We Did Not Stop

The sun's shining to let in rain, but we DID STOP those high prices on Overcoats. We have a daisy coat for ten dollars, no better ever sold for fifteen dollars.

JUST RECEIVED

An elegant line of OVERCOATS direct from the manufacturies which we are selling at astonishingly low prices. Call and see us.

B. FORSTNER & CO.

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, 13½
[illegible]
Pork— @ 10
[illegible]
Veal—10 @ 12½c.
Timothy seed—Per pound, 8c [illegible]
Red clover seed—Per pound, 14c.
White clover seed—Per pound, [illegible]
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, $2 00; apricots $3 00; blackberries, $2; corn, [illegible] $2 00; tomatoes $1 50; string beans $1 50; green peas $1 8½ per doz. In [illegible] cans.
Fresh Vegetables.—Potatoes 4c, 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.

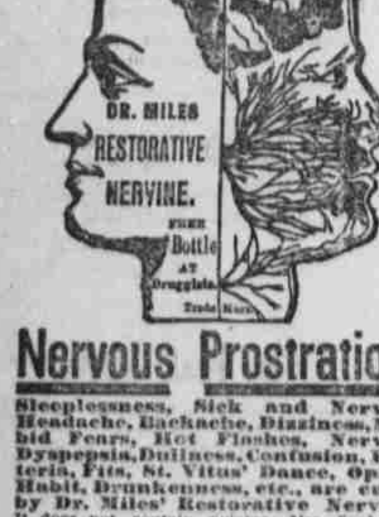
Wheat—90c net.
Flour—Per barrel, $5.00, best 100 lbs.
Oats—Per bushel, 30@32½c.
Barley—Per bushel, 40@45c.
Bran—Per ton, $21 00 at mill, sacked.
Shorts—Per ton, $25 00 " sacked.
Chop—Per ton, $25.00 " sacked.
Wool—17c to c20.
Eggs—30c per dozen.
Potatoes—Per bushel, 20c
Corn meal—3c per pound.
Cheese—12@14c per pound.
Dried plums—Per lb, 6@7c.
Dried prunes—Per lb. 10@12c.
Butter—25@30c per pound for good [illegible]
Lard—10@12c per lb
Hams—Per pound, 11@12c.
Bacon sides—9@10 per lb.
Shoulders—8@9c per lb.
Chickens—7@8c per pound.
Turkeys 10 to 12c lb,
Geese 7@8 per lb.
Ducks, 12½per lb
Hops, 8@14c.

"August Flower"

What is It For?

This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.



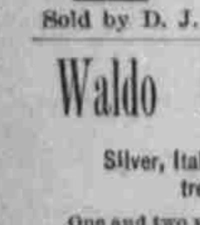
Nervous Prostration,

Sleeplessness, Sick and Nervous Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Morbid Fears, Hot Flashes, Nervous Dyspepsia, Dullness, Confusion, Hysteria, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, Opium Habit, Drunkenness, etc., are cured by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. It does not contain opiates. Mrs. Sophia C. Brownlee, DeLand, Fla., suffered with Epilepsy for 50 years and testifies to a complete cure. Jacob Petre, Ella, Oregon, had been suffering with Nervous Prostration for four years, could not sleep, nothing helped him until he used **Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine;** he is now well. Fine books **Free** at druggists. **Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills,** 50 doses for 25 cents are the best remedy for Biliousness, Torpid Liver, etc., etc.

Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

Sold by D. J. Fry, 225, Com'l St.



NERVE & LIVER PILLS

Act on a new principle—regulate the liver, stomach and bowels *through the nerves.* Dr. Miles' Pills *speedily cure* biliousness, torpid liver and constipation. Smallest, mildest, surest! **50 doses, 25 cts.** Samples free at druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Sold by D. J. Fry, 225 Com'l St

Waldo Hills Nursery

Silver, Italian and Petite Prune trees for sale.

One and two years old, 4 to 8 feet high Extra well rooted and special care taken in digging. Also a choice lot of yearling grapes of the following varieties: Royal Muscadine, Concord, Brighton, Delware, Iona, Moore's, Diamond, Niagara, Black Hamburg, Pocklington, Vergennes, sold at living prices. Address
10 1 dw R. D. ALLEN, Silverton, Ore.

Fine Chicks.

