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

LIVING LIKE BRUTES

DR. TALMAGE DRAWS MANY LESSONS FROM NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

The Many Ways in Which Men and Women Degrade Themselves to the Level of Brutes—Intemperance, Drugs, Idleness, Luxury, Unbelief.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 7.—With a mighty acclaim the long meter Doxology rose at the beginning of the service. The inestimable value of Christianity as an elevating and ennobling influence on the nature of man formed the subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon this morning. The brilliant and original preacher chose as his text the humiliation of the Babylonish king who being destitute of religion sank to the level of the brute. Daniel iv, 28. "All this came upon the King Nebuchadnezzar."

Colonel Rawlinson, the oriental traveler, says that the exhumed bricks, not only of Babylon, but of a hundred towns in an area of one hundred miles in length and thirty in breadth, are inscribed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar. He was a great warrior and at the glance of his sword nations prostrated themselves. He was a great king and built a city reservoir ninety miles in circumference and one hundred and twenty feet deep, and constructed a hanging garden four hundred feet square and seventy five feet high, some say to please Amuhia, his wife, who had been born among the hills, and others say to get a pleasure ground free from the mosquitoes, which afflict the levels.

I think from his character the latter reason may have impelled him as much as the former. When he conquered King Zedekiah, so as to have no more trouble with him, he put his eyes out—a most barbarous way of incapacitating an enemy. But Babylon was a great place, the houses surrounded by gardens and the housetops were connected with each other by bridges, and one day Nebuchadnezzar walked out on those suspension bridges and showed, perhaps to a royal visitor, the vastness of his realm as the sun kindles the domes with glistenings almost insufferable and the great streets thunder up their pomp into the ear of the monarch, and armed towers stand around adorned with spoils of conquered empires.

Nebuchadnezzar waves his hand above the stupendous scene and exclaims, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" In other words: "What a great man I am. Babylon was not anything until I adorned it. See those water works; see those gardens; see those forts. I did all this. I shall never be forgotten. Why, my name is on every brick in all those walls. Just look at me. I am more than a man."

But in an instant all that splendor is gone from his vision, for a voice falls from the heavens, saying, "O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; the kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from men and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field; they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

One hour from the time he made the boast he is on his way to the fields a maniac, and rushing into the forests he becomes as one of the beasts, and is after awhile covered with eagles' feathers for protection from the cold, and his nails grow to look like birds' claws, in order that he may dig the earth for roots and climb the trees for nuts.

FORMS OF INSANITY.

The mental disaster that seized him was what the Greeks called lycanthropy, by which a man imagines himself a beast and prefers to go out and mingle with brutes. He who had been eating pomegranates and apricots off of plates of gold inlaid with amethyst and diamond, and drinking the richest wines from the royal vats, now browsing on grass, and struck by the horn of the ox as he contends for a better tuft of the pasturage, and instead of an orchestra on benches of ivory playing the national airs, now listening to the moan and bellow and grunt of the beasts. This is not hard for me to believe, for the forms of dementia are innumerable.

A few years ago, arriving in a city on a summer afternoon, while waiting for my engagement in the evening I sauntered forth into what seemed to be a park in front of a large public building, the use of which I knew not. I met a gentleman, with whom I fell into delightful conversation, and he seemed intelligent on all subjects. After awhile I said, "Let us sit down on this bench and rest awhile and enjoy the scene of verdure and fountains." "No," said he. "You sit down, but I cannot. I am made of glass, and if I should sit down I would break to pieces." Then I saw that he was insane and belonged to the large building just behind us.

After such an interview as that I can easily believe this account of my text. Here is Nebuchadnezzar on all fours. He once prided himself on being more than a man, and now he turns out less than a man. The courtiers look out of the windows upon him as he moves among the royal beats and cry, "A beast!" Seven years pass when suddenly his reason returns, and he comes back to Babylon a humble worshiper of the God of heaven.

What must have been the excitement in the royal court as this restored maniac emperor walks into the palace. What a time they had in cutting his nails and his hair, which had grown for seven years without being interfered with by any shears. What a scrubbing down must have taken place in the imperial baths. What a transformation necessary in order that he who had been herding with camels and goats and swine may be made fit to associate with princes. What a change from sty to throne room!

