

### "Thick and Glossy."

THE PRODUCTION of an abundant growth of hair, of a silk-like texture and of the original color, often results from the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"I was rapidly becoming gray and bald; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—M. Aldrich, Canton Centre, N. H.

"A trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me of its merits. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be abundant and glossy, but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—E. Britton, Oskaloosa, Ohio.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all that I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to manage."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, Charles St., Haverhill, Mass.

### Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

The modern method of stereotyping with the use of a paper matrix has created a new industry in the stereotyping of daily newspapers, and made it possible to print a large number for quick delivery. This gives employment to many workmen not heretofore employed in the production of newspapers.

Boulanger was once under contract with an American manager to make a lecture tour of the United States, but was dissuaded from the purpose by the Duchess d'Uzes.

A postoffice has been established at Jabel Katerin, on top of Mount Sinai. That historic mountain is known throughout the east as the "Mountain of Moses."

Vidal, one of the most famous last decade sculptors of France, was stambled at the time when he executed some of his most famous works.

### "German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the cough that had hung to me so long. The Grippe, and all its bad effects, I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since."—FRANK J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

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### HEADACHE!

Of all forms, Neuralgia, Spasms, Fits, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Blurred Vision, Stomach Troubles, etc., are cured by DR. MILLER'S RESTORATIVE NERVE TONIC. It does not contain opiates or any other dangerous ingredients. It is a pure, safe, and reliable remedy for all the above ailments. It is sold by all druggists and is the only one of its kind. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by D. J. Fry, Druggist, Salem.

### HEADS OF LIVES PILLS

These pills are a new preparation of the most powerful and purest ingredients. They cure all the ailments of the head, such as neuralgia, dizziness, and headache. They are sold by all druggists and are the only ones of their kind. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by D. J. Fry, Druggist, Salem.

Expert Smelters.  
So expert have the perfumery chemists become that they can, with their different colors, counterfeits exactly the color of any flower. The educated nose is not without its advantages financially. The possessor of one not only earns a large salary in the perfumery business, but is often able to add to his income by giving expert testimony in law suits involving patented perfumes. A notable instance occurred a short while ago.

One firm used another for imitating one of its patented brands. Four experts were called in, and each was required to distinguish between the genuine article and the imitation. All four wrote their opinions on a slip of paper and handed it to the judge. The slips of paper all agreed.—New York Evening Sun.

### SELECTIONS

#### RATS IN A MENAGERIE.

Rodeos tame the elephants and graze the hide of the rhinoceros.

Few of the many people who visit the Central Park menagerie know why a rat is to be found in one or other of the inclosures in which the elephants are confined. The majority doubtless think there is something almost cruel about it. As a fact, it is fun to the terrier and a protection to the elephant. It is really an exemplification of the fable of the lion and the mouse.

There are no greater pests in the menagerie than the rats. These small mammals have found that the feet of the elephants are excellent eating and have no hesitation in gnawing at them when the animal lies down, and, owing to its chained condition, is unable to defend itself against its puny enemies. This is particularly the case with "Tip," who, owing to his vile temper and murderous habits, has to be securely chained.

The rats in a few nights would make his monster a perfect cripple were it not for "Gip," the terrier, who is always loosed at night, and who betide the adventurous rat that ventures out on a quest for a tidbit of elephant toe. "Tip," who though he is, knows his good little friend and allows him to curl up on his master's face beside his ponderous body, and when there is a dash across the pen, followed by a mortal squall, takes no notice of it, except perhaps opening one eye in a lazy way, and then, knowing that he is safe for the night, trumps a small note of thanks to his tiny friend and gives himself up to undisturbed slumber and dreams of Indian jungles.

Lastly, the rats have changed their base of operations. It was found that they were gnawing holes in the thick hide of the rhinoceros. Fanny, the Scotch terrier, who really rules the deer house, and is one of the best ratters in the world, was brought into requisition. She was locked up in the mammal house and her first night there was one of pure joy. Fanny is a most methodical canine. When the house was opened in the morning she had a pile of twenty-seven rats in the middle of the floor and was wagging a short tail in almost a hysterical manner.

After greeting her master, Phil Holmes, she seemed to remember there was something else to do, and taking one of the dead rats in her mouth she ran off to where her litter of pups was, just in front of the canal where she carried four there for the little ones to worry. Fanny has guarded the rhinoceros so well that not a new bite has been seen on the animal, but every morning there is a diminished heap of dead rats on the floor.

