"August Flower"

Biliousness, Constipation, Stomach Pains.

"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried but to no purpose. At last a friend recommended August Flower. I took it according to directions and its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable stomach pains which I had been troubled with so long. Words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is a benefaction to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness

Jesse Barker, Printer, Humboldt, Kansas.

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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. B. Stutson, Ways station, Ga., has taken **DR. MILES' HEART CURE** for Heart trouble with great results. Mrs. Le Ber, 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.

DR. MILES' 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.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem

A Family Affair

Health for the Baby, Pleasure for the Parents, New Life for the Old Folks.

Hires Root Beer

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE DRINK

is a family affair—a requisite of the home. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening, effervescent beverage.

Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine Hires'.

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 & STOCKTON STS., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

$500 Reward FOR AN INCURABLE CASE. Le Richau's GOLDEN BALSAM HEALTH.

Le Richau's Golden Balsam No. 1 Cures Chancres, first and second stages, Sores on the Legs and Body; Sore Eyes, Nose, etc., Copper-colored Blotches, Syphilitic Catarrh, diseased Scalp, and all primary forms of the disease known as Syphilis. **Price, $5 00 per Bottle.**

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Tonic and Nervine, sent everywhere, C. O. D., securely packed per express.

THE RICHARDS DRUG CO., Agents
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San Francisco, Cal.
PORTLAND GREY FROG

BOY'S VALOR.

The rumors ran throughout the camp
All night. We dreamed we heard the tramp
The darkness had intensified
Of vast grim hosts on every side.
No man could say in our suspense
Just who surrounded us, or whence
Had come the foe whose endless ranks
Of horse and foot were on our flanks.
Unseen, at the first fall of night,
Cannon had leaped to every height,
And serpent earthworks, mound on mound,
Engraved and looped and roped us round.

The mist was like a choking pall,
The ghost of some grave's marble wall
Against our faces, and therein
We were like insects clamped within
Moon colored amber. And so we
Felt the wide dawn we could not see
Soak through the air. The very ground
Was hid, and only by the sound
Could each man know his fellow's place:
No one therein saw any face.

We armed and horsed us rank on rank.
Vague noises and our saber's clank
Sounded a dull and weary din
Where scabbard's glitter should have been.
And splendors of the gathering storms
Of sleek hides and bright uniforms.

Creakings and orders all then seem
Like shadow sounds inside a dream,
And yet beyond these sounds are heard
Murmurs whereof we catch no word;
And from afar large whispers spread
And meet among us overhead,
As if some numberless array
Were rustling toward us as its prey.

It was broad day now, in so far
That the fog had more light to bar.
Cannon spoke loud around; but they
Told only that our danger lay
Unseen on every side. How great
It was no guess could penetrate.

The temper and the lust of fight
Grew in us with the growing light;
And then the mist waxed dun with smoke.
The air stirred, the haze almost broke;
We caught blurred glimpses of the hills—
Of men on them like the wheat that thrills
Under a wind. No rider stirred.
Astride we waited for the word.

And when it came our sabers flashed,
Our war cry rang, the crashed:
Hoofs thundered as spurs tore and gored,
Our colored torrent leapt and roared
Whither we knew not, against whom,
Nor why, nor to what goal or doom.
Toward the horizon least enlarged
Our glad front wheeled, and then we charged.

—Edward Lucas White in New York Sun.

A CRUEL REVIEW.

He cut it up root and branch—of that there can be no doubt. He gave it what he technically styled "a slating," and as he threw down his pen and leaned back in his chair he muttered, "I think I've pretty well settled that dunce's business!"

He was a very clever young man—a little too obtrusively clever perhaps to be an ideal critic; he was not content to pass by feebleness and folly with a few mild, pitying words of condemnation; he rode at them with all his skill and force, with that weapon which is "mightier than the sword," pierced them again and again with mortal wounds. Many a young author, taking up a damp, fresh copy of The Censor from the breakfast table and searching eagerly for a review of his beloved novel, had read such scathing sentences, such cruel witticisms, such merciless mockery as had caused him to lay down the paper with trembling hand, damp, pale brow and with strangled heart, to push his untasted repast from him and to feel that for him breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner and supper were henceforth exploded institutions.

