Oh! George, what is the matter with you?

Pa, that suit you bought of BEN FORSTNER is not worn out yet and it has been over a year.

Well, we will get another suit from him. I cannot get a new suit very often.

Go to B. FORSTNER & CO. for low prices.

SALEM MARKET REPORT.

A Synopsis of the Markets—Buying and Selling Prices.

REVISED QUOTATIONS.

RETAIL PRICES.

Shoulders, Sugar cured, per lb, 12½
Breakfast bacon 15
Hams—Sugar cured, per lb, 16½c.
Beef—5@12½
Pork—8 @ 10
Mutton—8@12½c.
Veal—10 @ 12½c.
Timothy seed—Per pound, 8c selling
Red clover seed—Per pound, 14c.
White clover seed—Per pound, 25c.
Alsike—18c per pound.
Red top—10c per pound.
Lincoln Grass—12½c per pound.
Rye Grass—10c per pound.
Orchard Grass—17c per pound.
New potatoes 40c per bushel.
Canned Fruit—Peaches, $3 00; apricots $3 00; blackberries, $3; corn, best 2's, $2 00; tomatoes $1 50; string beans $1 50; green peas $1 85; per doz. In two lb cans.
Fresh Vegetables.—Potatoes 40c; carrots 50c; parsnips 75c; onions 4c per lb.
Fish.—Salmon 7@10c per lb; Sturgeon 5@7c per lb; small fish 10c per lb; salt salmon 7@10c per lb; Chinook salmon, 10.

BUYING PRICES

Wheat—79½c net.
Flour—Per barrel, $5.00, best 196 lbs
Oats—Per bushel, 30@32½c.
Barley—Per bushel, 40@45c.
Bran—Per ton, $21 00 at mill, assorted.
Shorts—Per ton, $23 00 " " assorted.
Chop—Per ton, $25.00 " " assorted
Wool—17c to 20c.
Eggs—20c per dozen.
Potatoes—Per bushel, 20c
Corn meal—3c per pound.
Cheese—12@14c per pound.
Dried plums—Per lb. 6@7c.
Dried prunes—Per lb. 10@12c.
Butter—25@30c per pound for good
Lard—10@12c per lb
Hams—Per pound, 11@12c.
Bacon sides—8@10 per lb.
Shoulders—8@8c per lb.
Chickens—7@8c per pound.
Turkeys 10 to 12c lb.
Geese 7@8 per lb.
Ducks, 12½c per lb
Hops, 8@14c.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Rustic! Rustic! Rustic!

Rustic Rocking chairs, Sitters, gents office or reading chairs, lamp stands, center tables, flower stands, baby rocking and high chairs, etc., for sale

Or Exchange for Second Hand Goods.

Call and inspect Rustic work at old Court House, 147. All kinds of furniture repaired

H. T. MARTIN, Propr.

Williams & Hudson.

103½ State street,

HAND-MADE FRENCH CANDIES

And fruits of all kinds in season. Also the finest brands of cigars and tobacco. 10 13

M. L. CHAMBERLIN, President — O. M. SMITH, Secretary
H. M. BRANSON, Vice President. — GEO. H. SOUBERT, Treasurer

UNION TITLE ABSTRACT CO.

275 Commercial Street.

Makes the neatest and best Abstracts in the country.

Hop Sing & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,
208 Commercial St.
Clothing made at lowest prices. Repairing neatly done.

MONEY!

To Loan on Real Estate Security.

Agency Pacific States Savings, Loan & Building Co.

FEAR & HAMILTON,
SALEM. — — — Oregon.
Room 14, Bush Bank block. 3 12dw

CAPITAL Business COLLEGE

Salem, Oregon. W. L. Staley, President. A. P. Armstrong, Manager.

Business, Shorthand,

Typewriting, Penmanship, English Departments. Students admitted at any time. Catalogue free.

To Strawberry Growers.

The undersigned has contracted for large quantity of the Jessie, (sweepstake prize-winner at Salem strawberry fair) and Triomphe de Gand, (best yielder and most profitable late berry in Salem market,) from H. W. Savage, Salem, and J. W. Gilbert, Aumsville. Warranted pure stock and plants first-class. Catalogue free, read. Sept. ember 1ts. Also ten other varieties
Address E. HOFER,
gw Salem, Oregon.

