"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market." ⑨

Hereditary Consumption

He Was Wrong.

He carefully prepared the small garden plot while his wife, deeply interested in his labor, stood watching him.

After he had put in the seeds and smoothed off the bed his wife took his arm to accompany him to the house, and on the way she asked:

"When will the seeds come up, John?"

He was one of those men who take pleasure in saying a smart thing when the opportunity offers, so laying his hand caressingly on her shoulder, he said:

"I don't expect them to come up at all, Maria."

"You don't!" she exclaimed; "then why have you gone to all that trouble?"

With the smile that springs from superior knowledge he answered:

"The seeds won't come up, but the flowers will by and by."

But he was wrong, for his neighbor's hens got into his garden plot that day and the seeds did come up.—New York Press.

An Able Suggestion.

An Indiana octogenarian wants to marry a sixteen-year-old girl, and his sons have applied to the courts to have a guardian appointed for him. The old gentlemen should propose a compromise on which the courts shall appoint the girl.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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 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, Killingly, Conn.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

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

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle

HEART

DISEASE in all forms, Palpitation, Pain in Side, Shoulder and Arm, Short Breath, Oppression, Asthma, Swollen Ankles, Weak and Smothering Spells, Dropsy, Wind in Stomach, etc., are cured by **DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE.** A new discovery by the eminent Indiana Specialist. A. F. Davis, Silver Creek, Neb., after taking four bottles of **HEART CURE** felt better than he had for twelve years. "For thirty years troubled with Heart Disease; two bottles of **DR. MILES' HEART CURE** cured me."—Levi Logan, Buchanan, Mich." R. B. Stutton, Ware Station, Ga., has sold **DR. MILES' HEART CURE** for Heart trouble with great results. Mrs. Le Bar, Fitchburg, Mich., was ill for 15 years with Heart Disease, had to hire house help, lived on liquid food; used **Dr. Miles' Heart Cure** and all pains left her; constant use cured her. Fine illustrated book FREE at druggists, or address **Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.**

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

NERVE & LIVER PILLS

Act on a new principle—regulate the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. Dr. Miles' Pills specially cure biliousness, torpid liver and constipation. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples free at druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

SICK MEN

Suffer unnecessary. Don't you know that exhaustion, debility, failing manhood, and general weakness, brought on by early follies, dissipation and excesses, can be cured. Don't get discouraged. We have cured hundreds at their homes by mail treatment. Your case will be diagnosed free. Write to-day. No cost to learn your condition.

COSMOPOLITAN DISPENSARY,

Market, Stockton and Ellis Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE.

Out from the city's rush and roar,
You wandered through the open door;
Paused at a plaything pail and spade
Across a tiny hillock laid;
Then noted on your dexter side
Some moneyed mourner's "love or pride;"
And so, beyond a hawthorn tree,
Showering its rain of rosy bloom
Alike on low and lofty tomb,
You come upon it—suddenly.

How strange! The very grasses' growth
Around it seemed forlorn and loath;
The very ivy seemed to turn
Askance that wreathed the neighbor urn.
The slab had sunk, the head declined,
And left the rails a wreck behind.
No name; you traced a "b," a "7,"
Part of "affliction" and of "Heaven;"
And then in letters sharp and clear,
You read, oh, irony austere!
"Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear."

—Austin Dobson.

FOR YELLOW GOLD.

When the stage "went light" they run out the small buckboard, but when there were more than four passengers the big mud wagon was "put on." This was a buckboard day, for there was not a single passenger. What was more to the point, as the Gold Butte Mining company regarded it, was that under the driver's seat was a box with $10,000 in the newest of new tens and twenties in it.

The driver had looked very blue when he drove his four mustangs from the postoffice—where he took on a very flat leather bag, which spoke loudly of the incapacity or disinclination of the Thimble Spring people for letter writing—over to the railroad station, where he was to take on the box. Things were going all wrong at home. That was why his brown face looked so haggard; that is why he held so loosely to the "lines;" that was why he chewed so hard on the bit of "plug" in his mouth.

