"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

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R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
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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. R. Stetson, Vera Station, Ga., has taken DR. MILES' HEART CURE for Heart trouble with great results. Mrs. Le Roy, Fitchburg, Mich., was ill for 15 years with Heart Disease, had to hire house help, live on liquid food; used Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and all pains left her; excellent use cured her. Free illustrated book FREE at druggists, or address Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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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 all druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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Say Hires Do you Drink Root Beer?

SOLD AND ENJOYED EVERYWHERE.

MANY MEN SUFFER FROM THE ERRORS OF YOUTH AND DO NOT KNOW THEIR TRUE CONDITION. DO YOU? IT COSTS NOTHING TO FIND OUT. WHY THEN DON'T YOU LEARN AND BE A MAN? SEND POSTAL CARD AND LEARN OUR METHOD OF DIAGNOSING CASES FREE! COSMOPOLITAN DISPENSARY

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Have fewer parts, and are therefore less likely to get out of order than any other gas or gasoline engines now built. Just lights the burner, turns the wheel, and it runs all day.

MAKES NO SMELL OR DIRT.

No double or false explosions, so frequent with the unreliable spark.

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It Oils Itself Automatically,
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Send for Circular and Price List.

HUMOR

THE TRIUMPH WAS HERS.

When She Had Made Herself Beautiful the Firemen Carried Her Down.

She looked very bewitching, standing there before the mirror, in her ball dress of soft, white, clinging stuff. A lovely woman was she, and the stoniest of cynics could not blame her for smiling in admiration of her own beauty reflected back to her in the polished glass. As she lingered thus there was a sudden movement of feet in the hall below. She listened.

"Charley mustn't get impatient," she murmured. "I shall not be ready any sooner."

With a puff in hand she was enhancing by a deft touch here and there the alabaster whiteness of the glorious complexion. A knock sounded at the door.

"In a minute," she sweetly observed. "Tell Charley I'll be ready in just a minute."

She was plying the puff with the most engaging deliberation. The knock was repeated louder than before.

"Run for your life!" roared a rough voice through the keyhole: "the house is on fire!"

She was looking archly over her shoulders to gain a side view of her queenly figure.

"In a minute," she softly replied.

One of the golden tresses had escaped from the restraining pins and hung mockingly beside the shell-like ear.

"Dear me," she exclaimed petulantly, "it does seem as if something must be wrong all the time."

In readjusting her coiffure she dislodged some of the powder from her glorious cheek.

"Plague take it! I shan't"—

"Fire! Fire!" rang the distracted shouts through the whole house.

"In a minute, I say. I do wish they would be a little more patient."

Presently the damask of the fair countenance was restored.

"Break down the door!"

It seemed as if many noisy men were gathered at the very threshold of her boudoir.

"I'll be ready in a minute," she called in dulcet tones—tones that nature makes sweetest and places in the throat of woman.

"The fire is right under you."

"I'm coming directly."

With a last smiling glance at the counterfeit of her beautiful self, she carelessly threw a cloak about her snowy shoulders and opened the door.

"I am ready."

They were obliged, the stairway being burned, to carry her down a ladder, out the triumph was hers. Neither man nor the elements could make her hurry at her toilet.—Detroit Tribune.

His Opinion.

Civil Engineer (in search of data)—Is it not the opinion of many people in this locality that the excessive overflow of these bottom lands is due to the lock and dam system?

Native (of Illinois river bottom)—I reckon.

"Based on the fact that dams retard the velocity of the current and increase the deposit of sediment in the river bottom, thus gradually elevating its bed?"

"I guess that's about hit."

"You have resided in this vicinity many years, have you not?"

"Ever sence I wuz a boy."

"May I ask if your theory coincides with that I have just suggested?"

"Hey?"

"As to the flooding of these bottom lands, I dare say you have an opinion concerning the cause of it?"

"You bet I have."

"In your judgment, then, what is the cause?"

"Rain."

[Takes another chew of plug tobacco and gazes away into vacancy as before.]—Chicago Tribune.

A Thoughtful Husband.

Calino had been dining at a friend's house when a storm broke loose. His host offered him shelter for the night, which he accepted, but afterward disappeared. He returned an hour later, wet to the skin.

"Where have you been in that state?" his friend inquired.

"I have just been to tell my wife that I wasn't coming home tonight," was the reply.—Masque de Fer.

A Good Place.

Miss Pinkerly—Do you know where I can get some cast off neckties for a quilt?

Mrs. Bingo—Ask Mr. Kingley. I was out shopping with his wife yesterday and she bought him a lot.—Life.

Clara's Summer Outfit.

Mother—Joyful news! Clara is provided for this summer.

