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.

The Origin of Oil.

In the vast deposits of the upper and lower silurian formations there are more than 10,000 feet of limestone made entirely of mollusks. These immense beds of limestone are of vast extent and everywhere they are amazingly fossiliferous. Take 400,000 square miles of limestone 10,000 feet in thickness and entirely made up of the remains of animal life; add to this a similar extent of Devonian formations crowded with the remains of fishes, mollusks and crustaceans, and then add to that 8,000 feet or more of carboniferous rocks packed with the abundant remains of a tropical vegetation, and what have you got?

It is easy to conceive of an ocean of oil coming from all these things, providing they were well squeezed like apples in some immense cider press and the juices preserved. And what better evidence of a pressure sufficient to accomplish this is wanted than that which is obtained by studying the gigantic upheavals and inward lateral crushing convulsions that are suggested by the Appalachian and Rocky mountain ranges.

Here, then, were the materials and there were the forces sufficient to account for the immense deposit of oil that has been released by artificial perforation of the rocks at McDonald and other places.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine. For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as childrens' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine. 4

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There is nothing like the RESTORATIVE NERVINE discovered by the great specialist, Dr. MILES, to cure all nervous diseases, as Headache, the Blues, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, St. Vitus' Dance, Fits and Hysteria. Many physicians use it in their practice, and say the results are wonderful. We have hundreds of testimonials like these from druggists. "We have never known anything like it." Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y. "Every bottle sold brings words of praise." J. G. Wolf, Hillsdale, Mich. "The best seller we ever had." Woodworth & Co., Fort Wayne, Ind. "Nervine sells better than anything we ever had." H. F. Wyatt & Co., Concord, N. H. Trial bottle and book of testimonials Free at druggists.

DR. MILES' MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

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. Sample free at druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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PENSIONS

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Italian Fashionable Society.

During a visit to the south of Italy, a young Englishman was introduced to a fashionable gathering by a Neapolitan cavalier. While there he had his gold snuffbox taken from him. Next day he was at another evening party, when to his surprise he saw a gentleman present take out his stolen snuffbox and help himself to a pinch. He quickly strode up to his friend and said:

"The gentleman over yonder is taking snuff out of the very box that was stolen from me yesterday; do you happen to know him?"

"Hush!" answered the cavalier in a tone of warning: "he is a person of high rank."

"What do I care?" exclaimed the Englishman. "I want my snuffbox back, and mean to call him to account!"

"Come, don't let us have a row!" gently entreated his friend; "leave the matter to me, I will get the snuffbox for you."

At these words the Englishman "simmered down" and went home. On the following day, sure enough, his friend brought him the stolen article.

"How did you recover it?" inquired the Englishman.

"Nothing of the sort!" said his friend, with a laugh. "I wished to avoid a disturbance, and therefore I simply stole it back again from him."—Illustriter Familien Kalender.

Brother Jack's Idea.

Fair Cousin—Why, this is only your studio!

De Auber—Of course: and what did you expect?

F. C.—Why, Brother Jack said if we visited you you'd probably show us your "Chamber of Horrors."—From the German.

Strange Adventures of a Cat.

In some manner a cat found its way into a cyclorama building several days ago. The man in charge attempted to chase the trespassing feline through the door, but the cat evidently thought there was a better way of escaping the rising temper of the irate man. It looked cautiously about, as if to avoid stepping on the prostrate forms of heroes slain in battle. Finally its eyes caught sight of a tree. A projecting limb hung very low, and here the cat thought to find a place of safety. It gave one leap, and no doubt was the most disgusted cat in Portland when it learned by sad experience that the tree was on the canvas. It picked itself up and slowly slunk through the door, down the stairs and out of the building.—Portland Press.

Those Terrible Children.

George and his little sister were playing in the dining room when a gentleman, who was an intimate friend of the family, appeared at the door.

"What are you doing, children?" he asked.

"Oh," said George, "we have been playing at papa and mamma."

"And how did you do that?"

"Oh, easy enough. I sat down at this end of the table and said, 'This beefsteak is not fit to eat.' Then Alice answered, 'It's good enough for you.' Then I swore a lot and she threw a napkin on the floor and went up stairs. That's how."—New York Herald.

A Powerful Player.

"That is Orpheus," said the young man; "he was a wonderful musician. He was such a forceful player as to move trees and stones."

"So?" replied the old gentleman, looking at the statue in a contemplative mood, "not so bad, but you never heard that cousin of yours play. She's only a puny little thing, but they do say she's made no less than twenty whole families move, and I guess it's no more'n the truth."—Boston Transcript.

Out of Evil Good May Come.

Wife—Did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?

Husband—By George, Emily, I was so busy today that I forgot all about that letter. It's in my overcoat pocket now. I assure you, I——

Wife—You needn't apologize, George. I'm glad you didn't mail it, because I've just thought of another postscript I want to add.—Somerville Journal.