"Such hard scratchin I never seed afore," was what he had said as he had listlessly thrown the mailbag into the wagon; "can't git no decent job nowadays. Nothin ter be had by prospectin—tried thet time an agin; ef I git anything it peters out inside of a week. I might make a strike over ter Sand Gulch, but it's a derned long way off, an me 'n Sue an the kids hez moved so often 'at we can't raise nothin ter move on now. Why in Sam Hill did Sue hev ter git that rheumatiz jes' now, when we's so hard up, an afore she weaned the baby? It's a damned shame. Why can't Bill git somethin ter do?—great, big, lunkheaded cuss. Ef I hed a brother, poorer'n a crow, d'ye think I'd go an live on him, an live on him, till thar warn't nuthin ter eat in the house? Sho, Zach Springer, you're a blamed fool. Bill hain't done that. He ain't ter blame fer gettin his leg broke that time. Bill's all right, but he's onlucky. Been tryin fur a month ter git a job, and can't git it nowhere. He's willin ter work. He'd stan crotch deep in the creek washin out tailin's ef he could make his salt at it. Tried it fer six weeks an didn't git enough to buy a pair of gum boots. Whoa, Buckskin! D—n that one eyed crowbait! he'd jam right inter the station platform ef yer didn't saw his teeth eout."

And then the box was taken on, and the express agent had something to say. That "something" was not to Zach Springer's liking. He chewed harder than ever on the bit of plug, and sawed the hard mouths of the mustangs by an unnecessary yanking of the reins. It was a positive relief to be able at last to whack his lash down upon the sides of the nervous brutes and turn them loose for the forty mile run to Gold Butte. Why had he needed a lecture from a hireling of the express company, and why should that smooth jawed agent have looked at him with such dark suspicion?

"They think 'cos I got stood up down ter Black Rocks las' time I had a big load o' gold thet I need to be preached to every time I go out now with a full box. Damned stoop shouldered, desk settin hounds! I'd like ter see one on 'em handlin the ribbons when thar's a Winchester lookin at 'em with an eye as big as a bar'l head. Can't tell me they wouldn't give in. The sweet scented, calfskin booted young ladies! Thar ain't a man among 'em."

Zach Springer's indignation was now in more complete possession of him than had been his feeling of blueness a little earlier. What he had delivered himself of just now was not what he would have said had he voiced his true sentiments with reference to the express agent's lecture. In between the words ran the thought that "they" had suspected him of having a hand in the Black Rocks robbery. It had come to him before in what he called a "left handed" way, and he had had other outbursts of righteous indignation, but none in which the upheaval was so great as that of the present. Had that been the reason the stage company had cut down his pay to "sixty" a month? The chances were that it was. It was too blamed mean for a lot of swine like these people to come it so high handedly over a poor man who only wanted his own. Wouldn't it serve them just right if—

The white dust of the desert rolled up from the mustangs' hoofs in little puffs, and sprays of it, powdery fine, followed the turn of the wheels half way up, there to be caught by the breeze and drifted behind in a long cloud that followed the buckboard like a haunting spirit. Sometimes, as the light breeze shifted, it came back upon the buckboard and its driver like heavy thoughts on the conscience of a guilty man.

It would serve them just right! Besides that, only think—ten thousand! What would the people down in Mexico or Guatemala, where he would fly, know or care if somebody up in far off Nevada had dumped a box off his buckboard and gone back and got it after a few days—maybe a week? It would have to be a dark night, wouldn't it? You couldn't go and get a box like that in the daytime and take it anywhere, for the whole country would be out looking for the man who had it. Maybe a month. That would be better. It would all blow over by that time. Let's see, would it? Ten thousand was a good deal. Those stage stoppers were always striking the box on the wrong day. They never got so much as that at one haul. In two months, then—perhaps two months. But it would have to be well hidden.