Strawberries and Grapes.

Twenty varieties of each for sale. Manual of culture and descriptive catalogue of plants of either of these, best of all table fruits suitable for this climate, sent on application to E. HOFER, Salem, Oregon.

THE FLOWER BED.

"Come see dear mother's flower bed,
But on it, darling, do not tread."

It was a lovely plat of ground,
The richest soil that could be found.

"Do posies sleep in such a bed?"
The little girl with wonder said

"Dear me! there's not a single sheet!
How do they cover up their feet?

"I should just think the marigold
Would be forever taking cold.

"No pillow either! Why, the rose
Some night will surely freeze its nose

"I'm glad I have a nice warm bed
Where I can coddle down my head."

What said the flowers to the child?
The roses blushed, but not one smiled.

For they resented what she said
About their pretty, well made bed.

The crocus with its yellow crown
Put on a look much like a frown.

Better to them their bed of mold
Than blankets made of cloth of gold.

Dear mother, as she heard the child
At her quaint fancies only smiled.

For back they took her through the years,
With all their sunshine and their tears,

Till, by her darling's words beguiled,
She thought herself once more a child.
—Egbert L. Bangs in Springfield Homestead.

HOW HE GOT HER.

"So you won't marry me, Jenny?"

"It would be madness, Tom; you know it would."

"What do you mean by madness?"

"You know well enough what I mean, and you know that I am right."

"Yes," meaningly. "I think I do know. You mean that I am poor and you are ditto, and poverty multiplied by two is madness."

Jenny, a pretty little blond, with bright golden curls and sweet blue eyes, said nothing, but looked down and wrote hieroglyphics on the ground with the end of her parasol, while Tom, a handsome, broad shouldered fellow, with dark brown hair and mustache, and large hazel eyes, lay half reclining at her feet.

"Isn't that the sum and the answer?" he asked.

Still Jenny said nothing, but continued to write hieroglyphics, while a little flush rose on her cheeks and brow.

"I see how it is," he said. "While I have been away you have been demoralized."

"What do you mean?" she asked, sharply, giving him an indignant glance.

"Oh, nothing to make you very angry," he replied. "It is just this: Some of those sage female veterans, who have gone through life satisfied to exist without that which, it appears to me, alone makes life endurable, have talked you into their way of thinking, and now, forsooth, it is madness to marry the man you love. For you do love me, Jenny—you know you do."

The girl was silent yet a little while, and then she said plaintively:

"I did believe I loved you once, Tom, I'll acknowledge it; but I am older now, and think maybe I was mistaken."

"Pshaw!" said Tom; "think maybe. If you don't know it without any maybe about it, you were not mistaken either when I say you love me still. Yes, you love me still, and yet you are going to marry that sneaking Ralph Morley. Don't deny it, for I know it; though perhaps you don't quite know it yourself yet. Are you engaged to him?"

"That is an important question and I shall not answer it."

"Then I will take it for granted that you are."

"You needn't do any such thing, for I am not."

"Well, you did answer my impertinent question, after all."

"I was not going to let you think what you pleased."

"I am glad you answered it anyhow, for now I am going to tell you what sort of a fellow he is, and shan't feel as if I am being rude, as I might otherwise have done. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you.

"Why, Jenny, I could go on all my life loving you just as I always loved you, if you would let me; but I know if you don't marry me you will marry somebody else, and it will be all up with me then. 'Better is a dinner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' Do you know what that means?"

"Of course I do; any child would know."

"You don't, though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this; it is better to marry for love than for money."

"Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not far off, "come, I must go home."

Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, walked along by her side without saying another word.

There was to be a balloon ascension, and Tom Arrington was to be one of the party of aeronauts. He had been on several such expeditions before, and was quite an enthusiast on the subject of aerial navigation.

There was a big crowd collected around the inclosure when the big silk bag was being inflated with gas. Tom was inside the inclosure with Jenny, her two maiden aunts and Morley, who had joined them much to the young aeronaut's chagrin.

"How would you like to go up in her, Jenny?" he asked.

"Oh, I think it would be splendid, if I wasn't frightened, as I am sure I should be," replied Jenny.

"I don't mean to make the trip, but just a little way."

"How could we do that?"