A Sympathetic Parson.

"What sort of a preacher is Parson Surplus Eel?" asked a newly arrived stranger in a Texas town.

"Oh, he is a very fair preacher."

"Is he a sympathetic preacher?"

"You bet he is. He never attempts to preach without exciting general sympathy—it's such hard work for him to do it."—Texas Siftings.

He Was.

Citizen (to one eyed man)—My friend, are you one of the victims of the small boy with the air gun?

One Eyed Man—I am, sir.

"I should think you would be on the watch for him hereafter."

"Yes, I am keeping an eye out for him."—Chicago Tribune.

The Same Result.

This youth you think tipsy, perhaps,
But I'll swear that his state of collapse
Is due to a tea
Where from half after three
Until five he was the only man in the room and had to discuss Browning and Bacon with twenty-three ladies of assorted ages.—Harvard Lampoon.

COLD WEATHER.

How a Bear and an Irishman Tried Conclusions in Michigan.

It was the dinner hour in one of Harlem's progressive neighborhoods. Ryan's men had ceased blasting operations on the excavation of a ten story flat, and were sitting around on piles of rock after finishing the contents of their dinner cans. It was one of the first fine days since the cold snap, and old Brady had listened attentively to a number of stories of surprisingly cold weather told by his companions. The old man has a broad, ingenuous face, with an expression of innocence that might deceive a Chinaman. When he cleared his throat, evidently under the influence of an inspiration, the others drew a little closer.

"I mind the time well, boys," he began; "that the cowdiest weather iver known to man kem near bein the ind o' me."

"Arrah, whin wuz that, Brady?" asked one, with a wink.

"It wuz before some o' ye wor born," continued the old man. "I wuz in Michigan thin, diggin goold out of the mines for amusement. The weather kem on so cowld I stopped the fun and thought I'd go out and shoot a bear for brek'ust. Well, before shtartin I got a quart o' the besht Canady phwishky I cud find to keep the cockles roun me heart warrum, an throwin me gun over me showlder I wint into the brish."

"Divil a much ye've mended since," put in one of the listeners.

"Be quiet," said Brady. "I wuz a young man thin an a fine bit of a boy at that. But to go on wid the shtory. I wuzzen't long out when a cracklin just at me heels made the hair o' me head stan up sthrait.

"'Phat the divil's in it?' says I to mesel', when turnin roun me hat bobbed into the nose uv a threminjus big bear that kem out to ate me. I wuz that frickened I forgot about me gun bein loaded, an ran to a three an up I wint, afther shtanin the gun agin the thrunk. I forgot to take it up wid me.

"Well, if ye'll belave it, boys, the turrible crather sat down contintedly enough waitin fur me to dhrop, for he knew very well I couldn't howld on long wid the cowld. There we wor, he lookin up to me an I lookin down at him, till me blood seemed to be freezin in me veins.

"Jist whin I'd a'most given meself up for a dead man, a wundherful thing kem into me mind. The barrel o' the gun wuz pintin up an I cud luk down into it. Takin out me quart o' fine Canady phwishky, I balanced it over the gun and let the likker dhrap into it. The barrel filled up to the muzzhle an 'twas that cowld it frozhe stiff. I kep' an dhrappin careful like an the icicle kep' growin. The bear stud watchin, not knowin phat I wuz up to. Well, boys, the long stim o' ice kem up to me an' I reached down an pulled it up tindher as a kitten, an before the hairy monsther knew where he wuz, I leveled the gun an shot him dead. There wuz cowld weather for ye."—New York Recorder.

Why Beds Are Thrown Out in Time of Fire.

In one respect the old feather bed beats all improvements, and that is its capacity for taking care of money and valuables. "Bedtick banks," as they are called, are very numerous in South St. Louis, and they consist of nothing but stockings and leather bags containing the financial wealth of the household hidden away among their feathers. A hair mattress won't answer the purpose as readily, and it is seldom used for the purpose, and that is why, perhaps, those who have no confidence in banks do not take to harder beds.

Any member of the fire department knows how the family feather bed is reverenced, and when one is hurled out of the window during a fire to a member of the family below all understand why an effort is made to save it in preference to apparently more valuable articles. Money in banks of this kind is nearly always in the shape of gold, and when currency is received it is generally changed into gold before deposited.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Substances in the Air.

Not only mineral substances, but large quantities of vegetable material likewise are always floating in the air. Astronomers have frequently mistaken such organic bodies for meteorites as they passed across the field of the telescope. They were finally discovered to be mostly the feathered seeds of plants carried by the breeze. Having been the first to find this out, W. R. Dawes, of the Royal Astronomical society, adjusted the focus of his instrument so as to examine the seeds, which he found belong to many different kinds of plants, such as thistles, dandelions and willows.—Washington Star.

