

# Great Relief

Instantly afforded sufferers from rheumatism, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Either as an anodyne, to allay inflammation, or an expectorant, to loosen and bring away the mucus, this preparation has no equal.

Last winter I contracted a severe cold, which, by repeated exposure, became quite obstinate and was much troubled with hoarseness and bronchial irritation. After trying various remedies, without relief, I at last procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. On taking this medicine, my cough ceased almost immediately, and I was enabled to sleep peacefully. I have since used it several times, and in every case it has proved a most reliable and safe remedy. —T. H. D. Chamberlain, Baltimore.

# Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle, 50¢ per dozen.

# A SONG OF REST.

Oh, sing me a song of evening,  
Of peaceful love and rest,  
When weary with toiling day,  
The wild birds seek the nest;  
When the lamps of home are lighted,  
And those we love draw nigh,  
And overhead the kindly stars  
Are smiling in the sky.

The day has been dark and dreary,  
The shadows fall thick and fast,  
And my limbs and my heart are weary  
From battling with the blast;  
And now as the shades of evening  
Crawp darkly o'er the land,  
I sigh for a breath of peace and rest  
And the touch of a friendly hand.

My thoughts turn back to the twilight,  
To scenes long passed away,  
When from the dreary of labor  
I wandered in childish play;  
I see the vineyard doorway,  
Where oft my mother stood,  
And the thought of home I know no more  
Comes o'er me like a flood.

Then sing me a song of evening,  
Of peaceful love and rest;  
I am weary of toiling day,  
And I long for the sheltering nest.  
The rugged shadows of evening  
Are falling all the land,  
And I sigh for a breath of love and rest  
And the touch of a mother's hand.

—Nathaniel C. Brown in Yankee Blade.

# "German Syrup"

For Throat and Lungs  
"I have been ill for about five years, had the best medical advice, and I took the first dose in some doubt. This resulted in a few hours sleep. There was no further hemorrhage till next day, when I had a slight attack which stopped almost immediately. By the third day all trace of blood had disappeared and I had recovered much strength. The fourth day I sat up in bed and ate my dinner, the first solid food for two months. Since that time I have gradually gotten better and am now able to move about the house. My death was daily expected and my recovery has been a great surprise to my friends and the doctor. There can be no doubt about the effect of German Syrup, as I had an attack just previous to its use. The only relief was after the first dose." J. R. LOUGHRAN, Adelaide, Australia.



**HEADACHE!**  
Of all forms, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pile, Migraine, Sciatica, Dizziness, Headache, Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Constipation, etc., etc. Dr. Miles' Headache Remedy is the only medicine that cures all these ailments. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

**DR. MILES' HEADACHE REMEDY**  
Solely by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

**Antiquity of Leather.**  
The old tanner is very nearly right when he says "leather dates from time unknown," for leather is of the very highest antiquity. Long before the days of Noah's ark there were those who, according to Holy Writ, lived in skins and kept cattle. It is hardly to be doubted that these people who tanned skins and made them into clothing, and therefore very early acquired some knowledge of the tanner's art. In the book of Genesis mention is made of colored leather, and all evidences of an extraneous character go to show that some simple method of tanning and dressing the skins of animals was known before even Tubal Cain learned the trade of a brass founder. —New York Advertiser.

# Humor of the Marriage Service.

Some funny stories are told about the marriage service. One of them relates how an old man, brought rather unwillingly to the altar, could not be induced to repeat the responses. "My good man," at length exclaimed the clergyman, "I really cannot marry you unless you do as you are told." But the man still remained silent. At this unexpected hitch the bride lost all patience with her future spouse and burst out with: "Go on, you old fool! Say it after him; just the same as if you was a cock bird."

The same difficulty occurred in another case. The clergyman, after explaining what was necessary and going over the responses several times without the smallest effect, stopped in dismay, whereupon the bridegroom encouraged him to say, "Go ahead, parson, go ahead! Don't doin' wrong."

Upon another occasion it was, strangely enough, the woman who could not be prevailed upon to speak. When the clergyman remonstrated with her she indignantly replied, "Your father married me twice before, and he wasn't axin' me any of them impudent questions at all." —Saturday Review.

# Sure to Be a Bore.



Hostess—May I introduce you to Miss Conder?  
Wag—Well, if her name isn't Anna.  
—Harper's Bazar.