The undersigned has about fifty fine Plymouth Rock chicks for sale. They are pure bred, large size, beautiful feather. Price $5 per trio, delivered at JOURNAL office or express office. Address
E. HOFER, Salem, Oregon

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. Remember its. Also ten other varieties. Address
dw E. HOFER, Salem, Oregon

A LOST LEGEND.

St. Wilfrid once, aware of love grown cold,
And faith but lukewarm in his northern fold,
While ev'n the few who failed not to be shriven
Sought less for peace than feared to forfeit heaven,
Announced for an approaching festival
Tidings of infinite import to all.
And when the close packed church expectant stood,
Down from its place he threw the holy rood,
Crying: "My brethren, know that Armageddon
Is fought and lost! The saints of God, though led on
By Michael and his angels, were o'erthrown:
And Satan occupies the heavenly throne.
All is reversed: 'tis sinners who will dwell
Henceforth in heaven, while saints must burn in hell.
Myself, alas! too zealous have I striven
On the Lord's side—no hope for me of heaven.
But you, my brethren, I have little doubt
May yet find entrance, if you turn about.
Only be speedy, for I have sure word
That Judgment day will be no more deferred;
And Satan's hosts are on the road to bind
Whomever in the house of God they find.
Go, sin while there is time! Forsake the church,
And leave me as your scapegoat in the lurch!"
All stared astonished; and on many a face,
Smug, smooth and sanctimonious, a grimace
Grew slowly, while the open sinner's laughter
Rang loudly from the rood loft to the rafter.
Then, swift as ants swarm from their threatened heap,
Or from the opened pinfold rush the sheep,
Forth streamed the congregation, thick and fast,
Each only fearing to be found the last.
The church was empty, and St. Wilfrid stood,
Most grimly smiling, by the fallen rood;
When in a darkened corner he was ware
Of some one kneeling, and a sobbing prayer:
"O, dear Lord Jesu! I have followed thee
So long, and thou hast loved me. Let me be
Where thou art, Jesu! Rather will I dwell
Than with thy foes in heaven with thee in hell!"
Then cried St. Wilfrid: "Blessed be thy name,
Woman, that puttest my weak faith to shame!
I thought but to convict the careless herd
Of vain religion by an empty word.
But now of thine example will I make
A lesson that all sinners' souls shall wake,
All saints' rekindle: and that word of thine
Shall to the world in golden letters shine."
He stepped toward the woman; the white head
Lay on the withered hands: she knelt there, dead.

—F. W. Bourdillon in Spectator.

ISA'S LOSS AND HER GAIN

San Juan was 105 years old, and was held in great veneration by all the people.

The little straggling Indian settlement was sixty miles from the priest, who could only come to them once a year; so when any one was in trouble he went to San Juan, who comforted him and helped him.

He had always seemed so strong and active until a few months ago, when he began to show signs of failing. He did not go about from house to house as much as usual, and when the women chided him for staying from sight he would shake his head and mysteriously look up at the sky.

When pressed by the women, who could not conceal their anxiety, he would tell them that before the apples were ripe again in the cactus hedge down by the old mission he would go away from them all never to come back. Then the women would humor him and take him to their houses, and send for old Mariana, who lived a little distance down the valley, who made the medicine for the settlement. Wonderful medicine it was, out of roots and herbs and seeds, but it never did San Juan any good.

When Isa, Antonio's wife, saw that the old man was indeed getting weaker she told him that he must come to her house and live. San Juan shook his head and said that he had a place on the side of the hill, where the sun was always shining; he could sit in the door and watch the children playing in the valley, and he was always the first one to see the priest when he came riding over the hills. He loved that place and wanted to stay there.

But Isa entreated him, and finally he lodged in her house one night. That night Antonio stayed at home with Isa and the children, and when San Juan would again have gone away Isa begged him to stay longer, because Antonio was good to her when he was in the house. So San Juan, for the good he might do, spent another night in Isa's house.

After they had eaten their supper of beans Antonio brought in more manzanitta roots and piled them high, so that the flames leaped and the fire crackled and filled the house with light. Little Pedro clapped his hands and tried to catch some of the queer figures that danced upon the adobe walls.

