Nervous Prostration,

So prevalent, especially among women, results from overtaxing the system. The assimilative organs becoming deranged, the blood grows weak and impoverished, and hence "that tired feeling" of which many complain. For all such cases, there is no remedy equal to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Take no other.

"Some time ago I found my system entirely run down. I had a feeling of constant fatigue and languor and very little ambition for any kind of effort. A friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did with the best results. It has done me more good than all other medicines I have ever used."—Frank Mellows, Chelsea, Mass.

"For months I was afflicted with nervous prostration, weakness, languor, general debility, and mental depression. By purifying the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I was completely cured."—Mrs. Mary Stevens, Lowell, Mass.

When troubled with Dizziness, Sleeplessness, or Bad Dreams, take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Blind Men Can Smoke.

A blind man living in this city recently observed: "My daughter read to me the other day a newspaper paragraph about smoking, in which it was stated that no man can tell, without watching for the smoke, whether his pipe or cigar is alight or not, and stating that few, if any, blind men smoke. The writer must have been entirely misinformed in this matter, for however much imagination there may be in the enjoyment of smoking, it is quite natural for blind men to smoke, and I do not think any of them are ever betrayed into useless puffing at a cigar which has gone out. For my own part I smoke after every meal, and very frequently while at work as well, and I never remember wasting a match trying to light a cigar already burning.

"So far from men who cannot see the smoke not being able to enjoy a weed, many such men, including myself, derive great comfort and consolation from the almost universal habit. There is no doubt that smoking aids imagination and helps a man to forget trouble, but that is all the imagination I know of in regard to the habit. Certainly the loss of eyesight does not destroy the desire to smoke, except, perhaps, when a physician attributes the infirmity to overindulgence in the habit."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. Then in a few moments that horrid distress would come on and I would have to eat and suffer again. I took a little of your medicine, and felt much better, and after taking a little more August Flower my Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I have never had the first sign of it. I can eat anything without the least fear of distress. I wish all that are afflicted with that terrible disease or the troubles caused by it would try August Flower, as I am satisfied there is no medicine equal to it."

For that Horrid Stomach Feeling.

HEART DISEASE!

STATISTICS show that one in FOUR has a weak or diseased heart. The first symptoms are shortness of breath, oppression, fluttering, faint and hungry spells; pain in side, then smothering, swollen ankles, dropsy, and death. For this DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE is a marvelous remedy. "I have been troubled with heart disease for years, my left pulse was very weak, could at times scarcely feel it, the smallest excitement would always weaken my nerves and heart and a fear of impending death crazed me in the face for hours. DR. MILES' NERVINE and NEW HEART CURE is the only medicine that has proved of any benefit to me."—L. M. Dyer, Cloverdale, Md. Dr. Miles' Liver Pills are a sure remedy for Biliousness and Torpid Liver. 50 Doses 25 cents. Free book on Heart Disease, with wonderful cures, sent 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 Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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

Capital City Restaurant

Jas. Batchelor, Prop'r.

Warm Meals at All Hours of the Day

None but white labor employed in this establishment.

A good substantial meal served in first-class style.

Twenty-five cents per meal

RED FRONT

Court street, between Opera House and Minto's Livery

A CAPE COD BELLE.

As modestly the maid goes by,
The garden bordered path adorning,
She beams upon the gazer's eye
A vision fairer than the morning.

Her hat, tipped slightly up or down,
Lends to her air a piquant sweetness;
No tailor's art contrived her gown,
But 'tis the very pink of neatness.

It has no frills or furbelows,
But it is in the fashion's order;
And dainty, patent leather toes
Peep in and out beneath its border.

To fan her cheek the south wind blows,
And bend to her the slender grasses;
The fragrant honeysuckle throws
Its perfume on her as she passes.

The chores of the feathered throng
When she is near is louder, sweeter;
The robin sings his gladdest song,
The oriole's richest carolagreet her.

The garden's heart with joy is stirred,
She's welcomed by a myriad voices;
And grass and tree and flower and bird
Her footstep's melody rejoices.

Her smile the morning beautifies,
And every look a charm discloses;
She carries sunshine in her eyes,
And in her cheeks the red Juno roses.

So fair she looks, so sweet, so cool,
She's worthy of all admiration;
No art has made her beautiful;
She's mother nature's own creation.