There are places in the menagerie where the rat is doing great damage. In the pigeon house there are some rare birds, the Moorish pigeon from Sericopolis and the American "passenger" pigeon, which seems to have nearly died out with the Buffalo. Both these birds breed plentifully in the menagerie, but as soon as the young ones are hatched the rats carry them away.—New York Tribune.

#### The Can and the Camera.

"To Milkmen and Others—Beware of the hand camera." If London rogues were systematically organized, some such notice as this might be looked for as a result of the disclosures made by Mr. Hepworth, president of the Holborn Camera club, at his interesting magic lantern demonstration. Among the "London Street Scenes," which formed a large proportion of the slides, was one entitled "Caught in the Act." It projected on the white background a figure of a man standing on a water cart pouring water into a large milk can, while hard by was a cow standing at ease.

The little scene was so full of expression, as the art critics say, that Mr. Hepworth tells us it had been supposed that he had arranged the composition, or, as photographers put it, "posed the subject." This, however, he assured his audience was not the case. He had simply come upon it accidentally when he was in quest of street scenes with a hand camera, with which he secured an instantaneous record of this milkman's method of doing business.—London News.

#### Only Twice a Passenger.

Mrs. Edward D. Jones, wife of a former well known business man of Pittsburg, who died on Saturday, near Baltimore, was quite a character, though a very retired and refined lady. She had a mortal fear of railroads and of the ocean and never would accompany her husband on any of his pleasure or business trips, only taking two lengthy railroad journeys in her life. One was shortly after her marriage, when she was badly hurt in an accident.

It was ten years before Mr. Jones could persuade her to take another, and her fears were fully vindicated by a general smash up, in which, fortunately, though her head was caught between a seat and the side of a car, she was not hurt. That settled the case for her. Mr. Jones has been a prominent insurance agent in London for years, but Mrs. Jones has always stoutly refused to visit his present abode. When Mr. Jones wanted a chat with Mrs. Jones, he just took the first boat and a little trip of 3,000 miles.—Pittsburg Times.

#### Value of Oranges.

The value of oranges as an article of food is well known. "I buy them by the box," says a mother, "and let my children eat them constantly in lieu of candy or other prized children's dainties. I consider that I save money by it." At some of the insubordinate ailments oranges have proved an efficacious substitute for alcohol, patients sucking the juice of them abundantly every time thirst comes upon them. This fact is so well recognized that often at temperance coffee stands piles of luscious oranges are also kept.—New York Times.

#### There are more coral reefs in the central Pacific ocean than elsewhere, though they abound in the Indian ocean, Persian gulf, Red sea, Madagascar and Mauritius and near the shores of Florida.

#### Victims of Fashion.

A correspondent of the Rockland (Me.) Tribune calls attention to the present scarcity of neckties, those swallowtail birds that once have been counted by thousands along Maine's lakes and harbors. Their disappearance is due partly to fishermen who collected their eggs for food, and who, to insure fresh eggs, made visits to their breeding places on two successive days; the first was to break all eggs on the island, the second to pick up the fresh eggs. In this way many more eggs were destroyed than carried away. But in spite of this rite, destructive as it was, the birds thrived fairly well until the ladies took it into their heads, or rather the god Fashion decreed, that their bonnets must be adorned with a tenn.

An enterprising millinery establishment set a collector to the Maine coast, who established himself on an island and slaughtered the birds. In fact, so many were killed that the price for them, ready mounted for use, was only twenty cents each. How easily they could be killed when one of these birds is killed the others, instead of flying away, keep darting down as if to assist their fallen comrade.

#### A Young Woman's Singular Experience.

Miss Sadie Myers, daughter of Noah Myers, of Upper Yoder township, recently recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever. On Saturday, Nov. 28, she fell into a stupor while in bed and lay on her back motionless, with her eyes wide open, looking directly at the ceiling, from Saturday until after midnight on Wednesday, Dec. 5, when she came to sufficiently to tell her relatives that on Saturday, Dec. 5, she would come out of the stupor at 2 o'clock. She then fell into another stupor. Exactly at 3 o'clock she became speechless, but at 3:30 recovered.

She told her relatives that "she was dead and in heaven, heard the angels singing, and was talking to people she knew," and then said that she would get out of bed on Sunday at 10 o'clock and eat dinner at the table with the members of the family, which she did. She further said that she would have two more attacks, but not very soon, and in the second one she would die.—Johnstown Tribune.

### CLEAN!

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."

