"A Priceless Blessing."

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is the best remedy for Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, and all the sudden Throat and Lung Troubles to which young people are subject. Keep this medicine in the house. Hon. C. Edwards Lester, late U. S. Consul to Italy, and author of various popular works, writes:—

"With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral within 24 hours. Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to a vast number of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light and frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is a priceless blessing in any house."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

SALEM MARKET REPORT.

A Synopsis of the Markets—Buying and Selling Prices.

REVISED QUOTATIONS.

RETAIL PRICES.

Shoulders, Sugar cured, per lb, 10.
Breakfast bacon 15
Hams—Sugar cured, per lb, 16⅔c.
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, 30c.
Alsike—13c 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; apricot, $3 00; blackberries, $3; corn, best grades $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 3c per lb.
Fish...Salmon 8@10c per lb; Sturgeon 5@7c per lb; Bream all fish 12c per lb; salt salmon, 7@10c per lb.

BUYING PRICES.

Wheat—Cash 90c, storage 88c.
Flour—Per barrel, $4.00, best 196 lbs.
Oats—Per bushel, 30@35½c.
Barley—Per bushel, 40@45c.
Bran—Per ton, $21 00 at mill, sacked.
Shorts—Per ton, $23 00 " " sacked.
Chop—Per ton, $25.00 " " sacked.
Wool—17c to 22c.
Eggs—15c per dozen.
Potatoes—Per bushel, 20c
Corn meal—5c 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...7@10c per pound.
Turkeys 10 to 12c lb.
Geese 75@8 per lb.
Ducks, 12½c per lb
Hops, 8@15c.

For the Children.

"In buying a cough medicine for children," says H. A. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is always sure to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. 50 cent bottles for sale by G. E. Goode, druggist.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

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

HEART DISEASE

In all forms, Palpitation, Pain in Side, Shoulder and Arm, Short Breath, Oppression, Asthma, Swollen Ankles, Weak and Smothering Spells, Dropsy, Wind in Stomach, etc., are cured by DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE. A new discovery by the eminent Indiana Specialist. A. F. Davis, River Creek, Neb., after taking four bottles of HEART CURE felt better than he had for twelve years. "For thirty years troubled with Heart Disease; has taken of DR. MILES' HEART CURE cured me.—Levi Logan, Buchanan, Mich." H. B. Stetson, Texas Station, Ga., has taken DR. MILES' HEART CURE for Heart trouble with great results. Mrs. Jo Dar, Fischburg, Mich., was ill for 15 years with Heart Disease, had to hire house help, lived on liquid food; used Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and all pains left her; constitution was cured her. Fine illustrated book FREE at druggists, or address Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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

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 Rem. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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

TED AND TOM.

Ted and Tom were brothers, born in the same old farmhouse,
Played in the same green meadows, fished in the same wild stream;
Both chased the same red woodchuck, both shirked in the same cornfield,
Made love to the same schoolgirl and dreamed the same sweet dream.

Ted wandered off at twenty, passed the world's misty mountains,
And traced historic rivers through legendary lands;
He sailed tempestuous oceans, by trailing tropic islands,
Basked in irriguous valleys and toiled through desert sands.

Tom lived at home till eighty, mowed the ancestral hayfields,
And reaped his annual harvests and watched his hens and bees.
He toiled on in his birthplace until the mourners bore him
To th' hereditary graveyard beneath the maple trees.

But Ted, he lived in dreamland and everywhere he wandered,
He saw the old green meadows, the waving fields of corn,
The big rock by the pine woods, the huckleberry pasture,
The red house in the valley—the house where he was born.

Tom also lived in dreamland, and trod in misty trances,
Through visionary mountains and through legendary lands;
He sailed through odorous oceans and passed palm fronded islands,
And heard the sounding surf wash that broke on savage strands.

Thus Ted and Tom were brothers, and lived as life companions,
Though evermore divided by sundering lands and seas;
Both roamed the earth together, both tilled th' ancestral acres,
Until both slept together beneath th' maple trees.

