"German Syrup"

For Throat and Lungs

Hemorrhage Five Years.

"I have been ill for "about five years, "have had the best "medical advice, "and I took the first "dose in some doubt. This result-"ed in a few hours easy sleep. There "was no further hemorrhage till next "day, when I had a slight attack "which stopped almost immediate-"ly. By the third day all trace of "blood had disappeared and I had "recovered much strength. The "fourth day I sat up in bed and ate "my dinner, the first solid food for "two months. Since that time I "have gradually gotten better and "am now able to move about the "house. My death was daily ex-"pected and my recovery has been "a great surprise to my friends and "the doctor. There can be no doubt "about the effect of German Syrup, "as I had an attack just previous to "its use. The only relief was after "the first dose." J. R. LOUGHHEAD, Adelaide, Australia.

HEADACHE!

Of all forms, Neuralgia, Spasms, Fits, Sleeplessness, Dullness, Dizziness, Blues, Opium Habit, Drunkenness, etc., are cured by DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE, discovered by the eminent Indiana Specialist in nervous diseases. It does not contain opiates or dangerous drugs. "Have been taking DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE for Epilepsy. From September to January never using the Nervine I had at least 75 convulsions, and now after three months' use have no more attacks.—JOHN B. COLLINS, Romeo, Mich." "I have been using DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE for about four months. It has brought me relief and cure. I have taken it for epilepsy, and after using it for one week have had no attack.—Hurd C. Brasius, Heathville, Pa." Fine book of great cures and trial bottles FREE at Druggists Everywhere, or address

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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

NERVE AND 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 druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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When "old Sol" makes all things sizzle,
Drink Hires' Root Beer.
When dull care makes life a fizzle,
Drink Hires' Root Beer.
When you feel a little dry,
When you're cross, and con't know why,
When with thirst the children cry,
There's a sweet relief to try—
Drink Hires' Root Beer.
A 25 cent Package makes five gallons.

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 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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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 light the burner, turn 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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No Batteries or Electric Spark.
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Send for Circular and Price List.

HUMOR

HOW TIME WILL FLY.

It Was No Use for Them to Try to Pass as Old Stagers.

The hand of fate, operating through the head waiter, seated them at the most conspicuous table in the dining room.

"Don't stare at me so lovingly," he fiercely hissed, "or you'll give it all away."

The fair young girl at his side blushed and looked very much confused.

"Hum," coughed he, ostensibly eying the menu.

But he was overdoing it. Nobody was deceived.

"Bring us some mock turtle," he commanded, attempting a growl, but realizing only a tremolo gasp.

"Don't call me any pet names here," he whispered from the side of his mouth.

She tried to look unconcerned, but became redder in the face every moment. He essayed to look savage, but made a distinct failure of it.

"Er—lovely morning," he suddenly observed aloud, with a sickly attempt at nonchalance.

"Yes—yes, my—I"——

"Sh! Don't call me any pet names. Why, you'd give us away in a minute."

He assumed a feeble imitation of lofty indifference. She seemed about ready to sink through the floor.

"George," very softly.

He tried to frown prodigiously, with only indifferent success.

"I think," extremely pianissimo, "everybody is looking at us."

He was uneasy, and his hands were much in his way. But inspiration came at last.

"It doesn't seem," he suddenly exclaimed very audiby, the look of incredulity on his face was a fair simulation of the real thing, "as if we had been married four years, does it?"

"N-no, George."

The baldheaded individual near the door got choked with his soup, but with that exception there was not a soul in the room that did not smile.

Presently the bridal couple retired; their appetites appeared to be not of the most robust.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

All Things Come Around.

Bulfinch—That's a true saying, isn't it, that things come around to those who wait?

Wooden—I don't know, I'm sure. What makes you think of that now?

Bulfinch—Well, there is Hardup; he used to say that he would never be content with his condition in life until he could keep a carriage.

Wooden—Well, he'll never have one. He never was known to have a dollar to his name, and on top of that he went and got married.

Bulfinch—Yes, but he's got his carriage. I saw him out the other day.

Wooden—You don't tell me!

Bulfinch—It's a beauty too; one he pushes himself.—Boston Courier.

A Dread Alternative.

M. De L——, though still young, was dying of consumption. He lay grasping the hand of his wife, who sat by the side of the bed.