Some folk might think that there was all the less excuse for his severity, in that just then George Charlton's prospects were looking particularly bright in every way. His post on that prosperous paper, The Censor, was an assured one. A five act play of his had just been accepted by Adolphus Bolingbroke, lessee and manager of the great Omnium theater, and yesterday his own beautiful, adored Gertie had confided to him, on being tenderly pressed upon the subject, that June was her favorite month of the year and that Thursday was her favorite day of the week.

Considering all things, therefore, some might say that he ought to have been kinder to the author of "Seared Hearts," but the higher our spirits with the more zest do we ply our different callings, and it was possibly because the man George Charlton was in a particularly bright and happy mood that the critic George Charlton was particularly "fit," and consequently particularly merciless to trash and twaddle.

The book, as it happened, came before him at an unlucky moment; and in truth "Seared Hearts" was a foolish, feeble, flashy story, with ethereal, impossible heroine and wild, reckless, Greek profiled hero complete; forced situations and weak, inflated style; forced views of life; characters like nothing, and he prepared accordingly to give it, in his already quoted phrase, "a slating." Never was author flayed more mercilessly.

"This story," said Charlton, "in a more marked degree than any we can remember, seems to have been written for the express purpose of showing what the author cannot do. Can any one inform us why it is that the writers (save the mark!) who have not even the talent to describe everyday occurrences with a touch of humor or of pathos, to draw a commonplace character with tolerable truthfulness, are generally those who undertake to show us life in its most tragic aspect and the human heart in its stormiest, most passionate workings? 'Hugh Ellis' is a masculine cognomen, but we doubt if the worst masculine literary sinner ever perpetrated quite so much folly as lies between the ornate covers, sprinkled with slightly scorched hearts, of the work before us. The mob of gentlemen who write with ease' have, since Pope's day, been supplemented by an equally large mob of ladies who write, alas! with even greater ease, and it is among the ranks of these, we fancy, that the author of 'Seared Hearts' is to be found."

"For shame, Charlton!" we fancy a chorus of feminine voices crying; "if you suspect the book to be from a woman's hand, have you the heart to cut it up? You, so gallant, so devoted to us, so popular a squire of flames!"

Ah, ladies! He has his answer ready for you.

"Nonsense, my dear girls! No man is more devoted to women than I; but when you come before me as novelists you cease to be women, and when I poise my critical scalpel in hand I cease to be a man—voyez vous! Introduce gallantry and chivalry into the arts and there is an end of all honest criticism."

And taking up his pen again he goes for that unfortunate novel.

"The hero of 'Seared Hearts,' probably the most absurd creation that ever walked the world of fiction—even of ladies' fiction—possesses, we are informed, 'darkling, fateful, insatiable eyes.' What does this mean? Hugh Ellis should have appended a glossary to his work. And a mouth 'that kept its owner's secret well'—this is easier to understand; the man had evidently lost his teeth."

And so on to the bitter end, fleering and sneering, with now and then a deep, sharp thrust, ran Charlton's pen, until he concluded his review with these words:

"'Seared Hearts' is undoubtedly the worst novel of the season—a season fruitful of poor novels. To that 'bad eminence' has 'Hugh Ellis' attained, and it is to be hoped that, finding himself there, he will see fit to lay aside the pen which he wields so ill."

"I can't help it if the fellow or girl—whichever it is—is cut up," muttered Charlton, as he rose from his writing table in his sanctum at The Censor's office. "I must do my duty. It's the wretchedest stuff ever put between covers. We critics are literary policemen, and it is our duty to 'move on' or 'run in' the crowd of dunces that choke up the avenues of fame."

And emerging a few minutes later from the office of The Censor, George Charlton mounted into a passing hansom and was whisked away to his club. If the young critic had felt any slight touch of compunction regarding the severe treatment he had meted out to the author of "Seared Hearts," and the probable sensations with which that literary aspirant would read the review which would appear in the course of two or three days, the feeling did not remain long with him, and he had quite forgotten it when, as the evening wore on, he found himself "in beauty's circle, proudly gay," at a "small and early" at his Gertie's home.

It was an unpretentious affair, but very pleasant—music and singing (a distinction, be it observed, which in some drawing rooms is a most wise and necessary one), a little carpet dance and a supper. At one hour past midnight George Charlton and his fiancee were taking a tender farewell in the hall. It was a difficult business—parting. Five goodbys had been said and the sixth was now in progress.

