"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.** ©

It Was Something Else.

While a Baker street car was being accidentally rolled along at a speed of four miles an hour the other after noon the connection with the draw bar broke and the whiffletrees fell down at the horses' heels. The noise was enough to momentarily alarm all the passengers and everybody sprang up. Among them was a motherly looking woman, with a dozen eggs in a basket. After she had ascertained what had happened she sat down and remarked:

"Well, I declare if I didn't jest say to myself when the smash came that the children had broken another lamp chimney or pulled the teapot off the table!"—Detroit Free Press.

Visions of Young Children.

Some children transcend the opium eater in their capacity for seeing visions, projecting clearly defined images before them on the darkness: strange figures, large, saucer eyes, like those of the dog in the fairy tale, floating detached from any setting, or even fiendish faces. It is curious to find De Quincy comparing his experiences on the matter with a little box, exchanging notes on the frequency and the manner of these appearances. "I can tell them to go, and they go," said the child; "but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come."—Argosy.

"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,

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

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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 Epilepsy for 50 years and testifies to a complete cure. Jacob Peter, Alba, 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.

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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 Rst. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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D. C. Pensions and Claim agent, P. O. Box 91, Salem, Oregon. Deputy County Clerk. Write for blanks. w

HUMOR

CHANGED HIS MIND.

He Wanted to Be a Reporter, but Thought Better of It.

He walked into the city editor's room and carefully removed his hat.

"Have I the honor of addressing Mr Hottemper?" he inquired lispingly.

That dignitary looked up with a start and took in the questioner with a glance.

"Yep," he responded. "What can I do for you?"

"I—aw—would like to tender my application for a position on your reportorial staff."

"Why don't you, then?"

The applicant blushed painfully and shifted from one foot to the other in very evident embarrassment. Then he put his hat on a chair, sat down on it, jumped up, blushed again and was worse off than before. The city editor finally took pity on him and said:

"Wal, what can you do? Had any experience in the newspaper business?"

"No-o," said the applicant hesitatingly.

"You think you would make a reporter?"

"Yes, sir," said the applicant more cheerfully.

"Think you could stand on a corner with the thermometer forty below waiting to interview a man who won't stop to listen to you when you do catch him?"

"Yo-es, sir."

"Then when you are walking so fast that the people can hear you breathe for four blocks, think you can remember enough of his talk to make a column of solid nonpareil?"

"I—I—might."

"And then when he comes around in the morning, says he's been misquoted, slandered, and that he'll have your heart's blood, do you think you would be able to convince him between whacks that it's all right?"

"Do—do—reporters have to do that?"

Just then Patsy Poundim, the celebrated pugilist, who had had a battle the night before and was a literal mass of bruises, walked into the room. The city editor tipped him the wink, and pointing to him, said to the applicant:

"You can see for yourself. He interviewed old Moneybags yesterday, and old Moneybags interviewed him today."

The applicant rose slowly from his seat and felt for his hat, eying Patsy Poundim in the meantime.

"I guess I'll go," he said softly.

"Don't hurry yourself," said the city editor. "I think we might give you a trial. You look healthy and might survive several years. Besides, we want a good man to go up in a balloon with Higgafluff tomorrow and describe the sensations of jumping from an elevation of 3,000 feet in a parachute. How is your descriptive power?"

But the applicant had already reached the door, and without even a good day vanished. And the city editor took up his work where he had left off.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Sure Cure for Somnambulism.

I can't get to sleep. I try everything. I count up to 100 and look at one spot on the ceiling, and say my prayers forward and then backward, and then I think of sheep going over a fence, but it isn't any use.

Then as I'm tossing around I think I hear some one saying:

"George, get up: it's half past 7."

"All right; in a minute."

"George, get up or you'll be late."

"Oh, no, I won't be late. Just a few minutes longer."

"George, you've got to be at the office at 8 o'clock. You'd better hustle."

"Oh, all right. Right away. So comf'ble here—can't—m-m-m—prut' soon—m-m-m—hgnor-hgnor-hgnor." (Blessed sleep.)—Harvard Lampoon.

An Invitation.

On one occasion in the old French war, the English, aided by colonial militia, were besieging a French fort somewhere in or near Canada. In front was a space of the forest leveled by a tornado, and beneath the fallen trunks the besiegers sought shelter from the sharp fire of the fort—all save one man. Like another Ethan Allen, he stood upon a tree elevated above the rest, returning the enemy's fire. His companions below hailed him to know if he had any bullets to spare, as they were out. The reply was, "Hang you, come up here: you can catch a handful a minute!"—Argonaut.