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

REFORMING AN OUTCAST

"I was a-readin the other day," said the old cattleman, tipping back his chair, "how some old Roman sharp who most likely was interested in the town says, 'All roads leads to Rome.' Not knowin nuthin of Rome myse'f, nor yet of the causeways thar an thar abouts, I of course ain't sayin nuthin, an simply lets her fly as a quotation for what it's worth. It suggests, however—leavin Rome for the reformation of men—that all trails leads likewise to reforn. No one can tell how soon or by what cur'ous means some onery hoss thief sort of fellow, of no more value to a decent camp than an Apache or a horned toad, will come squar' 'round on his hind hoofs an be good people.

"This yere was mighty eminent the case with a hold up I knows once by the name of Johnson. He comes into Wolfville one day in August, along of a paint pony. He comes trailin in after the stage at the time, for company likes, I suppose, which the same is not onusual. Old Monte, the driver, sorter allows casual like with his nose in his whisky, as how he sees Johnson first back some thirty miles into the hills, an as old Monte seemed to reckon a whole lot, that Johnson owns some cattle some'ers, an as the fac's ain't worryin us none nohow, we all lets her go at that.

"Johnson himse'f is a long, lean, good lookin kind of coyote, with a quick eye, which is gettin its share of the scenery right along, an if he's remarkable at all it's because he's pervadin around mighty continuous, an seems like he's as restless as a prairie dog. As far as my opinion goes at that time, I sorter likes him. I takes note of his allers drinkin whisky straight, an that, nacheral enuf, kinder drors him to my heart. Then, ag'in, one night I observes him in a little game with Cherokee Hall, an Johnson lays down three queens when Cherokee makes a flush on a two draw, an then I respects him. A man who is that sensitive an ackerate as to know when to lay down three queens is plenty rare, an when found he has my respect.

"Well? this yere Johnson is trackin 'round Wolfville, may be it's two weeks, a-playin of a little poker, a-buckin of a little faro an absorbin of bar viands alternate, an all in a way which puts public suspicion to sleep in a minute if it ever lifts its head, which it don't.

"One mornin we was all outen our blankets an assembled in the 'Early Bird'—it was about first drink time an we was gathered thar for our customary forty drops—when in comes Dan Boggs all spradled out.

"'Gents,' says Dan in a tone as shows he's all keyed up, 'Gents, I'm a binged Mexican if somebody ain't done run off every hoss we had in the corral—leastwise he's run off ten head, bein six of the stage company's in the bunch too.'

"'Well,' says Sam Enright, ca'mly tippin up his glass until he gets every drop as is comin to him, 'takin ten hosses is different from takin all. Moore, you go over an see about saddlin four hosses—get fast ones, Jack, an barkeep, fill up four canteens with cough medicine—give us some of the Willow run stuff. I reckon,' he goes on, turnin to the rest of us, 'we overhauls this yere hoss dealer too easy.' Enright was chief of the Stranglers, an a prompt, thoughtful man. You can gamble he knowed his business.

"'While we all are waitin for the hosses,' says Doc Peets, an I wants to mention that most likely this yere Peets was the smartest man I ever see, 's'pose we convenes the camp an find who's missin. It may he'p find the thief.'

"So Peets steps out an turns his six shooter loose three or four times, an of course all the inhabitants comes canterin up eager for to see whoever gets downed so early in the day, an when we counts noses we finds we're jest short this yere sharp, Johnson.

"'I reckon he's our man,' says Enright. 'I can't go myse'f, but four of you all take the hosses Booth is comin with, an p'int out an get him.'

"So Peets, Booth, Boggs an Cherokee Hall steps into the saddle an, pickin up the trail over by the corral, lines out toward the Tres Hermanos. They runs the trail until late that afternoon an camps, an gettin it agan in the mornin, it takes 'em into the hills. Yere it gets hard and rocky, an they, nacheral enuff, not bein Injuns, lose it. An Injun can track a tomcat along a stone wall, but white men ain't got no sech gift. But on they goes, trail or no trail.