"Easy enough. We'll get in the car, and the man will pay out the rope until we are a hundred feet or so from the ground, and when you have seen what it is like they'll pull us down again. Come, get in and try it; you've no idea how nice it is."

Jenny hesitated, looking at her aunts. "No, Jenny," said Aunt Jane, for whom she had been named, "I'll not permit you to try any such experiment. Suppose the rope were to break; where would you be then?"

Tom said there was no danger of the rope breaking, and Aunt Sarah, who had made up her mind to be one of the party, said she didn't believe there was.

"Will you go, aunty?" asked Jenny, whose heart was all in a flutter between excitement and fear at the idea.

"Yes," replied the maiden lady decidedly. "I've always wished that I could go up in a balloon, and now that I've got a chance to do it without danger—there is no danger, Mr. Arrington?"

"Why, Sarah!" cried Miss Jane. "I'm astonished at your encouraging Jenny in such a wild, harum scarum adventure."

Tom soon had his arrangements all made and helped the two ladies into the car.

"Will you go?" he said, not very cordially, to Morley.

"No, thank you," was the reply.

"Why, you are not afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid, but I will stay on terra firma."

"All right," said Tom, stepping into the car where the ladies were already seated. "Let her out," to the man at the rope. "That fellow hasn't the pluck of a woman," he growled, as they slowly arose.

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Jenny, when the balloon came to a stand about 150 feet from the ground. "Isn't it, auntie?"

"Are you sure there is no danger of the rope breaking, Mr. Arrington?" asked Miss Sarah, instead of replying to her niece.

"It is brand new," replied Tom.

"Then it is a very agreeable sensation," said the lady.

After giving his companions sufficient time to fully enjoy the pleasures of their novel situation, Tom made a sign to the man below, and they commenced to haul in on the rope. The balloon seemed rather reluctant to leave her native element—if one may call it so—but was at last secured near enough to the ground for the occupants to alight from the car.

After giving his assistance to Miss Sarah, Tom turned to Jennie, who was preparing to follow her aunt.

"How would you like to try it again?" he said in a low tone.

"Oh, so much," was the reply.

In an instant he was back in the car, the signal was given to the men to pay out the rope, and when Aunt Sarah looked around her niece was fifty feet above her in the air.

I don't know whether Tom Arrington had any such intention from the beginning, but while Jennie was looking over the edge of the car, waving her handkerchief to those below, he took his penknife out of his pocket and cut the rope, and the balloon shot up in the blue sky like a wild bird set free from captivity.

At first Jenny was so astonished and frightened that she could not speak. Then she said, "Oh, Tom! I thought you said there was no danger of the rope breaking."

"I said what I believed to be true," replied that equivocating scamp, who had slipped his knife back into his pocket, "but don't be frightened."

"How can I help being frightened?" she asked in a trembling voice. "What will become of us, Tom?"

"I don't know," said Tom.

"Oh, Tom, I thought you were an aeronaut!"

"So I am."

"Don't talk such nonsense. You ought to be ashamed to try to make me more frightened than I really am."

"I am not trying to frighten you, but now that I have got you up here all to myself I am going to carry you to the moon, where girls are not sold for money."

"Oh, Tom!" cried the girl, beginning to think she was in the power of a maniac, "what do you mean?"

"Mean? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right."

"You—ought—to be—ashamed to—frighten me so," said Jenny, crying and sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her helpless condition, put his arm around her waist. It had been there often before, it is true.

"Come, Jenny," pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand; "come, dear, we'll be all right; so don't cry."

"I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her pretty head on his shoulder—she felt less frightened that way. "I can't—help—it; you are—so—so—cruel. I didn't—think—you—would—be cruel—to me—Tom."

"And I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I want to love you, and I want you to love me—that's all."

They were gliding along now easily and smoothly, but at a rapid rate, though that fact was imperceptible to Jenny. The landscape seemed to be swimming along beneath her, but she could perceive no motion in the balloon.

"What are you doing with the rope, Tom?" she asked, having somewhat recovered under his treatment.

"I'm steering her," he said with a comical smile.

"Steering her? I thought balloons couldn't be steered."

"Oh, yes, they can—when the wind's favorable. At any rate I'm steering this one."

"Where are you steering it to?"

"Right straight to Hymen's bower."

"Now you are beginning to talk as if you were insane, and I shall get frightened again if you don't hush."