Butter Made in Two Ways.

Results at the Texas experiment station concerning the value of cottonseed meal in the dairy ration show that when the cream is extracted by the centrifugal method a much larger amount of the butter fat is extracted, and in the gravity method the character of food plays a very important part on the amount of butter that can be obtained from the milk.—New York Times.

Syrian Hospitality.

In Syria there is a certain religious sect the members of which are forbidden to drink from a vessel that has touched the lips of a stranger. In spite of this, they never refuse a drink of water to the thirsty traveler, although they must immediately destroy the cup which he has used.—Exchange.

LOVE'S VISITOR.

I see her in the near light, in the far light,
At dawn when flowers are fragrant with the dew;
At twilight when the shimmer of the starlight
The tangle of the vines comes peeping through.

Her eyes, as in the fair and far away time,
Are beautiful and tender, and her cheek
Is rosy with the richness of the May time,
But the loving lips are silent when I speak.

Perhaps the woven love words that I bring her
She treasures in sweet silence—little worth.
She'd rather hear the songs the angels sing her,
Than listen to the lowlier songs of earth.

Yet, wherefore from the seraph guarded portal,
Beyond where glooms the dark, dividing sea,
Whose waters lave the shining shore immortal,
In light and night comes back my child to me?

Forever comes! O doubting heart, no heaven,
Howe'er its walls may tower, the stars above,
With gates that look down on the unforgiven,
Can stay the hands that love holds out to love!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Why Metals Rust.

Gold does not tarnish like other metals because it is not acted upon by oxygen or water. It is the moisture in the atmosphere which causes other metals to tarnish, owing to their oxidation. Water contains a large proportion of oxygen, and it is the oxygen in the moist air combining with the surface of the metals that covers them with tarnish. Platinum, like gold, resists the influence of oxygen and moisture and when pure neither rusts nor tarnishes. Aluminum also does not rust, neither hot nor cold water having any action upon it. The sulphureted hydrogen of the atmosphere, which so readily tarnishes silver, has no effect upon aluminum, which under ordinary circumstances preserves its appearance as perfectly as gold does. Silver tarnishes on exposure to the air, the agent producing this effect being the sulphur. Iron is the metal which tarnishes and rusts most easily, its oxidization proceeding until the metal is completely eaten or burnt away with the rust.—Brooklyn Eagle.

How Clove Trees Are Raised.

Zanzibar is the principal source of the world's clove supply. The seeds are planted in long trenches and kept well watered, and in the course of forty days the shoots appear above ground. They are carefully watered and looked after for two years, when they should be about three feet high. Then they are transplanted—about thirty feet apart—and well watered until they become rooted. From that time they require only ordinary care.

In five or six years they come into bearing, when they are of the size of ordinary pear trees and very shapely. Then the young plantation is a pretty sight. The leaves of various shades of green tinged with red serve to set off the clusters of dull red clove buds.—Exchange.

Sad Predicament.

Ten-year-old William is a chronic grumbler; nothing has ever been known to meet with his unqualified approval.

Not long ago a new suit came from the tailor's. The cutter, knowing how fastidious was his young customer, had exercised the utmost care.

William donned the new clothes and walked up and down the room several times. He was strangely silent, but his face soon assumed a serious aspect.

"Why, Willie," finally asked his mother, "what is the matter?"

"Well," he replied, almost ready to cry from disappointment and vexation, "these clothes are either too loose or too tight, and I can't tell which."—Youth's Companion.

Phrenological Item.

Mrs. Randall Bragg is not the best educated woman, but that does not in the least hinder her from expressing herself fully on any topic, no matter what it may be. She was having her head examined by a phrenologist.

"You have philoprogenitiveness strongly developed."

"You bet I have! Nobody ever said anything mean about me but I was sure to get even with them sooner or later. That's just the kind of a woman I am. You've hit it first pop."—Texas Siftings.

How an Author Felt Toward the Bishop.

One day Henry Luttrell, receiving a verbal invitation to dinner, asked:

"Who is going to dine there?"

"I really don't know, but I believe the Bishop of ——, for one?"

"The Bishop of ——!" exclaimed Luttrell. "Mercy upon me! I don't mix well with the dean, and I shall positively effervesce with the bishop."—All the Year Round.

Domestic Electric Pump.

An English electrical firm is introducing a small pump, suitable for supplying the house tanks in country districts where there is neither sufficient fall nor machinery for pumping. It consists of a rotary pump, driven by screw gearing direct from an electric motor, which is influenced by a primary battery placed in the cellar.—New York Telegram.

Two gentlemen, walking along a country road during a snowstorm, saw what seemed to be a glimmer coming out of the new fallen snow. It was presently discovered that the light enveloped the iron cap on the end of the cane carried by one of the pedestrians. When he raised the cane in the air little sparks seemed to dance forth from it.