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the  
**SALEM STRAM LAUNDRY**  
where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner.  
**COLONEL J. OLMSTED,**  
Liberty Street

#### A Monstrous Monstrosity.

The New York Medical Association and all the M. D.'s of the great metropolis are agog over the appearance of a freak of the most startling nature. This monster of monstrosities is a full grown man in the undistorted possession of three tongues, four chins, three cheeks and three ears, one of the latter being as large as that of an elephant. Besides the three separate tongues mentioned, this unsexiliated freak has four smaller ones, which seem to be undeveloped from nothing but want of space. They arise in perfect formation as the larger ones, but are so small (less than an inch in length) that they are not claimed by the unfortunate possessor to be tongues at all.

The man can speak plainly and fluently in three different languages. He has four well formed chins, the lower one being fully ten inches from the upper lip. The right side of his face is normal, but the left is divided into two separate cheeks. What the doctors consider the most wonderful of all this wonderful creature's makeup is the gigantic ear on the left side of his head. It hangs down like the ear of an elephant, measuring exactly twenty-one inches from the crown to the lower end of the lobes! This monstrous article is perfect in formation and use, with the exception of its size and the fact that the opening is about ten inches below the side of the head.

This, the greatest of the nineteenth century human wonders, is Juan Jose Antonio. He was born a slave in Jerusalem of Arabian slave parents. When he was twenty-two years of age he was stolen by a band of Arab slave dealers and taken into Egypt. They kept him for some months in Alexandria and then took him to Mexico. From the last named country he escaped and finally landed in New York.—St. Louis Republic.

#### Fresh Air in Winter.

Why is fresh air, the very breath of our nostrils, treated by nine-tenths of us as an enemy throughout the winter? It is as essential to health and life in one season as in another, and yet from November until May seven-eighths of us do our best to barricade our dwellings against it. It is impossible to prevent such a close besieger from gaining the advantage now and then, but we do what we can to make our castles impregnable to the outer air. We fortify our doors and windows with contrivances of all kinds to exclude it, and when through some oversight it gains admission we exhaust the intruder with overheated stoves and furnaces. If we can altogether keep it out we can at least poison it when it gets in.

A few hundred of us, congregated in an unventilated room, can soon deprive the air it contains of its vital principle, and were it not that this sleepless enemy outside occasionally makes a plunge into the apartment when a newcomer steps in to assist in the poisoning operation, the corners would never have a moment they could call their own. As it is, the occupants of fresh air keep them pretty busy.

The occupants of tenement houses, by dint of stopping up crevices with rags and shutting down the dampers of their cracked stoves so as to prevent the egress of the coal gas from their dormitories, provide the malignant typhus with "all the comforts of a home," and contrive to the amount of four into the pockets of the corners during the inclement months. Self suffocation is quite an institution in this community.—New York Ledger.

#### We Own the Most Remarkable Reel.

The most curious and remarkable relic of antiquity in the world, the Holy Coat and the Iron Crown not excepted, now lies among the treasures of the New York Historical society, the relic being nothing less than the silver ring of Cheops, the builder of the largest of the Egyptian pyramids. The knowledge of the fact that this famous curiosity is in an American collection, easily accessible to all, should make every reader feel a thrill of satisfaction that can only be felt by those who have a sense of being joint owners in a priceless treasure. The finding of this ring was the crowning prize of Dr. Abbott's life of research among the dusty tombs of the cradle of the human race.—St. Louis Republic.

#### The Popular Penny.

Bronze cents are subject to more accidents than happen to any other United States coins. It is said that a penny changes hands in trade ten times for once that a dime passes from one pocket to another. Being of small value, these little pieces are not taken much care of. There are a thousand ways in which they get out of circulation, and thus the minting of them has to be kept up continually. The metal blanks from which they are made by the simple process of stamping are turned out for Uncle Sam by contract by a factory in Connecticut at the rate of a thousand for one dollar. As they come from the machines, fresh and new, they look like glittering gold.—Washington Letter.

#### Shakespeare's Will.

Any person desirous of inspecting the actual last will and testament of Shakespeare can do so by visiting Somerset house and paying a shilling. The visitor is conducted to a dimly lighted room, in which this precious relic is preserved, and is not a little astonished to find it securely fixed in a series of frames, protected by glass.—London Tit-Bits.

#### Something Dropped in the Sun.

The most interesting of recent photographs of the sun shows a remarkable solar disturbance, in which vapors ascended to a height of 80,000 miles. This eruption lasted fully fifteen minutes and was accompanied by fluctuations of the compass needle.—New York Recorder.

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**S. KOEHLER, Asst. G. P. and Pass. Agt. Manager**

SALEM, OREGON.