Cheerful Thought.

Party on Horseback (who has ridden ten miles or more through the snow)—I wonder if there's ice cream for dessert today?—Brooklyn Life.

Great Economy.

Greyneck—Yes, I have several very fine orange groves in Florida.

Tubbs—How many trees have you on them?

Greyneck—Oh, I have no trees on them at all.

Tubbs—No trees!

Greyneck—No. You see the minute you put trees in your grove you have to have somebody take care of them.—Boston Courier.

A Prophecy.

Dashaway—There's one thing about it, I'll never marry a girl who doesn't dress well.

Cleverton—But suppose you can't afford to keep it up. What then?

Dashaway—She won't be so poor as all that.—Cloak Review.

What Incense Is Made Of.

The incense ordered for the service of the Tabernacle, to be burned in a censer and on the altar, consisted of stacte, onycha, galbanum and frankincense in equal parts. Stacte, which is the Greek translation of the Hebrew word nataph, signifies a liquid exudation, or something fluid. Pliny describes it as the natural exudation of the myrrh tree, flowing without the tree being punctured, and more esteemed than the myrrh itself. Theophrastus also mentions two sorts of myrrh—one liquid and one solid.

Onycha is the Hebrew Schecheleth, "odoriferous shell." It is the operculum of a species of strombus, formerly well known in Europe under the name of blatta byzantina, found in the Mediterranean and in the Red sea, from which the Israelites no doubt procured it. It is occasionally to be seen at the custom house in Bombay, where it is imported to burn with incense in the temples, not so much on account of any pleasing odor of its own as to bring out the odor of other perfumes. It is a white, transparent shell, resembling in shape the human finger nail; hence its Greek name onyx, a finger nail. It is generally believed that the fish inhabiting this shell acquires its peculiar odor by feeding on a species of Indian nard.

The word galbanum signifies something unctuous, and evidently applies to a balsam. According to some authorities it is a fine sort of galbanum found on Mount Amomus, in Syria, differing entirely from the ordinary galbanum now used in medicine, of which the odor is anything but sweet. But the fashions of this world change, and if we, in our day, find no sweetness in galbanum, saffron and spikenard, it is no reason why the ancients did not, and no reason why orientals should not, even now.—Knowledge.

Bonnets in French Theaters.

Next to parliament, the opening of the theatrical season is of great interest to the Parisians. M. Francisque Sarcey, the eminent critic, takes advantage of it to get up a campaign against ladies' bonnets at the play. "The other night," he says, "there was a lady in the stalls of the Odeon whose bonnet was a veritable scandal. It was, in fact, less a bonnet than a vast parasol, trimmed with all kinds of birds. It upset the whole house. I myself was particularly annoyed by it. The lady sat in front of me and cut me off entirely from the stage. In vain I bobbed my glass right and left to catch a glimpse of the actors; every time I moved she moved. At length I gave up the task in despair and left my seat."

M. Sarcey says the ladies, if they have any feelings for their lords and masters, could remedy the evil without any trouble or loss to themselves. He proposes they should adopt a coiffure especially for the theater. He thinks that a fanchon might be made as elegant and becoming as a bonnet. In Germany the ladies either leave their bonnets in the cloakroom or keep them on their knees, as the gentlemen do their hats. Why should not the same system be carried out in France? In any case he insists on a reform of some sort, and appeals to the fair spectators to consider the question. It is feared that they will not consent to the sacrifice.—Cor. London Globe.

Meat Eating Plants.

Notwithstanding the admitted fact that bits of meat, insects and other animal substances are more quickly decomposed in the leaves and other traplike appendages of the pitcher plant, Venus flytraps, sundews and various others of the so called "insect eating plants" than they are in open air, there is a body of scientists who deny that the plant itself has anything to do with the matter. These same scientists, who have frequently given their views to the world, deny the old supposition that the plants of the insect eating kind even exercise vital power in capturing the prey which falls into their nets. The learned Dr. Morsetdt, whose curious researches have frequently been brought to the notice of readers is one of these skeptics. He says that the effect produced upon insects by these plants is a chemical change similar to that produced upon the skin and flesh of one who has come in contact with any poisonous plant or vine.—St. Louis Republic.

The Noise of the Bee.

The three fold voice organs of the bee are the vibrating wings, the vibrating rings of the abdomen and a true vocal apparatus in the breathing aperture or spiracle. The buzz is produced by the first two, and the hum, which may be "surly, cheerful or colloquial significant," by the vocal membrane.