—Cape Cod Items.

DR. TILDIE.

Tildie's knowledge of politics was very vague. She knew there had been a war before she was born, and that old massa, since gone to glory, had fought in it. She knew that her mistress had once been rich and that the dismal plantation was formerly the scene of lavish luxury and plenty.

She had no remembrance of a personal kind connected with slavery, her little yellow visage having failed to appear on this earth in time for it. As far as she could gather from her rather miscellaneous kindred it had been a period of much eating and drinking, assured and variegated clothing, free medicines and occasional punishments, soon forgotten.

However, Tildie made the best of her prosaic existence, though the sharp black eyes looking restlessly out from her mulatto face were always on the watch for new possibilities. There was something Caucasian in her long, straight nose, formed for prying into business not her own; something Caucasian also in the thin lips expressing secrecy and intrigue.

Her hair seemed to give the lie to the intellect revealed in her countenance, for it was intensely kinky, and she dressed it on purely African principles. Mr. Elgin, from the next plantation, used to say that it resembled the "Holy Mount," for it was gathered into about half a hundred minute and shining braids, each tied with scarlet string and prone to stand upright.

Miss Maria had suggested black as a substitute and presented Tildie on her fourteenth birthday with a bolt of narrow sable ribbon.

"Law, Miss Maria," she had answered, "I ain't in mo'ning like you is. De Lawd knows I done feel bad 'bout po' old massa, and I nussed him and sot up with him reg'lar, but it ain't going ter do him no good, me putting black on my head."

Tildie was fifteen now, and the most expert housemaid on the river. She had always shown a wonderful faculty for nursing the sick, distinguishing and dropping medicines with unfailing success and cheering the patient with a tact all her own. The gift of nursing had been given to this little colored girl as the gift of music or painting is given to others.

Miss Maria was the head of the family now, which had dwindled down until there were only two to hold up the once proud name. She was old master's second wife—a woman he had met in the far east before the war. She tried faithfully to do her duty in the sphere of life to which it had pleased God to call her, but it had always been uphill work. It is hard for an "old maid" to turn suddenly into a wife at best—harder still when she must change climate and traditions also.

Miss Maria was good to her little stepdaughter, Aurore; she tried to teach her as she had been taught, and to instill into that southern maiden the habits of New Hampshire. Aurore was twenty-two now, and the failure was very apparent; nothing whatever had been instilled. The girl had simply developed into the sweet, unlearned maturity that suited her. She had beauty and grace, and talked with the charm of creole women—a charm inherited from bygone courtly ancestors who had done her reading and study for her.

She was swinging in a hammock on the pleasant June morning, her tiny foot just tapping the gallery with the rocking motion. She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading—one pink finger tip retained an imaginary place in the volume, while the other arm clasped the meshes above her head.

Her dress was white, the soft transparent white dear to the creole heart. Miss Maria had no sympathy with gauzelike textures. A touch of starch and some opaqueness were necessary to her self respect, even in wash materials.

"What are you doing, Aurore?" her stepmother queried sharply.

Aurore smiled. "Nothing, maman."

She always called this forbidding guardian by the gentle French version of the maternal.

"I was trying to read poetry, but it is so deliciously cool that I was wondering whether I would go to sleep or have Tildie make me some lemonade."

Miss Maria jingled the keys in a little basket, which she always carried as a depository for those articles. The sound was suggestive of the elder woman's dissatisfaction.

"I would like you to interest yourself in something serious, Aurore, either in housekeeping cares, or in a course of improving reading. If the feminine element of the south is not going to advance, I would really like to know what was the good of the civil war."

"That is what I always thought," Aurore asserted. "What was the good of it—except to make us poor?"

Miss Maria sighed. This was indeed a hopeless case.

"I hope you are not grieving over Cecil Nettoyer," she said abruptly. "He is a most offensive young man to me. You ought to marry a practical man; some one to steady you, not a poetry writing fellow of the same kind."

Aurore made one of her faint, lazy protests.

"Cecil works, maman; he keeps up the old place nicely. It is only in leisure hours that he writes poetry and plays on the violin."

"Well, it stands to reason," Miss Maria went on, "that if he spends any time in the twenty-four doing such things as that, he must think of them the rest of the day. At any rate, I feel that I did perfectly right to forbid him to come here. When you are twenty-five you can do as you please, but till then I must do what is my duty."

