

"August Flower"

What is it for?
This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. "And he is no worse than the bigger, older, bolder-headed boys. Life is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is August Flower for?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this trifling. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

C. G. GREEN, Sole Man'g'r, Woodbury, N. J.

Correcting Royalty.
It is said of John Kemble, the celebrated tragedian, that he was not afraid to speak his mind to any one when he deemed it necessary. Kings and princes had no more terrors for him than persons of humble rank or of no rank at all. At one time he had the honor of giving lessons in elocution to the Prince of Wales, who afterward became King George IV, and his patience was much tried, for his royal pupil was far from being a brilliant scholar. At last one day, when the prince, according to the vilified pronunciation of the time had been saying "oblonge" instead of "oblige," Kemble, with great disgust, deputed on his countenance, said firmly: "Sir, I must beseech your royal highness to open your royal jaws and say 'oblige'!"—Manchester Examiner.

Know Him Afterward.



Little Ethel—And Cousin Mary is married? I did not know that she knew any gentlemen.
Little Ethel's Mamma—She must have known one at least or she wouldn't have got married.
Little Ethel—Did you know papa before you were married to him, mamma?
Little Ethel's Mamma—With a sigh, "I thought I did."—Yarmouth Register.

The Sewing Machine Agent's Tale.

I don't suppose the man was over in politics or read a newspaper, but on one day I drove by his cabin in the mountains he was out in front at a wood pile with a saw hard at work, while a thin, rawboned woman in a faded calico dress and a shawl, sat on the cabin steps smoking her pipe and watching him.

"Good morning," I said to him as I stopped my horse.
"Morning," he answered so low I could scarcely hear him and without stopping his saw.

"Pleasant weather we're having," I ventured next, but he made no answer.
"Pretty bad roads you have around here," I said, still pleasantly, as he sawed away.

"I'm selling sewing machines," I said, coming down at once to business, but he sawed on.

"Have you got one in your house?" I asked, after waiting a moment for the sawing to stop.

"Don't you think you ought to have one?" was my next, as the saw kept ripping along.

No answer, and at last, quite provoked, I said:
"Why is thunder don't you talk?"

He kept right on sawing, but looking furtively over his shoulder toward his wife, who had never moved, he replied:
"Stranger, I'm a-sawin wood. Go long to the house and let the old woman do the talkin'."

I went, but I didn't sell a machine.—Detroit Free Press.

Pleasant Neighbors.
Mrs. Gadd—Wouldn't it be grand if science should discover the moon to be inhabited, and hit on some way to talk with our lunar neighbors?

Mrs. Gabb—Indeed it would. They would be near enough to talk to, yet not near enough to be running in all hours of the day, you know.—New York Weekly.

The Ballad of R. K.'s Relatives.
Oh, there was dancing Ruydard Kipling, who With his wild wife and wondrous tales of man and bird and beast; Oh, gladly did we welcome him, his stories and his lays, And our little stopped their finding fault and gave him only praise.

And while we shouted welcome loud and read each book he wrote, We were told about his father in a literary note.

Had that older Kipling in the lap of his life Had seized his able pen and writ a large substantial note.

While this and eke new ones by Rud, we each most gladly read, There came to us another Note, and this is what it said:

"Young Ruydard Kipling's married sister, one Mrs. Brown by name, Has produced a book of stories and will shortly print the same."

And so this volume, too, we read (with further ones by Kipling), Till from another Note we got the subappended tip:

A younger brother of R. K. for the press has made a piece: Likewise a single sister, two nephews and a niece.

Four nieces and two grandmothers, a ward of Mrs. Brown, And also one stepbrother now brought their wares to town;

There also came a rumor wild, not altogether proved, Of a distant kindred trust for cousins above all times removed.

Still we gladly waded through 'em all and read, Till a startling word which blushed our cheeks across the ocean came.

"Today R. Kipling will be married," was all the cable said.

But still these short and simple words made strong men bow the head.

For there comes a frightful vision before our trembling sight, Of the time so swiftly coming when our family 'll start to write;

Yes, strong men bowed the whitened head, Crammed with feeling shock, At the thought of Kipling's spouse's uncle's cousin's daughter's book!

Oh, Kipling, you who came up from the mystic, mazy-ton east, Call off your bloodied relatives that ever on us feast!

Oh, stay their all too ready pens that we may still find time To read thy wondrous tales and con thy witching rhyme!

—New York Tribune.

How a Ship Grows Old.

If a ship is strictly at and well cared for she will hold her rating for twelve years. Then she must be carefully examined, and if found in good condition her rating may be continued four years longer. But long before the end of the twelve years the captain is careful not to carry on sail as he did the first trip. Even with the fair gale the topgallant sails are furled and the mainsail is lowered up—she is getting "tender" and must be watched. If she has aged pretty fast, as she would under a captain disposed to "drive" her, the chances are that the ambitious captain gets out of her and into a new ship. A new man takes the old ship, and then she drops out of the general merchandise trade to Frisco, or the China tea trade, and carries guano or coal.