"Is my boy very tired? Has he been working very, very hard today?" How adorable she was, he thought, in her crimson silk frock, with its square cut bodice and short sleeves; her auburn hair curling round her brow and knotted at the back of her head; the dimples coming and going in her fair cheeks; her little hands reaching upward to turn up the collar of his overcoat as a defense against the night wind. "Has my boy been working very, very hard today?"

"Tolerably hard, my sweet Gertie. I have to make my way, you know."

"And how well are you making it, you dear, clever old boy, what with your play and writing for the newspapers. Have you been writing articles today, George?"

"What does a little fairy like you care to know about newspapers and articles? Your little curly head was never meant to think of anything but love and kisses!"

"No; but really, love"—the curly head lay against his shoulder now and the rosy mouth was just set free again for speech—"I do take the greatest interest in your work, George," in a mysterious whisper, "suppose I were to tell you a little secret?"

"And suppose," in a like mysterious whisper, "that I were to tell you a little secret? I think I can guess the gist of both little secrets—that we love each other!"

"Yes, dear George; but I shouldn't have called that a secret, because we each know that well, don't we? My secret is one that you don't know—one that shares my heart and my thoughts with you—one that would surprise you very much, and that, if you knew it, would, I think, do away with your notion that I am a silly, empty little thing."

"'My notion that you are a silly, empty little thing?' My darling child, what are you talking of? I think you the sweetest woman I ever met!"

"It is very dear of you to say so; but I fancied you thought me just a little—no, I won't say it again, if it vexes you; I will content myself with saying that if you knew this secret of mine it would perhaps raise me to a higher place—not in your love, dear, but in your—in your—I shall have to say esteem, though that is not quite the word I want."

"And what is this grand secret? The little woman has not been hatching plots to overthrow the government, I hope?"

She did not heed his jesting words. Her head was raised and she was looking at him with a bright, earnest look; her lips opened, then she shook her curls and sighed. "No, I haven't the courage to tell you tonight; perhaps the next time I see you I shall have summed up enough. It is so late now we must part."

A minute later George Charlton was walking away down the street lighting a cigar.

"Little witch!" he muttered. "She was more enchanting than ever tonight! What is this wonderful secret of hers?" Then, after a pause: "The idea of her saying I thought her a silly, empty little thing! She is just what a woman should be—pretty, bright, amiable and with taste to dress her charming figure to perfection. No female geniuses for me, thanks," said Charlton, puffing at his cigar. "I may be behind the spirit of the age in saying so, but I don't like 'em. A woman has no business with genius, and I don't admire it in her any more than I do other accidental masculine qualities—a bass voice, for instance, or a beard. By Jove!"—with a chuckle—"I suppose my life wouldn't be worth a moment's purchase if I made public these sentiments at a meeting of the shrieking sisterhood."

* * * * * * *

It was two or three days before George Charlton saw his betrothed again. When that time had elapsed he called in Nugent Gardens one evening with some tickets for a concert. He was shown into the drawing room, where he was joined by his prospective mother-in-law.

"I don't know whether Gertie will be able to see you," said the latter, who looked troubled. "Something has upset her sadly today and she has been shut up in her own room for hours."

Charlton expressed much concern and sorrow. "May I not know what it is that has grieved her?" he said.

"I am not sure whether I am at liberty to tell you," rejoined Mrs. Holmes. "Perhaps she will tell you herself, if she feels fit to see you; and I am certain, George, that if you can give the poor child any comfort, you will. I will go and tell her that you are here."

Left alone in the room, George Charlton paced up and down once or twice, somewhat disquieted to hear of his pretty Gertie's sad mood and wondering what the cause of her agitation might be.

Presently there was a footstep on the stairs outside, the rustle of a dress at the door, and she entered. She wore a tea gown, her bonny curls were pushed back partly from her brow, her cheeks were white, her eyes heavy and discolored with long weeping. She came hastily across the room—came into the arms ready to receive her—and then her tears burst out again.

"Oh, George! oh, George! Help me to bear it, dear! My heart is broken!"

By every tender word and caress he strove to soothe her and at length, when her convulsive sobs became a little quieter, he said, "Won't my little girl tell me the cause of her sorrow?"