While walking from his Babylonian palace down to the pasture field, and from the pasture field back to the palace, the first thing that impresses me is what an incongruous thing it is for a king to be eating grass. It is good for cattle, but not fit for man. And then for one to prefer it to a royal table toward whose bounty the orchards and paddocks and streams and vineyards in all the earth might contribute—what an amazement! And yet the scene is as common as the daylight.

When I see a man of regal nature, made to rule in realms of thought, capable of all moral elevation, besotting his faculties, attempting out of low sensualities to satisfy his immortal energies, coming down off of his throne of power into brutalities, sacrificing his higher nature to his lower nature, stooping and stooping, coming down and coming down until all his influence for good is gone, I cry out, "There is a king eating grass like an ox."

And there are tens of thousands of such Nebuchadnezzars. So there are queens who dedicate themselves to the same humiliation. What power for good God gave that woman. Magnetism of personal presence. Influence more than imperial. By her intelligence, by her tenderness, by her charm of smile and manner, capable of soothing so much sorrow, and reforming so much waywardness, and wielding so much elevated power; yet at the call of worldliness, coming out of the throne room of good influence where God would have her reign, coming down over the ivory stairs of moral power, coming down and coming down until she has no more soul than the dead bird transfixed in her millinery or the chinchilla that was slain to afford her warmth, or the kid that furnished her the glove, and finding her only delight in flatteries of brainless men and midnight schottische and debauched novelettes. I say, "There is one who might have been a queen unto God forever, yet eating straw like an ox."

HOW THE MANY DEGRADE THEMSELVES.

I look over the pasture fields of folly and sin and find many groveling who ought to be erect. Oh, men and women, go back to your thrones! A young man ran away from home and broke his widowed mother's heart. Fourteen years passed, and he returned and came to the window at which his old mother was sitting. She looked up and immediately recognized him and said: "Oh, Robert, Robert! Come in!" "No!" said he. "Mother, I shall never come in till I hear you say you forgive me." Her answer was: "Robert, I have forgiven you long ago. There is nothing to forgive now except that you staid away so long."

My hearer, forgiveness has been ready for you a good while. With more than a mother's tenderness God will take you back. They are waiting for you up in the palace. Nebuchadnezzar was the son of Nabopolassar, who ruled before him, and you are the child of a King!

The next thought that presses into my mind from the contemplation of this incident is that conviction is not conversion. Who is this monarch that makes the boast about Babylon? The very man who, under the revelation of dreams that Daniel made from heaven, deeply humbled himself, while he confessed that God is a God of Gods and a Lord of Lords, yet behold that that humbling and arousing which he before felt did not result in a radical change.

There is no mistake more frequent than of supposing conviction a synonym for conversion. Conviction is merely a sight of sin; conversion is a view of pardon. Conviction is merely alarm; conversion is confidence. Conviction is dissatisfaction with depravity; conversion is a turning away from it. Conviction is a sword wound; conversion is the healing. Conviction is the fever of thirst; conversion is the slaking of that thirst. Conviction is the pain; conversion is the medicine that cures it. Thousands have experienced the former and never experienced the latter.

There are multitudes who think that as soon as a man is serious he is fit for profession of religion. What if a man should only think seriously of being a merchant; would that make him a merchant? What if a man should only think seriously of being a lawyer; would that make him a lawyer? What if a man should only think seriously of being a Christian; would that make him a Christian? Felix was convicted but not converted. The jailer was convicted before he got out of bed, but not converted until at the advice of Paul he believed in Christ. Are you convicted but not converted?

I tell you what you make me think of. You have made up your mind for proper consideration to deed away a property. You have drawn the deed. The seal is affixed opposite where you are to write your name. The commissioner of deeds is present to witness. You have your pen in hand. There is ink in the pen. There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to sign your name. Suppose you stop now without signing your name, what does it all amount to? Nothing.

So you have resolved to give yourself up to God. You propose to sign off to him your body, your mind, your soul. You have all things necessary for the transfer. The angels of God are here to witness the eternal transfer. Why do you not now with your will complete the work? Halt where you are and all goes for nothing. Sign your name to this spiritual transfer.