"I feel that all is over," he said, "and I bitterly regret my little quarrels with you, the scenes of jealousy, the suspicions, which sometimes blighted our affection. You may now tell me without reserve if you did not think I was mad, and utterly wrong. My dear!" said he, with quivering accents, "I want to know all."

She (in a gentle voice)—But suppose you got well again?—Main Jaune.

German Discipline.

There was to be a grand review and inspection of the troops of a German garrison. A corporal gave the following orders to the soldiers:

"Now, men, if the major asks you how you like your grub, you say 'Good.' If a colonel asks you, you must reply, 'Very good.' If the general asks you, you must speak up and say, 'It couldn't be better.'"—Texas Siftings.

Hurt His Self Love.

Murilla—Who is that gentleman you introduced me to a little while ago; I didn't catch his name.

Millicent—That is the distinguished poet, Mr. Scrawler.

Murilla—Indeed! Now I understand why he seemed to get angry when he asked me who is my favorite poet, and I replied, "Shakespeare."—New York Sun.

Exhausted by His Profession.

Seeker—Who is the fellow that comes out of your boarding house every morning and takes the car to ride three blocks to his place of business?

Sageman—Is it possible you don't know him? Why, that's Samson, the champion runner of the Olympian Athletic club.—Boston Courier.

Overheard.

"Mrs. Devere-Hawkins is a widow, is she not?"

"Temporarily."—Harper's Bazar.

Clearly Untrue.

"What do you think of that artist who painted cobwebs on his ceiling so truthfully that the hired girl wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?"

"There may have been such an artist, but never such a hired girl."—Indianapolis Journal.

Her Son John.

Few men have ever combined sternness and inflexibility of purpose with tenderness of heart to such an extraordinary degree as Stonewall Jackson. Of his kindness his widow relates this pleasing example in her biography of her husband:

Near the close of one of his most arduous campaigns an old woman called at his headquarters, and to the amusement of the young staff officers said that she had come to see her son John, who was with "Jackson's company." She was much surprised that they could not tell her where John was, for he had been with "Jackson's company" in all the battles.

Her persistency finally changed the young men's amusement to annoyance; but when General Jackson came in and heard her simple story he listened with as much politeness as if she had been some grand lady, and after gently reproving the young officers for laughing at her, he ordered that every company of his corps should be searched for John, who was at last found, to the inexpressible delight of his loving old mother.

Two Ways of Working.

A gentleman was overlooking a man at work in his grounds, who was emptying a tank by means of a bucket into the drain.

"What a lazy fellow!" he thought. "I could fill that bucket twice to his once." The more he looked the more his indignation increased, until at last he determined to show the man how to do his work. "Are you not ashamed," he asked, "to pour out no more than two or three pails a minute?" The man smiled, but said he could not well do more. "Well, I'll show you what more can be done." So he went to work with great zeal, and poured out six or eight pails a minute.

"Now," he said triumphantly, handing back the pail, "I've taught you a lesson. I hope you will profit by it." "Please your honor," said the man, "would you be kind enough to go on that way another five minutes?" "Why?" "Because I never doubted but six pails could be poured out in a minute, but what I want to know is how long you could go on at that rate?"—Washington Star.

Edam Cheeses in History.

"The famous Edam cheeses which grace the table of every well kept hotel and restaurant in the country," said a prominent groceryman of this city, "are often a subject of inquiry as to what they are and whence they come. Their round shape, with that peculiar reddish purple tinge is a marked contrast with all other cheese productions of the world. There is nothing new fashioned about them, for if Colonial tradition is true Mynheer Peter Heyis, of Edam, Holland, who brought a lot in the hold of his Dutch ship in 1631 to the Delaware river, so tickled the fancy of the Indians with these odd looking articles that he bought a large tract of land, afterward named the 'Valley of the Swans,' from the redskins with a barrel of his Edam cheeses. After the cheese had been devoured the gentle aborigines repented themselves of their rash speculation, and a month later massacred the entire Dutch colony."—Philadelphia Press.

Costumes Not Gaudy Three Centuries Ago.