Isa watched San Juan's face. It was drawn and cut by deep wrinkles. His eyes were small, deep set and dim. His straight, tangled gray hair hung about his face, and made one think of coarse torn cobwebs hanging from dirty ceilings in abandoned rooms. Isa begged San Juan to take a blanket and lie down, for he was tired she knew.

But he only stretched himself out before the fire and gazing absently at the flames drew San Juan (Isa's eldest son, who had been named for the old man) to his side.

The child sat down on the earthen floor beside him and listened while the aged San Juan, slowly and with quivering voice, told him stories about the early days in the valley.

* * * * * *

Many miles from Caliente stand the walls of the old mission, fast crumbling into ruin and decay. In the niches where the crucifix used to rest the birds build their nests and the bees swarm about the western windows. In the hall which echoed the solemn chant, or the voices raised in prayer, there is only a silence, unbroken save as a piece of the wall crumbles and falls to the earth. It is deathly now at the old mission. The wind sighs through the dead grasses as the work of destruction goes on, giving earth back to earth.

San Juan tells the boy about the days when he was there working up and down the valley for the padres, and going to the mission at night. From the window in his low, bare room he used to look down the valley, all smiling with the river and gardens and olive orchards, and see at the end a narrow strip of the ocean. San Juan closed his eyes. Clear and plain was the picture to his fading sight tonight; the sun as it went down made the sea look like a tongue of fire, and it colored the valley pink, and changed the mountains from pink to blue and soft purple.

The old man opened his eyes, and raising himself on his elbow, more now to himself than to any one else, told how the bells calling to matins would awaken him, and when he went out to work the whole world seemed full of peace. But once—San Juan shook his head as he told it—he had to take some sheep over the hills to keep for the day, and when he came home that night there were six missing. The padres were much disturbed and very angry, and they shut him up in the mission prison, where you can still see the iron bars at the windows. They kept him there for ten days, and yet San Juan could tell nothing of the sheep. He confessed to having slept at noon under a live oak, but the sheep were never found, and many weeks of penance did hardly atone for his great neglect.

San Juan would like to creep back to the old walls once more and kneel by the western windows, but he never could go, and he sighed.

It was hard to talk now. He almost whispered as he told Antonio to be good to Isa and the children and stop gambling. There were no padres now to watch him, no mission where he could go and pray, and temptation was great, but he would ruin his soul and kill Isa, and make bad men out of the children if he did not stop going down to Moreno's. Antonio bowed his head on his hands and did not speak. San Juan had talked to him like this before.

The old man slowly raised himself, and beckoning to Isa to give him a blanket, crept through the narrow doorway into the other room of the house.

That was all. The next morning they found him holding the crucifix in his hands, but he neither spoke nor stirred.

San Juan was dead, and the whole village was in mourning. The women wailed and cried, and the men did not go to Moreno's, but stayed at home with the women.

For three days the dead San Juan lay wrapped in his blankets outside Isa's house, and then they buried him over on the hill where he had lived when the beautiful Spanish bayonet lifted its white head to the sun.

* * * * * *

Isa went home, unfastened the black shawl that framed her dark, sad face, with the large eyes, and put it away in the box where she kept the earrings and the beads that Antonio had given her when they were married five years before. Antonio was good to her then.

She cooked the supper, and stepped outside the door to call little San Juan and Pedro. She saw Antonio going around the house to the corral, and she waited patiently for him to come in. At length she followed him, and left the children eating their supper on the bench by the little window.

Isa stopped, caught her breath, and then walked with quick steps toward the corral, where Antonio was fastening a cord around a sheep's neck.

Too well Isa knew what it all meant, and she caught Antonio by the arm and begged.

"Oh, not tonight, not tonight! And the last sheep but one! Antonio, surely you will not take that down to Moreno's!"

He shook her roughly off. "Because that old San Juan died in your house you are a coward! Think you I care for all he said, who thought himself as good as the priest? You women made a fool of him."

"O, no, Antonio!" Isa's eyes were full of tears. "But see, wait, stay with me now. And you will lose all, everything at Moreno's, and then you'll come home and strike me and curse!"

She had put her arms about his neck and hung there, looking at him with her sorrowful eyes.

The sheep pulled on the cord and tried to get away. Antonio drew it nearer, and with his other hand pushed Isa from him. She staggered backward, her bare ankle struck against a gnarled root of wood, and she fell with a cry of pain into the roots piled high against the house.

