"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Saugerties, New York.

A worn-out Stomach.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

His Kingdom for a Horse.

There's a young man in Detroit who would know everything about a horse if he knew half as much as he doesn't know, who has recently been trying to buy a saddler. Last week a dealer with a fine Kentucky horse called on the young man to let him see what he had. The young man looked him over critically.

"What's he worth?" he inquired first.

"Three hundred dollars."

"Um pedigree?"

"Yes, plenty of it."

"Good under the saddle?"

"First class. He goes all the gaits."

"Goes all the gates, does he? Well, I don't want him. I want a horse that takes the fences," and he dismissed the dealer without further explanation.—Detroit Free Press.

A Remarkable Speech of Congratulation.

Some famous compliments have been paid to members of the sterner sex, and one of the most gracefully turned was that uttered by Boileau, who, when the virtuous De Mesmes, president of the parliament of Paris, was elected an academician, congratulated him in these terms, "I have come to you, sir, in order that you may congratulate me on having you for one of my fellow academicians."—London Standard.

"Safe and Certain"

IS the testimony of Dr. George E. Waller, of Martinsville, Va., in reference to **Ayer's Pills.** Dr. J. T. Teller, of Chittenango, N. Y., says:—

"Ayer's Pills are highly appreciated. They are perfect in form and coating, and their effects are all that the most careful physician could desire. They have supplemented all the pills formerly popular here, and I think it must be long before any other can be made that will at all compare with them. Those who buy Ayer's Pills get full value."

"I regard Ayer's Pills as one of the most reliable general remedies of our times. They have been in use in my family for various affections requiring a purgative medicine, and have given unvarying satisfaction. We have found them an excellent remedy for colds and light fevers."—W. R. Woodson, Fort Worth, Texas.

"I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."—John W. Brown, M. D., Oceana, W. Va.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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. Brewster, DeLand, Fla., suffered with hysteria for 30 years and testifies to a complete cure; Jacob Fetz, Rila, 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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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.

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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. RIDELL, Knights, Ore. Near Silver Creek Falls. T&Sm*

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DUTY.

How gladly for a good, great cause
We struggle, shoulder set to shoulder!
How restlessly, when One withdraws
Our weapons, leaves us no beholder,
We bear the inactive pause!

"Lord of the Fight," we cry, "we miss
The cheery comrades, tried and trusted:
We share the coward struggler's bliss—
We may not, swordless, armor rusted,
Partake the battle's bliss!

"Past us," we pray, "where we may lead—
Not wait in sullen silence hidden;
Give us to serve some pressing need,
Until, the enemy overridden,
Thou shalt be King indeed!"

Yet no man's place is fixed by chance
On open field, in lonely thicket:
The issue of deliverance
May rest with that unnoticed picket
Who sees the foe advance!
—Walter L. Sawyer in Youth's Companion.

A MARRIAGE ENTRY.

On the 18 daye of Julye, A. D. 1756, Cicelie Goodrich, of the town of Breuckelyn, in his majesty's colony of New Yorke, spinster, to —

But why complete the record and spoil the story? This marriage entry is crossed and recrossed with scratches in a peculiar manner, so that it is by no means easy to decipher.

It would be a breach of confidence to confess how the facts in the following narrative came into my possession; let the reader remember that the events transpired in the proud old town of Southampton, on Long Island, and he will readily understand the restrictions imposed upon me by an indirect descendant of the person whose name I have changed to Hugh Buckliff. The good people of the old Long Island towns are remarkable for something more than an ability to raise good cabbages and asparagus; they are proud of their inborn shrewdness, and with them an old fool is more an object of contempt than an old rogue.

It will be little use for gossips to speculate on the identity of Hugh Buckliff, for the marriage entry gives, of course, nothing but the record of the nuptials, and my informer is prepared strenuously to deny that his great, great grandfather's great uncle is the person alluded to.