It is a mistake to imagine that the streets of London in the Sixteenth century presented a much more lively appearance than they do at present. The everyday dress of the people, even of the highest rank, was almost invariably made of broadcloth of a sober color, occasionally enlivened with velvet and smart ribbons. It was only on state occasions or festivities, parties, balls and public entertainments that the gay silks and velvets and the cloth of gold were exhibited, and it must be remembered that so costly were the materials which could then be employed in male or female dress that not unfrequently parents left their best clothes by will to their favorite children as a much valued legacy.—London Saturday Review.

A Bit of Scientific Investigation.

James Whitcomb Riley tells a little story that charmingly illustrates the experimental tendency of humankind. On one occasion little James invited little Willie to come over to his house and spend the night with him. After the two had gone to bed James remarked, in evident surprise and pain, "Why, Willie! you didn't say your prayers tonight, did you?"

"No," answered Willie doggedly: "didn't say 'em tonight, didn't say 'em last night and ain't goin to say 'em tomorror night. Then, if there don't anything bad get me, I ain't ever goin to say 'em." – Chicago News.

A Peculiar People.

On the banks of the river Purus, in South America, is to be found a peculiar tribe of people—men, women and children—who have spotted skins of black and white. They live on the river banks or in the floating settlements in the lagoons and pass their whole lives in fishing.—London Tit-Bits.

Two Kinds of Unhappy People.

There are two kinds of unhappy people in the world—Those who are sad because they are not known, and those who are miserable because they are known too well.—Ram's Horn.

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

MANIFESTATIONS OF COURAGE.

People Who Are Brave in Some Ways and Cowards in Others.

"Courage," said the story teller, "is something which I have always found it difficult to define. I have known women who were the most cowardly creatures under the sun to do amazingly brave and daring acts under certain conditions. I have seen men, too, who knew that they were not brave, rise in emergencies and prove themselves heroic.

"But the most interesting thing about this subject is that phase of a man's character which makes him absolutely fearless in the face of many dangers, and yet makes him a great coward in one or two special cases. I have a friend whom I call a brave man. He has done two acts alone in his life which prove his courage.

"He was once in a gathering of women when a dog, showing marked signs of rabies, came running at them. A bull terrier was with the people, and the strange dog snapped indiscriminately at the terrier and the women. Its actions were quick as lightning and so terrifying to the women that several of them were on the point of fainting and the others shrieked wildly. If you have never seen a mad dog you can have no idea of its terrible aspect and of the dread which it inspires. But almost as soon as this enraged animal had leaped into the group, and even before the terrier, which would fight anything, had jumped for it, this man had caught the mad dog around the neck, jammed his head down to the ground and placed his foot on the animal's throat, holding it there firmly and coolly until some one brought him a revolver. He shot the dog as he held it pinned to the ground, and his hand did not shake in the slightest.

"This same man was once crossing a crowded street in New York, when he saw a child fall directly in front of the feet of two car horses. There was not the flash of an eye in time to spare. His actions seemed quicker than thought. With one hand upraised he caught the bit of a horse and with the other he brushed the boy ahead and then aside from the track. He was dragged several feet, but was not hurt in any way. When he extricated himself from between the horses he dived into the crowd which had gathered and hurried away to avoid the cheers which were given him.

"I saw this man at a summer resort one year. He was lying on the grass smoking, as calm and contented a man as ever was seen. Some one cried to him that an ant had run up his arm under his sleeve. He jumped to his feet, as white as chalk, looked around him helplessly and—fainted."—New York Tribune.

Domesticating the Monkey.

My experience with monkeys leads me to think that the monkey might be domesticated and made useful to man. There are many things that he can do which no other domestic animal could possibly learn to do. For example, he could be taught to pick fruit, and his agility would enable him to do this in a way that nothing could compete with him.

He could easily be taught to watch the premises at night. His quick ear and eye and his noiseless step would make him excel in such a thing; and it is surprising how easily they can be taught these things. Yet I do not mean to say that an individual could be taught these things, but a succession of generations bred and improved for domestic uses, as the dog and other domestic animals have been trained for ages and are still being trained.—New York Independent.

Billiards on Horseback.

