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I suffered severely with face-nerve
paralysis, but in 15 minutes after application of St. Jacobs Oil, it was as good as cured. The oil is a most wonderful remedy for all kinds of neuralgia and other nervous affections.
A. J. RICHARDS, Mo.
I suffered severely with face-nerve paralysis, but in 15 minutes after application of St. Jacobs Oil, it was as good as cured. The oil is a most wonderful remedy for all kinds of neuralgia and other nervous affections.

IN OSKALOUSA, IOWA.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES BEFORE AN ENORMOUS AUDIENCE.

Heavenly Congratulations the Subject of a Sermon Preached from the Seventh Verse of the Fifteenth Chapter of the Gospel According to St. Luke.

OSKALOUSA, Feb. 21.—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached here today to an enormous audience. He expects to be absent from home about ten days, during which period he speaks in as many cities. The subject of his sermon was "Heavenly Congratulations." His evident intention was to make words that seem a great way off from each other appear very near. His text was taken from Luke xv, 7, "Whoever is a sinner that repents, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

A lost sheep! Nothing can be more thoroughly lost, I look through the window of a shepherd's house at night. The candles are lighted. The shepherd has just placed his staff against the mantel. He has taken off his coat, shaken out of it the dust and hung it up. I see by the candle-light that there are neighbors who have come in.

The shepherd, fagged out with the long tramp, sits down on a bench, and the wife and children and the neighbors say to him, "Come, now, tell us how you found the poor thing." "Well," he says, "this morning I went out to the yard to look at the flock. No sooner had I looked over the fence than I saw something wrong. The fact was that they did not count right. Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine—only ninety-nine. McDonald, you know we had a hundred. And I wondered which one was gone, and I began again, and I counted ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. Well, I whistled up the dogs, and I started on the fields and across the bridges, and I tracked the moors, and I leaped the gullies, but no bleating of the poor thing did I hear. I said to myself, 'The lamb must have fallen into a ditch, or a pack of wolves from the mountains must have torn it to pieces and sucked its life out.' But I could not give it up. You see it was a pet lamb. It was that one with the black spot on the right shoulder that used to come and lick my hand as I crossed the field, and somehow I could not give it up. So I went on and on and on until after while I heard the dog bark, and I said, 'What's that?' Then I listened to the top of the hill and I looked down, and there I saw the poor lamb. It had fallen into the ditch, and as I came where it was and bent over the ditch and stooped down to lift the poor thing out, I wish you could have seen the loving and imploring and tender way it looked at me. I lifted it out and it was all covered with the slush and the mud. It was an awful thing to do, but I lifted it out, and it was so lame and so weak it could not walk alone, so I threw it over my shoulders, and I started homeward, and the condition of that lamb you may judge of from the coat which I have just hung up. But I tramped on and on until it is safe in the yard, poor thing! Thank God, thank God! Then the shepherd's wife spread the table and brought out the best fare that the cabin could afford, and they sat up very late that night, and they sang, and they ate, and they drank, and they danced and told over and over and over again the story of the lost sheep that was found.

JOY OVER A REPENTANT SINNER.

With such tenderness and rusticity of illustration does Christ represent the soul's going off and the soul's coming back, when he says, "Like-wise there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repents, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." To repent is to feel that you are bad, and to be sorry about it and to turn over a new leaf, and to pray for forgiveness and help. Just as soon as a man does that they hear right away of it in heaven.

There are no peeps in glory going around to chatter and laugh when a man falls; but there are many souls in glory who are glad to run about and tell it when a man is saved. The news goes very quick from gate to gate, and from north wall to south wall, and from east wall to west wall, and in three minutes every citizen of heaven has heard of it, for "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repents."

I can very easily understand how there should be joy in heavy over a Pentecost with three thousand souls saved in one day—no mystery about that; I can understand how there should be joy in heaven over the Parish of Schotts, when four hundred souls were saved under one sermon of Mr. Livingston; I can understand how there should be joy in heaven over the great awakening in the time of Harland Page, when in one year four hundred and seventy-three thousand souls were brought to God in the United States; I can understand very easily how there should be joy in heaven over five hundred thousand souls converted in 1857 in this country; but mark you, my text announces there is joy in heaven

And suppose this whole audience should turn to the Lord Heaven would be filled with doxologies. O heaven, beat with all thy banners that the soul may be saved. O heaven, shine with all thy flashing swords that our souls may be free.