When a ship has carried cargo for fifteen years, even under favorable conditions, she is an old ship. She is like an overworked horse; she totters on her way. In a heavy sea she is a long time rising on the swells, for she has lost much of her buoyancy. Last of all, she goes into the lumber trade, and there wallows her way from port to port until some day her bones are laid upon a lee shore or she falls to rise when some heavy wave strikes her, and thus adds one more to the already appalling list of the "mysteries of the sea."—Providence Journal.

Fun That Didn't Pan Out.

"The other day a real smart young man came aboard," said Captain Leale, of the El Capitán, "and he came up to chat with myself and two young ladies before the boat started. Next to the ladies sat a Chinaman. The smart young man began to nod toward the blue bloused heathen and make all sorts of grimaces. He kept up his pantomime for some time, showing off before those girls in the endeavor to establish a reputation for dare devil fun. The Chinaman eyed him with that stolidity which the race has accumulated through generations of starvation. Finally my overbright friend tired of his monkey shins and said:

"Just watch me have some fun with that Chinaman."

"Oh, no; you'll not have any fun with me," answered the brown man in English.

"All the smartness left that bright youth. He was the cheapest butt on the human market. It was the first time I had ever seen him done up. He reddened, became all hands and feet and silently stole away, stepping on himself as he went."

"I think I had more fun with him than he had with me," remarked the Chinaman. "Rather a tiresome young man, don't you think?"—San Francisco Examiner.

A Little Fun with the Parson.

Andrew Wallace is one of the oldest and best known residents of this city. Many years ago he was president of the state benevolent board. It was while he was occupying that place that he met the late Dr. McInnis, superintendent of the institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb. The doctor was a strict member of the Presbyterian church and orthodox all the way through.

"Doctor," said the latter, "you are an educated man and I am not. I want to ask you a question or two. Do you really think this world we inhabit is round and revolves on its axis once in every twenty-four hours?"

"Certainly," replied the doctor. "And you believe there is a heaven and another place?"

"Assuredly."

"And that heaven is above us?"

"Yes."

"And the other place below us?"

"Yes."

"And the world turns over once every twenty-four hours?"

"Yes."

"Well, doctor, if that's the case, doesn't it occur to you that the spire of your meeting house points to hades about half the time?"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Innocent Conductor.

The conductor of a Boston street car the other day tried to explain to a lady that his car wouldn't take her where she wished to go, but the more he explained the madder she grew.

"You see, ma'am, this is a cross town car," at last remarked the conductor in the tone of a man who feels that he is acknowledging himself to be a deep dyed criminal.

"Cross town fudge," scornfully retorted the lady in true Boston hauteur, "cross conductor, more likely," and she got out threatening to report him to the company.—New York Tribune.

Sunflower Cakes Exported from Russia.

According to the estimate of two years the total export of sunflower cakes from Russia was 96,000,000 pounds in 1889 and 80,000,000 pounds, valued at about \$700,000, in 1890. Besides Great Britain and Germany, Denmark and Sweden import great quantities of Russian sunflower cakes; in fact the export to Denmark in two years has been even larger than to Germany.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Difference.

"So that distinguished looking lady is your wife, eh?"

"No. I'm that distinguished looking lady's husband."—Life.

STREET CAR ETHICS.

What Should You Do When the Conductor Doesn't Ask for Your Fare?

If you rub in a street car and the conductor forgets to collect your fare, is it right or wrong for you to leave him in ignorance of the fact and get off without paying the five cents of your own accord?

That is a delicate question in street car ethics, but before deciding to keep still and save your money it would perhaps be wise to reflect on the experience of a lady who boarded a Madison avenue car a few days ago at Ninety-fourth street and rode down to Fourteenth street without paying a cent for the ride.

"If that conductor does not know enough to ask me for the fare," she said to herself, this fair Harlemite, "it is certainly not my business to look out for the interests of the company. I consider it a matter of principle not to give up my nickel."

So she reasoned with herself, but alas for such reasoning! The conductor out there on the back platform was by no means a fool; on the contrary, he was a student of human nature, particularly of feminine human nature, and if he had not asked the young lady from Ninety-fourth street to give him the regulation five cents it was not, as she supposed, because he had overlooked her, but because he wanted to get some fuller knowledge as to the workings of the Harlem conscience.

All the way down to Fourteenth street, four good miles, the horses carried that lady, and then she, all serene, prepared to leave the car without paying. The conductor sighed, and his barometer of human nature sank way down. The struggle had been fought and the battle lost. However, he reflected that that was no reason why the Madison Avenue Street Car Company should lose five cents.

"Excuse me, madam," he said politely, as her patent leather boot touched the lower step, "did I get your fare?"

There was a merry twinkle in his eyes as he said this.

"Ah! that was a terrible moment for the Harlem lady. To say you would be to tell a lie, to say no would be to admit that she had been cheating. So she told a fib, only a little one, however, and merely to save the situation."