About five or six years ago a game of billiards was played on horseback at New York by two wealthy and eccentric Americans named Warrington and Lewis, the score being a hundred up. A billiard table was erected on a large platform in one of the public halls of the city, and an entrance fee of ten dollars was charged to onlookers. At the hour appointed the expectant beholders saw the two champions ride up on magnificent steeds to the table. With their left hands they held the reins, and with their right the cue. The game lasted two hours, and just as the clock struck 12 John Warrington finished off with a magnificent break (considering the circumstances) of twelve. Warrington won the game, beating Lewis by thirty points.—Exchange.

Wig Wearing Very Old.

The ancient Egyptians all wore wigs, and the early Christians from A. D. 427 to A. D. 917 considered a false head covering a badge of distinction. This, too, in direct opposition to Tertullian, who in vain declared them devices and inventions of the devil, and Clement of Alexandria, who warned his hearers that when the sacred hands of the clergy were laid on their heads the blessing would not penetrate through the false hair.—St. Louis Republic.

The Height of Hospitality.

Mother—Why have you put on that old dress? and, dear me, why are you rubbing that dirt on your face?

Little Daughter—Susie Slummer has tum to call on me an she's dot an old dress an a dirty face.—Good News.

To Slay or to be Slain. Which?

To attract the dragon of disease and annihilate him before his deadly talons grow, or to allow him to attain dangerous maturity and destroy us—that is the question of paramount importance to all afflicted with organic ailments. Among these disorders of the kidneys and bladder are of the fatal order if unrestrained at the outset. Their growth is rapid, their culmination death. Bright's disease, ordinary nephritis diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, gravel, suppression of the secretion, cannot be tampered with or disregarded safely. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a superb depurative tonic, giving the due impulse, without excitation to the renal organs, besides strengthening and regulating them in common with the rest of the system. It infuses, too, vigor and regularity into the stomach, bowels and liver, successfully counteracts malaria and rheumatism, and is a preeminently fine tonic for the aged, the enfeebled and the convalescent.

THE NEW YORK RACKET STORE

Receives goods every week from headquarters. This week a lot of Flouncings, White and Black; Ladies Long Sleeve and Sleeveless Vests, Veilings, Window Shades, Men's and Boy's Outing Cloth, and Black Satteen Shirts, Prints, Ginghams, Drills, Cambrics, Heavy Ticking, Muslin Bleached and Brown, Hosiery for Men, Women and Children, and Shoes of all kinds, Hats of all kinds, all to be sold at Racket Prices. All that examine find them low.

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

THE COLONEL'S CARRIAGE.

A Crest That Was Altogether Too Expressive to Suit the Family.

A week ago yesterday Colonel Gilkerson's new carriage came home. It was a stylish affair throughout and looked as comfortable as a government sinecure, but Mrs. Gilkerson wasn't satisfied. She didn't offer any criticisms at first, but threw out gentle hints about some additions that might be made and some points of difference between it and some other swell turnouts she had seen.

The colonel was rather proud of the vehicle, as it had been built for him and was in some minor respects constructed in accordance with ideas of his own. He felt a little nettled at the remarks of his better half, and finally stated without unnecessary circumlocution that he would like to know what in thunder she wanted anyway.

"Angelina and I have been talking it all over," said the good lady insinuatingly, "and have decided that we want a crest on it like Angelina has on her stationery."

"You have, have ye?" snorted the colonel. "Not by a jugful, Maria! I want no such infernal British nonsense on no rig that I'm a-goin to ride in."

Maria used all her persuasive powers and Angelina seconded the motion in an able and eloquent address, but all to no purpose. The female side of the house insisted and tried to press the matter to a vote, but the colonel filibustered and avoided the issue.

"You was a working girl when I married you," said he, "and I was a workingman."

Finally, however, he yielded, and the carriage was sent back. Yesterday it came home again and the colonel told the "women folks" to get ready for a drive. They were waiting when John drove up to the door and the colonel started to help them in. Both looked for the crest and both started back with cries of dismay. Then they looked at the old man. He was gazing at the sky with a peculiar expression about his mouth. Maria and Angelina began to weep and went back into the house.

The colonel pressed his lips together, entered the carriage and paraded up and down Woodward avenue half the afternoon, while passers by smiled at a design representing a shovel, an ax, a broom and a flatiron. When he got home at 4:30 Maria met him in the hallway and said she had concluded that the carriage looked better without a crest, and the colonel, stepping to the door, called to John to "drive 'er back to the shop an tell 'em to take off the frills."—Detroit Tribune.