Antonio hurried away down the path bordered with sage brush; the horned toads ran before him and the lizards darted across the sand. The sun had just gone down behind the mountains, and there was a soft amethyst tint to sky and hills and valley, while the air was freighted with the fresh smell of the sage and the delicate odor of tiny flowers that blossomed in the sand.

* * * * * *

Isa slowly crawled into the house. The children had fallen asleep on the floor by the bench. She covered them with a blanket, and then went into the small, low room where old San Juan had died.

Throwing herself down in the corner she lay there, hoping that Antonio might return, and yet knowing in her heart that she would not see him again for two days. She did not sleep, but tossed and prayed until day began to break, and then her baby was born.

The mother called little San Juan, and told him to cross the road and beg Rica to come to her. Rica was Isa's cousin, and she followed the boy to where the baby girl was crying.

Isa smiled upon the child, and then turned her face to the wall and prayed that Antonio might come home and be good. Perhaps he would be good to the little girl. He was angry when Pedra was born, and went away and staid a week, but now Isa was sure he would be happy when they told him that the child was a beautiful girl. If some one would only find him and tell him, she said.

Rica went to the door, but Isa called her back. "Not Jose," she whispered. Rica understood and shook her head; but when she stepped into the road and looked up and down she only saw Jose, old San Juan's grandson, who was carrying his olla down to the river bed for water.

Rica hesitated, looked behind her, then silently stepped to his side and touched his arm. He turned, and instinctively glanced toward Isa's house. Rica drew her shawl closer over her head.

"Go get Antonio," she said, "Isa's baby is a girl." Jose looked into the face of the woman before him, bowed his head and started off down the path which Antonio had taken the night before with the sheep.

As he neared Moreno's he heard loud talking and cursing; now he heard something fall heavily against the wall; then the door burst open and four men rushed out dragging the fifth by the throat. They kick him out into the road and leave him there—then turn again to their table.

Jose knows that the figure in the road is Antonio. This thing has happened often, and it is no use now trying to get him home. But there is Isa waiting with her baby. Poor Isa! Jose loved Isa. Why did she marry that thing lying there in the sand, who only brought her suffering?

Jose stood a moment thinking, then went up to Antonio and touched him. The drunken man stirred and groaned with pain. Jose lifted him, but Antonio fell back without speaking. An instant, then raising himself with Jose's help he staggered to his feet and turned toward Moreno's door.

Jose held him. "Not there, you fool! They'll kill you! Go home!"

But Antonio, afire with thirst and wild with anger, tottered back into the low, close room full of men, and reeling toward the table drew from his belt a club and struck the man who had won his sheep.

A murmur, a hiss, a volley of curses, and then they flew at Antonio, pounding him with benches, wood, anything they could lift.

Jose struggled to drag Antonio out. A club struck his wrist, he writhed with pain, loosened his hold, and in an instant Antonio lay bleeding and gasping on the floor. They kicked him out again, but when Jose turned him over he had stopped gasping.

* * * * * *

Marie, Isa's baby, was eight months old, and it was time for the priest to come again.

Isa had washed the blankets and built a bed in the corner of the small room where the priest was to stay. Great strings of bright pepper hung on the south wall of her house, making a deep fringe of scarlet and green on the gray adobe. The pepper tree in front of the door, with its long, willowlike branches, was gay with its white blossoms and its long stems heavy with red berries. The ground around the house was sweet and clean as the floor within. Above the rough fireplace hung a broken crucifix. Antonio had stepped on it once when he was angry.

Ah, Antonio! Isa shivered when she thought of him and covered her face. She was glad that she heard just now the sound of happy voices and children laughing and men talking, for she knew that the priest had reached the village.

She brought him proudly into her house; he looked at Marie and called her a beautiful baby, and said she was like her mother. Isa smiled and was very happy. Rica lived with her now, and together they cooked the supper of beans and rabbit and cakes.

The priest had been in the village for six days, going from house to house and blessing the people and bringing them peace. The men had promised to stop gambling, and now this morning he would baptize the children, and tomorrow he would go away for another year.

Isa had put a scarlet skirt on Marie, and pinned around her waist, close up to her arms, a brown band.

She was standing in her door holding her child, hugged to herself, with a corner of her own shawl thrown over the baby's head. She was waiting for Rica, for the priest had gone on with San Juan and Pedro to the place where he was to administer the sacrament.

