound him hand and foot. They had kindled the fires. They had poured the wormwood and gall into that of the sigh reDid they weep? No. Did they sigh repentingly? No. Did they say, "What a sud after watching me as I painted for pentingly? No. brave man should be some time said, "The man who can do that wormwood and gal) into that orphan's cup. lifted to wipe a tear from a bloated cheek. They sat and looked at the coffin like vultures gozing at the careasa of a family whose heart they had ripped out! I cried in their cars as pininly as I sould, "There is a God and a judgment day?" Did they tremble! said; "why, that's Southey, the poet. He's Oh, no, no. They went back from the house of God, and that night, though their "Why, he's mad," they answered.—T. Sid. victim lay in Oakwood cometery, I was told that they biaspherged, and they drank, and they gambled, and there was not one

ward, until down upon him and his cometernal catastrophe.

Again, say amusement that gives you a where demons howl. In a work there is so much to do for yourselves, and so much to do for others, God pity that broken up by sinful amusements! The father went off, the mother went off, the father w Your sports are merely means to an end. child went off. There are today the frag-They are alleviations and helps. The arm ments before me of blasted households. Oh, of toil is the only arm strong enough to if you have wandered away, I would like to bring up the bucket out of the deep well of pleasure. Amusement is only the bower where business and philanthropy rest while you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father Amusements are merely the vines that grow that your children are soon to go out into about the anvil of toil and the blossoming of the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conju gal relations, and alast if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neglect!

AT HIS WEFE'S DEATHBED. I saw a wayward husband standing at the deathbed of his Christian wife, and saw her point to a ring on her finger and heard her say to her husband, "Do you see that ring?" He replied, "Yes, I see it."
"Well," said she, "do you remember who
put it there?" "Yes," said he, "I put it
there," and all the past seemed to rush upon him. By the memory of that day when, in the presence of men and angels, vou promised to be faithful in joy and sorrow, and in sickness and in health; by the memory of those pleasant hours when you sat together in your new home talking of a bright future; by the cradle and the joy-ful hour when one life was spared and an other given; by that sick bed, when the little one lifted up the hands and called for help, and you knew he must die, and he put one arm around each of your necks and brought you very near together in that dying kiss; by the little grave in Greenwood that you never think of without a rush of tears; by the family Bible, where amidst stories of heavenly love, is the brie but expressive record of births and deaths; by the neglects of the past, and by the agonies of the future; by a judgment day, when husbands and wives, parents and children, in immortal groups, will stand to be caught up in shining array or to shrink down into darkness; by all that, I beg you give to home your best affections.

Ah, my friends, there is an hour coming when our past life will probably pass be fore us in review. It will be our last hour If from our death pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amuse-ment there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagge with which Virginius slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Macbeth. The iniquities and rioting through which we have passed will com upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg Mer rilies. Death, the old Shylock, will de mand and take the remaining pound of flesh, and the remaining drop of blood and upon our last opportunity for repent curtain will forever drop.

A Polynesian Legend.

Tura, coming from over seas, found him-self in a land named Otea, and leaving Box 28l. Salem, Orecon, Deputs Counts through the dense forest, he saw fairles sit ting in the flowers of the climbing plant and swinging on the llianss which trailed from the high boughs across the vistas of the wood. These fairies were curiously shaped beings, having small heads and large bodies, while their hands and feet were attached to limbs so short that they seemed as if extrading from their bodies. Tura had brought with him the stick wherewith fire is produced by friction, and he proceeded to kindle a fire and to cool some food, much to the astonishment of the fairies, who had always consumed the

food in its natural state. Tura fell in lov with one of the fairy women and married His wife reciprocated his affection and they lived happily together; but one day when the elfin spouse was combing out her husband's hair she suddenly cried out, "Oh, Tura, what is this white hair among the black ones?" He told her that it was a sign of age and

of approaching decay, the forerunner of death. Then his wife wept bitterly and refused to be comforted. It is a touching story, the sudden surprise and grief of this child of the immortals on her discovery of that which to us poor sons of clay is so common and obtrusive a fact. The old legend has given rise to a proverbial saying, "The weeds of Tura," as a synonymous expression for gray hair. - Longman's

Queer Artistic Blunders.

Some very curious blunders may be seen in old pictures. It is related that Burgonne in his "Travels in Spain" noticed a painting where Abraham is preparing to shoot Isaac with a pistol, and in a country church in Germany the painter, in representing the sacrifice of Isaac, places a blunderbus in Abraham's hand as argument for obedience, and paints an angel coming down to pour water on the pan.

Huer has painted the Blessed Virgin as resting on a velvet sofa playing with a cat and a parequet, and about to pour herself coffee from an engraved coffee pot. In Durer's pleture of St. Peter denying the Saviour a Roman soldier may be seen smoking a pipe.-Providence Journal.

The Scotch Beadle.

Of course he was fond of his snuff, and made free with the "mull," as the Scot us his souff box, right and left. An old beadle himself tells of having got a sharp reproof from the pulpit because of his too devoted attention in this particusays he, "a neighbor asked a snuff, and I face looking upon us through a horrid gave him my box. The minister saw us dream. On the other side of the pulpit and just leaned over the pulpit, looked gave him my box. The minister saw us were the men who had destroyed him. straight in our faces, and said, There are some of you more concerned about your noses than about your souls' salvation.' them flushed until it seemed as if the fires After that I was very careful never to pass my box in church again,"-Gentleman's

Two Opinions of Southay.

One year when I was up in the Lake should have a name." I answered just us he moved away, "The man who can see that ought to have a name, too." He looked very peculiar, and I asked some men who were working in a stone quarry close by if they knew who he was. "Oh, yes," they "Why, he's mad," they answered .- T. Sid



A SCARED EDITOR. A rugged farmer stalked into the same-m with a big whip under his arm.

"Be you the editor?" "I am," was the

time with a big whip under his arm.

"Be you the editor?" "I am," was the half apprehensive realy.

"Here's two dollars—send me your paper, for life, he said.

"You see," he went on, "our daughter was sick and like to die; she drooped and grew weak and pale, had headaches, no appetite, hack sched, hands and feet like ico, couldn't sleep, hacked with cough, and we thought she had consumption. No medicine helped her until she tried that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription mentioned in your paper, when she began to mend in no time and is now well and handsome as a rose—put me down as a life subscriber."

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where grow all kinds of cerearls. Vegetables, hops and berries yield profitable returns. The Willamette Valley is the home of the Apple, the Peach, the Pear, the Plum, the Prune and all kinds of deciduous fruits. While other lands than ours grow apples, plums and pears, in no other country do they reach such a state of perfection. Nature, the mother of monopolists, in all that great belt of country lying between the 25th and 50th paralells of latitude the Pacific coast alone produces the Italian and Petite or (French) prune. Last year the United States imported from France alone 70,000,000 pounds of prune as against 10,600,000 pounds grown on the Pacific coast.

Control BARGA

We have for sale choice farms improved and unimproved, large and small, in the hills or on the prairie.

in Fine Garden and Fruit Tracts. Our garden and fruit tracts are all fine elevated lands. Deep black soil and good drainage. Come to the Capital City with its cannery and evaporators that will give you home markets for

Keep it in Mind

That fruit tracts are valuable property and that no investment will bring you better returns. Improved suburban acre property with buildings and other improvements. Also acre t acts without buildings but with growing fruit consisting of trees, plants, vines etc., and city property of every description.

SALEM LAND COMPANY Postoffice Block.

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