"I shall be an old woman at twenty-five," Aurore said languidly. "We are not like you northerners. But we will not discuss the matter, maman. What is to be will be, and I for one am content to let things drift. I have said nothing to you about your putting poor Cecil out of doors; but it was hard hearted and not very reasonable."

Miss Maria turned away. The thoughts under her auburn curls, dressed in an old fashioned manner and streaked with gray, were not happy ones. She was endeavoring to perform certain quite abnormal duties at the instigation of the Puritan conscience, backed up by her Puritan obstinacy.

Cecil Nettoyer was precisely the genus of young man abhorrent to her soul. His warm, almost caressing, manner, his love of music, his picturesque dress, all represented to her a combination of weakness and wickedness. She could not and would not see that he had practical purpose under all this ornament, and refused to give him the credit for his profitably managed plantation.

"The place runs itself," she was wont to observe, unwilling to feel that, though he played Chopin in the evening, his knowledge of sugar planting was in now way lessened by his knowledge of music. He pleaded guilty to reading Daudet through many a morning hour on his front veranda; but no man upon the Mississippi was better served than Cecil Nettoyer, or had more perfectly the grasp of his own affairs.

He had a complacent philosophy of his own, and the sense of humor generally observed in men of strong will power.

"All things come to those who wait," he was wont to observe himself, "even Miss Maria."

* * * * * *

Tildie was gathering blackberries by the fence which separated their plantation from Nettoyer's. Her basket was partly full, her yellow sunbonnet hung on a neighboring bramble, and each individual braid had assumed the strictly perpendicular.

Presently her name was called, and Mr. Nettoyer's countenance appeared on the other side of the fence. Now this young man was a weakness of Tildie's. He was her sole embodiment of the hero of romance, although she did not in good truth know that there was such an article anywhere. Human nature, even when it happens to be coffee colored, craves instinctively for the ideal.

"I am going away to Memphis on the 7 o'clock boat, Tildie," Cecil said. "I would like to see Miss Aurore and tell her goodby. What will she be doing from 3 o'clock until 6?"

Tildie reflected.

"Miss M'ria, she been a-mekin her read to her pretty reg'ler fer the las' two weeks."

Cecil saw the case was hopeless. The expression on his face touched Tildie. The African cunning and the Caucasian admiration stirred within her.

"Lemme think, Mr. Cecil! Her maw are powerful mean to Miss Aurore 'bout you. Thar ain't no sense in it. I done say to Miss M'ria mo' times than one: 'Mr. Cecil Nettoyer—he a'n't no lazy man; he puts the right value on hiss'f. Thar ain't no nigger that dares to play off on him, and he dun have no fooling round him.'"

"What does she say?" Mr. Nettoyer queried, with an amused smile.

"Oh, she tell me ter 'tend ter my own business; but Miss M'ria do lissen ter me. She 'low I kin please her beter'n anybody on de place."

"Well, goodby, Tildie," he said, turning away, but she called him back.

"Mr. Cecil," she exclaimed, "you come round ter our house this afternoon. Come about 4 o'clock, walkin kinder easy and natural like round to the little gallery in the east side, where Miss Aurore sits in th' afternoons. I gwine 'tend to Miss M'ria."

"Why, Tildie," he asked, "what would you do? You'd have to kill Miss Maria to get her off guard."

"Bless yo' soul, Mr. Cecil. I wouldn't hu't a hair of Miss M'ria's head. She are awful good ter me, Miss M'ria are. She are a 'sot in her mind' pusson; but she don' mean no harm to nobody. She worry over Miss Aurore like a ole hen with one duck."

Then Tildie rose to a height of metaphor which astonished her auditor and herself.

"Yes, Marse Cecil, she worry like a ole hen with one duck, and you is the water. Miss Aurore she gwine go like the duck ter the water, and Miss M'ria she got ter stay on the grass and watch her swim."

Any emotion brought out in Tildie the hereditary dialect of her race. In calm moments she called people Mr. and Mrs., as she had been taught.

"I will come," Cecil promised, curious to see the outcome of the adventure.