It was a large, open square. The men had cleared away the bushes and built walls of sticks and boughs, and made the roof of branches of the live oak.

"Isa!" The woman started, for it was Jose, who came quietly up behind her and spoke to her. She had only seen him three times since that awful day when Antonio was killed, and each time he had brought her roots to burn.

"Ha! the priest goes away tomorrow." Isa's eyes fell. She only held Marie closer to her and answered nothing. Jose's brown foot traced a figure in the sand. He looked up and then held out his arms for the baby.

"I will be good to you, Isa," he said. She turned as though she would go into the house, hesitated, stepped back again and out into the sunshine. She laughed as she placed Marie in Jose's arms.—M. Y. H. in Washington Post.

Justice Field, of the United States supreme court, once declined to pay $4,500 for a San Francisco lot that has since been sold for $1,000,000.

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.

MONEY MADE EVERY DAY

by buying Drugs, Patent Medicine, Toilet Articles and Perfumery from

SBROOK & LEGG,

300 State Street.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A child's swing runs a churn.

Virginia has 100,000 acres devoted to tobacco cultivation.

By the laws of Texas a homestead cannot be touched for debt.

The wheat crop of the Argentine Republic is valued at $60,000,000.

Nearly 40,000 men desert from the German army every twelve months.

Sonora, Mexico, levies a tax of two dollars on every child born within its limits.

Milwaukee has added a cooking school to her system of public school instruction.

In the year 1635 a tulip bulb was sold in Holland for $2,200; it weighed but 200 grains.

Records for the last six months show an investment of $11,500,000 in factories and railroads in South Carolina.

It has been estimated that 65,251,300 pairs of eyeglasses and spectacles are produced annually in the United States.

A temperature of 220 degs. below zero has been produced by a bath of carbon bisulphide and liquid nitrous acid.

Every person under twenty-one years of age needs nine hours rest out of the twenty-four. So says Dr. Cold, an eminent German physician.

A curious story from Oregon relates that a young child in Eugene City is growing faster on one side than on the other without apparent cause.

One of the smartest old time trotters in Maine is Jack Spratt, 17 years old, record 2:23. He has been worked on a farm all summer, but came out the other day and went a mile in 2:33 1-4 easily.

The Tea Plant.

The tea plant is of a genus of shrubs of the natural order Ternstroemiaceæ, closely allied to the tribe camellia. The seeds are sown soon after they ripen in holes four or five inches deep and three to four feet apart. As the rains come on it grows rapidly, soon forming large clusters, which require little care other than an occasional weeding. The leaves of the shrubs are not gathered for "tea" until after the end of the third year from the time when the seed was planted. Each shrub is good for from seven to ten years, when it is cut down and young and healthy shoots allowed to rise. In spring the entire plant is covered with bloom, even the leaf itself taking on the appearance of a blossom.

Gathering the crop is a very particular job, each leaf being separately removed from the shoot. Three crops are usually taken in a year—March, May and August—the exact period varying according to the climate of the different districts in which it grows. After the leaves have been gathered they are first dried in the sun and then thrown into small furnaces furnished with sheet iron pans, in which they are stirred until all moisture has been eliminated. The best sorts are put up choicely, while the poorer kinds and sweepings are made into bricks and sent into Tartary.—St. Louis Republic.

Arranging a Church Sociable.

Do not let a few do all the work; divide the labor and the responsibility. Let those who are active in other departments of church work find the evening restful. Give the Sunday school superintendent an easy chair and the sexton an extra plate of ice cream. Each woman in the congregation should feel that it is her duty to increase the interest in the success of the evening. She should invite a shy neighbor, urge a sad one or accompany a lonely one to the sociable and introduce her to at least one friendly soul. I speak of women especially because theirs seems to be the privilege of guiding and controlling social life generally.

Those who take the place of hosts for the evening may find use for all the tact and ingenuity they have. A word here, a cordial handshake there, an introduction which promises a congenial acquaintance, a skillfully managed interruption when a tete-a-tete is too prolonged—it is not a place for getting into a cozy corner with your particular friend, all cliques should be broken up—these are what makes a hostess in her own parlor a success, and these will make the leaders in church society successful.—Mrs. Lyman Abbott in Ladies' Home Journal.

