We Did Not Stop

The sun's shining to let in rain, but we DID STOP these 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 manufacturers 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, 16½
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—15c per pound.
Red top—10c per pound.
Lincoln Grass—12½c per pound.
Rye Grass—10c per pound.
Orchard grass—17c per pound
New potatoes 4 lbs per quarter.
Canned Fruit—Peaches, $2 00; apricots $2 00; blackberries, $3; corn, per doz $1 00; tomatoes $1 00; string beans $1 a; green peas $1 85; per doz. In two lb cans.
Fresh Vegetables.—Potatoes 50c; 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—85c net.
Flour—Per barrel, $3.00, best 100 lbs.
Oats—Per bushel, 30@35c.
Barley—Per bushel, 40@50c.
Bran—Per ton, $21 00 at mill, sacked.
Shorts—Per ton, $23 00 " sacked.
Chop—Per ton, $26.00 " sacked.
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—9@10 per lb.
Shoulders—8@9c per lb.
Chickens.—8@10c per pound.
Turkeys 10 to 12c lb.
Geese 7@8 per lb.
Ducks, 12½c per lb
Hops, 8@14c.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.** ⊕

STARTLING FACTS!

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggests the best remedy: Alphonso Hempling, of Butler, Pa., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance, **Dr. Miles' Great Restorative Nervine** cured him. Mrs. J. R. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., J. D. Taylor, of Logansport, Ind., each gained 20 pounds from taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vincennes, Ind., was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions a day, and much headache, dizziness, backache, and nervous prostration, by one bottle. Daniel Myers, Brooklyn, Mich., says his daughter was cured of insanity of ten years' standing. Trial bottles and free book of marvelous cures, FREE at druggists. This remedy contains no opiates.

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

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

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

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Have you written me yet? If you haven't, do so now and intelligent ambition support write to-day. I promise you my special, personal attention. I undertake to fully teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who will follow instructions, by mail, at home, during spare time, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can make that amount. I charge nothing for instruction. Any earnest, ambitious person can secure a large income, who otherwise would be groping in darkness and poverty. Address, E. G. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

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Paper Hanger.

Leave order at Globe Real Estate Exchange

THE HEART IS NEVER OLD.

I know the smell of the cool night wind
As it creeps from its bed in the blackberry vine,
Where the sweetbrier roses with thorns are pinned,
And the dew dripping spider webs shiver and shine.
I know the yawn of the mossy stone,
Where the sleepy brook washes the sand from its eyes,
Where the water hen hides in the weeds alone,
And the little fish leap at the big dragon flies.

I know the field where the swallows dart,
And the bumblebee booms on his wandering way,
By the bunches of brush where the bob whites start,
And the grass hidden nests where the meadow larks lay;
I know the thrash of the rain wet weeds
On the bare, brown legs of the wandering lad,
In the strawberry patch where the runaway feeds
On his way to where turkey-toe roots may be had.

I know the spring and the shady pool,
The great elms on the banks where the Alderneys rub,
And the cow buntings shriek in their summer school,
To the valiant woodpecker's rub-a-dub-dub.
I know the road to the swimming hole,
Through cornfields and stretches of sycamore shade,
To the sandiest bar where the youngsters roll,
And the shallowest bend where the herons wade.

I know the call of the crows and jays,
When they wake in the tops of the slumbering trees;
Round the mud bottomed pool where the green frog plays,
And pokes fun at his cousin, the hoptoad's knees.
I know the path through the orchard grass
To the tree where the earliest apples fall;
What if wrinkles do come as the flying years pass?
I am only an overgrown boy after all.

—Jack Bennett in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

FREEBOOTERS AT SEA.

On the morning of Sept. 16, 1738, with the sun half way to the zenith, the trim schooner Dolphin forged southward. A gentle southerly breeze rippled the smooth Caribbean waters, and St. Thomas, her port, lay only twenty-four hours' sail away. Here she was to discharge and load cargo, and thence shape her homeward course toward Boston.

Captain Archibald Knowlton walked his quarter deck briskly, for he was beginning to enjoy the relief from anxiety felt on nearing port safe from disaster by storm or pirate. Tornadoes and hurricanes were less to be dreaded than the fierce outlaws that in those days haunted the seas wherever merchant vessels sailed. "Dead men tell no tales," was their maxim with prisoners, and every merchant captain knew well that the capture of his ship by pirates meant that those of his company taken alive would be made to "walk the plank."