I suppose every town, no matter how insignificant, has its queer old character, just as it has its church, its local traditions and its model spendthrift. In the smallest of settlements a dissecting mind will discover both the Alpha and the Omega of morality and worthy citizenship.

Hugh Buckliff was a man who had lived for Hugh Buckliff alone. There were dark rumors afloat concerning him, but I have been unable to learn that they had any solid basis on which to stand. A hoarding old citizen is always an object of suspicion, and his decease is usually the signal for inventive people to hang on each one of his peculiarities a bag of wild accusations, until time turns him into a buccaneer, a ship wrecker or a ghoul.

Hugh lived with his sixty years of conscience in a yellow brick house within a stone's throw of the Hampton postroad, where his father, who had left the restrictions of the old Southampton to become a pirate in the new, had lived before him. Whether he managed to exist by niggardly drafts on the paternal inheritance or had some secret way of adding thereto, no one knew; and had curiosity on this subject been rife in the quaint little sea town, it would have been effectually barred by the time stained wooden shutters, which for two score years had kept out the sunlight. Certain it is his hidden riches were a byword, and the stories about buried chests of Spanish gold kept pace with the other folk lore of the town.

On the Sabbath day alone would Hugh be seen on the street, for it was his invariable rule to attend divine service on that day. Esconced in one of the free pews near the porch, he would sit during the whole of the service, his eyes closed as though in sleep, as oblivious to his neighbor's whispered comments as he was of the collection box. The service over, he would start homeward without so much as a nod or a how d'ye do to any one, calling at Matt Cattlin's mill on the way, where he was sure to find a basket of the cheapest edibles (the miller also dealt in general farm produce, his house and store forming an extension to the mill) in exchange for which he would leave a sixpence upon the window sill, and that would be the last of him for another week.

Sometimes Matt would happen to be taking an antedinner pipe on the mill steps and then Hugh would be forced into saying a few words. Matt would joke him about his bachelorhood, and the old miser's eyes would glitter with anger as the owner denounced the whole female sex as "money melters." Gold, he said, would buy a wife as it would buy a new fence, but for his part he was only a poor man and didn't want such embellishments around his house.

One beautiful summer Sunday Matt was badgering the old man in this way when his good dame, returning from her devotions, happened to hear a remark anent her sex from Buckliff's withered lips which caused him immediately to be put down on her black list. Hitherto she had pitied him, laying his peculiarities to his misfortune in not having been lucky enough to find admittance at the matrimonial gate.

"Come in, thou loon!" she cried to her husband. "Why dost thou parley with a wolf without thy musket?"

This likening of their misanthropic customer to an animal which was the dread of the Long Island settler, and on whose head the courts had fixed a price, put the old man into a towering passion, and he poured forth a torrent of abuse on the whole of womankind from Eve downward.

"They will trouble thee but little," said the good wife, "for all thy hidden gold would not suffice to purchase one!" and she pushed Matt into the store and slammed the door in Hugh's face.

"Ha, ha! how the she foxes hate me!" exclaimed Hugh; "I am too sharp for them! too sharp for them!"

Clutching his basket and stick and shaking the latter at the oak tree in front of the Cattlin domicile as though it were an individual of the "money melting" sex, old Timon tottered up the road and was soon secluded in his fortress.

On the following Sabbath Hugh appeared at church as usual and was surprised to see in the Cattlin pew, with the miller and his wife, a tall, handsome girl of about twenty, evidently a stranger to Southampton and an acquaintance of the miller's family.

It was remarked on this Lord's day that the old man did not shut his eyes once during the entire service, but kept them riveted on the young woman as though he was meditating some design with which she was intimately connected.

The sermon concluded, he followed them, though at a safe distance, to the mill, chuckling to himself as though his thoughts were of the most pleasant nature. At the mill he encountered Matt looking up a Sunday dinner for his hogs. A few questions put, he believed in a cleverly guarded way, gave Hugh the information that the visitor was Miss Cicelie Goodrich, Mrs. Cattlin's younger sister, who for the past several years had filled a position as governess in the family of a titled lady in Breuckelyn; that the departure of the titled lady for England had left Cicelie without employment, and that she had arrived in the whaling ship Montauk, then anchored in the Mecox bay, with the intention of spending the summer with her sister.

