

August Flower

There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says: "I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, Constipation, and every other ailment... My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower,' and I think you had better get another bottle. I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I eat, I take one or two tea-spoonsful before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

Emerson's saying that the child is the truest element is illustrated by an incident in the life of Queen Victoria. Mr. Willett Beale, afterward known as a music publisher and a manager of concerts, says that when a boy he used to walk daily with his mother and sister in the gardens surrounding Kensington palace. A lady and her daughter were one day walking in the same direction we were going, followed by a tall footman. We were throwing a ball about and once it happened to fall at the lady's feet. Her daughter picked it up and joined our game for a minute or two, and then returned out of breath and laughing merrily, to her mother's side. The lady was the Duchess of Kent, her daughter the Princess Victoria. We removed the acquaintance the next day and the next, and were always greeted with gracious smiles of recognition when we met. I wonder whether her majesty has any recollection of that game of ball played more than once in Kensington gardens. Youth's Companion.

Few are Free
FROM Scrofula, which, being hereditary, is the latent cause of Consumption, Catarrh, Loss of Sight, Eruptions, and numerous other maladies. To effect a cure, purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Begin early, and persist till every trace of the poison is eradicated.

"I can heartily recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla for all those who are afflicted with scrofulous humors. I had suffered for years, and tried various remedies without effect. Finally, Ayer's Sarsaparilla gave relief and put me in my present good health."—Edw. H. Howard, Newport, N. H.

"My daughter was greatly troubled with scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her sight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well and strong as ever, with not a trace of scrofula in her system."—Geo. King, Killingly, Conn.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Bottle \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth 65c a bottle.

HEART DISEASE
is in all forms. Palpitation, nervousness, dizziness, and aching in the head, back, and limbs, are its most common symptoms. It is caused by a weak and diseased heart, and is cured by Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. This medicine acts upon the heart, and restores it to its normal condition. It is sold by Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

FARM FOR SALE.
350 acres of best stock and fruit land in Oregon for sale at a bargain. Will sell to suit purchaser. Address or call on J. W. Smith, Knight's, 700 W. Main Street, Astoria, Oregon.

PENSIONS
D. C. SHERMAN,
U. S. Pension and Claim Agent,
600 W. Main Street, Astoria, Oregon.
Deputy County Clerk,
Astoria, Oregon.

THE OLD STAGECOACH.
North the side of a granite inn it stands, a relic of bygone days,
Ghosts of a bygone past hilt in it.
Dusts all, but not a one that says,
Of the days of the knights who carried
Royal forces of the knights who carried
Armed to rifle defenseless walls.
Broken now is the brake that grated
On the wheels when the way was steep
Gone are the steeds so finely trained,
Sightmares now in the hand of sleep.
Long since gone is the skilled driver,
Silent now is the guard's clear horn.
Reminds it there of a noble steed,
Wrecked, dismounted and all forlorn.
Years ago grown decayed and rusty,
Frayed its tracings by winter's blast;
Chains once bright, now with old age's
Link today to the days long past.
Gleaming once, now marked by scratches,
Gone is the gloss that once time wore.
Write a hinger or a broken latch in
All that remains now of a door.
Many a long forgotten story
Told of scenes that it moved among,
Many a plot of Whig and Tory,
Fanned when the old stagecoach was
towing.
It hides away in silence jealous,
Spite of the roof which is prone to leak.
Much of the past it might well tell us,
If but its tongue could only speak.
—Fred H. Curtis in New York World.

HOW HE WON HER.

We were gathered around a blazing grate fire one winter's night in the cozy apartments of a bachelor friend on Church street. Outside it was bitter cold, and the blustering wind was playing a doleful dirge on the eaves of the adjoining buildings. Inside all was bright and cheerful. We had all been boys together, and had gathered in one of our occasional reunions to smoke our pipes and talk of old school days, of the gray haired old schoolmaster who had long ago been laid to rest in the old city cemetery. We talked of the sweethearts of boyhood days—of those who had married, and of those who, like us, had preferred to fight life's battles alone.

Now and then the name of some old schoolmate who, in the busy cares of life, had almost been forgotten, would be mentioned. As his name was spoken, it would recall, perhaps some prank he had played on the stern faced but kindly old schoolmaster. He was absent now, but we could, in memory, still see his happy, boyish face and his mischievous, laughing eyes and hear his joyous laughter. There was the light hearted boy we knew and loved so well. None could tell. Perhaps he was dead; or, maybe, he was a wanderer on the face of the earth this cold and cheerless night, far away from home and friends.