Father—What do you mean?

Mother—I find that she has grown so that her brother's clothes just fit her.—Cloak Review.

How She Identified Them.

Visitor—They look so much alike, I don't see how you can tell them apart.

Mrs. Schroeder—Oh, deir names vwas deeferent. One vwas namedt Max an de udder one vwas namedt Rudolph.—Harper's Bazar.

A PRAYER CARPET.

I know not where in Daghestan
He lived, the skillful artisan
Who wove in some mysterious way
This fabric where the colors play
Across the woof in rainbow chase,
Or meet and link and interlace.

Nor do I know what suppliant knees
First pressed these yielding symmetries,
The while the turbaned brow was turned
Toward Mecca, and the soul that yearned,
Borne by the rapt muezzin's cry,
Soared, birdlike, up the tranquil sky.

But this I know—foot never shall press
Its warmth, hallowed loveliness,
For still about it dumbly clings
A subtle sense of holy things,
And woven in the meshes there
Are strands of vow and shreds of prayer.

With kindling morning rays, the sun
Its blended colors shines upon;
The mosque dome catch the light, and lo!
In loitering lines the camels go,
A fountain flings a silver jet,
A palm tree cuts a silhouette.

But when night lifts the eye of day,
And twilight glories fade away,
My fancy shapes a fervent man
From shadows on the Daghestan.
Thus, in its compass small I see
The Orient in epitome.

—Clinton Scollard in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Delicacy in Taste.

The Chinese are well known to possess great delicacy of taste, especially in regard to their favorite beverage, tea. Few would be inclined, however, to give them credit for such sensitiveness of palate as was described by a Chinese lecturer on tea drinking, who said that when he was a boy about eleven years old he lived with his father, who was a little nearsighted, in a cottage in the southern part of China. One day he was cleaning out his father's teakettle, and could not get all the tea leaves out, so he put his hand in the kettle. About a half hour afterward his father called for his tea, which the speaker took to him and returned to work. Shortly the old gentleman called him again and asked him if he did not tell him never to put his hand in the teakettle.

"Well," said the speaker, "I did not know whether my father was peeking through the keyhole watching me or not. So I let three weeks pass, when I knew my father was out on business, and I again put my hand in the teakettle. That evening I was called to answer the question which was asked me several weeks before, but you can rest assured from that time to this I have never put my hand in any teakettle."—Good Housekeeping.

Permanently Cured by the Earthquake.

Dr. Harris tells of a patient of his at the time of the earthquake, six years ago. She had been lying upon her back unable to move hardly and unable to speak a word for fourteen months. He had removed her to St. Joseph's infirmary to insure skillful treatment. The night of the earthquake, when the first shock was felt, the girl jumped from her bed and ran down the steps, and was the first patient to get out of the building. She was completely cured from that minute and walked and talked with perfect naturalness. She has never been troubled with a recurrence of her complaint.—Savannah News.

The Sacred Plants of the Druids.

The Druids held many plants sacred, as, for instance, vervain, selago, mistletoe, and among trees the oak and the rowan. There is, I think, no serious doubt as to the identity of any of these except the second (selago), which is generally thought to be the club moss. Oak mistletoe is certainly rare, and that may have been the reason why it had an especially sacred character, but it does exist.—New York Recorder.

Names of Apples.

The Tallman Sweet was a fine apple, but its name has become a tradition. Probably it is sold today under a different cognomen. Many of the present varieties receive different names from different producers. Some of the fancy varieties are the Maiden's Blush and the Ben Davis.—New York Evening Sun.

Etiquette for Kentucky Car Drivers.

The average street car driver must not think that when a lady waves her handkerchief at him she wants to carry on a flirtation. She simply wants him to stop the car that she might get on. The bowing, scraping and tipping of hat in recognition is all unnecessary.—Paducah (Ky.) News.

George Understood.

"Katie," he said timidly, "I—I have allowed myself to hope that you regard me as something more than a friend." "George," she answered softly, with half averted face, "you—you are away off." And George understood. He came nearer.—Chicago Tribune.

Failed to Appreciate Milton.

Milton was not great in the character of husband and father. We read of him that his first wife was disgusted with his gloomy house, and soon ran away from him, and his daughters were left to grow up utterly neglected.—Writer.

Rubber remained practically unknown save as a curiosity for many years, and it was near the close of the Eighteenth century when Dr. Priestley, in a preface to his work on Perspective, called attention to rubber as "a novelty for erasing pencil marks."

The mistral is a violent northwest wind which blows down the Gulf of Lyons and is felt particularly in Marseilles, France.

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

How the Czar Unbends.