A number of the bee's notes have been interpreted. "Humm" is the cry of contentment; "wuh-nuh-nuh" glorifies the egg layings of the queen; "shu-u-u" is the note of the young bees at play; "s-s-s-s" means the muster of a swarm; "b-r-r-r" the slaughter or expulsion of the drones, and the "tu-tu-tu" of the newly hatched young queen is answered by the "qua-qua-qua" of the queens still imprisoned in their cells.—New York Telegram.

Mother Satisfied.

Mother—I'd just like to know who this young man is you have engaged yourself to.

Daughter—Oh, he comes of splendid family.

"Does his family object to the match?"

"Y-e-s."

"Then I guess he's all right."—New York Weekly.

BOYS AS HIGHWAYMEN.

They Steal from Peanut Venders and Maul Them if They Object.

There is a kind of highway robbery perpetrated on the streets of New York in broad daylight every day in the year, with the possible exception of Sundays. These highwaymen, or more correctly speaking, "highway boys," are seldom punished for their crimes, and when they are their punishment is not meted out by any judicial tribunal. It follows quickly upon the commission of the crime, however, when it comes at all. The peculiar thing about it is that the "highway boys" get fully as much sympathy from the general public, who know of their wrongdoing, as do the people who are robbed.

One of these robberies may be witnessed about almost any of the streets in the neighborhood of the city hall any afternoon. "See that Italian vender down there, who looks nervously first one way and then the other?" said a man. "He is keeping a sharp lookout for a policeman because he knows that he is acting unlawfully himself by peddling in the street without a license."

A few rods away four street urchins were holding a council of war. A minute or two afterward they parted, and one of them walked up in front of the Italian and asked: "Say, how many'll yer give me fer a cent?" displaying the copper at the same time, as an evidence of good faith.

The Italian picked up a small handful of the nuts. This was the one for the other urchins, and in a twinkling the stand was dumped over in the street by some one behind the Italian, and the nuts went rattling over the pavement. Eight small hands can beat two clumsy ones to death in picking up such small things as peanuts, consequently the Italian got a small proportion indeed of his original stock.

If he stops to chastise one of the boys he knows he will not get one of the nuts, so he doesn't usually try it. Even if he should try such a course he would generally get the worst of it, because the whole crowd would pitch in, and when the Italian got away from that biting, kicking and scratching lot of street Arabs he would be badly used up.

The venders who have been in the business any length of time appreciate this fact, and they seldom try to punish the culprit after the damage is done. They are exceedingly wary, however, and most of them carry short, stout sticks with which to repulse their enemies, the street urchins, before they have won the battle by kicking over the stand. When one of the urchins does get a crack on the knuckles with one of these sticks he remembers it for a long time.—New York Tribune.

The Sword of a Knight.

The sword of a noble knight was mentioned almost as often as himself in the songs of the troubadours of the Middle Ages. In the olden time this trusty weapon was named and personified as accomplishing countless brilliant deeds. In the proverbs of all nations it is spoken of with reverence and trust. It represents the rank and renown, the heroism and honor, the glory and greatness of nations in the past. One of the first weapons made by man, it became his most important arm and auxiliary of warfare.

It has always been the visible badge of birth, bravery and freedom; to surrender it was to admit defeat and disgrace. So long has it been the constant companion of rank and valor that it has acquired a dignity of its own. Like no other weapon, it has a quality entirely distinct from its character as a blood shedder. In England even at the present day the sword alone is considered adequate to confer knighthood.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Timidity of the Shark.

The shark, like the elephant, is of a timid disposition, and is cautious and wary in his approaches. All observers are agreed that he is always attended by two pilot fishes, who act the same part as that wrongly assigned to the jackal in reference to the lion—going on ahead to examine any likely object, and returning to inform the shark whether it is of an eatable nature. The splashing of oars, or even the arms and legs of a swimmer, will often deter the shark from making an attack, and there is every reason to believe that if swimmers in tropical waters would always carry with them three or four hand grenades they would have little occasion to fear interference by these creatures. It is strange that so obvious a precaution should be generally neglected.—London Standard.

Apples as an Aid to Matrimony.

Apples floating in a tub of water, which old folks and young folks struggle to capture in their teeth as they kneel around the tub on the floor with their hands tied behind them, make great sport, the first to succeed in ducking for the apples being sure of good fortune. Another way to learn your fate is to take a candle, go up stairs, eating an apple as you go, and stand before your looking glass, candle in hand, and finish your apple, and you will see the face of your fate peeping over your shoulder. If you see no face but your own, you'll live to be a crusty old bachelor or a cross old maid.—New York Herald.