Professor Arago, the mathematician, got woefully discouraged in his work and was about to give up, when he saw some words on the paper which had been used to stiffen the cover of his book, and the words being indistinct he dampened the cover until he could take it off and see the words plainly, and he found they were words of advice given by D'Alembert to a student, and the words were, "Go on, sir; go on!" O ye who are convicted, "Go on!" You must take one more step or all the steps you have taken will amount to nothing. Go on!

BLINDED ARROGANCE LEADS TO STUMBLING.

Learn also from my subject that pride is the precursor of overthrow. Pride is a commander well plumed and caparisoned, but it leads forth a dark and frowning host. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing. Goliath shakes his great spear in defiance, but the smooth stones from the brook make him stagger and fall like an ox under a butcher's bludgeon. He who is down cannot fall. Vessels scudding under bare poles do not feel the force of the storm.

What are those three sleds that have just gone into the yard of a miserable hotel in Warsaw, Poland, on the cold night of December the tenth, 1812? Who are they, who from these sleds have entered, and the servant is trying to build for them a fire with some green wood? Napoleon, with six attendants, on retreat from Moscow. The fire amid the green wood has gone out and the emperor is walking the floor to keep from freezing.

Then bounding into his sled, the thermometer twenty-six degrees below zero, he disappears in the darkness. He who a little before had an army under his command, together with troops offered by other nations, in all 1,187,000 men, now retreating through that December night with three sleds, and those of his army not dead under the snow, reduced for food to a handful of rye dough, seasoned with gunpowder for lack of salt, and a mouthful of horseflesh. From what a height to what a depth! Nebuchadnezzar in the palace; Nebuchadnezzar forsaken in the fields.

Again learn from the misfortune of the king of Babylon what a terrible thing is the loss of reason. There is no calamity that can possibly befall us in this world so great as the derangement of intellect—to have the body of a man and yet to fall even below the instinct of a brute. In this world of sad sights the saddest is the idiot's stare. In this world of awful sounds the most awful is the maniac's laugh. A vessel on the rocks, when hundreds go down never to rise, and other hundreds drag their mangled and shivering bodies up the wintry beach, is nothing compared to the foundering of intellects full of vast hopes and attainments and capacities. Christ's heart went out to those who were epileptic, falling into the fire, or maniacs cutting themselves among the tombs.

We are accustomed to be more grateful for physical health than for the proper working of our mind. We are apt to take it for granted that the intellect which has served us so well will always be faithful. We forget that an engine with such tremendous power, when the wheels have such vastness of circle and such swiftness of motion and the least impediment might put it out of gear, could only be kept in proper balance by a divine hand. No human power could engineer this train of immortal faculties.

How strange it is that our memory, on whose shoulders all the successes and misfortunes and occurrences of a lifetime are placed, should not oftener break down, and that the scales of judgment, which have been weighing so much and so long, should not lose their adjustment, and that fancy, which holds a dangerous wand, should not sometimes maliciously wave it, bringing into the heart forebodings and hallucinations the most appalling. Is it not strange that the expectations of this intellect should not be dashed to pieces on its disappointments?

Though so delicately attuned, this instrument of untold harmonies plays on, though fear shocks it, and vexations rack it, and sorrow and joy and loss and gain in quick succession beat out of it their dirge or draw from it their anthem. At morning and at night, when in your prayer you rehearse the objects of your thanksgiving, next to your salvation by Jesus Christ, praise the Lord for the preservation of your reason.

THE DEGRADATION BY ANODYNES.

How many fine intellects are being destroyed by anodynes and anæsthetics, which were given by providence for occasional use in alleviation of pain or insomnia, but by being employed continuously after awhile capture and destroy. Chloral, cocaine, bromide of potassium, opium and whole shelves of seductive etceteras that help turn Nebuchadnezzars into imbecility or madness. Do not trifle with opiates that benumb the brain. If you cannot live without the perpetual and enslaving use of them, you had better die. Better die a sane man than live a fool. What right have you to kill your brain and put in wild jangle your nervous system? But rum is the cause of more insanity than anything else. There is nothing like rum to put a man, like Nebuchadnezzar, down on all fours.