# Nothing Like System.

A celebrated German physician was once called upon to treat an aristocratic lady, the sole cause of whose complaint was high living and lack of exercise. But it would never do to tell her so, so his medical advice ran thus: "Arise at 5 o'clock, take a walk in the park for one hour, then drink a cup of tea, then walk another hour and take a cup of chocolate. Take breakfast at 8."  
Her condition improved visibly, until one fine morning the carriage of the baroness was seen to approach the physician's residence at lightning speed. The patient dashed up to the doctor's office, and on his appearing on the scene she gasped out: "Oh, doctor, I took the chocolate first." "Then drive home as fast as you can," ejaculated the astute disciple of Esculap, rapidly writing a prescription, "and take this emetic. The tea must be underneath." She is still improving. —Argonaut.

# An Appreciative Young Man.

Materialism (11 p. m.)—What's the matter? You look distressed.  
Paterfamilias—I thought it about time to give that young fellow in the parlor a vigorous hint that it was near midnight, so I walked right into the room and, giving both him and our daughter a severe look, I deliberately turned out the gas.  
"Mercy! Didn't he get angry?"  
"No," he said, "Thank you." —Reheboth Herald.

# A Score.

Hard Up Gent—Say, boss, can't yer give a feller a few cents to help him along?  
Mr. Delaney—Why don't you do something faw yaw own living? You had better ask bawins instead of money.  
Hard Up Gent—Well, boss, I asked yer for what I thought yer had the most of.—Morrison Banner.

# Orten Longed For.

Little Boy (pointing to window of rubber store)—What's that?  
Mamma—Those are diving suits, made all of rubber, so the diver won't get wet.  
Little Boy—I want it had one.  
Mamma—Why, what for, my dear?  
Little Boy—To wear when you wash me.—Good News.

# Its Beauty Departed.

Wife (rushing toward shop window)—Oh, look here!  
Husband—Well, I declare! There is one of the tete-a-tete lamps you were admiring at Mrs. De Style's.  
Wife (suddenly stopping)—Horror! It's marked "Only two dollars." —New York Weekly.

# Became So After Hearing Him.

Gentleman (in the car)—This is a very pretty village.  
Lecturer (to next seat)—It is, indeed.  
G.—Very intelligent people, too.  
L.—Yes, they are—now. I lectured there last winter.—Philadelphia Press.

# More to His Taste.

Miss Elliot (literary)—Do you like "Cabbie's Tales," Mr. Hojack?  
Hojack (of epicurean tastes, but somewhat puzzled)—I can't say, do, but I'm very fond of the meat in lobsters' claws. —New York Sun.

# A Tale of Two.

A little child a maiden grew,  
Lately to my wall of foe,  
Caused by the pinch of a too tight shoe,  
Instead of a three number two.  
It grew, it grew,  
Lately to my wall of foe.  
As time went on the time will do,  
Lately to my wall of foe,  
The corns waxed red—the maiden blue,  
'Twas ten times worse than the grip (kerchief)  
Too true! Too true!  
Lately to my wall of foe!  
She had a snarl in the end of a pew  
Lately to my wall of foe,  
And a man with another snarl in view  
Lately to my wall of foe,  
Oh, what! Oh, what!  
Lately to my wall of foe.  
—City and Country.

**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

# A BACHELOR'S REGRETS.

Stealing through the halls of matrimony  
Closes the sound of tripping feet,  
Comes a troop of laughing maidens  
To my bachelor retreat;  
Eyes of midnight, eyes of amber,  
Golden hair and wavy curls,  
Barely veiled were bound together  
Such a bunch of merry girls!

To I rise and bid them welcome!  
No! I ain't worth but the door,  
For I know they come to taunt me  
With the long gone days of yore.  
They are only fancy's creatures,  
Blooms of early summer, soon  
On the eard of waning autumn  
Yet I dread these chances lost!

There is silly, like a fairy  
Up she steals behind my chair,  
On my eyelids rest her fingers,  
I must guess what maid is there.  
I am sure you liked me, effigy,  
Had I dared, who, had he course me,  
You, I guess—'twould my slowest  
What's the use of guessing now?

Dorothy, you little Quaker,  
How I loved your looks demure!  
Your best words sat on your blouses,  
For their wounds time cannot cure.  
Well I knew your heart was sunshine,  
That restraint you never wore,  
I was thinking of proposing  
When I got your wedding cord!