Tom pressed her closer to him.

"Don't you love me, Jennie?" he asked.

She turned her eyes up to his, but didn't say a word. Her head was still lying on his shoulder.

"Don't you think it would be nice to sail along this way all by ourselves, away from home and Morley, and the two old aunties and everybody, forever?"

"I don't know, Tom; perhaps we might get tired."

"Never!" said Tom.

He had been discharging gas all the time, and the balloon had slowly settled down toward the earth till now everything on it was plain to the naked eye—houses, trees and even people, and Jenny, much to her lover's regret, had lifted her pretty head from its recumbent position to look over the edge of the car.

"Do you see that little white church, Jenny?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, that's what I've been steering for; do you know why?"

"No; how should I?"

"How should you? Don't you know what people generally do in church?"

"They preach and pray and sing hymns."

"Nothing else?"

"Yes; they christen babies there?"

"Ho, ho! christen babies, indeed! Don't they do anything else in churches?"

"Y-e-s, I believe so."

"You believe so. I know so, and that's just what we are going to do."

"Oh, Tom, we can't."

"Can't we, though? Who's to hinder? Come, Jenny, you've got to promise to do just as I say, or I'll carry you up in the clouds again and keep you there forever."

"Oh, Tom, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to take advantage of my situation to make me do as you please," said Jenny reproachfully, but at the same time clinging closer to him; "you haven't got any right to do it."

"I've a perfect right to make you do what you want to do, and what is for your happiness. Come, promise! We are almost to the church, and if you don't I'll let her loose; I've only to throw out some of these little bags, and up she goes," and he picked up one of the sand bags, as if to heave it out.

"Don't, don't, Tom," said Jenny, laying her hand on his arm. "I'll promise."

"All right," said Tom, and in a few minutes the balloon was skimming along not far from the ground, over an inclosed field. He threw out his anchor almost immediately, and it caught in a panel of a fence, bringing the balloon to with a sudden jerk.

"Oh," exclaimed Jenny, clasping her arms about her lover's neck, "I thought I was going to bounce out."

"We will bounce out, and that right quickly," said Tom, kissing her blushing face two or three times. "Yonder's the church—parson can't be far off, and—and—I've got the license in my pocket."

"Oh, Tom," said Jenny, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to play me such a trick?"

But Tom wasn't a bit ashamed, and afterward, whenever his pretty wife twitted him about it, as she did occasionally, he said it was a trick worth any two or a dozen that he had ever heard of.—Elmira Telegram.

They Did Not Know of Him.

Dante Rosetti used to tell a story of Tennyson, with whom he was walking one sultry summer night through High Holborn. They passed a building brilliantly lighted up, and from which issued the sounds of joyous music. "What is that place?" asked the bard. "It is called," replied Rosetti, "the Holborn casino." "I should like to look in," pursued the bard, "only I should be at once surrounded by a crew of groundlings who would mob and pester and jostle me." "My dear sir," quietly remarked Dante, "if you were to get on one of the tables, announce your name and recite three of your poetic masterpieces into the bargain, probably not 2 per cent. of the audience would have the slightest idea of who you are!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Two Kinds of Fools.

You will observe that bragging is something very nearly universal. Those who do not boast are sure to be despairing, life decrying creatures. Both habits are unquestionably nonsensical. You are not the greatest genius under the moon; and if you were it would not be so wonderful a creature as you would be. We forget our biggest men out of hand. If you will go through the schools today you will not find one boy or girl out of ten that can tell you who Napoleon was, or when he lived, and not as many who know anything about Daniel Webster. But just think what an immense amount of conceit there is and has been in human folk! What millions of braggarts! What swelling and strutting! Oh, we fools!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CLEAN!

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the

SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY

where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner. COLONEL J. OLMSTED. Liberty Street.

MAD·O·N·E·Y

MADE EVERY DAY by buying Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles and Perfumery from

BROOKS & LEGG,

100 State Street.

FAMOUS IN HIS LINE.

Charles Jamrach, Who Was Noted for His Wild Beasts and Curiosities.

Charles Jamrach was hardly less generally known in the world of showmen than Barnum himself. He had collected in his London shop for nearly fifty years wild birds and beasts from all parts of the globe, and had distributed them among the zoological gardens and traveling menageries of every civilized country. His place of business in Ratcliff highway, East London, was the Mecca of sailors from the South seas, who found there ready sale for any curious fowl, reptile or savage brute that he had taken in the tropics.