Again, learn how quickly turns the wheel of fortune, from how high up to how far down went Nebuchadnezzar. Those now in places of position and power, even though they should live, will in a few years be disregarded, while some, who this day are obscure and poverty stricken, will ride up on the shoulders of the people to take their turn at admiration and the spoils of office. Oh, how quickly the wheel turns! Ballot boxes are the steps on which men come down as often as they go up. Of those who were a few years ago successful in the accumulation of property how few have not met with reverses of fortune, while many of those who then were straitened in circumstances now hold the bonds and the bank keys of the nation and win the most bows on the exchange.

Of all fickle people in the world Fortune is the most fickle. Every day she changes her mind, and woe to that man who puts any confidence in what she promises or proposes. She cheers when you go up and she laughs when you come down. Oh, trust not a moment your heart's affections to this changeable world. Anchor your soul in God. From Christ's love gather your joy. Then come sorrow or gladness, success or defeat, riches or poverty, honor or disgrace, health or sickness, life or death, time or eternity, all are yours and we are Christ's and Christ is God's.

Learn also from my subject the comforting truth that afflictions are arrested as soon as they have accomplished their mission. For seven years did Nebuchadnezzar dwell among the beasts of the field, but at the expiration of that time his reason returned, and as soon as with proper humility he acknowledged the God of heaven he was brought back to his palace and reinstated in his former affluence and power. Now it does seem that when heavy trials come upon us it is as though they had no limit. We exclaim, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me," but forget that the depth of that sea and the power of that billow are definitely determined.

God sees how much our pride is and he sends just enough adversity to humble it. He sees just how worldly minded we are and pulls us just hard enough to detach us from our follies. He sees how hard our heart is and smites just hard enough to break it. He sees how our eyes have been blinded and he cuts only just enough to remove the scales from our spiritual vision. As soon as Abraham's faith is sufficiently tried the lamb is provided. As soon as Pharaoh consents to let the children of Israel depart the plague pauses. As soon as the Israelites have been sufficiently disciplined by their wanderings they find their way into Canaan. But to some the limit is not set in this life. Their whole pilgrimage is through the wilderness and the world is to them a valley of tears.

But perhaps God has a special throne in heaven that no ordinary saint can occupy, and by extraordinary trials he has prepared that Christian soul for extraordinary glory. God will not keep you in the furnace one moment too long. Just as soon as Paul had met with enough imprisonment and scourgings he reached up and plucked his eternal crown. God will keep us no longer under the hammer and on the stocks than is necessary to fit us for entrance into the haven of eternal rest. Glory be to the divine grace that, as soon as our afflictions have accomplished their mission, they are arrested.

DEFEAT OFTEN A DIVINE GUIDE.

The defeats and sorrows of life have sometimes been the greatest advantage. It was because Dante failed as a statesman that he gave up politics and wrote his immortal "Divinia Commedia." It was a violent thunderstorm that first set Martin Luther seriously thinking, and the thunder of this world's disaster has started many a reformation. James Y. Simpson went from a surgeon's operating table to experiment and see if he could not find something that would alleviate human pain, and he kept on until he had discovered chloroform as an anæsthetic, and the story of distress has almost always been followed by the story of rescue.

For many years after Shakespeare's death his work was so little appreciated that in 1666 there was only one edition of his works, and that of only three hundred copies, in existence, and that edition was nearly all burned in the great London fire. But forty-eight copies had been sold out of the city, and those forty-eight copies saved Shakespeare for all nations and all time. Your suppression on a smaller scale may last a good while, but for all you are worth you will yet shine out on earth or in heaven.

Again, learn from my subject that connected with the most distressing judgments of God there are displays of divine mercy. God might justly have left Nebuchadnezzar in the field, but infinite compassion brought him back to the palace. No sooner was Eden blasted than a blessing followed on the heels of the curse promising the coming of One who would destroy sin and make the whole world a paradise. The deluge descends, but not until Noah had invited the people into the ark. The destroying angel comes upon Egypt for the smiting of the first born, but left unmolested every house whose door was sprinkled with the blood of sacrifice.

Fiery tempests bear down upon Sodom, but not until two angels have warned Lot and his family to flee from the destruction. Jerusalem was utterly destroyed, but not until Jeremiah had sounded an alarm, bidding them turn from their abominations. On the darkest cloud of wrath there is a rainbow of mercy. Zechariah in his prophetic vision beheld four chariots, symbolical of God's government.