The Yankee skipper whistled cheerfully as he looked to windward, where a long, sharp rigged schooner which the morning had brought into view was sailing in the same direction as the Dolphin. From her course and appearance he took her to be a trader from some American port. The stranger was larger and faster than his own craft, and slowly crept up on her weather quarter.

Another more distant sail was in view, a brig off the port bow, coming on with a fair breeze.

Both schooners were close hauled on the starboard tack, and the strange schooner was now nearly abeam of the Dolphin. Five or six sailors and an officer in plain clothes were in view upon her decks.

"What do you make her out to be, Abel?" said Captain Knowlton.

He spoke to his first mate, with whom he had sailed since they were boys.

"A slaver makin for the west coast, more'n likely," answered Abel Forbes. "She's a good one; pulls ahead of us on the wind, and not many craft can do that."

The breeze, which came and went fitfully, was dying wholly away, and the stranger, which had come very near, now fell off a little, keeping on the same tack, as if trying to make the most of what wind was left.

"If that fellow doesn't mind what he's a-doin he'll run afoul of us," said Captain Knowlton. "I'll hail him." Lifting his speaking trumpet, he shouted: "Schooner ahoy! What's your name and where are you bound?"

"The Piroqua, of Havana," called back the officer; then gave a command in Spanish to his helmsman, who suddenly threw up the wheel; the stranger shot ahead and laid her port bow on the starboard quarter of the Dolphin.

As the vessels pitched and ground together, the Piroqua's men, pretending to help in clearing them, passed a hawser about the Dolphin's main shrouds, fastening the schooners together. A gorgeously dressed man appeared, sword in hand, on the stranger's quarter deck, shouting commands. About her lee rail rose a crowd of desperate looking fellows who in a moment more, with flashing weapons and ferocious yells, were swarming upon the Dolphin's decks. Before an attack so sudden the merchantman's company were easily overpowered and made prisoners.

The pirates were of many nations and colors, in motley dress and armed to the teeth. They ransacked the cabin and forecastle, knocking their captives about and compelling them to assist in the plundering; then gathered with their booty and prisoners in the Dolphin's waist. Upon the poop stood their captain, a tall, black bearded man, with a fierce eye and resolute, cruel, thin lips. He wore a cocked hat, and over his shoulder was slung a wide, crimson sash in which were stuck several heavy pistols, and his hand rested on the richly ornamented hilt of the sword at his side.

He put some questions to Captain Knowlton concerning his cargo, the sailing of other vessels from Boston, and the measures that the British authorities were taking against the West Indian pirates.

Then he turned to his lieutenant:

"We're wasting time," he said. "Run a plank out at the lee gangway and walk them overboard."

The pirates, with brutal jests and laughter, began to tie the elbows of the Dolphin's company behind their backs and to tear up strips of bunting with which to bandage their eyes. The gangway was thrown open, and from it a plank run out two-thirds of its length, its inner end secured to the deck by the weight of a large spar. The unhappy merchant crew silently watched the preparations for their cold blooded murder, while there rose unbidden in their minds last memories of home and friends who could never know their terrible fate.

The pirate captain, looking off impatiently toward the brig, saw that with the tail of the breeze puffing her upper sails she would pass them two miles away. At the same time a ripple coming from the west promised wind for his own vessel.

"Avast there!" he shouted to his men. "It's no time to drown prisoners with that prize slipping past us. Four of you stay with the schooner and work her down in our wake while we give chase."

The pirates, except four men whom he designated, hastily returned to their own deck and, casting loose from the Yankee schooner, the Piroqua spread her wings to the rising breeze and swept like a gull toward the brig. The Dolphin's crew dejectedly watched the pirate vessel swoop upon its prey, which, seeming to realize the danger, had turned its course so as to give the schooner a stern chase. At this move the black flag came up to the Piroqua's peak and, in her true colors, she crowded on sail in pursuit.