"Why, didn't you?" she asked innocently, raising a pair of blue eyes in which there was no guile. "Oh, I am so sorry," and with that she dropped a nickel from her daintily gloved fingers into the conductor's outstretched hand.

"Pretty well done, that, wasn't it?" said the back platform philosopher to a passenger who had watched the transaction. "These women folks do beat all for looking innocent. You wouldn't have thought that girl had been calculating on my tickler-her for that five cents, but she had, just the same. Did you see how she had the nickel all ready there in her glove? Oh, yes, we have lots of 'em like her every day. But, I say, she's a daisy, ain't she?"—N. Y. Herald.

Where the Astor Fortune Was Started.

The chief point of interest on Mackinac is the headquarters of the Astor fortune, built in 1800 by John Jacob Astor, and within which the nucleus of the Astor millions was formed. The approach to the island is beautiful and impressive; it rises abruptly from the clear waters of the strait, and its jutting crags, perfect harmony and brilliant colors are a pleasing contrast to the extreme monotony of the more southern coast. Its atmosphere is bright, pure and invigorating. The view from it is Italian—a deep sapphire in a cloudless sky; a delicate emerald extending along shore, and beyond the azure and the lilac resolving into an endless sheet of darkest blue.—C. C. Rogers in Scribner's.

An Artist's Unique Occupation.

In this city a young woman has turned her artistic talents to business advantage, and instead of starving in a studio, has won for herself a reputation as an artistic interior decorator.

What has resulted in considerable pecuniary profit. She designs furniture and selects decorations and furnishings for people of wealth but of less refined tastes. She makes contracts to furnish and decorate houses, or give advice and suggestions at so much an hour of her time.—New York Sun.

Several Kinds of Cats.

It is said that in China there is a cat that has drooping ears, though I am not able to vouch for the truth as to that point. The Bombay cat of the west coast of Africa, is covered with stiff, bristly hair. A Paraguay cat is only one-quarter as big as the ordinary cat of this part of the world. It has a long body and short, shiny hair. In South America there is a race of cats which do not know how to meow.—Interview in Washington Star.

Paper Quilts.

Paper quilts are said to be coming into extensive use abroad for the poorer classes. They are composed of sheets of white paper sewed together and perforated all over at a distance of an inch or two apart. This is then covered with china or crettonne on one side and lined with patchwork. They make surprisingly warm covers, and the manufacturers had a ready market for all they can make.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Frightful Shipwrecks.

Staunch ships strike and founder, the waves and mountains waves sweep noble mariners "boards of oak" to shipwreck and to death, yet that does not prevent the lubberlies' blundering, risking his life on the stormy Atlantic in the role of tourist or commercial traveler.

But if he shall reach his destination safely he will scarcely have escaped some of the qualms of sea sickness, unless he takes with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitter, that is specifically for nausea, had water on long trips and is a threat to the voyager, but this may be deprived in a great measure of its discomforting effects upon the stomach, bowels and liver by the Bitter. Against the prejudicial effects of malaria, dysentery, cholera and exposure is also efficacious. It averts, soothes, rheumatism and kidney complaints. Don't travel on sea or land without it.

Columbia Poultry Yards,

J. M. BRENTS, Manager.

Lock Box 1810, Seattle, Wash.

Breeders of Thoroughbred Poultry of following varieties:
S. C. White Leghorns, S. C. Browns, Large Whites, White Plymouth Rocks, Barred Plymouth Rocks, F. H. Game, Black Lang Shans, Light Brahmans, Buff Orpingtons, Partridge Cochins, Rhode Island Reds, Send for Circular and Price List.

Bids for Heating Capitol.

The board of capital building commissioners invite sealed proposals for heating the capitol building at Salem, Ore., either by steam or by hot water. Bidders are to furnish their own plans and specifications, and every bid shall be accompanied with an accompanying sum of \$1,000 in cash or a sum equal to double the amount of the bid to be approved by the board. The sum which if it is bid shall be accepted, the bidder will perform the work specified therein in accordance with the plans and specifications thereof. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved. Bids will be opened at 2 o'clock p. m. Monday, April 11, 1892, at the executive office, Salem, Oregon.
W. A. MUNLY, Clerk of Board. 3-10-1892

Notice of Assessment for Chemsaka Street Improvement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the common council of the city of Salem, Oregon, will on April 11, 1892, at the common council chamber, at 2 o'clock p. m., consider and pass upon the following assessment for the improvement of Chemsaka street, to-wit: All lots in blocks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 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A LUMBERMAN'S RENDEZVOUS.

This term might be applied to Stevens Point, located on the vast forest region which extends North to Lake Superior, a distance of 200 miles without a break, on account of the vast lumber interests. The Wisconsin River to which the lumbermen have given the familiar and somewhat picturesque title of "the Central," not only acts as a lumber feeder to the city by furnishing through its numerous tributaries an only 100,000,000 of acres of pine in the upper country, but it furnishes a great power that is second only to