I was reading of a king who, after gaining a great victory, said to his army, "No, no shouting; let every thing be in quiet; no shouting." But if this hour your soul should come to God nothing could stop the shouting of the armies of God before the throne: for "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repents."

In some families they keep a vacant chair and a vacant plate for the departed, but if in some of your households you kept a vacant chair and a vacant plate for those who have gone away from you into the next world, the vacant chairs and vacant plates would outnumber those which are occupied. I once said to you there are no vacant chairs in heaven, but I recall that, light beside your loved one in that good land there is a vacant chair, not made vacant by death, for death never enters there; it is a vacant chair for you. Will you take it?

HEAVEN AND EARTH IN CLOSE SYMPATHY

My subject also impresses me with the idea that heaven and earth are in close sympathy. People talk of heaven as though it were a great way off. They say it is hundreds of thousands of miles before you reach the first star, and then you go hundreds of thousands of miles before you get to the second star, and then it is millions of miles before you reach heaven. They say heaven is the center of the universe and we are on the rim of the universe. That is not the idea of my text. I think the heart of heaven beats very close to our world. We measure distances by the time taken to traverse those distances.

It used to be a long distance to San Francisco. Many weeks and months were passed before you could reach that city. Now it is six or seven days. It used to be six weeks before you could voyage from here to Liverpool. Now you can go that distance in six or seven days. And so I measure the distance between earth and heaven and I find it is only a flash. It is one instant here, and another instant there. It is very near today. Do you not feel the breath of heaven on your face? Christ says in one place it is not twenty-four hours' distance, when he says to the penitent thief, "This day, this day, shall thou be with me in Paradise." It is not a day, it is not an hour, it is not a minute, it is not a second.

Oh, how near heaven is to earth. By oceanic cable you send a message. As it is expensive to send a message, you compress a great deal of meaning in a few words. Sometimes in two words you can put vast meaning. And it seems to me that the angels of God who carry news from earth to heaven, need to take up this hour, in regard to your soul, only two words in order to kindle with gladness all the redeemed before the throne, only two words, "Father saved," "mother saved," "son saved," "daughter saved." And "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repents."

THE SALVATION OF THE SOUL

My subject also impresses me with the fact that the salvation of the soul is of vast importance. If you should make \$200,000 this year, do you suppose that news would be carried to heaven? It would not be of enough importance or significance to be carried heavenward. If at the next quadrennial election you are made president of the United States, do you suppose that news would be carried to heaven? Do you suppose that the news of a revolution in France or Spain would be carried to heaven? These things are not of enough importance; but there is one item that is sure to be carried. It is the salvation of your soul; it is your repentance before God.

The flying hoofs of God's couriers clash through the gates and the news goes from gate to mansion and from mansion to temple and from temple to throne, and "there is joy in heaven" among the angels of God over one sinner forgiven. It must be of vast importance to be of any moment in heaven, your salvation in that land where gladness are the everyday occurrence in that land where the common stones of the field are jasper and emerald and chryso-prasus and carbuncle and sardonyx. And yet the news of your salvation makes joy before the throne of God.

You remember years ago a stage-driver in the White Mountains became very reckless. He had a large number of passengers on the stage, and the stage was drawn by six horses, wild and ungovernable, and he drove near the precipice, and he drove off the stage with its precious freight rolling down the embankment, and many were slain, but few were saved. I suppose when they wrote home they wrote with congratulations at their rescue. The angels of God look down and they see men driving on the edge of great precipices of ruin and danger drawn by wild, leaping, foaming and ungovernable perils in this life, and if any shall escape before they capsize, do you not suppose the angels of God rejoice, crying: "Good, good! Saved from hell, saved forever!"

The supreme court of the United States does not adjourn for anything

trifling. It must be the death of a cabinet minister, or the death of a president, or some matter of very great moment. When I find all heaven adjourning its other joys for this one joy, I make up my mind it is of very great importance if I have an opportunity to celebrate this one triumph.