The pirates left in charge of the Dolphin, in ill temper at being left behind, drove the officers and crew, nine in number, into the forecastle and fastened the door. They shaped the schooner's course into the wake of the pirate craft and then, while one of them handled the wheel, the others began a search for liquor. A bottle partly filled with rum, found in the cook's locker, only whetted their appetites. They came to the forecastle and asked the prisoners where the liquor—in those days a regular part of a vessel's stores—was kept. The mate informed them through the airport that there was a cask of rum among the stores in the forehold. They opened the forecastle door.

"Come out of there, two of you," they called; whereat Abel Forbes and Jack Dutton, the ship's boy, climbed the ladder to the deck. The pirates pointed to the fore hatchway.

"Get down there and break out that cask of rum, and be quick about it," they commanded.

Very unwillingly Abel and Jack went below and tried to pull aside the barrels of beef and pork stowed about the cask. The pirates rigged a fall, and by the aid of this some barrels were hoisted out and others swung aside until the head of the coveted cask was in sight.

But so much stuff still was wedged about it that the thirsty ruffians became impatient. At their order Jack Dutton brought an augur from the carpenter's room, and seizing it one of the pirates jumped below. A hole was quickly bored into the cask, and with a long reed pipestem he was able to reach the liquor, which he sucked up greedily until his eager companions clamored that he come on deck and allow them their turn.

Once started to drinking, the pirates continued it at a lively rate. They kept Abel and Jack on deck to help haul the ropes, but at first took the precaution that two of their number should remain above while the other drank. But, unused as they were to responsibility or self control, as the liquor showed its effect, presently two of them were at the cask at the same time, and they refused to leave at the call of the third one, who at last joined them, and singing, swearing, laughing, the three caroused without care or precaution. The man at the wheel was a scarred and swarthy ruffian, with gold rings in his ears, a red handkerchief knotted about his head and two large pistols and a cutlass at his belt. Missing his comrades he gruffly called Jack aft.

"What are my mates doing forward?" he inquired.

"They've tapped the barrel of rum in the forehold," said Jack.

"That's pretty work for 'em to be at, with the craft to sail and prisoners to guard," growled the pirate with an oath. "Here, you young hellhound, catch hold of the wheel and watch your steering!"

With cutlass in hand, he ran forward to the hatchway and shouted to his comrades to come on deck, but, recklessly drunken, they replied only by inviting him to join their carousal or go to a place warmer than Havana.

While they exchanged threats and curses, Abel, standing by the foresheet, saw that the vessel, through lack of skillful handling, had fallen fully a mile behind the pirate craft. He perceived a chance to make a bold stroke for the lives of himself and his comrades, and knowing that as matters stood their doom was sealed in any event, he acted promptly and resolutely.

As the ruffian at the hatchway alternately cursed his comrades and implored them to come on deck, Abel, under pretense of pulling in the slack of the jib sheet, contrived to get near him. The pirate heard his movement, turned, and instantly raised his cutlass.

"So you were trying to steal on me," he snarled. "I'll put you out of the way."

The steel flashed down as he spoke. Abel instinctively dodged back at the moment, but that would not have saved him had it not been for the dangling tackle that had been used in moving the barrel in the hold. It swung in the way of the falling blade, catching and turning the blow, so that the edge of the cutlass sank deep into the wooden block. Before his enemy could disengage it the mate sprang forward, and his heavy fist, landing squarely upon the jaw, knocked the pirate backward into the hold.

With a strength and quickness he could not have shown in a lesser emergency he flung the hatch down into place. Quickly as it was done he caught a glimpse of the three pirates grouped about the cask, half sobered by the sudden alarm, starting up and grasping their weapons.

Directly beneath him the fallen wretch, as he lay on his back with his head bleeding where it had struck the edge of a barrel, had pulled a pistol, and with the slamming down of the hatch there came from below a flash and report that in the confined space was deafening. A whistling ball tore upward through the woodwork and cut a long swath through Abel's beard and a thin smoke wreath curled along the hatch's edge as the mate forced the clamp on the staple and secured it.

He sprang to the forecastle and opened the door.

"Come out, come out, Captain Knowlton," he cried; "I've got the pirates under hatches."

"Steady," he shouted to the imprisoned crew, eager to rush out. "One at a time, and only two of you. If too many of us are about the deck we'll rouse the suspicions of that fellow ahead; and if we do we're worse off than ever."