The first chariot was drawn by red horses. They indicated the wars that were coming. The second chariot was drawn by black horses. They indicated the coming of a famine and pestilence. The third chariot was drawn by white horses. They indicated the spotless purity of his conquests. But, mark well that the fourth chariot was drawn by horses "grisled and bay," denoting that mercy was mixed with all the desolating judgments of God. Sinai cannot thunder so loud as to drown the invitations of Calvary. The Lord utters the admonition, "The wages of sin is death," but exhaustless mercy responds, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom."

Hide thee quick in the rock, Christ Jesus. Let not this insignificant "Now" absorb thee more than the great hereafter. The path leading to this side of the grave is only a few furlongs, but the path which commences at the other side of it is without end. The powers of darkness gather about your souls and the temptations of an evil heart and the allurements of the world I know are trying to drown the voice of the preacher, but taking hold of the silver trumpet of the Gospel which made Felix tremble, and at the Pentecost brought three thousand souls out of their sepulcher, I would blow one long, loud blast, crying, "Whosoever will, let him come."

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES ALWAYS BEAR GOOD FRUIT.

Take this goodly religion which has done so much for me that I can commend it to all. Without it I should have gone the whole downward career. Stolid and phlegmatic natures going astray do not go so far, but natures like mine, sanguine, intense, emotional, optimistic, social to the last degree and echoing to all the heights and depths of mirth, if they get off the track they go with one wild leap to hell. As to the restraining power of this religion upon a mercurial temperament, I testify. This is not abstraction or something gotten from books. I speak of what I know. Go out and ask all who have tried this religion and ask them how it works.

Three young men in a factory came out on the Lord's side, but two of them, overcome by the jeers of their comrades, went back and joined the scoffers. The one held on to his Christian hope, and one day when they pressed him hard and were telling how much infidelity had done for the world, and that Christianity had done nothing, the persecuted Christian turned upon them, and pointing to Henry and George, who had for a little while followed Christ and then turned back, he said:

"You have tried your principles on them and know what they have done for them. When they tried to serve Christ they were civil, good tempered, kind husbands and fathers. They were cheerful, industrious and ready to oblige. What have you made them? Look and see. They are cast down and cross; their mouths are full of cursing and filthiness; they are drunk every week; their children half clothed, their wives broken hearted, their homes wretched. That is what your principles have done. Now I have tried Christ and his religion and what has it done for me? You know well what I used to be. There was none of you that could drink so much, swear so desperately and fight so masterly. I had no money and nobody would trust me. My wife was ill used, I was ill humored, hateful and hating. What has religion done for me? Thank God, I am not afraid to put it to you. Am I not a happier man than I was? Am I not a better workman and a kinder companion? Would I once have put up with what I now bear from you? I could beat any of you as easily now as ever. Why don't I? Do you ever hear a foul word from my mouth? Do you catch me at a public house? Has anybody a score against me? Go and ask my neighbors if I am not altered for the better. Go and ask my wife. Let my house bear witness. God be praised, here is what Christianity has done for me; there is what infidelity has done for Henry and George."

Out of this audience I could gather a thousand men and women who could tell you as thrilling a story as that as to what religion has done for them. Yes, if times of persecution should come as of old, and they may come, there are a thousand here who would for Christ's sake as cheerfully walk into the furnace of fire as though it were an arbor of thyme and honeysuckle, and face the lions as though they were lambs frisking on the hillside, and wade down into the deep waters which are to submerge them as happily as ever at Narragansett beach they took the surf at a summer bathing.

Come up and join these on the way to a palace. What an absurd thing for a king to be eating grass. Instead of living on the poor fodder that the world affords come and sit among the princes of God at the royal banquet and hear the bands play: "Eat, O Friends! Drink, O Beloved!" Here is a crown, wear it. Here is a scepter, sway it. Here is a throne, mount it. This is your hour, improve it.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." ©

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,

The shepherd dog—called collie in Scotland, from the Gaelic cuilean, or puppy—gains its title from the fact of its being used to watch sheep and protect them from marauders of every description.

A great improvement in machine bearings is made from compressed wood pulp combined with graphite. No lubrication is necessary, and the amount of friction is greatly diminished.

An oil painting owned in Philadelphia shows, it is claimed, that the first man to wear russet shoes in America was Christopher Columbus: that in fact he landed in them.