And the thought stuck to him, despite all attempts to keep it off, though by the time he had driven the mustangs into Red canyon his indignation at having been suspected by the company had died down. The box at his feet had taken on a new meaning for him. It meant smart gowns for the wife. It meant a good schooling for the children. Those five little ones had had a hard "rustle" of it to get what few scraps of learning they had thus far managed to clutch; and as for clothes, they were dressed like juvenile scarecrows. Yes, all the hard scratching would be over if he dared to do what many another hard pushed man had done. Resolving the whole matter down to a plain, clear cut proposition, it was after all simply a question of "nerve."

Here was the place to do it. Right here, where the high, scraggly rocks, with the patches of sagebrush atop, came so near to the buckboard. It could be thrown over there, anywhere, into the sagebrush. It would be as well concealed as though buried in six feet of earth. The buckboard had reached the top of a long down grade. Zach put on the brake and twisted the reins about the brake handle. As if about to take a plunge into ice cold water, he reached down for the box. But wait a bit. He took off his big sombrero and hung it on a projecting rock. Then flashing out his six shooter he sent a bullet through the brim of the hat, which he then replaced on his head.

Though it had been hot enough when he started out from Thimble Spring, there seemed to be a chill in the air just now. Would they believe the story that he would have to concoct, even though he showed them the hole in the hat brim? What would he care whether they did or not! They already suspected him. If he had the name he might as well have the game. He looked at a spot where the sagebrush clustered thickest and made a mental throw or two in a tentative way, in order to "get the distance."

Then he laid two nervous hands on the box. He gave a little tug. Lord, how heavy it was! Could it be tossed over there after all? It might have to be carried. He lifted it upon the seat. "Via Thimble Spring Stage Line." What was the sense in putting on such a direction as that? It was the only way it could go. The only way. And that way was now closed, for he was about to——

"God! kain't they trust you—you, Zach Springer? Kain't they trust Old Zach?" he burst out hoarsely. "Yes, but why don't they do as any other decent minin comp'ny does—turn their stuff into the bank at 'Frisco arter it's minted? What in hell do they want on it up thar?"

Well, after all, that was their business. But he couldn't be trusted. What would Bill say? Bill was an honest man. He would blush with shame every time his brother's name was mentioned after that, for of course he would know. Sue would never suspect. Any kind of a story would bamboozle her. Bill was smart. He could put two and two together as quickly as any man in the country. And yet Bill himself was a little reckless sometimes. He had been acting very queer of late, and had been over to Johnson's a good deal, drinking and playing cards with the boys. That would not do. Bill must be looked after.

He was only a young fellow—a mere boy, even if he had been trying to raise a mustache lately. Yes, Bill was a good deal younger than he. Why, he remembered well the day he was born, when they took him in to show him his new baby brother. He used to carry Bill all around, and he was the first one to stand him on his legs and try to make him walk. He remembered how he used to hurt his own head when Bill got a knock by falling out of his high chair. Bill was just as much to him now as ever, and those knocks which fate and the weaknesses of his nature were giving him now hurt him just as badly—worse perhaps than they did Brother Bill.

What would Bill say?

He laid his hands upon the box again. It would be safe enough behind the rocks there under the sagebrush—as safe as if——

"Git up thar, d—n ye! Git, Buckskin! Git, old Gabe! Ye lazy critters. G'lang!" And down came the long lash upon the dust covered backs of the mustangs, and off down the long grade they ran, making the dust fly in the canyon as it never flew before. For Zach had grasped the reins in a grip of iron, and both his big cowhide boots were planted firmly on the box.

"This 'er is what I call goin hellty split!" he said, ten minutes later, as they were still flying down the grade. "But I lost some time with a blamed fool notion that I orter a-been licked for ever thinkin on a minit. Wal, the mustangs got a good rest. Makin up fer it now, though. They'll soon be in a lather. I'll git to the half way house in quarter of an hour, and then I'll take a good horn. I feel kinder nervous yit. Thet 'ere box is a durned heavy load on a man's mind. I s'pose the sup'rintendent up to Gold Butte is worryin about it too. Never mind, ol' feller, you'll see that stuff stowed away in yer safe afore sundown.

"What's this? A hold up, sure as shootin!"