Captain Knowlton, with two men, handled the ropes, and with Abel at the wheel, still keeping the Dolphin headed for the pirate craft, they contrived to spill so much wind and to so steer that the vessel should make the least headway possible. The distance between the two schooners steadily increased until they were two miles apart. Then the wind fell, leaving the Dolphin rolling on the swell with flapping sails.

The last puff, dying away to leeward, carried the Piroqua along some distance farther, and the three vessels lay becalmed at equal distances apart. In anxious suspense the Dolphin's crew waited for the next rise of wind, for upon its direction would depend their fate.

At four bells in the afternoon the captain and his mate still stood anxiously at the wheel, their gaze turning from the pirate on the east to the western water, smooth and glassy to the horizon line.

At last a little catspaw from the west ruffled the surface, and coming after it, growing and deepening, a dark ripple showed that there was wind behind. The mainsail swelled out, and there came beneath the bows the gurgle of water cut by the Dolphin's prow.

"All hands on deck," cried Captain Knowlton. "Haul aft the sheets. Head her southwest by south, Abel."

The schooner rounded up into the breeze, and the becalmed pirates saw their prize drawing off with gathering headway. Would the Piroqua leave her chase of the brig to pursue her when the wind came? This was soon revealed. With his spyglass Captain Knowlton could see a commotion on her decks, and as the breeze reached the pirate and gave her steerageway she headed closehauled toward the escaping schooner. But the Dolphin had the first pull of the freshening wind and drew farther and farther away from her pursuer.

The merchant schooner had gained a fine start, but as the wind became steady the Piroqua, hanging on her quarter, held her own, and began to creep closer, and a change or falling of the wind might again throw the Dolphin into her cruel enemy's clutches.

As the pirate, crawling up into the wind, drew nearer and nearer, a sail far ahead gradually lifting into view revealed a great spread of canvas, a union jack flying at the peak and the black and white portholes of a British man-of-war. The pirate quickly recognized the character of the coming vessel, and wanted no closer acquaintance. Tacking, she spread her sails free and went off like a shot abeam of the wind, and was soon hull down in the distance.

At Captain Knowlton's signal of distress there came off to him from his majesty's cruiser Terror a boat manned by a dozen blue jackets in command of a lieutenant. The situation was quickly explained, the hatch thrown off, and the pirates, at the sight of the man-of-war's men, surrendered without a struggle. Justice in those days was swift for freebooters of the sea, and before the Dolphin left St. Thomas the four pirates lay under sentence in prison awaiting the day of their execution.—True Flag.

The Ivory Nut Grows Wild.

The grain of the ivory nut is white and even of texture, so that it is easily carved, sawed and worked into any desirable shape. The ivory nut tree is not formed or raised artificially, as is the banana tree, but grows in its natural state and after its own manner in the forests, the same as the hickory, or the chestnut or walnut.—New York Telegram.

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CAUSED BY HER CORSET.

A Woman's Strange Experience With a Magnet in a Signal Station Post.

In the weather observer's office at the government building is a curious looking box with glass sides nearly 2 feet long and 6 inches square. Inside the box, suspended by a silk thread is a bar of pure steel 16 inches long and nearly an inch square. At one end of the needle is a diagram to indicate the variations of the magnet. When the steel bar was first swung in the government building it was nothing more than a useless piece of metal.

By degrees, however, it began to assert itself and feel that it needed something to help it make a mark in the world. It forthwith filled up on electricity which it found floating through the air, until now it has become so sensitive you can scarcely look at it without attracting its attention. When the cloudbursts nearly deluged the country around the city of Troy this needle manifested its uneasiness by banging itself up against its glass house.

Weather Observer White did not know what to think of its strange movements. Of course he didn't know anything of the cloudbursts at the time, but he concluded something terrible was going to happen, so he decided that as it was the time of year for taking a vacation he might just as well go then. His assistant, Mr. Krichelt, remained, and in due time heard of the heavy rainfall eastward.