As Hugh listened to the story he found it necessary to shake his stick at Matt's hogs in order to hide from the miller the sudden trembling which had seized him.

"Matt Cattlin," he said, "would'st like to sit at a wolf's marriage feast?"

The miller looked at him in astonishment; he had forgotten the incident of the preceding Sunday. The old man caught up his basket of food and walked home at a quicker pace than usual.

Two pretty faces watched him from the upper windows of the house, and two sweet voices rang with laughter as he shook his stick at the trees.

There was no little excitement next day in the neighborhood of the mill when a farmer's boy who lived up the road, rushed in breathlessly with the information that Hugh Buckliff's shutters were open, and that the old recluse had sent him for the barber, promising him (the boy) a shilling for the faithful performance of his commission.

The news spread with wonderful rapidity, and the entire town was soon discussing it. The barber became visibly nervous when he received the order to repair to the yellow brick house, and it was only when sundry other citizens declared their readiness to accompany him and sit on the opposite bank during his stay that he concluded to go.

"Saint George and the king guide us!" said he, an hour later. "I have brushed and powdered his wig and shaven his gills, and he is no longer Hugh Buckliff! He talked of the crops, asked how I would like the job of weeding his garden and putting a coat of paint on the doors and shutters, and actually gave me this crown piece for my labor this morning. It is a kindly soul, and hath been much maligned!"

The good dominie was no less surprised when later in the day he received a visit from Hugh, and was called upon to write out a receipt for a year's rental of a vacant pew adjoining that of the miller. But this was not all; tilers came and repaired the leaky old roof; pots of blooming flowers were put in the windows, and a bay horse which had seen considerable service in the "South Shore coach" delayed his departure indefinitely at the request of Squire Buckliff.

What could it all mean? What but that the queer old fellow was about to administer to the miller's wife a never to be forgotten lesson, and by a marriage with her beautiful sister show that gold is recognized as currency even in the dealings of the heart.

Hitherto no word had passed between Hugh and Cicelie; the opportunity soon came however. One cloudless afternoon he saw on a neighboring hill, silhouetted against the bright sky, a form which his old eyes could not mistake, and sallying forth he was soon by her side, volunteering to pick her a nosegay of wild asters.

"So you are the rich Mr. Buckliff of whom folks are talking so much," she said.

"Yes, my dear," Hugh replied, "rich and poor; see, that is my house at the foot of the hill. How wretched it looks, does it not?"

"It does not appear greatly inferior to our best city homes," she answered.

"But it lacketh something; in a few weeks it will be embosomed in flowers, but there will be none like thee!"

She hung her head of course; there was, however, a peculiar smile on her lips which perhaps the wild flowers saw. But Hugh only saw the blush, and he laughed within him and said over his saw about the wolf's wedding feast. Had he not been consumed by a sense of his own importance he would have seen the impropriety of pressing his suit so abruptly at the first meeting, but the thought of his nearing revenge completely stamped out all discretion on this score.

"Would'st thou like to have my house for thine own, Cicelie, my little dear?" he asked presently. The girl courtseied.

"Yes, if you please, sir," she replied; "it will be so nice to have sister near me."

Hugh's face darkened as he mentally went through the process of throwing Mrs. Cattlin down stairs, but he gave his thoughts no vent.

"Then supposing I get a license tomorrow, my sweet little roe," he said.

Looking him straight in the face, her eyes full of ingenuousness, she asked, "Would this evening be too soon, Mr. Buckliff?"

"By the king's crown," he thought, "the she foxes usually pretend to want to delay these affairs; but gold, gold, gold is too tempting a bait to be resisted." But Hugh was of course highly pleased with the suggestion.