And in broken words, interrupted by many a piteous sob and gasp, she began to speak:

"You remember that I told you"—sob—sob—"that I had a secret. The secret was that I had written a"—sob—sob—"had written a"—sob—"a—a—novel"—sob—sob—sob. "It has been a dream to me"—sob—"a castle in the air—for months"—sob—sob. "I thought it was so—so good!—so—so—clever! and that when it appeared, and every one was praising it—you would be so—so—proud of me—as well as fond of me! And now—now—oh, the dreadful review!" She pressed her eyes to her lover's shoulder, and her voice was lost in a storm of sobs, amid which the words "The Censor" and "cruel wretch" alone were audible.

Charlton held her from him suddenly and looked into her face, and his unusual pallor and tragic aspect frightened away her sobs effectually.

"What was your novel called?" he said, "and what name did you write under?"

"It was called—'Seared—Seared Hearts,' and I—wrote—under the name of 'Hugh—Hugh Ellis!'"

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated involuntarily. "Why wasn't I told?"

He would have given anything to recall the words, but they were out; it was too late.

Gertie drew her arm away from its position around his shoulder, stepped back a pace or two, threw back the curls from her brow, looked at him with flashing eyes and cheeks that had suddenly grown crimson: "Was it you who wrote that shamefully cruel review? Yes, I see it was. It is your hand that has dealt me the most agonizing blow I have ever felt. It is you who have torn down my castle in the air. It is you who, with your wicked, mocking, unjust"—

"Gertie, spare me! On my knees I ask for pardon. Consider, love, that I had no idea who 'Hugh Ellis' was."

"Consider? No, sir, I will not!"—dashing away with an angry hand the tears that would come. "That is but a fresh insult. That means that had you known I was the author of 'Seared Hearts' you would have concealed your real opinion—your spiteful, malicious, unjust, real opinion! But a million critics, with all their spite and malice and injustice, though they could hurt me, could not shake my faith in my own powers! 'Seared Hearts' is a good novel!"—sob—sob—"and a well written novel"—sob—sob—"and a very interesting novel!"—sob—sob—sob. "And I mean to write heaps of others. There!"

"Gertie, you do not mean to leave me in anger!"—for she was moving toward the door.

"Yes, I do mean to leave you—and forever! You are not the George Charlton whom I have loved—that I came to for comfort a quarter of an hour ago. You are a cruel, mocking, conceited, utterly undiscerning man, with whom I have nothing in common! If, as a woman to man, I could have any weak thoughts of forgiveness of injuries, as novelist to critic I am implacable!" There was a pause as she drew a ring from her "engaged" finger, a flash of light as the diamonds went flying through the air and fell at Charlton's feet. "From tonight we are strangers," she said—and left him.

And they were, sure enough; which shows that the course of true love, troublesome to keep smooth under the most favorable conditions, is particularly apt to get out of order in the case of a fair novelist and a witty young critic.

Gertie is married now to a good, easy going man, of no great intellectual attainments, who is very proud of his pretty, agreeable wife, and takes her literary talents on trust.

She is an indefatigable novelist. "Seared Hearts" has already had several successors, all boasting the distinguishing characteristics of that masterpiece, one or two even rather "more so."

And when these novels come up for judgment before the caustic young critic of The Censor, he—gives them a "slating," did you ask? Ah, no! There is a little romance left, here and there, even in these striving, mechanical days. And when those feeble, foolish, flashy stories come before him, George Charlton remembers how once, while a soft arm clasped his neck and a tear-wet face lay on his breast, a little voice sobbed: "Oh, George! oh, George! help me to bear it, dear! My heart is broken!"—and, as he cannot praise them, he passes them by in silence.
—Chicago Evening Post.

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.

A Tame Alligator.

Although the alligator is truly a monster, it can by gentle treatment be made tame. In one of the South American villages a man caught a young alligator, and in time it became so tame that it would follow him around like a dog, and even scramble up stairs after him. It was a very affectionate creature. Its great favorite was a cat of the house, and the cat seemed to like it in return. If it saw the cat asleep it would lie down beside it and place its head upon the cat and go to sleep too. That cat and alligator were nearly always together, and whenever one was absent the other seemed restless.

But that alligator also had its dislikes. It seemed especially to hate a small dog of the house, and every time it got a chance would beat the dog unmercifully with its tail, never thinking of attacking it with its mouth. For a long time the pet alligator was kept alive by being fed on raw meat and milk.