He and his wife are never happier than when they can leave all state cares behind them, throw off the yoke of etiquette and live for their children at Gatschina, at Peterhof, or, best of all, in Denmark, in which country the czar unbends in a manner never seen elsewhere.

There is not so great a romper as he among all his nephews and nieces. He is master of all the childish revels. To these princes and princesses the autocrat of all the Russias is simply "Uncle Sasha," and cries of "Uncle Sasha, Uncle Sasha!" resound all over the place. A favorite pastime of his is to stand amid the merry throng and challenge them to pull him down. They never succeed, either separately or unitedly.

The czar has wonderful strength of muscle. He can bend a horseshoe by mere force of hand. Once in Denmark, while a conjurer was showing his skill, the czar offered to produce a specimen of his own abilities. He took a pack of cards and tore them through with the greatest ease.

At Gatschina he loves to go fishing with a harpoon by torchlight. Like Mr. Gladstone, he is fond of felling trees, but unlike that gentleman, he equally enjoys sawing them into lengths.—Sovereigns and Courts of Europe.

A Brave Soldier, but Not a Warrior.

"The soldier is always more or less brave," remarked the veteran, "and even when he is not at all inclined to heroism he will, when the tug-of-war comes, rise superior to himself and do great deeds of valor. It's funny to hear a man you know, who will go right up to a cannon's mouth when it is loaded to the muzzle and a man standing at the rest ready to pull the string, express his feelings when the spirit isn't moving him. Once when we were down there before Petersburg, when the shot was tearing up the ground in forty places at once, I was lying in a safe corner with a man who had only a few hours before come through a perfect rain of fire, carrying the flag to a point where he could shake it in the enemy's face. We got to talking about war in general and this sort of fighting, and I said to him:

"'If you had your choice, would you have war this way, or out in the open, face to face?'

"'There's only one way I'd have war,' he said sharply.

"'How's that?' I asked.

"'Have it over, and that blamed quick,' he replied, and ten minutes afterward he was doing a deed that won him his shoulder straps."—Detroit Free Press.

The Difference.

Ex-Governor Robert Taylor, of Tennessee, tells this story. He was once talking to an old cullud gemman when he asked:

"Well, John, what are you doing these days, anyhow?"

"I'se a zorter now, Mars Bob."

"An exhorter you mean."

"Yass sir—er zorter—dat's hit."

"I thought you were a preacher. What's the difference between a preacher and an exhorter, John?"

"Difference twixt er zorter an er preacher is zackly dis: Preacher, he stick to de text, but de zorter, he hits all round."—Atlanta Journal.

The River of King Midas.

If Ceres left the Old World when the worship of her went out of fashion, it must have been to the valley of the Red river that she came. But if mythology is suggested at all by a study of this marvelous region, it is in the recollection of the fabled river Pactolus, wherein King Midas washed off his power to turn into gold all that he touched. That may well have been the stream that once swelled from side to side of this valley, for truly its sediment retains little less than Midas' power.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

A Scotchman Who Smoked in Church.

Sir Walter Scott in his "Heart of Midlothian" refers to one Duncan, of Knockdunder, an important personage, who smoked during the whole of the sermon from an iron pipe tobacco borrowed from other worshipers. We are told that at the end of the discourse he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, replaced it in his sporran, returned the tobacco pouch to its owner and joined in the prayer with decency and attention.—All the Year Round.

Pain Is a Relative Term.

"Pain" even in the human subject is purely a relative term. It expresses a very real sensation, but it does not express its degree. And so far as mankind is concerned the sense of pain, in the intensity in which it can be felt, depends very largely indeed upon two great factors.

The first of these is civilization, and the second factor is that of education.—London Sunday Magazine.

Pretty Long Railroad Ticket.

One of the longest railroad tickets ever sold in Maine was that covering a trip from Bangor to Cuba and return, measuring with its forty-two coupons, very nearly five feet in length.—Augusta Journal.

The Way of the World.

A man who praises himself meets with general denial; a man who decries himself finds plenty to agree with him.—Manley H. Pike in Century.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a cough, cold, or any lung, throat, or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottle free at Dan'l J. Fry's drug store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

NEW YORK RACKET STORE

Is still in the field, this time with a fine assortment of Spring Roller Blinds of various shades at very low prices, and a lot of fine Cashmere Shawls with heavy silk fringe. You will be pleased with them, also a good assortment of Men's Dress Shirts of all grades, light colored and black. Black Sateen Skirts, Children's Waists and Shirts, Overalls and ——Jackets. Just come and see what you can find, and it will be cheap.——

E. T. BARNES,
333 Commercial Street,
Cottle Block.

WHEN A. T. STEWART WAS ALIVE.