Netta, charming, stately Netta—  
Netta with the cloak of snow,  
You and I were never lovers,  
In the golden long ago.  
You've a ma who always made me  
Very welcome at the house,  
You've a friend who, had he course me,  
Would today have been your spouse.

Laura, I shall ere remember  
That sweet evening at the beach;  
Scenes of times before my mirror  
I'll rehearse a certain day,  
What a splendid chance I had, dear,  
Butting that tiny glove!  
But I prattled—'twas the worst, dear—  
Prattled everything but love!

Pretty shadows, ere you leave me,  
My confession pray you hear,  
I feel this blank existence  
To the world's a certain care,  
But when lonely, in my chamber,  
Oft I reckon up the cost,  
And I think in deepest sorrow  
Of the chances I have lost!

—Thomas Frost in New York Herald.

# Money That Has Disappeared.

One may get a notion of the number of pennies lost from the history of the old half cents. Of these 800,000 were issued a few years ago. Where are they now? A few are in the cabinets of coin collectors. None have been returned to the mint for recoinage or are held by the treasury. Nobody sees them in circulation. All of them except some hundreds saved out by curious hunters have absolutely disappeared.

Of the old copper pennies, 119,000,000 still remain unaccounted for, save that once in a long while one sees a specimen. There are more than 3,000,000 bronze two cent pieces somewhere out of 4,500,000 of them that the government issued. Of nickel three cent pieces, nearly 2,000,000 are yet outstanding, although it is seldom that one of them is come across.—Washington Letter.

# Both Were Slightly Rattled.

"I'm in a hurry," said a Bloomer farmer, rushing into one of our hardware stores the other day; "just got time to catch the train. Give me a corn popper, quick!"  
"All right, sir!" replied the clerk. "Do you want a large popper?"  
"No, just a medium sized—an ordinary popper."  
"How will this popper do?"  
"Is that a popper?"  
"Yes. But you are getting a little rattled. You mean a corn popper—a popper popper, no, a—"  
"I mean a corn popper."  
"Oh, yes, a popper."  
"Yes, be quick! Give me a pup couner, and be quick."  
"Allright! Here's your pup couner."  
—Chippewa Falls Independent.

# The Fifth Wheel.

The fifth wheel for a coach has found its place at last. On the trauway at Brussels they have cars (Trams derailables) which are fitted with a fifth wheel, so that they can easily be made to leave the rails and be replaced upon them—and their use is said to be increasing. The fifth wheel is placed in the fore part of the car, and can be raised by means of levers, so that the other wheels are free to leave the rails whenever there is an obstacle on the line of route. In order to replace the car on the rails the conductor unclamps the guide wheel, and the other wheels are thus made to regain the rails.—Practical Electricity.

# Authorities on Ages.

Professor Greatmind—Yes, sir, this earth is 100,000,000 years old, not a day less.  
Visitor—Wonderful! Wonderful! Little Girl (entering)—Oh, papa, see my new doll.  
Visitor—Your child, I presume, professor. How old is she?  
Professor Greatmind—Um—er—my dear, go ask your mother how old you are.—New York Weekly.

# Flies frequently startle horses by entering their ears.

This can be prevented by touching the inside of the animal's ears with a few drops of the oil of juniper. The odor of juniper is so disagreeable to flies that they will avoid any spot where it is.

# On a pane of glass in the window of a dwelling in Argyle, Washington county, N. Y., there is an excellent picture of an old lady, photographed by lightning during a storm in July, 1883.

# Sunflower Seeds for Food.

Sunflower seeds of several species afford a staple article of diet among the Indians of southern Utah and elsewhere. They are ground and sometimes mixed with greasy marrow from the bones of animals for baking in the ashes.—Washington Star.

# Mustard is supposed to be cooling and pepper heating.

There is even a tradition that an empress had her coons washed with pepper juice in order to make them warm.

# 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.

# VARIATIONS OF THE GREAT LAKES.

The Rise and Fall of the Water is Caused by Differences in Rainfall.  
The variations in the levels of the great lakes have been the subject of study for many years past, and various theories have been advanced to account for them. Thirty years ago all available data regarding the fluctuations were compiled, showing the more important changes in the lower lakes between 1828 and 1837, with a few facts as to exceptional phenomena in earlier years. In 1859 the United States engineers began systematic gauge readings, and the work is still continued.