One day, however, the cat died, and not long after this the alligator died too. The people of the house felt sure that it died from a broken heart because the cat was gone.—Interview in New York Tribune.

A Strong Spider's Web.

I have been told by a friend of mine here that on one occasion he had carefully examined the long line stretched between two points from which the web of a big yellow spider was suspended, and found it had a beautiful golden, silky appearance, and was so strong that he was able to wind it around a piece of cardboard. If this can be considered part of the web proper, then in all probability a light, silky material could be woven from it, and the Brazilian dress, which was presented to the queen by the empress of Brazil, be not quite so extraordinary as at first sight it might appear.—Fiji Cor. Notes and Queries.

A Man in a Thousand.

Stranger—Are you the gentleman who caught a big, burly burglar and held on with bulldog tenacity until he ceased to struggle, and you were able to bind and gag him?

Gentleman—Yes. What is it you wish?

Gentleman—I called, sir, to ask if you would not accept an agency for some of the long felt wants which we manufacture and which no family should be without.—New York Weekly.

Unspoiled.

Mamma—Why do you call that beautiful doll an "ugly old thing?"

Little Dot (whispering)—She's so pretty I is 'fraid she'll get vain.—Good News.

There is a superstition among southern children to the effect that hair combings should never be thrown out of doors, for the reason that the birds will use them in building their nests, and thus produce constant headache to the person to whom they belong.—New York World.

Save the Voice.

When hoarse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost or difficulties of the throat produced.—Exchange.

Those Afflicted

With the habit of using to excess,

LIQUOR, OPIUM OR TOBACCO

Can obtain a

COMPLETE, PERMANENT CURE

AT THE

KEELEY INSTITUTE

Forest Grove, Or., Call write. Strictly confidential.

THE NEW YORK RACKET STORE

Has just received a fine lot of figured and plain black Sateen, Flouncings, Ladies' Vests, Pints, Ginghams, Gent's Black Sateen and other Dress Shirts, Underclothing, Turkey Red Damask, Crash, Towels, Lace Curtains, Bedspreads, Purses, and a fine lot of Ladies' and Children's Oxford Ties and High Shoes, and Gents' Dress and Heavy Shoe; all at the lowest living profit. Money saved by examining our stock.

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

Every Smoker's Nose

knows when it is pleased. It is always pleased with the fragrant and peculiar aroma of

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

Which has been for more than a quarter of a century the desire and delight of comfort lovers everywhere. It strikes the taste of many fastidious smokers. Try it.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., DURHAM, N. C.

State Treasurer's Third Notice

SALEM, May 10, 1892.

STATE OF OREGON, TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that sufficient funds are on hand to pay all outstanding state warrants endorsed, "presented and not paid for want of funds," and that the same will be paid upon presentation at this office, interest thereon ceasing with the date of this notice. PHIL. METSCHAN, State Treasurer.

Proposals for Supplies.

The Board of Trustees of the Oregon State Insane Asylum hereby invite sealed proposals for furnishing at the asylum near Salem, Oregon, the following supplies for the six months ending January 1, 1893.

DRY GOODS.

1000 yds cotton flannel (Nashua, XXX)
500 yds Amoskeag mariners stripe blue and white.
600 yds Lonsdale bleach sheeting 36 inch.
300 yds pequot A sheeting, 36 inch.
400 yds pequot A unbleached sheeting 45 inch.
600 yds century cloth, dark colors, assorted.
150 yds continental check flannel, black and white.
300 yds red and blue check glass crash, 18 inch wide.
900 yds bleached linen and French crash 18 inch wide.
300 yds Amoskeag blue denims 9 oz.
300 yds 9-4 bleached sheeting, Pequot.
70 yds superior satin damask 58 inch wide
3 doz No 16 white (Clark's mile end) thread.
40 " " 36 white " " "
20 " " 36 black " " "
5 " " 50 white " " "
3 " " 60 " " "
16 gross pantaloon buttons (metal)
18 doz prs suspenders, (Rockford)
6 gross shoe laces 5 4
800 yds American shirting prints light colors assorted.

GROCERIES.