Out from behind a tall rock a man with a piece of dark calico over his face and a very large Winchester in his hand, had suddenly sprung, and the muzzle of the rifle looked right into Zach's big, round eyes. The brake scraped the wheels and made the sparks fly. The mustangs came to a sudden stand. There was no getting by that Winchester.

"I reckon you've got the drop on me, stranger," the driver coolly made remark. "Stick up my hands? In course I will, ef you insist on it, but I tell yer these 'ere mustangs is mighty skittish, an it's on the down grade. So yer needn't shoot if they start up, fur it'll be your own fault. I s'pose yer arter this 'ere box? Throw it out? It's too blamed heavy fer that. You'll hev ter give us a lift."

The man with the gun had said nothing; but the subtleties of the holding up process were not so fine but that Zach understood every wave of the stranger's hand and every shrug of his shoulders, when the waves and shrugs meant anything. Zach had been held up before. He of the calico mask did not step forward at once. In this suggestion that he should assist in taking off the box he seemed to suspect some trick. But one of Zach's hands was held aloft and the other, with the four reins in it, was on the level of his shoulder. The man edged up to the buckboard, exchanging the weapon which he presented at Zach's head for a six-shot revolver.

"Thanks, stranger," said Zach, with forced merriment. "I never like to hev one o' them air long barreled things p'inted at me. They shoot too durn straight. Now, here ye are."

With his foot he shoved the box along until it was near the edge of the wagon.

"Thar it is, help yourself; but ye'll find it a blamed heavy load ter pack, ef yer goin far—over forty pounds."

The robber's fingers grasped the box nervously.

"A green un at the bis," thought Zach. "Mebbe thar'll be an openin here yit."

The robber pulled and hauled at the box, but it would not budge, for it was caught on a railroad in the bottom of the wagon. In his feverish anxiety to secure the gold, he lowered the revolver a little and grasped the box with both hands. Swiftly Zach's right hand fell to his hip and out he whipped his bright barreled pistol.

"Got the deal drop, stranger! It's no go!" he shouted. "Put that weepin daown, you fool!" for the man was raising his pistol. "You won't? Then take that."

A flash, a report, and back fell the robber without a moan. His fingers clawed the dust for a moment, as if he were grasping for a hold on life. But the hold was not to be had, and he gave it up, and lay there quietly in the dust.

The driver shoved his pistol into its holster, and wiped the sweat from his brow. It has been a close shave for the box and a closer shave for him.

"Takes a purty keen un ter git erway with Ol' Zach arter all," he chuckled, springing lightly from the buckboard, while a broad smile lit up his brown face. "This 'ere means a big raise from the stage comp'ny an a hundred er two from the Gold Butte folks. I guess they'll think the ol' man's 'bout right after this. Hooray fur hooray! my stock's riz! It's 'way up ter a hundred an fifty. Whoop-e-e! Haw haw-haw!"

He stooped down over the dead man and lifted the bit of cloth from his face.

"Almighty God! It's Bill!"—Frank Bailey Millard in Argonaut.

A Dinner Taster.

Perhaps the most curious occupation conceived by woman is that of dinner taster. She is a product of Parisian refinement as yet unknown in this country. She spends a part of each day in visiting houses and tasting the dishes intended for dinner. She suggests improvement, and shows the cook new ways of preparing dishes. She has a large number of patrons and she rides in a cab. Of course, she is a skilled cook, and she charges liberally for her services. It is questionable, however, whether the American housewife would take kindly to such an invader of the household, and possibly the pioneer in such an occupation in this country would find it accompanied by vexatious trials.—New York Sun.

A Lucky Escape.

Fortunate is the man or woman residing in a malaria-ridden locality who escapes the dreaded scourge. Not one in a thousand does. When the endemic is a periodical and wide spread visitation it is just as common to see whole communities suffering from it as single individuals. The most vigorous constitution is not proof against it—how much less a system feeble or disordered. As a means of protection against malaria, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the supreme medical agent. It will uproot any form of malarial disease implanted in the system, and even in realms where miasmatic complaints are most malignant and deadly such as the Isthmus of Panama, Guatemala and the tropics generally, it is justly regarded as an efficient safeguard. No less efficacious is it as a curative and preventive of chronic indigestion, liver trouble, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaints and la grippe.