Jamrach was omnivorous. A rattlesnake or an elephant, a monkey or a tiger, a parrot or a panther, was alike welcome at his door. He would buy a polar bear as readily as he would buy a spring chicken, for he was wealthy, always had a large supply of money at hand, and had such widespread relations with the animal dealers of the world that he was sure in due time to find a market for every rare specimen. He had, moreover, establishments in Antwerp and Hamburg, and to keep all three places well stocked he was obliged to buy freely.

The power of Jamrach in the captive animal world was well illustrated in 1865, when Barnum's menagerie was destroyed. He received most of the orders to duplicate the lost animals, and in a remarkably short period had landed in London by his numerous agents the collection of wild beasts which Barnum subsequently exhibited in the "biggest show on earth."

As befitted a man named Jamrach in an English city, the curious old man of Ratcliff highway was something of a universal genius. Late in his life he did not confine himself to collecting animals, but opened his shop to all sorts of curios. Porcelain from China, carvings from Japan, weapons from the South seas, cloths from Asia Minor and ornaments from the Dark Continent were gathered by him with careful choice, yet in large quantities. Anybody in London who wished something odd went to Jamrach's, and few persons left the shop empty handed.

Despite its many attractions for the curious, it is remarkable that wealth and fashion found its way to Jamrach's place, for the shop was not free from dangers and was in a very disreputable neighborhood. The wild beasts of jungle and plain were only in temporary cages and had not yet been broken by confinement. Accidents were frequent, and Jamrach, who never felt fear, had many life and death combats in his dingy place. Once a leopard burst its bars while some twenty children stood before the cage. Jamrach sprang forward with a switch in his hand, and by a little whipping and pure audacity drove the beast back to its place.

The last of Jamrach's seventy-six years were not his best from the tradesman's point of view. The decline of country fairs with their traveling shows and the abating of the fancy for pet parrots and monkeys and imported cats and dogs reduced the activity of his business notably, and Jamrach often mourned for the days when he could afford losses through illness and other causes to the extent of $15,000 or more annually. Still Jamrach never complained bitterly, and died as he had lived, at peace with the world.—New York Sun.

How Many Tourists See Cairo.

The real Cairo has been sacrificed to the Nile. Comparatively few travelers in the east see the place under the best conditions; for upon their arrival they are preoccupied with the magical river voyage which beckons them southward, with the dahabeeyah or the steamer which is to carry them; and upon their return from that wonderful journey they are planning for the more difficult expedition to the Holy Land. It is safe to say that to Americans Cairo is only a confused memory of donkeys and dragomans, mosquitoes and dervishes, and mosques, mosques, mosques.

This hard season probably must be gone through by all. The wise are those who stay on after it is over, or who return; for the true impression of a place does not come when the mind is overcrowded and confused; it does not come when the body is wearied; for the descent of the vision, serenity of soul is necessary—one might even call it idleness.—Constance F. Woolson in Harper's.

Intellectual Culture.

A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons in these hours, for want of innocent resources, are now impelled to coarse and brutal pleasure. How many young men can be found in this city who, unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strangers to intellectual activity, are almost driven in the long dull evenings of winter to depraving society.—New York Ledger.

Those High Apartment Houses.

Messenger Boy—Is this Mr. Calumet's house? Well, the tailor sent me around with this coat to have him try it on.

Servant—Mr. Calumet is not in the city.

Messenger Boy—When will he be back?

Servant—I don't know; he's gone up on the roof.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Capital City Restaurant

Jas. Batchelor, Prop'r.

Warm Meals at All Hours of the Day

None but white labor employed in this establishment.

A good substantial meal ticket in first class style

Twenty-five cents per meal

RED FRONT

Court street, between Opera House and Minto's Livery

UNIVERSAL STOVES AND RANGES

Above we give our patrons the EARTH (in ... and if this will not satisfy them we can furnish the ... wire to put a fence around it.

R. M. WADE & CO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. T. HOUSER, M.D. Physician and surgeon. Practice limited to diseases of the nervous system. Catarrh including asthma and rupture or hernia. Office in Cottle block rooms 11 and 12. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and from 2 to 6 p. m. 11 3 tf.