6,000 lbs Lpl salt.
400 " cheese, Cranston's or as good.
3500 " cracked wheat, fresh ground, bbls.
3000 " rolled oats, " " "
300 " dried currants, fresh, good stock.
200 " C & Co's A & H brand carb soda.
2500 " choice island rice.
300 " cream tartar, J. A. Folger's prime, or as good.
20 gross matches, Vulcan, superior Safety.
16 doz scrub brushes.
6 " champ mop sticks.
6 doz batn bricks.
3 " dust brushes.
12 " brooms.
2 doz whisk brooms.
25 " cans oysters, Fields, Farren's or as good
30 " " corn, (Winslow's or as good)
30 bxs maccaroni 15 lbs each.
32 doz concentrated lye, American.
25 lbs elastic starch.
1 gross clay pipes with 2 gross stems.
40 lbs Steatic wax candles, or as good.
2 doz Worcestershire sauce (q larts) Lea & Perrins.
100 lbs tapioca.
400 " corn starch, Oswego or as good.
6500 " golden C sugar.
6500 " granulated "
4800 lbs Gold Dust cornmeal (or as good) fresh in bbls.
300 lbs buckwheat flour, fresh, improved roller, Oregon.

SPICES.

300 lbs black pepper, ground.

BUTTER.

200 lbs fresh dairy butter, (weekly) more or less.

TEA.

1000 lbs Japan, Columbia brand, or as good.

COFFEE.

3000 lbs Costa Rica, first grade.
200 " chicory.
200 " govt. Java, " "
100 " real Mocha, " "

TOBACCO.

1500 lbs Sledge Hammer brand, or as good.

MEATS.

600 lbs per day more or less of beef and mutton as required in equal parts of fore and hind quarters.

LEATHER.

½ roll sole, heavy Stockton, extra 25 to 27 lbs each side.
1 buckskin.
1 domestic calf skin,
1 side harness leather.

FLOUR.

500 bbls more or less, best roller process, delivered as wanted.

SOAPS.

2500 pounds Kirk's savon or as good.
10 boxes Ivory soap, 100 cakes each.
10 lbs shaving soap (Palmer's barber or as good).

CROCKERY.

2 doz 12-inch platters.
1 " 10 inch platters.
1 " shaker salts.
3 " 7-inch plates.
2 " 1 pint cream pitchers.
4 " 1-gallon water pitchers.
3 " 12 inch vegetable dishes.
6 " 1-quart soup bowls.
6 wash bowls.
6 ewers.
15 doz cups.
10 " saucers.
10 " tumblers.
12 " 10-inch dinner plates.
2 " 9-inch soup plates.
1 " 8 inch vegetable dishes.

STATIONERY.

12 doz Payson's indelible ink.
3 qts Sanford's premium fluid.
3 " Stafford's copying "
3 " " commercial ink.
4 reams letter paper, wedgewood half sheet, or as good.
6 doz lead pencils, Dixon's graphite No 556 rub tip M'S.
1 box incandescent pens, No 7, Falcon.
2 " incandescent " 4, London.
2 " Gillott's " 404, "

BOOTS AND SHOES.

10 doz boxes shoe blacking, patent wood boxes.
20 prs No. 6 ladies' fine shoes.
10 " No. 5 " " "
75 " 8 men's slippers.
75 " 9 " " "
24 " 8 " boots.
96 " 9 " " "
12 " 10 " " "

OILS, ETC.

200 gallons coal oil, Pearl brand, in tanks.
200 " linseed oil, boiled, in cases.
100 " turpentine, in cases.
100 lbs paraffine.
600 " sal soda.
50 " beeswax.

HARDWARE.