The manufacture of bottles for perfumery gives employment to hundreds of persons. All but the very fancy ones are made in this country. A few come from France and Belgium. The kid stoppers are all imported in a crude shape, but are finished here.

Telephonic Complications.

One of the young ladies at the telephone central office has a singularly pleasing voice and it is just possible that her features match it. It is just as well right here to give the reader to understand that no names are to be mentioned—they are suppressed in the interest of a gentleman who holds a public office and was talked of for mayor. His clerk, who usually did the telephoning, never spoke to the central office girl without a term of endearment. The discussion over the wires generally began with, "Is that you, dear?" and wound up with "Goodby, darling!"

In the absence of the clerk the distinguished man went to the telephone in person. Central promptly answered, and failing to recognize the voice asked, "Is that you, dear?" "No, darling," responded the distinguished public man, "it's the other fellow."

It is the good fortune of some wives to make their appearance just in the nick of the most exasperating time. That is what happened in this instance. Behind the distinguished public man when he said "No, darling, it's the other fellow," stood his wife, who had concluded to visit her husband that morning. She startled him by exclaiming, "Well, I like that!" Did she?—Brooklyn Life.

American Love of Natural Beauty.

In spite of the alleged materialism of our people, it is plain that the love of natural beauty is stronger in the more ignorant classes than is common in the European nations. It is rare in Scotland, in Switzerland, in the Tyrol, to see the natives of the region on the mountains except for what may be called business purposes—that is, as hunters or as guides. They do not take their families and go up for a picnic simply for the pleasure of the thing, whereas the city visitor can hardly ascend an American mountain without finding a party of simple country people there before him.

Grant that their demeanor is not wholly æsthetic—that they may carry a hammer and chisel to carve initials on the rocks, that they leave sardine boxes about, that they even play a game of cards on the very summit—no matter; they are there. The chances are that the expedition was proposed by the wife or daughter of the farmer or mechanic who nominally heads it. She has a firm conviction, brought from some earlier trip, that the top of the mountain is "a sightly place," and she is ready enough to contribute her best doughnuts and mince pies for the collation.—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

A New York Miser.

An interesting specimen is an old fellow whom I got to know while making notes in the Astor library. He carried crusts of bread in his pocket and ate them bit by bit, as he huddled over his book all day long. His miserable dress, his haggard face and wasted figure inspired me with pity, and I opened an acquaintanceship with him. When I worked all day I was in the habit of lunching in a convenient beer shop of Bohemian renown, and once I invited him to join me. Thereafter he did it daily without invitation. When my work at the library was finished he got to haunting my house. Every evening he would lie in wait for me and levy toll to the sum of a dime, for his dinner, as he said.

One night a prominent real estate agent came up as I was making this contribution and greeted my pensioner by name. When he had shuffled off the agent laughed at me for my modest liberality. I learned from him that my haggard friend was a retired real estate speculator and worth at least half a million in property.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

All Sizes of Shoes.

A third of an inch gives us a full size in length of shoe; a sixth furnishes the intermediate point between two sizes, the saving of which is desirable if not practicable; a small fraction of breadth goes a good way in securing comfort, and in girth of ball or instep an infinitesimal part of an inch is sometimes an ell of freedom; a quarter of an inch is a good deal of letting down or elevating at the heel, and the difference of a sixteenth is really perceptible at the sole.

For these reasons sudden and extreme changes in size or weight of shoes are injudicious. Even the "paper sole" (which ought never to be worn in any place) should be replaced by one only a little thicker at first. After the summer shoe the proper thing is one of medium weight before the winter article is in order, and even that doesn't now mean a thick, cumbersome shoe, as it once did.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A Huge Magnet.

According to investigations of Professor Frank H. Bigelow, the vast field of sunlight through which the earth careers in its annual motion around the center of the solar system is also a field of magnetic force radiated from the sun, and the effects arising from the motion of the earth through it suffice to account not only for the variations of the magnetic needle, but also for the permanent magnetic condition of the globe.—Exchange.

Attempting Impossibilities.

Female Emancipator—With all our work, the cause of woman does not progress. Why is it?

Male Philosopher—The trouble is that the pretty girls spend all their time trying to be brainy, and the brainy girls spend all their time trying to look pretty.—New York Weekly.

CLEAN!

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the

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Or whole Wheat Flour, healthiest and best tasting bread. Also the Famous Pure Aurora Buckwheat Flour.

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9:18 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	5:26 a. m
8:15 a.m.	Ar.	San Fran.	Lv.	7:00 p. m

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5:40 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.	6:20 a. m

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday.

4:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	8:55 a. m.
7:32 p. m.	Lv:	Salem	Lv.	6:08 a. m
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.	5:00 a. m.

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

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