S. T. RICHARDSON, Attorney at law, office up stairs in front rooms of new Bush block, corner Commercial and Court streets, Salem, Oregon.

JOHN A. CARSON, Attorney at law. Rooms 3 and 4, Ladd & Bush's bank building, Salem, Oregon. 8 1 1yr

G. F. BONHAM. W. H. HOLMES.
BONHAM & HOLMES, Attorneys at law. Office in Bush's block, between State and Court, on Com'l St.

U. J. SHAW. M. W. HUNT.
W. H. PRATT.
SHAW, PRATT & HUNT, Attorneys at law, office over Capital National Bank, Salem, Oregon.

PULMON FORD, attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office up-stairs in Patton's block.

D'ARCY & BINGHAM, Attorneys and counselors at law, Salem, Oregon. Having an abstract of the records of Marion county, including a lot and block index of Salem, they have special facilities for examining titles to real estate. Business in the supreme court and in the state departments will receive prompt attention.

DR. W. S. MOTT, physician and surgeon. Office in Eldridge Block, Salem, Oregon. Office hours 10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m.

E. B. PHILBROOK, M. D., Homeopathist. Office 155 Court street; Residence 347 High street. General practice. Special attention given to diseases of Women and children.

DR. MINTA S. A. DAVIS. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 11 a. m.; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. Day or night calls promptly attended to. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Office in New Bank Blk., 305 Commercial street. Residence same.

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

DR. T. C. SMITH, Dentist, 99 State street, Salem, Or. Finished dental operations of every description. Painless operations a specialty.

W. D. PUGH, Architect, Plans, Specifications and superintendence for all classes of buildings. Office 209 Commercial St., up stairs.

C. S. McNALLY, Architect, New Bush Breyman block. Plans and specifications of all classes of of buildings on short notice. Superintendence of work promptly looked after. 2 5 tf

E. J. McCAUNTLAND, Civil Sanitary and Hydraulic Engineer. U. S. Deputy mineral surveyor. City surveyors office, Cottle-Parkhurst Block, Salem, Oregon.

BUSINESS CARDS.

RICE & ROSS, Blacksmiths, all kinds of repairing and carriage work. We have in our employ Arthur Glove, a professional horseshoer. Give us a trial. 4 4 4

JOHN KNIGHT, Blacksmith. Horse shoeing and repairing a specialty. Shop at the foot of Liberty street, Salem, Oregon. 2 20 tf

P. J. LARSEN & CO., Manufacture of all kinds of vehicles. Repairing a specialty. Shop 45 State street.

A. B. SMITH & CO., Contractors, Sewering, Cement Sidewalks, Excavating, Etc. All work promptly done, Salem, Or. Leave orders with Dugan Bros. 4 16-1m

CARPET-LAYING.—I make a specialty of carpet-sewing and laying; carpets taken up and relaid with great care. House cleaning. Leave orders with J. H. Lunn or Buren & Son. J. G. LUHRMAN.

JOHN GRAY.—Contractor and builder. Fine inside finishing a specialty 485 Commercial street, Salem Oregon.

GEO. HOEYE, Barber and Hair dressing parlors. Finest baths in the city. 229 Commercial street, Salem.

PENSIONS

D. C. SHERMAN,

U. S. Pension and Claim agent, P. O. Box 281, Salem, Oregon. Deputy County Clerk. Write for blanks.

Le Richau's GOLDEN BALSAM

Le Richau's Golden Balsam No. 1 Cures Chancres, first and second stages Sores on the Legs and Body; Sore Eyes, Eyes, Nose, etc., Copper-colored Blotches, Syphilitic Catarrh, diseased Scalp, and all primary forms of the disease known as Syphilis. **Price, $5 00 per Bottle.**

Le Richau's Golden Balsam No. 2 Cures—Tertiary, Mercurial Syphilitic Rheumatism, Pains in the Bones, Pains in the Head, back of the Neck, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Syphilitic Rash, Lumps and contracted Cords, Stiffness of the Limbs, and eradicates all disease from the system, whether caused by indiscretion or abuse of Mercury, leaving the blood pure and healthy. **Price $5 00 per Bottle.**

Le Richau's Golden Spanish Antidote for the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Irritation Gravel, and all Urinary or Genital disarrangements. **Price $2 50 per Bottle.**

Le Richau's Golden Spanish Injection, for severe cases of Gonorrhœa, Inflammatory Gleet, Strictures, &c. **Price $1 50 per Bottle.**

Le Richau's Golden Ointment for the effective healing of Syphilitic Sores and eruptions. **Price $1 00 per Box.**

Le Richau's Golden Pills—Nerve and Brain treatment; loss of physical power, excess or over-work, Prostration, etc. **Price $3 00 per Box.**

Tonic and Nervine, Sent everywhere, C. O. D., securely packed per express.