"Then," continued Cicelie, "suppose you give me five guineas and I will call at the judge's on my way back to the mill and get the license and then advise the minister."

Five guineas! Hugh was horror stricken.

"In my town," the girl explained, "it is the custom to be wedded by license, the minister reading the legal form. In return for this service the bride crosses his palm with gold, which goes to the poor of the county, and this is said to bring good luck."

Hugh tottered back to the house and was gone some minutes. When he reappeared at the door the girl could see he had not fully made up his mind to part with the money, but he reascended the hill and placed five bright "elephant" guineas in her hand.

"I will be in my pew at the church at 8 o'clock, and will wait for thee," he said, "and harkye, my pretty, don't speak about this to thy sister until it is all over. We will give her such a pleasant surprise."

With a deep courtsey the girl bounded away, and then there came to the old man's face a look of ferocious triumph which might truly be called wolfish.

Promptly at the hour named Hugh Buckliff entered his pew and sat down to await his bride. The church was in darkness, save for a single candle which burned upon the reading desk. He heard voices in the vestry, and laughed as he imagined what the minister and the widow Moore, the caretaker of the church, were saying about the approaching marriage. Hugh waited it seemed an hour, but Cicelie came not; then the voices in the vestry ceased, and the banging of a door started a current of air in the church which put out the candle. The bridegroom, not at all relishing his position, tried to grope his way to the vestry door, and in so doing made such a clatter against the pews as to startle the widow, who was about to lock up the church.

Throwing open the vestry door, she was almost frightened out of her wits by the figure which met her eyes, for the darkness and a certain rapidly growing sense of something wrong had rendered his features as livid as those of a corpse. With a howl like a hungry beast he dashed at the church register, and read an entry, scarcely yet dry, certifying to the marriage of Cicelie Goodrich and John Welby, mate of the whaling ship Montauk!

Catlike, he scratched at the record with his long fingernails, and would have destroyed the page had not the caretaker hurled him aside with the strength of an Amazon.

"Just go about thy business and leave that book alone," she said. "It's nobody's fault but thine own if thou art too late to see the lovely bride, with her bunch of wild asters and her golden guineas for the poor; though it's true folk did say they were not to be wed till the ships got back from the whaling trip. What led thee to the church? Dost thou not know that license marriages are solemnized in the vestry?"

Hugh had heard enough; he had not only lost the bride, but had furnished the bridal bouquet and the license! He rushed out of the place as angry an old man as ever trod a public road, nor did the good people of Southampton (who knew the whole story soon after daybreak) ever see him again. When, some weeks afterward, surprised at his long seclusion, they broke into the yellow brick house, it was found to have been vacated some little time previously, for the window flowers, which in his rage he had dashed upon the floor, were dead and dried up. The horse was gone, likewise a farm wagon as old as its owner. He had moved away in the night—whither no one ever discovered.—Thomas Frost in Pittsburg Bulletin.

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

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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.

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Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

La Grippe.

The tendency of this disease toward pneumonia is what makes it dangerous. La Grippe requires precisely the same treatment as a severe cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures of severe colds. This remedy effectually counteracts the tendency of the disease to result in pneumonia, provided that proper care be taken to avoid exposure when recovering from the attack. Careful inquiry among the many thousands who have used this remedy during the epidemics of the past two years has failed to discover a single case that has not recovered or that has resulted in pneumonia. 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by G. E. Good, druggist.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

Ministers, lawyers, teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injures the complexion, induces pimples, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Pills. One a dose. Try them.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Dissolution Notice.

THE firm known as Simpson & Roger has this day, (1st of February, 1892), dissolved partnership by mutual consent. The business will be conducted hereafter by Simpson Bros. who will assume all indebtedness and collect all outstanding accounts. Thanking the public for their patronage, we heartily recommend the new firm to their patrons.

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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 8th 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. MORNAC and
S. T. RICHARDSON,
Attorneys for plaintiff.

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Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday.

5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland Ar.	10:30 a. m.
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