The highest known level occurred in 1838, when Michigan and Huron rose twenty-six inches above ordinary high stage, and Erie and Ontario eighteen inches. The lowest level was in 1819, when Erie fell about three and a half feet below its usual plane. The fluctuations, apart from those which are annual and those caused by the winds are characterized by a regular approach to regularity. Since the highest waters of 1838 there have been alternate periods of depression and ascension of the levels, either five, seven or eight years in length, the seven year period being the most frequent.

As we have said, various theories have been advanced to account for these changes. The winds, of course, cause temporary and local fluctuations. Erie, the shallowest of the lakes, has been known to have its level raised seven or eight feet at one end and equally depressed at the other by a gale blowing east or west for several days. Irregularities and variations of atmospheric pressure also cause changes of level, and there are tides on the lakes as well as on the ocean, the highest known spring tide rising about three inches. Sun spot influences, too, have been assigned as a cause of the fluctuations.

It seems, however, to be well established that the periodical and general fluctuations are due to the variations in rainfall. The curves showing the secular variations of lake level approximate so closely to those of rainfall as to show conclusively that the rise and fall of the lakes by periods of years are dependent on the cycles of rainy and dry years, which similarly coincide with the curves showing temperature cycles.

A succession of wet years produces exceptionally high water, a succession of dry years extremely low water. There is a limit, however, to such cumulative effects, for when the water is high its outflow is more rapid than when it is low, and an automatic check is thus provided.—Toronto Mail.

# A Feather in His Cap.

The phrase, a feather in his cap, signifying honor and distinction, arose from the custom prevalent among the ancient Syrians and perpetuated to this day among the various savage or semi-civilized tribes of Asia and America, of adding a new feather to their headgear for every enemy slain.

In the days of chivalry the maiden knight received his casque featherless and won his plumes as he had won his spurs. In a manuscript written by Richard Hensard in 1598, and preserved in the British museum, it is said of the Hungarians that it had been an ancient custom among them that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk, and to such only it was lawful to show the number of feathers in their caps. In Scotland and Wales it is still customary for the sportsman who kills his first wood duck to pluck out a feather and stick it in his cap.—Exchange.

# Why He Wanted to Die.

"Do you know," said an old lady to her audience of one, "that I want to die?"  
"Nonsense!" replied her audience of one.  
"But I do. I ought to be dead. It isn't respectable for me to be alive."  
"Why?"  
"Because all my friends have gone, and I ought to go, too, for the sake of my reputation."  
"What's the matter with your reputation?"  
"Well, you see, all my friends have gone to heaven, and if I don't follow them soon they'll think I've gone to the other place."

# Rewarded for Making Good Soup.

William I had a fine sense of what was becoming at a royal table. He was so well pleased at one of his little dinners with a savory soup compounded by his cook, Tvedin, that he sent for him and asked him how it was named. "Call it dillagarout," was the reply. "A poor name for so good a soup!" cried the king. "Nathless!" everybody said "nathless" in those days—"we bestow upon you the name of Addington." This manner reported to the crown. In the reign of Henry III we find it in the hands of the Barclays, and held on the tenure of "making pasties in the king's kitchen on the day of his coronation." —San Francisco Argonaut.

# To Remember When One Shakes Hands.

Those learned in palmistry and kindred sciences tell us that when we grasp the so to speak boneless hand, a hand which appears to crumple up in your own, a hand with no apparent vitality in it, to beware of its owner, and that the soft and firm to the touch hand is only possessed by an honest man. They also assert that a thick, hard hand is a sure sign of obstinacy and conceit in its owner. They tell you that long fingered, double jointed people cannot be sincere if they try.—Boston Commercial.

# Treatment of Fever Patients.

The old fashioned way of treating fever patients has died its death along with its innumerable victims. Once milk and many other drinks were prohibited; also the touching of the outside with wet cloths. Now milk is given freely, and a frequent sponging with soda water lowers the temperature of the patient, refreshing and strengthening him.—Detroit Free Press.

# PEOPLE!

Ask for Hurst's "STAFF OF LIFE" Or whole Wheat Flour, healthiest and best tasting bread. Also the Famous Pure Aurora Buckwheat Flour.