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

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.

Bids for City Bonds.

SEALED proposals will be received up to 7 o'clock p. m. of the 5th day of April, 1892, by the mayor and city recorder of the city of Salem, for the purchase of $20,000 worth of bonds on the city of Salem, Oregon, in denominations of $500 and upwards, the interest of these bonds to be paid semi-annually and to run twenty years, and to draw 5 per cent. interest. No bid will be received for the bonds below their par value. The city of Salem reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

P. H. D'ARCY, Mayor.

3-16-td M. E. GOODELL, Recorder.

J. M, Needham,

HOUSE PAINTING, KALSOMINING, PAPER HANGING. NATURAL WOOD FINISHING.

Leave orders—J. Irwin's, rear of Smith & Steiner's drug store.

E. C. CROSS,

Butcher and Packer

State St. and Court St.—The best meat delivered to all parts of the city.

PENSIONS

D.C.SHERMAN,

U. S. Pension and Claim agent, P. O. Box 281, Salem, Oregon. Deputy County Clerk. Write for blanks. w

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. H. BURNETT, Attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office over Ladd & Bush's bank.

D'ARCY & BINGHAM, Attorneys and counselors at law, Salem, Oregon. Having an abstract of the records of Marion county, including a lot and block index of Salem, they have special facilities for examining titles to real estate. Business in the supreme court and in the state department will receive prompt attention.

S. T. RICHARDSON, Attorney at law, office up stairs in front rooms of new Bush block, corner Commercial and Court streets, Salem, Oregon.

JOHN A. CARSON, Attorney at law. Rooms 3 and 4, Ladd & Bush's bank building, Salem, Oregon. 8 1 1yr

B. F. BONHAM. W. H. HOLMES. BONHAM & HOLMES, Attorneys at law. Office in Bush's block, between State and Court, on Com'l St.

TILMON FORD, attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office up-stairs in Patton's block.

W. H. YOUNG, M. D., Office formerly occupied by Dr. Rowland, corner Court and Liberty streets. Telephone No. 45. Office hours: 8 a. m. to 12; 2 to 4 p. m., and 7 to 8 p. m. Residence 5th street on electric car line. Telephone No. 9.

MCAFEE & BROOKS, Physicians and Surgeons, Murphy block, up stairs, Commercial street, Salem, Or.

DR. W. S. MOTT, physician and surgeon. Office in Eldridge Block, Salem, Oregon. Office hours 10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m.

E. B. PHILBROOK, M. D., Homeopathist, Office 155 Court street; Residence 347 High street. General practice. Special attention given to diseases of Women and children.

W. T. HOUSER, M. D., Physician and surgeon. Practice limited to diseases of the nervous system. Catarrh including asthma and rupture or hernia. Office in Cottle block rooms 11 and 12. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and from 2 to 6 p. m. 11-3 tf.

DR. T. C. SMITH, Dentist, 92 State street, Salem, Or. Finished dental operations of every description. Painless operations a specialty.

DR. MINTA S. A. DAVIS. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 11 a. m.; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. Day or night calls promptly attended to. Special attention given to diseases of Women and children. Office in new Bank block, 305 Commercial street. Residence same.

DR. MILLER S. LUND, Eclectic Medicatory; corner Chemeketa and Church. Office hours 1 to 3 p. m.

ANNICE F. JEFFREYS, M. D. Treatment of Ladies and Children a specialty. Office hours: 9 to 12, and 2 to 4. Eldridge block, Salem, Oregon.

W. D. PUGH, Architect, Plans, Specifications and superintendence for all classes of buildings. Office 290 Commercial St., up stairs.

E. J. McCAUNTLAND, Civil Sanitary and Hydraulic Engineer. U. S. Deputy mineral surveyor. City surveyors office Cottle-Parkhurst Block, Salem, Oregon.

C. A. GOBERT, Arch'tect, room 424, Marquam building, Portland, Oregon.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HOEYE & MILES, Proprietors the Force baile Bath and Shaving Parlors. Have the only Porcelain Bath Tubs in the city. 239 Commercial street, Salem, Oregon.