* * * * * *

Before luncheon Tildie sought her mistress. "Mis M'ria, you looks bad. You is powerful yellow. I 'low you better tek some of them little white pills."

Miss Maria looked in the glass. "Yes," she said, "this hot climate never agreed with me. Some time I shall go north and see my own people, and you shall go with me. You would have to wear a muslin cap, up there, over your ridiculous head."

"Lawd, Miss M'ria? I wouldn't never be happy 'thout a cap up thar. It are cold, Miss Aurore say, all the time. I dreamed las' night, Miss M'ria, 'bout me and you going thar."

Tildie went up to the medicine chest and brought down two white pills. Miss Maria took them.

At 4 precisely Mr. Nettoyer reached the south veranda. Aurore was seated in a low rocking chair, a volume of Jeremy Taylor on her lap, her eyes fixed on the distant horizon.

Miss Maria was sleeping peacefully, with her head thrown back in an upholstered chair which she had brought from home. Her whole attitude expressed intense, dreamless slumber. Aurore's slight cry at sight of her lover did not wake her, nor the conversation that followed. Cecil pleaded his cause nobly. At last, when an hour had passed, he said to Aurore:

"I shall wake up your stepmother and lay the case before her."

This was more easily said than done. Miss Maria did not awake. They called her; they touched her; they lifted her up. She still slept that unnatural, dreamless slumber. Aurore screamed with fright.

Cecil called Tildie; he took that young person aside.

"What have you done to Miss Maria?"

Tildie confessed with absolute calm: "I give her some little pills like de doctor gave old master 'fo' he died. They made him rest natural. He praised them up wonderful, ole master did. Miss Maria she teks often little white pills for her headaches. Dey looks fo' all the world lik' de oders. I say to myself, I gives Miss M'ria old master's pills and she tek a nice nap, while Miss Aurore sees Mr. Cecil."

His heart stood still. "What were the pills you gave her?"

Tildie spelled, "M-o-r-p-h-i-n-e."

"Bring me some strong coffee from the kitchen," he said, "and on your life, Tildie, tell no one what you have done."

When Miss Maria regained consciousness she was being walked around the long hall, in the strong arms of Mr. Nettoyer, who was saying:

"My dear madame, you have been suddenly indisposed by the heat. Permit a neighbor who happened to be passing"—but she had no clear remembrances of the rest, for the walking began again, with interruptions to pour coffee down her throat and to beg Aurore not to cry.

For several days Miss Maria was very ill. Cecil did not go to Memphis, but remained with them. His practical ability was so thoroughly tested in the emergency that Miss Maria forgave him everything. As converts are always zealous, she soon became the most devoted stepmother-in-law in the countryside.

Tildie's part in the adventure was never told, and Miss Maria was always fond of saying "that she had actually had a sunstroke while sitting in the shade. Such is the danger of a southern climate!"

In due course of time she redeemed her promise and took Tildie with her on a visit to New Hampshire.

On top of Mount Washington Tildie's wonderful new muslin cap blew off, and her hair was seen to be arranged, as of old, in fifty minute braids all tied with vermilion string.—Reba Gregory Prelat in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Fretful Infants at the Theater.

There is nothing that actors hate in an audience worse than a fretful baby. No matter how still the infant may be in the noisy scenes of the play, the moment a pathetic part is reached the youngster is sure to become uneasy and scream at the top of its lungs. I was talking about this and about how Willard, the English actor, had stopped his performance to publicly reprimand a squalling infant when James A. Hearne, the actor, said:

I think he did nothing but what was right. It may seem rather a harsh measure, but it is not. Why should one infant, unable to understand what is going on, spoil the pleasure of hundreds of people who have paid their money to hear the actor and to witness his work. In the first place very young children should not be allowed in a theater, but there are of course managers who would rather almost lose a limb than a twenty-five cent piece.—New York Telegram.

Information Gratis.

"Professor, what is the greatest paper making center in the world?"

"Wall street, Mr. Freshe," returned the professor of political economy.—New York Epoch.

As Staple as Coffee.

"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is as staple as coffee in this vicinity. It has done an immense amount of good since its introduction here."—A. M. Nordell, Maple Ridge, Minn. For sale by G. E. Good, druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by Dan'l J. Fry, 220 Com St

ODDS AND ENDS.

Consuls were first appointed in 1485.