THE RICHARDS DRUG CO., Agents
509 & 511 MARKET ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.
CIRCULARS SENT FREE

NEW ZEALAND

G. W. BEELER, Agent, Salem, Oregon.

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA

Southern Pacific Route

Shasta Line

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND ROSEBURG

South.		North.
7.00 p. m.	Lv. Portland Ar.	3.00 a. m.
3.18 p. m.	Lv. Salem Ar.	10.45 a. m.
8.10 a. m.	Ar. San Fran. Lv.	3.00 p. m.

Above trains stop only at stations north of Roseburg, Eugene, Oregon City, Woodburn, Scotts Mills, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Albany Junction City, Irving and Junction.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY

8.00 a. m.	Lv. Portland Ar.	5.00 p. m.
10.52 a. m.	Lv. Salem Ar.	2.15 p. m.
5.40 p. m.	Ar. Roseburg Lv.	7.00 a. m.

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday)

8.00 p. m.	Lv. Portland Ar.	3.00 p. m.
7.55 p. m.	Lv. Salem Lv.	7.05 a. m.
9.00 p. m.	Ar. Albany Lv.	6.00 a. m.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

For accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis:

DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY)

7.30 a. m.	Lv. Portland Ar.	5.45 p. m.
12.40 p. m.	Ar. Corvallis Lv.	10.45 a. m.

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

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

4.40 p. m.	Lv. Portland Ar.	10.45 a. m.
7.25 p. m.	Ar. McMinnville Lv.	8.00 a. m.

Through Tickets

—To all points—

EAST and SOUTH

For tickets and full information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to the Company's agent, Salem, Oregon.

F. F. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. and Pass. Agt.
S. P. CO., L. R. & P. CO.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development Company's steamship line, 225 miles shorter and less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TIME SCHEDULE. (Except Sundays.)

Leave Albany	7.00 a. m.
Leave Corvallis	8.15 a. m.
Arrive Yaquina	3.45 p. m.
Leave Yaquina	9.00 a. m.
Leave Corvallis	2.30 p. m.
Arrive Albany	3.45 p. m.

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co.'s line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

SAILING DATES.

STEAMERS. — FROM YAQUINA
Farallon, Friday — June 6
Willamette Valley, Tuesday — " 10
Farallon, Sunday — " 15
Willamette Valley, Thursday — " 18
Farallon, Tuesday — " 22

STEAMERS, — FROM SAN FRANCISCO
Willamette Valley, Friday — June 9
Farallon, Tuesday — " 13
Willamette Valley, Sunday — " 17
Farallon, Thursday — " 21
Willamette Valley, Tuesday — " 25

This company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and Willamette Valley points can make connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany, or take the O. & C. train from Corvallis and if destined to San Francisco can arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Passenger and Freight Rates the lowest. For information apply to HULMAN & Co., Freight Agents 200 and 202 Front St., Portland.

C. C. HOGUE Ac't Gen'l Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R.R. Corvallis.

C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 204 Montgomery St.

From Terminal or Interior Points on

Northern Pacific Railroad

Is the line to take

To all Points East and South.

It is the dining car route. Through vestibule trains every day in the year.

ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO

(No change of cars.)

Composed of dining cars unsurpassed, Pullman drawing room sleepers. Of latest equipment.

TOURIST Sleeping Cars

Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of first and second class tickets, and

ELEGANT DAY COACHES

A continuous line connecting with all lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service.

Pullman sleeping car berths can be secured in advance from any agent of the road.

Through tickets to and from all points in America, England and Europe may be purchased at any ticket office of this company.

Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent of the company.

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent.
121 First street, cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon.

SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.