The men or women who exercise their energies as household dictators are altogether disagreeable specimens of humanity, but unhappily are not uncommon.

Compared with the simple rites of less civilized people, our marriage ceremony seems a trying ordeal for a young and bashful couple to go through.

"A Priceless Blessing."

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

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

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

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

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

Nervous Prostration,

Sleeplessness, Sick and Nervous Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Morbid Fears, Hot Flashes, Nervous Dyspepsia, Dullness, Confusion, Hysteria, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, Opium Habit, Drunkenness, etc., are cured by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. It does not contain Opiates. Mrs. Sophia C. Brownlee, DeLand, Fla., suffered with Spinous for 30 years and testifies to a complete cure. Jacob Fetre, Ills., Oregon, had been suffering with Nervous Prostration for four years, could not sleep, nothing helped him until he used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine; he is now well. Fine books Free at druggists. Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills, 50 doses for 25 cents are the best remedy for Biliousness, Torpid Liver, etc., etc.

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.

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

IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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

FARM FOR SALE.

320 acres of best stock and fruit land in Oregon for sale at a bargain. Will sell in lots to suit purchaser. Address or call on C. J. SIBEL, Knights, Ore. Near Silver Creek Falls. 78 1m*

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 cooked in first-class style

Twenty-five cents per meal

RED FRONT

Court street, between Opera House and Minto's Livery

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.

Those Afflicted

With the habit of using to excess,

LIQUOR, OPIUM OR TOBACCO

Can obtain a

COMPLETE, PERMANENT CURE

AT THE

KEELEY INSTITUTE

Forest Grove, Or., Call write. Strictly confidential

Steamer Elwood.

Leaving time at Boise's wharf, Salem, and Ash street dock Portland:

SALEM.		PORTLAND.	
Monday,	6 a. m.	Tuesday,	6 a. m.
Wednesday,	"	Thursday,	"
Friday,	"	Saturday,	"

AL HERREN, Agent,
Office State street and at Wharf.

Summons.

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

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

To R. M. Glover the defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action, on or before the 4th day of February, 1892, the same being the first day of next regular term of the above entitled court after the expiration of the publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of $70 together with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum from March 30, 1888, until paid, and all costs and disbursements of this action. You are hereby notified that this summons is served upon you by publication by order of the Hon. R. P. Boise, judge of said court, made on the 11th day of Nov. 1891, directing that said summons be published six consecutive weeks in the CAPITAL JOURNAL, published at Salem, Marion county, Oregon.

E. P. McCORNAC and
S. T. RICHARDSON,
Attorneys for plaintiff.

156 t d m

PRINTING.

ONE OF THE LARGEST ESTABLISHments in the State. Lower rates than Portland. Largest stock Legal Blanks in the State, and lowest discount. Send for price list of job printing, and catalogue of legal blanks. E. M. WAITE, Steam Printer Salem Oregon

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company's steamship line, 225 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TIME SCHEDULE, (Except Sundays).

Leave Albany	1:00 P M
Leave Corvallis	1:40 P M
Arrive Yaquina	5:30 P M
Leave Yaquina	6:45 A M
Leave Corvallis	10:55 A M
Arrive Albany	11:10 A M

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co's Line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

SAILING DATES.

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

STEAMERS.	FROM SAN FRANCISCO
Willamette Valley, Friday	June 27
Farallon, Tuesday	July 1
Willamette Valley, Sunday	" 5
Farallon, Thursday	" 10
Willamette Valley, Tuesday	" 15

This company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Passenger and Freight Rates Always the Lowest. For information apply to Messrs HULMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 200 and 202 Front st., Portland, Or.

C. C. HOGUE Act. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or.

C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery st.

From Terminal or Interior Points the

Northern Pacific Railroad

Is the line to take

To all Points East and South.

It is the dining car route. It runs through vestibule trains every day in the year to

ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO

(No change of cars.)

Composed of dining cars unsurpassed, Pullman drawing room sleepers Of latest equipment

TOURIST

Sleeping Cars.

Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of first and second-class tickets, and

ELEGANT DAY COACHES.

A continuous line connecting with all lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service.

Pullman sleeper reservations can be secured in advance of any agent of the road.

Through tickets to and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any ticket office of this company.

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, Portland, Oregon.

SHAW & DOWNING, Agents