On the Road to Wealth.

Parkins—My son is a smart fellow. He'll be a rich man some day.

Marrowfat—What does he do?

Parkins—He is an iceman in summer, and in winter he runs a combination business of plumbing and coal.—Harper's Bazar.

PEOPLE TO LOVE.

Characters Well Known, but Who Are Not Loved by the Cold World.

To love is one of the natural propensities of the human race, and it may be truly said that affection exists in greater or lesser degrees in many of the domestic animals. I offer this sentence as a short introduction to what is to follow. I have always found it very convenient to start out with a sentence or two before following it up with others. An article which does not do this does not possess much inherent literary merit.

As my opening sentence impliedly admits, a disposition to hate is contrary to all natural law, but I have never been able to ascertain what tribunal has cognizance of such contrariety or what penalty is affixed when a verdict of guilty has been brought in.

I have never hated any one, and I have made it a point to lavish my affections on certain persons, specified below, who I know are in need of my love because they are not loved by the cold world generally.

The man who comes in for the largest share of my pure affection is the man that writes his name so that I can't read it. My love for this man is unbounded, and so are the endearing epithets I bestow upon him. Sometimes his written name resembles an unfinished plan of a trestlework bridge, and sometimes it looks like the path of a forest fire. If we judge this man by his chirography he is an enigma, and—we give him up.

The next person I ardently love without his being aware of it is the individual who asks me if I have read this book or that book or some other book, and when I tell him I have not, evinces surprise and regards me as an inferior being. He is a lovable man to me.

Then comes the landlady, who, because I twice partook of a particular dish, assumes that I am fond of it, and afterward passes it to me frequently, keeps it on the table meal after meal and informs her friends and relations that I am fond of it. Well meaning lady, she shall never know how I love her!

The next in order are the persons of limited intelligence who argue the great questions of the day and set forth plans for saving the country in my presence. One asserts that the applications of electricity to machinery in the place of steam will throw the miners out of employment and the other declares that it will take just as much coal to make the electricity. And so they argue. I wish they would stop long enough for me to tell them how I love them.

And the rest of my love belongs to the college girls who invite me to spend the evening, and then indulge in mysterious conversations respecting a chum or acquaintance positively unknown to me. They are good at entertaining—themselves.—Wallace Chadman in Jury.

A Blind Telegrapher.

A friend of mine, who is a telegraph operator, tells me a story of a fellow operator in a small Connecticut town with whom he had been working on the same wire for some time. "One day," he says, "I was piled up with business and was feeling rather cranky, and I just 'soaked' him for all I was worth. He never broke, and gave O. K. for the message, and I started in to work with another office on the same line, when this fellow called me—that is, he broke in on my sending—and wanted me to repeat the message that I had but a few moments before sent him.

"Well, I repeated it, and when I got through he said: 'You will please excuse me, but I wrote the first message on the back of a blank, and the boy couldn't read it; there is printing on the backs of the blanks. I'll try to be more careful in the future.' I thought it rather queer that an operator would write a message on the back of a blank, so I asked him how he came to do that, and he said: 'Why, don't you know I'm blind?' I found that he was really blind. He takes his messages on with a pen, but employs a boy to read the messages to him that are to be sent. He does as good work as any of his fellow operators."—Boston News.

Where the Ballot Came From.

Where did the ballot come from? Like Topsy and most other human institutions, it "growed." And in its growth it has taken such varied forms it will make an interesting study. Of course, in the good old times, when all civilized countries were governed by kings, there was no use for a ballot. A primitive, self governing tribe, like those of the ancient Germans, were satisfied with viva voce voting. The Jews, before they had kings, might be called a self governing people.

Strictly, however, their theory of government put everything in the hands of God, and in technical terms was a theocracy. If a public officer must be chosen, he was named by God's representative, the priest or prophet, or else lots were cast, and it was expected that God would send the right lot to the right man. It is not unlikely that such casting of lots gave the first hint of a secret ballot.—New York Evening Sun.

Sentiment in Farming.

A lecturer on farming topics says: "Some farmers are wont to think that what they call sentiment belongs to literary people alone, people who wear long hair and use a good deal of hair oil. But if you can put right sentiment into a farmer's life and make him feel proud of his business, he will do that business the better for it and such sentiment to him will prove a paying acquisition."

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10:52 a. m	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	1:08 p. m.
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5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	8:55 a. m.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	salem	Lv.	6:08 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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