SPRAGUE & ALLEN, Blacksmiths and horseshoeing and repairing. Only the best workmen employed. Opposite State Insurance building

A. B. SMITH & CO., Contractors, Sewerage, Cement Sidewalks, Excavating, etc. All work promptly done, Salem, Or. Leave orders with Durbin Bros. 415-1m

CARPET-LAYING.—I make a specialty of carpet-sewing and laying; carpets taken up and relaid with great care. House cleaning. Leave orders with J. H. Lunger Brown & Son. J. G. LUGRMAN.

JOHN KNIGHT, Blacksmith, Horseshoeing and repairing a specialty. Shop at the foot of Liberty street, Salem, Oregon. 4 23tf

P. J. LARSEN & CO., Manufacture of all kinds of vehicles. Repairing a specialty. Shop 45 State street.

BROOKS & HARRITT,

94 STATE STREET,

CELEBRATED **SULTANA ROGERS** FINE CUTLERY.

Fully Warranted.

94 State St.

A LUMBERMAN'S RENDEZVOUS.

This term might be applied to Stevens Point, located on the Wisconsin Central Lines, at the gateway to the vast forest region which extends North to Lake Superior, a distance of 200 miles without a break, on account of its vast lumber interests. The Wisconsin River to which the lumbermen have given the familiar and somewhat affectionate title of "Old Wisconsin," not alone acts as a lumber feeder to the city by furnishing through its numerous tributaries an outlet for thousands of acres of pine in the uppur country, but it furnishes a water power that is second only to that of Neenah and Menasha, which cities are also located on the "Central." Millions of feet of lumber are cut every year, giving employment to hundreds of men. In addition to the lumber trade, it has numerous other manufactories; it is here where the large car shops of the Wisconsin Central Lines are located.

For tickets, maps, pamphlets and full information apply to G. F. McNeill, C. P. and T. A., Minneapolis, Minn., and to Jas. C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill. 1-16-1y

Columbia Poultry Yards,

J. M. BRENTS, Manager.

Lock Box 1210, Seattle, Wash

Breeders of Thoroughbred Poultry of following varieties:

S. C. White Leghorns, S. C. Brown Leghorns, White Plymouth Rocks, Barred Plymouth Rocks, Pit Games, Black Langshams, Light Brahamas, Buff Cochins, Partridge Cochins, Bronze Turkeys.

Send for Circular and Price List.

State Treasurer's First Notice

STATE OF OREGON, TREASURY DEPARTMENT. } SALEM, March 19, 1892.

NOTICE is hereby given that there is sufficient funds to pay the following outstanding state warrants; and the same will be paid upon presentation at this office: Numbers,—1788, 1884, 1890, 2052, 2071, 2095, 2097, 2098, 2104, 2105, 2134, 2135, 2138, 2140, 2155, 2160, 2161, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2170, 2173, 2174, 2219, 2269, 2278, 2279, 2281, 2287, 2296, 2336, 2338, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2358, 2360, 2362, 2365, 2364, 2366, 2368, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2384, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2412, 2413, 2444, 2486, 2488, 2508, 2515. The above numbers represent warrants endorsed on or before September 18, 1891. Interest on these warrants will not be allowed after the date of this notice.

PHIL METSCHAN, State Treasurer.

3-19-2w

L. B. HUFFMAN,

Livery Stable and Feed Yard.

The Best Box Stalls and Corral in the City. Quiet, family horses a specialty. (In rear Willamette hotel.)

SALEM, - - - OREGON

BIRDS All kinds mounted to order ALLAN RHODES, SALEM OREGON

ANYTHING.

From baled hay and feed to fine toilet soap, Key West cigars, tobacco pipes, knives, etc. can always be found at lowest prices; at

T. BURROWS,

No. 226 Commercial St., Salem

M. T. RINEMAN

DEALER IN

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Wooden and Willow ware. All kinds of mill feed. Also vegetables and fruits in their season. "Highest Price paid for country produce." We solicit a share of your patronage.