Do you wonder that so many of these Christian people have killed night and day in this work of soul saving, if it is of such vast importance? Do you wonder that Nettleton and Finley and Bishop Assury and John Wesley and George White-field and Paul and angels and Christ and God stripped themselves for the work? Around that one soul circles the mist, the fire, the darkness, the joy, the anthem, the wailing, the hallelujah and the woe of God's universe. If the soul is saved, then lips come to trumpet and fingers to harp and hammer to bell and "there is joy among the angels of God over that one soul forgiven." For such a soul I plead.

RELIGION A COMFORT AND A JOY

Having found in my own experience that this religion is a comfort and a joy, I stand here to commend it to you. In the days of my infancy I was carried by Christian parents to the house of God, and consecrated in baptism to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but that did not save me. In after time I was taught to kneel at the Christian family altar with father and mother and brothers and sisters, the most of them now in glory; but that did not save me.

In after time I read Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" and Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and all the religious books around my father's household, but that did not save me. But one day the voice of Christ came into my heart, saying, "Repent, repent; believe, believe," and I accepted the offer of mercy, and though no doubt there was more joy in heaven over the conversion of other souls because of their far reaching influence, I verily believe when I gave my heart to God there were some spirits in heaven the gladder for the deed. "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repents."

Turn this day to the Lord who bought you. Lay this whole anti-ance surrender yourselves to Jesus Christ. If for ten, twenty, fifty years you have not prayed, begin now to pray. "Oh, you say, 'I can't pray.'" Can you not say, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner?" "No," you say, "I can't say that." Then can you not look to the throne of mercy? "No," you say, "I can't look up."

Can you not then give some signal like that which was given by the lad in the hospital? He was sick and suffering and dying, and wanted speedily to get away from all suffering and pain, and he said to his comrades in the hospital: "It is strange to me that Jesus doesn't see me when he goes through here nights and takes others to himself. He goes through here, and he doesn't see me. I must be asleep, and he doesn't know I want to go."

"Now, I tell you how I'll arrange it. I'll go to sleep with my hand up, and then when Jesus comes through the hospital by night he will see my hand lifted, and he will know by that I want to go with him." So it was done. For that night Jesus went through the hospital and took the suffering lad, and the next morning the nurse passing through the wards of the hospital saw a dead hand lifted braced on one side against the pillow, and the left hand holding the elbow of the right arm. Jesus had seen the signal and answered it. O sick soul, wounded soul, dying soul, canst thou not give some signal? Will thou not lift one hand or one prayer? God grant that this day there may be joy in heaven among the angels of God over your soul forgiven!

Queer Things in Science

Fourteen years ago Professor Piouet, of Geneva, reduced hydrogen for the first time to a liquid. It was regarded as nothing more than a freak of scientific luxury. But the professor, established now with complete laboratories in Berlin, has not only produced almost incredible cold, but has turned his powers to practical purposes. Mercury, for instance, has been frozen hard enough to be cast into the form of a tuning fork, and so have its elasticity measured.

And if the commercial world come in, to make a thing practical, glycerine has been crystallized and brandy frozen—with the effect in the latter case of imparting a "mellowness" only obtainable hitherto by long keeping. Most important of all, by this means it is found that chloroform can be thoroughly purified—a result almost impossible by other means.—Young Man.

Noted Fat People.

There have been prominent people who have been almost as fleshy as museum freaks. William Wirt, the orator, who prosecuted Aaron Burr, was so fat that he wore corsets. The late David Davis, of the United States Supreme bench, was remarkable for his enormous size. Gibbon, the historian was a show. Daniel Lambert, who is often quoted as the fattest man that ever lived, died weighing 720 pounds. He drank only water, 720 pounds. He was exactly Sir John Falstaff's theory, who attributed flesh to sack.—Pittsburg Leader.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country: "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since."

PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

The Limits of the Modern Drama.

The debate at the London Playgoers' club on Tuesday evening was remarkably interesting. Mr. R. Jepe Slade's paper on "Conventionality in Art" was an excellent plea for good, sound, old-fashioned notions, as opposed to the fads of the hour. Mr. David Christie Murray, the chairman, delivered an oration which contained not a few well dealt blows at the "naturalistic young gentleman." Well said and to be remembered was the following admirable sentence: "There are," said he, "phases of life and thought with which the dramatist should have nothing to do. Anything which we could not possibly discuss before a mixed company in private ought not to be dramatized before a mixed company in public."—London Saturday Review.