"'We gets this yere Johnson,' says Jack Booth, 'or up goes a wickeyup an I lives right in these yere hills from now on. Either we downs him or I don't go back no more, in which event Wolfville lose not only ten hosses, but a valyooed citizen.' Booth is marshal for the Stranglers, an for a outsider like this yere Johnson to stroll in and quit us ten hosses ahead is mighty grievous an gratin to Jack.

"As the outfit was stumblin up a canyon they hears a hoss whinny t'other side of the hill. It was one of the stage hosses, an he gets scent of an acquaintance of his'n—they bein to windward—which the same is carryin Doc Peets all easy enuf, an so he says 'Howdy!' to him, hoss fashion. Peets' hoss, he says 'Howdy!' back, an the next minute these yere four people is pilin all permiscus into the canyon where the ten hosses is, an each a-shootin. So's Johnson, for that matter, an for a time it's some lively. When the shootin ceases there's that man Johnson stretched out with his laig broke at the knee, an Booth is busy gettin his saddle off his own dead hoss to put it onto another. Then they sets Johnson in a saddle after tyin up his laig, takes the ten hosses, which is all lookin on, some interested in the racket, an lines out for home.

"Just as the outfit is enterin into a long, narrer stretch of canyon where the walls is high an onclimable, they hears fifteen or twenty guns behind 'em, an at the same time the bullets begin to scutter an spatter around in the rocks. Back they looks and thar's forty Injuns up the valley half a mile.

"'Oh! you wants us, do you?' says Booth, plenty scornful; 'well, we'li jest fool you up a whole lot! What do you say, Peets; let's stop an give 'em a rough toss? There's nuthin in it, of course, but let it go into the minutes of the meetin under the head of "good of the order."'

"'No,' says Peets, 'let's get out of the hills onto the flat ground first. Too good a chance to crawl 'round us yere.

"'But I'm constitootionally agin allowin Injuns to pester 'round me this away,' says Jack. 'What do you all say, boys?' he continued to Boggs an Cherokee.

"Boggs was for stoppin, an Cherokee allowed he don't care none which way; anything as suits the rest suits him.

"'Don't I get no vote in this yere, I'd like for to know?' says Johnson, who sits on his hoss listenin, some pale with his busted laig, but game an ugly jest the same. 'Ain't I into this at all?

"'Well, I should say not,' says Booth, mighty contemptuous. 'Do you think we're comin out yere in the hills to let a hoss thief vote along of us? If you do, you ain't got our grade, none at all.'

"All this time the Injuns is closin up, a-shootin wild an wastin good lead like they allers do, an so Peets, a-seein how sentiment stands, sorter drops the whole outfit in behind a point o' rocks an begins pumpin it into the hostiles in a rapid an onpleasant way. This yere goes on for two minutes, an the Injuns sorter drops out of the game long enuf to count what chips they're short.

"'I s'pose,' says Johnson to Peets, while they're waitin, 'you all's shore due to hang me when we gets to Wolfville?'

"'We most likely will waste a lariat that away,' says Peets. 'Why, whatever makes you doubt it?'

"'I ain't doubtin of it,' says Johnson; 'none whatever. This yere's jest my way of beginnin a conversation. Now, what I'm gettin to is this: I'm goin to hang anyhow, an it hurts my laig like blazes to ride. Now, what's the matter of you all givin me a Winchester and a couple of Colts, and say about 100 rounds of "44's," an lettin me camp right yere in the rocks an carry on the war. You all can stroll off to Wolfville then, an I'll see that no Injuns go by me. The canyon walls'll see they don't go round none, an thar you be. I think she's a bang up good scheme, mysel', as does me credit. They can't nohow down me for two hours, an that'd give you start enuf, even if you're afoot. What do you say; is it a go?'