Useful Things About the House.

The best thing in this world is to know how to do things and be willing to make one's knowledge available. A shelf in the corner of a rather bare bedroom destitute of a wardrobe is the difference between comfort and discomfort. If it is neatly made, stained and put up, and a pretty curtain, no matter how cheap, hung in front of it, it is a thing of beauty as well as comfort. The power to shape, smooth and put up a shelf is of inestimable value in a home. Two rounded shelves, one large, fitted and clamped, the other small and set above it, for an inkstand, makes a capital writing desk.

It is becoming the fashion now to use the corners for cupboards, as in the old times, and a handy boy or man or girl who knows the use of tools can add immeasurably to the quaint appearance and individuality of the home by adding these corner closets and cupboards; by putting up brass hooks where needed; by acquiring a bracket or a picture; aiding in the acquisition of curtains, or making the cushion for a chair or a lounge.—Cor. Homemaker.

Geo. E. Good, the druggist, takes especial pleasure in supplying his customers with the best medicines obtainable. Among the many excellent preparations on his shelves may be mentioned Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, a favorite during the winter months on account of its great success in the cure of colds. There is nothing that will loosen a severe cold so quickly, or so promptly relieve the lungs. Then it counteracts any tendency towards pneumonia. It is pleasant and safe to take, and fully worthy of its popularity.

UNIVERSAL STOVES AND RANGES

Above we give our patrons the EARTH (in stoves) and if this will not satisfy them we can furnish the barb 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 lyr

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

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

TILMON 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 355 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, 92 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 280 Commercial St., up stairs.

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

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

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GEO. E. SPRAGUE, Blacksmith and horseshoeing and repairing. Only the best workmen employed. Opposite State Insurance building

RICE & ROSS, Blacksmiths, all kinds of repairing and carriage work. We have in our employ Arthur Glove, a professional horseshoer. Give us a trial. 4-14

JOHN KNIGHT, Blacksmith. Horse shoeing and repairing a specialty. Shop at the foot of Liberty street, Salem, Oregon. 2.20tf

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. 4:15-1m

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 it the city. 289 Commercial street, Salem.

JACK HARKINS, Scientific horse shoeing. All diseases of horses feet treated, shop, opposite the foundry.

$500 Reward FOR AN INCURABLE CASE.

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 Ears, 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 INSURANCE Company, Fire and Marine.
G. W. KEELER, Agent. - Salem, Oregon

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA

Southern Pacific Route

Shasta Line

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

South.				North.
7:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	7:35 a. m
9:18 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	4:23 a. m
8:15 a. m.	Ar.	San Fran.	Lv.	7:00 p. m

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

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.

8:05 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	4:30 p. m.
10:52 a. m	Lv	Salem	Lv.	1:38 p. m.
5:40 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.	6:20 a. m.

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday)

5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	9:00 a. m.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	6:18 a. m.
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.	5:00 a. m.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.

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.	5:30 p. m.
12:10 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.	12:55 p. m.

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

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

4:40 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	8:20 a. m.
7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.	5:45 a. m.

Through Tickets

—To all points—

EAST and SOUTH

For tickets and full information regarding rates maps, etc., apply to the Company's agent Salem, Oregon.
E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. and Pass. Agt.
R. KOEHLER, Manager

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company's steamship line. 225 miles shorter, 20 hours 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	1:00 P M
Leave Corvallis	1:40 P M
Arrive Yaquina	5:30 P M
Leave Yaquina	6:45 A M
Leave Corvallis	10:35 A M
Arrive Albany	11:10 A 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 2
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	July
Farallon, Sunday	"
Willamette Valley, Thursday	"
Farallon, Tuesday	"

STEAMERS.	FROM SAN FRANCISCO
Willamette Valley, Friday	June
Farallon, Tuesday	July
Willamette Valley, Sunday	"
Farallon, Thursday	"
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	"

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

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

Passenger and Freight Rates Always the Lowest. For information apply to Messrs HULMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 200 and 202 Front st., Portland Or.

C. C. HOGUE Act. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or
C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery st.

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Northern Pacific Railroad

Is the line to take

To all Points East and South.

It is the dining car route. It runs through vestibule trains every day in the year to

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 sleeper reservations can be secured in advance through any agent of the road.

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

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Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 121 First street, cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon

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