If you point a jackknife at the thing it will swing around and bump up against the glass case as if in anger. The other day a modest looking lady was sight seeing in the government building. She wandered into the weather office and appeared greatly interested. Everything in the place seemed to catch her eye, and all the appliances for keeping track of affairs in the atmosphere were quietly scanned and their purpose guessed. But when her eye rested on this bar of steel she became uneasy. She approached it nervously, but every time she drew near the case the bar swung toward her with surprising velocity. She would retrace her steps a few feet and again advance, evidently hoping to get near the box without being seen.

She kept repeating her maneuvers, but the bar was on the alert, and her advances were received with tappings on the glass. She was afraid to ask any questions, and Assistant Krichelt was too modest to explain the cause of the needle's agitation. But he told a reporter soon afterward that he knew the lady carried steel in her corsets, and that the sensitive magnet was thereby visibly affected.—Rochester Express.

The Boy Was Revenged.

"We had some years ago," said Mr. Gaylor musingly, "an actor about the place named Ned Sullivan. He prided himself greatly on being a 'legitimate' and had a great contempt for the variety business. We also had a young man whom I will call Billy—a green hand and full of fun. One day he pointed out Sullivan to a visiting manager as a slack wire performer, and the manager tried to make a date with him.

"Sullivan was highly indignant and gave the boy such a dressing down that he swore he would get even. Not long after they were both in a little drama. In one of the acts it was necessary for Sullivan, attired in full dress, to deliver a soliloquy seated in a chair, while Billy, as the servant, dusted the furniture. Then the stage directions required him to spring to his feet and rush from the room. While Sullivan was soliloquizing Billy seized the opportunity to tie the tails of his dress coat around the back of the chair. The audience saw the move and waited breathlessly for the result, and they say that Sullivan's exit, with the piece of furniture standing out at right angles with his back, was one of the finest realistic effects ever seen on any stage."—Atlanta Constitution.

He Had to Ride on the Platform.

"No, you can't go in there with that paint. You'll have to go out with the driver," said a conductor to a man who was about to board a Ninth street car. "I'll tell you why. Yesterday a pretty young lady, all dressed up to kill, got in the car. She had on a nice white dress that looked as though it had never been worn before, brand new I guess. Soon a man got on the car that had been working in the stove works and planked himself near her. The car got full and he was shoved closer to her. When she got up to get out, glancing down on her dress she saw one side of it was coal black, rubbed off of the man's clothes. Hard luck? I should say so. The poor girl burst into tears right there in the car. She was going to a party and she had to go all the way home and change her dress. So I'm on the lookout now."—Philadelphia Press.

The Policy of the Astor Family.

The wealth of the Astors is remarkable for the way in which it has been kept intact, and for the steady and considerably rapid augmentation which is continually taking place. The elder Astor made a mint of money out of the fur trade, and would have continued in that business, but he found that investment in real estate was vastly more profitable. The family has steadily adhered to this line of investment through three generations.—Henry Clews in Ladies' Home Journal.

Poetic Comments.

"'Architecture,' says the poet, 'is frozen music.'"

"Humph!" said Chapple. "This hotel must be a lullaby. Everybody's so sleepy here."—Harper's Bazar.

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.

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

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.

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Le Richan's GOLDEN BALSAM

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

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

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

Le Richan's Golden Pills—Nervous 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. DEELER, 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 p. m.
9:18 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv. 5:23 a. m.
8:15 a. m.	Ar.	San Frnc.	Lv. 7:40 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. 4:00 p. m.
10:52 a. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv. 1:05 p. m.
6:40 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv. 6:20 a. m.

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday.)

3:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 8:35 a. m.
7:32 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv. 4:00 a. m.
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv. 3:00 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. 12:50 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. 5:05 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. Ag't
S. KORTICK, 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 27
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	July 1
Farallon, Sunday	" 4
Willamette Valley, Thursday	" 7
Farallon, Tuesday	" 11

STEAMERS.	FROM SAN FRANCISCO
Willamette Valley, Friday	June 27
Farallon, Tuesday	July 1
Willamette Valley, Sunday	" 6
Farallon, Thursday	" 10
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	" 15

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 Ag't Gen'l Ft. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co. Corvallis, Or

O. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Ft. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

From Terminal or Interior Points the

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.

Rates 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 [illegible] with all lines, affording [illegible] and uninterrupted service.

Pullman sleepers [illegible] can be secured in advance [illegible] 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.

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

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

SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.