"'What do you all think?' says Peets to the rest, sorter thinkin of it over to himse'f. 'It looks all right to me. This yere man is bound to go anyhow, an simply prefers Injuns to us an bullets to a rope. I would myse'f, similarly situated. It most likely is a-hurtin of his laig a heap to make him ride too. What do you all say? Shall we let him make the play?'

"'It looks like when a man's done bound to lose anyhow,' says Cherokee, 'he shore oughter be allowed to say which card he drops his stack on.'

"'We might as well let him have his way,' says Booth gloomily. 'Packin him in with his busted knee is a heap of bother, an when we do get him in thar we ain't got no real good up and up place to swing him to. Hanging him to the windmill stops proceedin's in that quarter for an hour an interferes with the water supply. On account of not being able to drop water, an a man hangin in the way, the last time we runs up on Tucson Dave, Mis Rucker gets 'way behind on her game at the Garfield restaurant an we don't see no supper till 7 o'clock. Mis Rucker tells me then that's the last time we ever hangs a man to the windmill. She says she won't stand no more of it. Stretchin of a shot man don't do no good neither. It ain't no example.'

"'So everybody feelin' alike about it, they ups an gives Johnson a Winchester an a brace of six shooters, an plants him down behind a rock, with his back agin another, turns him over a canteen of whisky, an says, 'Adios.'

"'You're goin to have a chance now, Johnson,' says Peets, 'to do somethin for society, an I shore hopes you improves it, an don't lay down on it none.'

"'That's all right, boys,' says Johnson, takin a big drink an wavin his hand all pleasant. 'When you all gets in, jest write on to the commissioner on Injuns an give him my respects, an tell him to shorten up his count on Apaches at least ten.'

"'Do you mean to tell me,' says Faro Nell, her eyes a-flashin, when they stops in front of the Red Light saloon four hours later an informs the rest of us how the game stands, 'do you all mean to stand yere an tell me yon four rides off without a mark an leaves a white man behind with a bullet in his knee to get shot an skelped by Injuns? Cherokee,' continues Nell, goin over to him with tears in her eyes, 'I wasn't lookin for no sech play from you, nohow.'

"'Why, Nellie,' says Cherokee, 'this yere's all right if you looks at it. This Johnson was due to hang, anyhow; an what difference, as he says himse'f, if he gets his stack cashed by an Injun? He's bound to quit anyhow. Now the way it's fixed he's goin to get a whole lot of Injuns himse'f, first, which would shore be a comfort to me an is bound to be to Johnson. If you regards how Johnson is fixed when them Apaches jumps up, you sees, he tharby plays in a whole lot of luck.'

"'I'm goin out after that man,' says Faro Nell, all of a furious sudden, a makin of a break for her pony as stands saddled across the street.

"'You can't head off a woman, once she starts,' says Peets, an you can gamble Peets knowed, 'any more than you can a bird; an we might jest as well call this yere a picnic an all hands saddle up an follow Nell. Since she states matters her way, I'm beginnin to have a mighty sight of cur'osity about this yere Johnson myse'f.'

"So thar upon the whole he-part of the outfit saddle up, an we all goes stampedin off after Faro Nell. It was a long, hard run into them hills, but we makes it all right. We finds Johnson up agin his rock, a little paler an a little drunker—he's been thar nine hours drinkin an fightin an sufferin, an it's jest gettin dark—but from the looks of things out in front it appears he's been seein his hind sights right along when he shoots. This yere Johnson was shorely clean strain game an nary cross. Of course when the Injuns hears us a-comin they hops onten the way, too quick. They was glad of an excuse, 'cause they was gettin a heap tired of Johnson, the way he acts, an was thinkin of quittin him anyhow.

"'Now we gets this yere outcast agin,' says Peets to Enright an the rest when we was all back in the Red Light. 'Whatever be we goin to do with him?'

"'Well,' says Enright, 'of course, hoss stealin by the laws of God an man means hangin. That is, in the regular everyday game of life. But this yere is an exception. We can't hang this yere man now, without showin a heap of disrespect to Faro Nell after her ridin so far to get him. So I reckon we'll jest give him over to Nell to do what she likes with. What do you say, Nell? What'll we all do with this yere felon of a Johnson?'