"We had—that is, with one exception—long since passed that age when we should be classed as young men in the strictest meaning of the word young; yet at the same time we could hardly have been reckoned old. The fact is, we were nothing more or less than bachelors—old or young, as you please. The exception that I have mentioned—not that he was any older or younger than the rest of us, for we were all near the same age—but the reason I designate him an exception is that he before four years ago was and led to the altar a charming girl whose gifts of mind were as rare as her beauty was perfect. They have a pleasant home out in the West end and two lovely children to make complete their happiness. I said he had forsaken us. To a certain extent he had, but not entirely, for he would occasionally drop in to have a chat with his old companions. He is the happiest man I ever saw, and would never leave us without delivering a lecture on the satisfaction and contentment of married life, and advising us to forsake the paths of single blessedness, marry some girl and settle down. We know his advice was sound and good, but somehow we preferred to drift along in the old, easy way. We had not dreamed that there was a romance connected with our friend's marriage, and we would doubtless have forever remained in ignorance had he not chosen to tell the story himself. On the night of which I write our married friend, who had been a silent listener, suddenly spoke up. 'Boys, did I ever tell you the story of how I won my wife?' 'None of us had ever heard it. 'If you will have the patience to hear me out,' he continued, 'I will tell you of a little romance, the equal of which one rarely meets with even in novels. To begin with, I won my wife by means of a game of cards. Now, do not look surprised—I did not literally win her at cards. I—wait until you have heard the story. I was about twenty-six years old at the time my story begins, and, as you are all aware, was passionately fond of gaming at that time. It was in the spring and the races were in full blast, which of course brought great crowds of sporting men to the city. I was invited to join a number of gentlemen in a game of draw poker. The boys all had plenty of money, and the game was a stiff one from the start. 'Luck favored me and I began to win from the moment I took a seat at the table, and continued to win until I quit the game, when I found myself nearly \$200 richer than when I commenced. 'To my left sat a young man who, although intensely pale, was one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He was tall and fair, and rather slender, with short, light, clustering hair covering a splendidly shaped head. His eyes were large, of a deep blue

and very prominent. His hands were small and delicately shaped almost as those of a woman. He was neatly dressed, and he required but one glance to see that he was a thorough gentleman. He was very young, his face was smooth, and I judged that he had scarcely passed his twenty-first year. 'Misfortune seemed to have selected the boy as its victim. He had been as untruly as I had been fortunate. Every hand he played some one would have cards just a little larger. He had lost over a thousand dollars, and though he did not complain and curse, as men usually do when they have a run of hard luck, I could see that he was greatly troubled and becoming more desperate each moment. Finally, about midnight, some one opened a jacket. Two or three of us said, 'I wish it were round to the young fellow to my left he carefully examined his cards and then raised the pot. All dropped out but myself. Having a pair of kings I concluded to stand the raise. I called for three cards and the young fellow stood pat. It was his first bet and he showed out quite a stack of blues. 'After looking at my hand to see what I had caught in the draw, I saw his bet and 'topped' him. He did not hesitate a moment, but called. I spread out on the table a full hand—three kings and a pair of deuces—while he showed down three jacks and a pair of fours. He gazed at my hand in a bewildered, dazed manner for two minutes, then quickly as a flash he drew from his breast a revolver and placed it to his head. I saw the movement, quick as it was, and wrenched the pistol from his grasp before he could commit the desperate act. 'I arose from the table, had my chips cashed and was preparing to leave the room when my eyes rested on the table and he was muttering to himself, 'Ruined! Ruined! My God, I am ruined!' I saw that it would never do to leave the poor boy in that condition, so stepping to his side I gently laid my hand on his bowed head and asked him to follow me. I shall never forget the look of misery and despair I saw in his face as he looked up. 'Come, go with me,' I said, and he followed me as a child would have done, without a word. When we reached the street I asked him to take a walk with me, telling him I wished to have a talk with him. 'We walked around through the square and out on the old bridge. All was quiet there, and but for ourselves the place was deserted. 'Have you any money?' I asked the boy. 'Not a cent on earth, sir. I am ruined!' he answered. 'Take this, then,' I said, drawing from my pocket \$200. 'But before I let you have it you must promise me on your honor as a gentleman—for I see that you are one—that you will never again enter a gambling house or play a game of cards for money, and that you will leave the city this morning. You can repay the money some day if you become able; if not, it will be all right—' Is it agreed?' 'He grasped my hand, and with the tears flowing down his cheeks said: 'God bless you, sir. You have saved me, and I shall remember you as long as I live. 'There on the quiet, deserted bridge in that early morning hour the boy told me his story. He had led a happy, comfortable home up in the blue grass region of Kentucky to follow the checkered life of a gambler. He had imbibed the love of gambling while at school, and it had grown on him until it became a ruling passion. It had taken such complete possession of him that in a moment, blinded with passion and oblivious to the teachings of his childhood, he had forged his father's name for several thousand dollars. His father, too proud to proclaim to the world that his son was so debased, paid the check and let the matter drop. The boy had followed the races all over the country, sometimes winning, but more often losing, and now he had lost his last cent. He would now go home, ask his father's forgiveness and be a man once more. 'All this he told me that night, and when he had concluded the gray streaks in the east proclaimed that another day was dawning. Now and then a route boy with his arms full of newspapers would hurry past us, the collar of his jacket turned up and his cap pulled down over his ears to protect him from the crisp morning air. Heavily loaded market wagons rumbled across the bridge, and in the distance the shrill notes of a wakeful chanticleer could be heard heralding the news to man that it was time to prepare for work. 'We left the bridge and went together to a restaurant. After we had eaten breakfast I accompanied the young fellow to the depot, saw him on the train with a ticket in his pocket for home and with a warm handshake we parted—he back to his home to ask his father's forgiveness, and I back to my old haunts. No! That scene in the gambling house of the pale faced boy with a pistol at his head had cured me of my passion. I swore then that I would never touch another card for money, and I have kept my word. 'It was more than a year after I had parted with my young friend at the depot, and I had almost forgotten him, that on going to my office one morning the postman handed me a

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!

PEOPLE!
Ask for Hurst's "STAFF OF LIFE"
Or whole Wheat Flour, healthiest and best tasting bread. Also the Famous Pure Aurora Buck-wheat Flour.
"Hurst's best Full Roller Process Flour" Also our best Eye Flour. Ask your dealer for these goods and take no substitutes.
J. D. HURST & SON, Aurora.

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