In Sweden locomotives use peat for fuel.

Do not overwork with mind or body.

Remember that cream will double in whipping.

American looms are being extensively used in England.

Save your cold tea: it is excellent for cleaning grained wood.

A stone hatchet was found in a Florida phosphate bed not long ago.

The buildings of the World's fair will contain twenty-nine acres of glass.

During last year 192 persons were arrested for attempted suicide in New York city.

Chess is an old game. It was played by the Chinese 174 years before Christ.

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

There is never a scarfpin worn in the lawn cravat "to hold it in place." There is no need of such a thing.

Never do anything that you need be ashamed of, and then you never need be ashamed of anything you do.

The yearly expenses of the three branches of the government legislative, executive and judicial are $22,000,000.

Milton was of the opinion that the verses composed by him between the autumnal and spring equinoxes were always the best.

The wonderful progress made in surgery is shown from the fact that only 9 per cent. of all operations in amputation are fatal.

Silver was first coined at Rome in the year 275 B. C. The first Roman gold coin was issued only about seventy-four years before Christ.

Some time ago the Japanese adopted the European custom of burying the dead, but for sanitary reasons they have returned to cremation.

Coal mining requires an average sacrifice of two lives per day. Of each 150 men working in the mines one must lose his life within a year.

International Linen Washing.

Smoking with the gravity of sages and deliberating with an intelligence rarely equaled in business assemblies, the National Laundry association recently combined the pleasures of good fellowship with a lively interest in the washtub. "Does France wash linen better than England?" was the international topic of the hour, and to the elucidation of the problem M. Camille Simon read a paper stocked with information which only an expert could acquire. On the whole this country came out of the fray with untarnished colors.

In finishing certain classes of fine work our neighbors were credited with an uncommon degree of proficiency, but the balance of opinion inclined to the insular belief that it is hard to beat England at anything. Of course London had many disadvantages compared with Paris, where fogs and smoky chimneys are not regular institutions. A laundryman who wore a shirt for two days in England candidly avowed that the same article would do service for three in France, and even then resent imputations upon the cleanliness of its starched front. "Stewing" was generally approved, and the too often sadly misleading words "Blanchisserie Francaise" condemned as not always conveying what they seemed to indicate.

Purified English table linen was held up as a pattern the foreigner might envy, but the feeling prevailed that our home washed and ironed material might appeal more kindly to the eye if it were wrapped and folded with the artistic expressiveness affected by our Continental friends.—London Telegraph.

A Lunch Room for Women.

A new business venture for women is the lunch or tearoom, designed to help working women obtain meals reasonably. One has been started at 37 West Twenty-second street, New York, and those who know the poverty of Brooklyn in this respect are wishing that one could be started here near the main shopping quarter. It would be patronized by many women, for in spite of the small cost of the edibles everything is tasteful and pretty in the one which has become a fact. Not only would it be a kindness to the business woman, but the shopper also would be glad of a chance to eat a sandwich and drink a cup of coffee without being looked at as if she were mean for not desiring something more hearty.

Some of the items worth mentioning are coffee or tea, three cents; bread and butter, the same. A regular lunch consisting of soup, meats, potatoes, pudding or pie, coffee, tea or cocoa, twenty cents; a bowl of soup, with bread and butter, eight cents, and a hot breakfast thirteen.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Wool Wadding for Comfortables.

Wool wadding is sometimes used to fill comfortables, and, though much more expensive than cotton, is very durable. The wadding comes in sheets a yard and three-eighths long, and two sheets are needed to fill a comfortable. The colored wool costs $2.50 for two sheets, the white $3.—New York Post.

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 substitute.

J. D. HURST & SON, Aurora.

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9:18 p. m.	Lv. Salem Lv.	5:28 a. m
8:45 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.

9:05 a. m.	Lv. Portland Ar.	4:00 p. m.
10:32 a. m	Lv Salem Lv.	1:38 p. m.
3:40 p. m.	Ar. Roseburg Lv.	6:20 a. m

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday.

3:00 p. m.	Lve	Portland	Ar. 8:55 a. m.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	salem	Lv. 6:08 a. m.
8:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv. 5:00 a. m.

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For accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis:

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

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

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7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv. 5:45 a. m.

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Willamette Valley, Tuesday....." 15

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