Took the Goat Back.

The fact that goats and cows have no upper front teeth is generally unknown to city people and is even unfamiliar to a great many people who have lived all their lives in the country. A friend of mine not long since bought a goat, which he took home from this city, and an acquaintance, as a joke, told him that the animal was so old that it had lost all its upper front teeth. He laughed knowingly, but as soon as his friend was gone lost no time in examining the animal's mouth, when to his chagrin he discovered that the statement was true, and at once came back to the city to return the beast to the man from whom he had bought it. Then the fun began, for the seller of the goat took the purchaser into the yard and showed him several goats, all of whom were minus their upper front teeth. He has not yet heard the last of that goat story, and is not likely to forget the lesson he learned in natural history.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fishing for Deep Sea Shells.

Pearl fishing means not only fishing for pearls, but also for the shells in which they are found, the latter being really the "bread and butter" of the diver, and worth from £100 to £150 per ton. In a ton of shells there is always a quantity of seed pearls, probably a hundred or more; but good pearls are not to be reckoned on as certainties, as one man may open ten tons and not find a stone worth ten dollars, while another man make take a small fortune out of a day's gathering. The average weight of a pair of shells is two pounds.—H. P. Whitmarsh in Century.

A Nice Cool Smoke.

In the snowy regions of the Himalayas, it is said, little smoking funnels are made in the frozen snow, at the end of which is placed some tobacco, along with a piece of burning charcoal, while to the other the mountaineers place their mouths, and lying flat on their stomachs inhale the smoke of the glowing weed. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Wholesome Sorrow.

Captain—How many requests for furlough are there?

Sergeant—Twenty-one.

"What! So many! What reasons are usually given?"

"In almost all cases the death of a grandmother."—London Tit-Bits.

A Larger Denomination.

Judge (to prisoner)—Did you ever turn an honest penny?

Prisoner—No; but I turned some five dollar gold pieces once.—Kate Field's Washington.

Absolutely the Best.

"I never hesitate to recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as absolutely the best," says Mr, F. B. Kemp, assistant business manager of the Youngstown, Ohio, Daily Telegram one of the most influential and valuable newspapers in the Buckeye state. Mr. Kemp also says: "I have found it a certain cure for the cough usually following an attack of the grippe, and always keep a bottle of it in the house." 50 cent bottles for sale by G. E. Good, Druggist.

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There are many other brands, each represented by some interested person to be "just as good as the BULL DURHAM." They are not; but like all counterfeits, they each lack the peculiar and attractive qualities of the genuine.

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5:50 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv. 7:00 a. m.

Albany Local, Daily Except Sunday.

5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 10:30 a. m.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv. 7:30 a. m.
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv. 6:30 a. m.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.
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. 5:20 p. m.
12:10 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv. 12:25 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. 9:20 a. m.
7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv. 6:40 a. m.

Through Tickets
—To all points—
EAST and SOUTH
For tickets and full information regarding rates maps, etc., apply to the Company's agent Salem, Oregon.
E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. and Pass. Ag't
R. KOEHLER, Manager

From Terminal or Interior Points the
Northern Pacific Railroad
Is the line to take
To all Points East and South.
It is the dining car route. It runs through vestibule trains, every day in the year to
ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO
(No change of cars.)
Composed of dining cars unsurpassed, Pullman drawing room sleepers Of latest equipment
TOURIST Sleeping Cars.
Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of first and second-class tickets, and
ELEGANT DAY COACHES.
A continuous line connecting with all lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service.
Pullman sleeping reservations can be secured in advance through any agent of the road.
Through tickets to and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any ticket office of this company.
Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent or
A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 121 First street, cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon
SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.
OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD
And Oregon Development company's steamship line. 225 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TIME SCHEDULE. (Except Sundays).

Leave Albany	1:00 P M
Leave Corvallis	1:40 P M
Arrive Yaquina	8:00 P M
Leave Yaquina	6:00 A M
Leave Corvallis	10:20 A M
Arrive Albany	11:10 A M

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.
The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co's Line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.
N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.
Passenger and Freight Rates Always the Lowest. For information apply to Messrs HULMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 200 and 202 Front st., Portland, Or.
C. C. HOGUE A'g't Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or
C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 204 Montgomery st.