"Faro Nell gets closer to Cherokee an pullin his head down whispers awhile. 'Ain't it right, Cherokee?' she asks.

"'Whatever you say is right, Nell,' says Cherokee, smoothin down her hair, 'you can gamble is goin to be right in Wolfville; so tell 'em what it is.'

"'Well, then,' says Nell, backin up closer agin Cherokee an takin hold of his hand behind her, 'wait till he gets all well an then give the cuss a pony and let him lope. We don't want him nohow.'

"Well, son, do you know this yere deal reforms Johnson. I sees him two years afterward over in Prescott, an he's got a saloon an a faro game an is reformed complete. He tells me himse'f it's all on account of them actions of Faro Nell. They touches his heart an he makes up his mind he's goin to alter his play from thar on. An he does."—O. H. Lewis (Dan Quin) in Kansas City Star.

For the Voice.

"Um—um—er," hesitated the theatrical manager after he had put a large, rawboned, clothshorse style of lady through her paces for comic opera, "I—I hardly think you'll do."

"Wha—what's the matter?" she stammered, quite knocked out.

"Oh, well, your voice isn't the kind for the part."

"But it will do for some roles, won't it?" she insisted.

He scratched his head for a moment and got over to the other sid. of the desk.

"Won't it?" she asked firmly and fiercely.

"Um—um, yes, for log rolls, or—or—or something like that," and he dodged three times and got away at the side entrance.—Detroit Free Press.

Cheap land, 30 acres, 3 miles from Turner, all good bottom land in cultivation, good orchard, two springs, good nine-room two-story house, hard finished, good barn and other outbuildings, $2500. The Oregon Land comany, Salem, Or. ed St

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THE ENTIRE STOCK AT COST.

LEASE AND FIXTURES ARE SOLD.

Women Who Please Men.

Man in many respects is a peculiar animal. He is easily persuaded by a woman, but he cannot be driven. A woman who seeks a man's admiration, and says by her demeanor or suggestion "Admire my beauty or my brightness," is a woman from whom a man will turn quicker than from anything else. A woman will always make a mistake when she attempts to force her beauty or her talents upon a man—or upon another woman for that matter. A woman who seeks admiration always reminds me of a hollyhock, conspicuous and flaunting, and anxious to be seen. Now, men never care for hollyhocks. It is not man's favorite flower. The violet, or a half blown rose is more to his taste. Go where there is a company of well dressed men, in evening costume, with boutonnieres, and if in season the violet and the rose will be seen on the lapel of every coat, and what is true with men of flowers is true of what he always associates with them—women.

A man likes to discover a violet or a rose; he wants to find out its charm himself; he doesn't wish a directory to aid him in this, and he is very contemptuous of the woman who here, there and everywhere askes his admiration. The women who are popular with men are the women who impress them with their womanliness, and by this is meant that subtle something that says "I do not thrust myself forward, but perhaps if you find me you may like me." Men have always liked voyages of discovery, and they like to seek the ideal woman, and not have her thrust her greatness upon them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

About Marking Books.

"What do you think of the habit of marking books?" I asked an old bookworm and book lover.

"Why, I think that if the marker himself doesn't mind it, no one else ought to."

"I do not understand. Why should the person who marks books mind it?"

"Because it is such a reckless giveaway. It is bad enough to have to stand by the things you say yourself without adopting a lot of things some one else has said in addition. When you mark a book you often put on exhibition sentiments which you would express only with the greatest reserve, but here they are open to the criticism of friend and foe alike. I have always had a private opinion that the marking of books showed a lack of proper reserve and delicacy. It is making the public a present of what belongs to yourself and your friend.

"Then, apart from the revelation made to other people, you often find marked books an uncomfortable record of your own past mental poverty. If you should read the same work, but in different copies, once a year for five years, and mark at each reading the things which struck your fancy, the five copies, when compared, would show you some startling facts."—Kate Field's Washington.