# Hurst's best Full Roller Process Flour.

Also our pure Rye Flour. Ask your dealer for these goods and take no substitutes.  
J. D. HURST & SON, Aurora.

# A GREAT GAME FOR BOYS.

Forty Years Ago "Peggy" Was a Popular Sport All Over the Country.  
The long list of fall and winter pastimes which are indulged in by the younger people and the sporting fraternity contains one which, although not so universally popular as many of the other sports, in many sections is fast gaining favor as an interesting outdoor game, and that is "peggy."

There are but very few men of today who cannot well remember the countless number of broom, hoe and rake handles and wheel spokes that were sacrificed in their earlier days for the purpose of indulging in this all absorbing game.

The game of today differs in but few respects from that of the middle aged man's barefooted and knickerbocker day.

The paraphernalia of the game years ago consisted of a round piece of hard wood about five inches in length and an inch in diameter, sharpened to a blunt point at both ends, known as "peggy," and a round stick of about two feet in length and of the same diameter as the peggy.

The game was commenced by "hooking" the peggy in a groove in the ground, made by pounding the peggy into the yielding soil with the stick.

The contestant strikes the upturned point of the peggy with the stick, causing it to fly into the air.

He then endeavored to strike the flying piece of wood while in motion; whenever it happened to drop, the same operation was repeated until the player had three "licks." (In the last two, however, he was not allowed to "hook" the peggy, but he must raise it from the ground wherever or in whatever position it might be.)

The distance was then mentally calculated or measured carefully by strides, and the opponent was given a certain number of leaps to cover the distance.

Should he fail to do it in the required number, so many points (that is, one for each leap) were credited to the player.

Should the leaper, however, fill the contract and cover the distance in the required number of jumps or leaps, then the player had gained nothing by his "licks," or losing. His opponent would then take his turn with the stick, and so on until either contestant had secured a certain number of points, varying from 100 to 1,000, the first one to reach the specified number being the winner.

In the game of today the "peggy" itself is made of a round piece of hard wood and shaped much like a cone. It is not longer than 2 1/2 inches and is nearly as wide in diameter.

The stick used is round, but flattened at the striking end, and much resembles the head end of an ax handle. The flip, or start, is made from a flat rock or piece of marble. The same rules and requirements govern as in the olden times, with the exception of measuring the distance instead of leaping.

The distance covered by each player is recorded, and the party securing the specified number first, generally 1,000 feet, is declared the winner.

There is considerable science brought into play in the game, especially in raising the peggy. The ends are so blunt that a greenhorn might pound until he was tired without raising the "peggy" an inch off the plate.

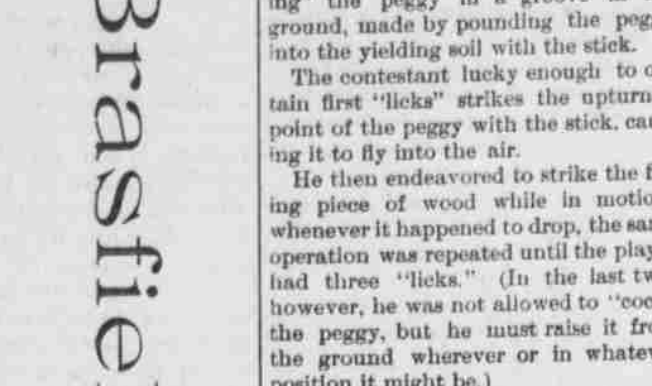
Then, again, a player quite often in striking down fails to even hit the peggy. Each such failure counts as a "lick," and many times one contestant takes an inning and does not even stir the little joker.

One advantage in the game is that as many as desire can play, although not frequently more than two or three play in the same contest.—Boston Globe.

# When Leather Was Money.

Leather was very early used as a currency, the Romans employing it for this purpose before either gold, silver or brass came into common use. History is full of references showing that leather was used by the ancients as a sort of circulating medium of exchange. It is said on good authority that so late as during the reign of Louis XII of France the country became so impoverished, and as a consequence money was so scarce, that little pieces of leather, with a small silver nail driven through each, were in general use as money. Some few specimens of this leather money are still in existence, but are only to be found in the possession of numismatists, by whom they are highly prized.—New York Advertiser.

# See Brasfield's Boy's and Children's Suits and Overcoats



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Leave Corvallis.....3:15 A. M.  
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