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TAXPAYERS, NOTICE!

THE assessment roll for Marion county, for the year 1891, has been placed in my hands for collection. Taxpayers will please come forward and pay their taxes, as they will soon be delinquent and costs added.

E. M. CROISAN, Sheriff and Tax Collector, Marion county

Salem, Or., Feb. 17, 1892. 2-22-1f-dw

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Bids for Heating Capitol.

The board of capitol building commissioners invite sealed proposals for heating the capitol building at Salem, Or., either by steam or hot water. Bidders are to furnish their own plans and specifications. 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, the bidder 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 2 o'clock p. m. Monday, April 11, 1892, at the executive office, Salem, Oregon.

SYLVESTER PENNOYER, GEO. W. McBRIDE, PHIL. METSCHAN, Board of Commissioners.

WM. A. MUNLY, Clerk of Board. 3-10 1mo

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the city of Salem, until 10 o'clock a. m. April 2, 1892, for the grading, graveling and curbing of all that part of Commercial street between the south side of Mill street and the southern boundary of the city of Salem, Oregon, according to the plans and specifications on file in the office of the city surveyor of Salem, Oregon. Bids will be opened by the committee on streets and public property on the second day of April, 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day or as soon thereafter as shall be convenient to them. A deposit of five hundred dollars must accompany each bid as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the bidder that he will execute the contract, bond and undertaking and furnishing good and sufficient sureties to be approved by the mayor, in case said contract is awarded to said bidder, which deposit will be forfeited to the city of Salem in case of the failure on the part of the bidder to comply with said requirements. Said bond, contract and undertaking are also filed in the office of the city surveyor. The city of Salem reserves the right to reject any or all bids or any part or parts thereof and accept or reject the remainder.

M. W. HUNT, C. B. MOORES, H. L. LAMOUREUX, Committee on Streets and Public Property.

Notice of Assessment for Chemeketa Street Improvement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the common council of the city of Salem, Oregon, will at 8 o'clock a. m. of the 5th day of April, 1892, at the common council chamber at Salem, Oregon, proceed to assess upon each lot or part thereof liable therefor its proportionate share of the cost of sidewalking, graveling and curbing all that part of Chemeketa street described as follows: All that part east of Water street and west line of the alley in blocks 61 and 62, if extended across the street; all east of Front street and west line of the alley in blocks 61 and 62, if extended across the street; all east of Front street and the west line of the alley in blocks 49 and 50, if extended across the street; all west of Commercial street and the east line of the alley in blocks 49 and 50, if extended across the street; all east of Commercial street and the west line of the alley in blocks 31 and 32, if extended across the street; all east of Liberty street and the east line of the alley in blocks 31 and 32, if extended across the street; all east of Liberty street and the west line of the alley in blocks 22 and 23, if extended across the streets all east of Liberty street and the east line of the alley in blocks 31 and 32, if extended across the street; all west of High street and the east line of the alley in blocks 22 and 23, if extended across the street; all east of High street and the west line of the alley in blocks 4 and 5, if extended across the street; all east of Church street and the west line of the alley in blocks 69 and 70, if extended across the street; all west of Church street and the east line of the alley in blocks 4 and 5, if extended across the street; all east of Cottage street and the west line of Winter street; all west of Cottage street and the east line of the alley in blocks 69 and 70, if extended across the street; all east of Winter street and the west line of the alley in blocks 82 and 83, if extended across the street; all west of Summer street and the east line of the alley in blocks 82 and 83, if extended across the street; all east of Summer street and the west line of the alley in blocks 85 and 86, if extended across the street, all west of Capitol street and the east line of the alley in blocks 85 and 86, if extended across the street; all east of Capitol street and the west line of Twelfth street; all east of Twelfth street and the west line of Fourteenth street; all east of Thirteenth street and the west line of Fourteenth street, situated in Salem, Oregon. According to the plans and specifications thereof on file in the office of the city surveyor of Salem, Oregon. Done by order of the common council of the city of Salem, Oregon, this 15th day of March, 1892.

M. E. GOODELL, Recorder.