How a New York Woman Secured a Fine Carpet and Never Paid for It.

A number of persons seated in the parlor of a Harlem house were talking about New York's rich men, both the dead and the living, dividing them into two classes, the philanthropic and the other kind. When they came to A. T. Stewart there was quite an argument. Finally, the hostess said:

"I didn't know Mr. Stewart personally and am not in possession of facts on which to base an opinion as to his manner of treating persons and institutions deserving of financial assistance, but I can say that I once had a valuable present from the house of A. T. Stewart."

"A present! What was it?" a half dozen demanded.

"Come with me and I'll show it to you," said the hostess, and she led the way upstairs into what she called her "spare room." It was an old fashioned room, with a tall posted mahogany bedstead and other furniture to match. Upon the floor was a velvet carpet, with such figures in it as used to be fashionable back in the early seventies.

"Here it is," said the hostess, pointing to the carpet. "This carpet, that has about forty yards in it, came from Stewart's, and it didn't cost me a cent."

Everybody wished to know right away how it all came about.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the hostess. "It was this way: I went to Stewart's and selected the carpet, and ordered them to send up and measure the room and then to make the carpet and put it down, and I was to pay for it 'C. O. D.' In due time the carpet was made and laid, and when the last tack had been driven the men started to go away.

"'How about the bill?' I asked. 'I was to pay for this carpet cash on delivery.'

"'We ain't got no bill,' said the men. 'They'll send the bill from the house.'

"Well, I waited and waited, but no bill came. Then the thing slipped out of my mind, and staid out for about three months. One day it came into my head that I hadn't paid for that carpet, and so I went down to the store and asked for the bill.

"'We've no bill against you,' they told me.

"I insisted that there should be a bill, and they went to work hunting over the books. Presently they told me that I paid for the carpet when I ordered it.

"I declared that I didn't do anything of the kind, and then they got mad.

"'Madam,' they said, 'our books show that the carpet is paid for, and we prefer to go by our books rather than by your recollection,' and do you know they absolutely refused to take my money. They wouldn't admit that they could have made an error.

"I wish I could buy some carpets in the same way," murmured a young man who has just rented a flat in One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, in which he is soon to set up housekeeping.

But such good things do not come to everybody.—New York Times.

Shall We Travel 100 Miles an Hour.

There is not much probability of attaining regular and continuous speed of 100 miles per hour with our present locomotives. Their fire boxes—which perform the same functions for the machines that their stomachs do for animals—are, with their present construction, necessarily contracted in size. The weight of the whole locomotive being fixed, the dimensions of the different parts are also limited.

It is proverbially dangerous to prophesy when you are not quite sure, and if prognostications are based upon calculations the mendacity of figures may rise up hereafter to deprive the prophet of all honor.

Fast running is largely a question of steam production. Given a boiler which will generate enough steam, and the other problems are of comparatively easy solution. The difficulty is to get the boiler sufficiently large within the limits of size and weight to which it must be confined.—Scribner's.

Postage Stamps by the Thousand.

For the past ten years a citizen of Portland has been collecting United States postage stamps with the object in view of obtaining 1,000,000. He has now 980,000, mostly of the 1, 2 and 3 cent denominations.

The remaining 20,000 will be collected in a comparatively short time. He has obtained most of these stamps at one office.

He keeps them stored away in pasteboard boxes, tied up in bundles of 100 each. These are placed on edge in the boxes.

He has thus packed 66,000 in an underwear box about 20 inches long, 10 inches wide and 4 inches deep. It requires 15 such boxes to hold the 980,000.—Portland (Me.) Express.

Moisture Proof Walls.

Coal tar has recently come into extensive use abroad as a means of rendering masonry impervious to water, especially in positions exposed to direct contact with water. The tar is employed in a boiling state in one or more layers, or it may be made to flame up before being used.—New York Journal.

DESERVING PRAISE.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. D. J. Fry's, Druggists.

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7:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	7:30 a. m.
2:18 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	2:24 p. m.
8:15 a. m.	Ar.	San Fran.	Lv.	7:00 p. m.

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg, East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving and Eugene.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.

8:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	4:30 p. m.
11:17 a. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	1:40 p. m.
6:50 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.	7:00 a. m.

Albany Local, Daily Except Sunday.

4:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	10:00 a. m.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	7:15 a. m.
8:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.	6:30 a. m.

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Second Class Sleeping Cars.
For accommodation of passengers holding second class tickets attached to express trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis:
DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).

7:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	5:30 p. m.
12:10 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.	12:30 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

4:40 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	9:25 a. m.
7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.	6:45 a. m.

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