Sport in the Fiji Islands.

One of the huge delights of the Fiji young men and boys—and, truth to tell, the Fiji young ladies likewise indulge occasionally in the sport—is the swing. The Fiji boys look out for the stump of a nice, straight and not too thick tree, which has obligingly grown on the side of a convenient bank. Then they fasten to it a number of lengths of native rope, which usually have loops in their free ends. The next process is for each player to place his foot in one of these nooses and go swinging off through the arc of a circle of fifty or sixty feet in radius. For the Fijian is almost, if not quite, as much at home in the aqueous element as his brethren, the Sandwich islanders, and is usually able to swim like a duck at about that period in his history when he begins to toddle.

So he plunges into the game with vigor, flying through the air to the extreme length of the rope before letting go to disappear with a splash into the water, his wiry head of hair coming presently to the surface as player after player follows his example, and while the water is alive with coal black wigs the air is rent with shouts of laughter.—San Francisco Examiner.

Baby's Appetite.

When we consider the thousand and one things that baby partakes of during the first two or three years of its existence we are inclined to think that it outdistances a cat in the number of lives it possesses. Fortunately for baby it samples everything upon which it can lay its hands in delightful innocence. Probably if the little mite could speak it would tell you that it enjoyed the dust out of the coal scuttle equally as well as the preserve out of the jam pot. It will simply eat anything it can put its hands to. Old paper, rags, socks, gloves are all in turn tasted by baby, and the probability is, so varied are its tastes, that if its mouth were big enough it would prefer to swallow the piano or the umbrella stand in the hall rather than anything else.—London Tit-Bits.

Mussels Produce Valuable Pearls.

The scallop, which I have kept in an aquarium, is remarkable for its eyes, which skirt the mantle. They resemble gems of the purest description. The fresh water mussels produce pearls, those of the St. Clair county, Ills., and Rutherford county, Tenn., rivers being most valuable. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of pearls have been taken from the fresh water rivers of Scotland in a single summer, and a pearl taken from a Salem, N. J., mussel a few years ago was sold in Paris for $2,000.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

PEOPLE!

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A. I. WAGNER, Prop.

TAXES!

Pay Your School Taxes Before They Become Delinquent.

The school taxes of district No. 24 in Marion county are now due and payable at the clerk's office in No. 197 Commercial street, Salem, first door south of the postoffice. The same will become delinquent unless paid within 60 days from this date. By order of board, this 3d day o Nov., 1891. W. B. SIMPSON, District Clerk.
11-3-tf.

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Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Marion county.

Miles Riley, plaintiff, vs. R. M. Glover, defendant.

To R. M. Glover the defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action, on or before the 8th day of February, 1892, the same being the first day of next regular term of the above entitled court after the expiration of the publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of $70 together with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum from March 30, 1888, until paid, and all costs and disbursements of this action. You are hereby notified that this summons is served upon you by publication by order of the Hon. H. P. Rose, judge of said court, made on the 11th day of Nov. 1891, directing that said summons be published six consecutive weeks in the CAPITAL JOURNAL, published at Salem, Marion county, Oregon. E. P. McCornack and S. T. Richardson, Attorneys for plaintiff. 10 6 d m

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—VIA

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South.				North.
7:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	7:35 a. m
9:18 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	5:26 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.	4:00 p. m.
10:52 a. m	Lv	Salem	Lv.	1:08 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.	8:55 a. m.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	6:08 a. m
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.	5:00 a. m.

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For accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

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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

4:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	8:20 a. m.
7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.	8:45 a. m.

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Arrive Yaquina	5:30 P M
Leave Yaquina	6:45 A M
Leave Corvallis	10:35 A M
Arrive Albany	11:10 A M

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STEAMERS.	FROM YAQUINA
Farallon, Friday	June 27
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	July
Farallon, Sunday	"
Willamette Valley, Thursday	" 1
Farallon, Tuesday	" 1

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.

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