#### A WONDERFUL PARROT.

He Learned to Press the Button and Give the Flankey Victory Orders.

A gentleman who brought with him a parrot which he purchased in Vera Cruz, has been very much astonished at some tricks which this bird has been learning during the few days he has been in the house. The bird's owner, Colonel Howard Johnson, occupies a beautiful residence in the suburbs, and Jocko has learned all his surroundings. It was very soon found that he could not be allowed his liberty in Mrs. Johnson's room, as he at once formed a terrible antipathy to a beautiful panther skin rug, in which the head is remarkably lifelike, and the woman he was released would make for the rug and begin biting savagely at its eyes and nose. He escaped from his cage one day and almost demolished the nose of the rug, and after that he was chained to his perch.

It happened that for several days in succession the perch stood by the wall, close beside the electric bell. When Mrs. Johnson touched the button, Jocko took notes, with his head on one side and a most inquiring air, and when the servant appeared immediately afterward Jocko gave a faint croak of astonishment. After witnessing this performance several times it was evident that Jocko began to see some connection between the button and the servant.

He spent a great deal of time studying the button, running his beak softly around it, and apparently communing with himself, his mistress watching him meanwhile, highly amused at his cleverness. At last, whether accidentally or otherwise, Jocko discovered the connection and pressed the button. The next moment a servant appeared, and the little schemer straightened up and said with great gravity, "Jocko's hungry." His mistress' shouts of laughter and the servant's astonishment did not in the least discompose him. He had rung for what he wanted, and he insisted on having it.

The scheme worked well, to Jocko's manifest delight. He rang the bell again before half an hour, and remarked to the servant who answered the call: "Well, you are a daisy! Jocko wants water!"

Colonel Johnson is so delighted with his bird's accomplishment that he invited some friends in to witness it last night. Jocko was inclined to sulk at first, but finally brightened up, and was soon working at the button. When the servant entered Jocko poised himself on one foot, swung his body to and fro in a most affected way, and exclaimed: "Hello, Tom, is that you! Bring in another bottle of wine, will you!"

Colonel Johnson, he it understood, is a church member, and his minister was present, and the colonel insists that Jocko caught this trick before he came into his hands.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Inscriptions on Ancient Swords.

The various inscriptions found on the blades of swords may be said to constitute a literature in themselves. This "cutlery poetry," as Shakespeare calls it, is not the least interesting feature of a sword collection. Hundreds of Toledo rapiers were engraved with the wise council, "Do not draw me without reason." On an old Ferrara blade is the following inscription, "My value varies with the hand that holds me." A brittle ex of formidable appearance bears the comfortable assurance, "When I go up you go down," and on an old Hungarian sword is inscribed, "He that thinks not as I do thinks falsely."

Besides the mottoes on the blades engraved the maker's name and address or the owner's name. During the sixteenth century warriors regarded elaborately ornamented hilts with as much interest as we look on works of art at the present day. The blades of Italian swords were also sometimes beautifully ornamented.—Kate Field's Washington.

#### The Care of a Lamp.

To lessen the chance of accident from explosion of a lamp, trim the wick of the lamp daily. When burned for several evenings without trimming, the wick becomes black, clogged and incapable of supplying the oil clearly and uniformly, and the chimneys are sometimes filled with flame and smoke, to every one's alarm. Some explosions would be prevented by not blowing down the chimney to put the lamp out, for the wick sometimes happens to be a little too small, and leaves room enough to allow the flame to be driven down into the oil. The safest way to put out a lamp is to turn the burner stop until the wick goes down past the top of the burner. It will then go out of itself.—Detroit Free Press.

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8:45 p. m. Lv. Astor Ar. 8:45 p. m.	9:30 p. m. Lv. Roseburg Ar. 9:30 p. m.

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ALBANY LOCAL, DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).

5:00 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:30 p. m.	7:00 p. m. Lv. Salem Ar. 7:00 p. m.
7:00 p. m. Lv. Salem Ar. 7:00 p. m.	7:30 p. m. Lv. Albany Ar. 7:30 p. 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).

7:00 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 5:00 p. m.	12:10 p. m. Lv. Corvallis Ar. 12:50 p. m.
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AT Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAINS—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

6:40 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:30 p. m.	7:00 p. m. Lv. Salem Ar. 7:00 p. m.
7:30 p. m. Lv. Albany Ar. 8:40 p. m.	8:40 p. m. Lv. Corvallis Ar. 8:40 p. m.

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; For land Oregon

**SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.**