The sermons of the German emperor, which he has delivered on his yachting voyages, were not written by him, but by Dr. Richter, the chaplain general of the army. They were written by command in order that by reading them William might illustrate the duties of every sea captain.

As a memento of the French exhibition at Moscow the empress of Russia has been presented with a large egg of enameled silver. Inside the egg there is a bouquet of violets composed of brilliants, held together by a ribbon of the same stones. The egg is suspended from a ribbon of rose enamel.

NEW YORK PACKET STORE

JUST RECEIVED: A large assortment of Counterpanes, Laces, Lace Curtains, Silk Veilings, Towels, Crash, Table Cloths, Napkins, Ladles, Gaiters, and Misses' Shoes; and have added a large line of Thawing, Flies, Rasps, Hatchets, etc., at prices never before heard of in Salem. We offer you special bargains in Shawls this week. Come in and see our prices. We will save you money.

Few are Free

FROM Scrofula, which, being hereditary, Catarrh, Sore Throat, 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 healthy condition."

—E. M. 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, Killbuck, Conn.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

STARTLING FACTS!

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggests the best remedy: **Albino Hemiplegic of Baltimore**, who while in his prime was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance, Dr. Miles' **Restorative Nervine** cured him. Mrs. J. B. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., who was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance, Dr. Miles' **Restorative Nervine** cured her. Mrs. J. B. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., who was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance, Dr. Miles' **Restorative Nervine** cured her. Mrs. J. B. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., who was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance, Dr. Miles' **Restorative Nervine** cured her.

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Regulate the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. Dr. Miles' Pills, especially cure biliousness, neuralgia, headache, constipation, indigestion, flatulence, and all other ailments of the bowels. Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

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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 purchasers. Address or call on C. J. SHELLE, Knight, Ore. Near Silver Creek Falls. 75/20/1

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Bids for Capitol Dome.

THE board of capital building commis-sioners invite sealed proposals for the construction of the Dome of the Capitol at Salem, Oregon. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of Justus F. Krumbine, architect, Marquam building, Portland, Oregon. Every bid shall be accompanied with an undertaking with one or more sureties in a sum equal to double the amount of the bid, to be approved by the board, to the effect that if his bid shall be accepted, he will perform the work specified therein in accordance with the plans and specifications therefor. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved. Bids will be opened at the executive office on Monday, February 29, 1892, at 2 o'clock p. m.
S. W. WESTER, PENNOVER, GEO. W. MORRILL, PHIL. METSCHLAN, Clerk of Commissioners. W. M. MUNLY, Clerk of Board.

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Taking in Missouri river points, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio by way of Chicago to Columbus, Ohio, then to Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and back to Portland. Write your friend regarding this excursion, take a trip yourself east and see your old home and friends. For full information call on R. E. Ryan, who will be at THE JOURNAL office on Saturday afternoons.

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Twenty-five cents per meal.
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MAIL LETTINGS.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Post Office Department,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 15, 1892.
PROPOSALS will be received at the Contract Office of this Department until 4 p. m. of March 24th, 1892, for carrying the mails of the United States upon the routes, and according to the schedule of arrival and departure specified by the Department, in the state of Oregon from July 1st, 1892 to June 30th, 1894. List of routes, with schedules of arrivals and departures, instructions to bidders with forms, for contracts and bonds, and all other necessary information, will be furnished upon application to the Second Assistant Postmaster General.
JOHN WANAMAKER,
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A LUMBERMAN'S RENDEZVOUS.

This term might be applied to Stevens Point, located on the gateway to the vast forest region which extends North in Lake Superior, a distance of 25 miles without a break in the Wisconsin River to the lumbermen have given the name of "Stevens Point" to a section of the Wisconsin River which is not alone as a lumberman's rendezvous, but is also a place to which the lumberman is attracted by thousands of acres of pine in the upper country, and it is only to that of Stevens Point that the lumber cities are also located on the "New Year" giving employment to thousands of men. In addition to the lumber trade, it has numerous other manufactures. It is here where the large lumber shanty Wisconsin Central Lines are located. Information apply to G. F. McGee, C. P. U. S. Agent, Stevens Point, Wis. and to J. A. C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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