2 doz dust pans.
50 feet ¾-inch round iron
25 " 5-16 " " " } Norway.
40 " ⅜ " " "
30 " ½ " " "
50 " 13x18 flat iron. "
50 " 1¼x1-8 " "
50 " 1x¼ " "
50 " 1½x¼ " "
30 " 1 7-8x5-16 " "
25 " 1x1-8 " "
10 " 5-8 inch octagon tool steel.
10 " 1 2 " " " "
2 pieces 8 feet each 1 inch octagon tool steel.
2 " " " 1-2 " " "
½ keg No. 8 front shoes, light, Burdens.
½ keg No. 4 hind " " "
5 lbs No. 8 Putnam horse shoe nails.
10 lbs No. 2 toe calks.
500 lbs best blacksmith's coal.
1 14-inch horse rasp, Hinter's.
5 doz L H cast steel round points, polished stiff steel shovels.
1 doz picks, Hunt's cast steel ax finish, 5 to 6 lbs.
1 doz pick hadles.
½ doz R R barrows, dressed material, iron wheels.
¾ doz R R barrows, plain material, iron wheel.
¾ doz patent German handled hoes width 6 inches.
¾ doz No. 1 solid socket, cast steel hoes, width 6 inches
2 stone sledge hammers of 25 lbs and 1 of 8 lbs
1 double faced striking hammer.
800 lbs No. 20 galvanized sheet iron.
800 lbs No. 22 " " "
400 lbs No. 18 " " "
100 lbs 40 finishing nails. } Nails.
200 lbs 6d " " "
200 lbs 8d " " "
100 lbs 10d " " "
200 lbs 20d " " "
200 lbs 40d " " "
100 lbs 60d " " "

PLUMBING MATERIAL.

200 feet ¾ inch galvanized iron pipe.
200 feet 1 inch " " " "
100 feet ⅝ " " " "
100 feet ½ " black " "
75 feet ¼ " " " "
½ doz 1 inch flange unions.
1 doz ¾ inch Keystone unions.
½ doz ¾ " " " "
1 doz ¾ inch tees.
2 doz 1 inch tees.
1 doz ½ inch tees
½ doz 1¼ inch tees
1 doz ¾ inch lock nuts
1 doz ¾ plugs
1 doz ½ " "
1 doz ⅜ " "
½ doz ¾ " "
1 doz Bushings 1 to ¾
1 doz Bushings ¾ to ½
1 doz Bushings ½ to ⅜
1 doz Bushings ⅜ to ¼
1 doz sockets ½ inch
½ doz elbows 1½ inch
1 doz elbows 1 inch
1 doz elbows ¾ inch
1 doz elbows ½ inch
2 doz 1 inch straight nipples
1 doz ¾ inch " " " "
¼ doz 2 inch Jenkins' valves removable disks
⅜ doz 1¼ inch " " " "
½ doz 1 " " " "
½ doz ¾ " " " "
2 doz ¾ " " " "
½ doz ½ " " " "
1 doz ½ " removable disks for Jenkins' valves
1 doz ¾ Fuller bibbs plain
1 doz ½ " " " "
2 doz Draper's steel oilers, No 14 or as good
1 doz elbow burner cocks
2 doz brass pillars
4 doz lava tips
1 pair 10 inch gas pliers
75 lbs solder ½ and ¼
5 lbs resin
1 doz stak couplings
½ doz lead s traps 1¼
24 lbs 2-ply rubber packing, cloth inserted
4 doz vulcanized rubber washers, for ¾ bibs
2 doz " " " ½ in
1 each 1 inch and 1¼ inch dritt plugs for lead pipe

DRUGS.

10 lbs aqua ammonia
1 gross bottles, 8 oz
10 lbs absorbent cotton
½ doz spools rubber adhesive plaster, 5 yds each
5 lbs ether fort in ½ lbs cans
5 gross corks, No 4
5 lbs choral hydrate cryst.
1 lb fl ext buchu P D & Co or Wyeth & Bro's
8 lbs fl ext prunus virgin, " " "
8 lbs " sarsaparilla comp. for syrup, "
1 lb " rhubarom, for syrup, "
1 lb " zingiberis, P D & Co or Wyeth & Bro's.
1 lb fl ext aconite, " " "
1 lb " cannabis ind, " " "
2 lbs " cascara sagrada, " " "
1 lb " opii, " " "
1 lb " fl ext tolutana for syrup "
2000 empty capsules No 1, P D Co.
2000 " " 2 " "
1000 " " 0 " "
500 " " 00 " "
1 lb balsam peru.
1 lb liq potass arsen.
5000 hypodermic tablets hyoscyami sulph 1-60 gr Wyeth & Bro's
50 lbs magnesiae sulph.
½ oz morphine sulph.
1 lb pepsin saech.
50 lbs potass bromi.
2 lbs potass iodide.
5 lbs potass nit, cryst.
1 lb potass citras.
1 oz oleum myrciae.
4 oz oleum tigili.
½ lb phenacetine bayer.
1 doz bottles Philips' Emulsion Cod Liver Oil
25 oz quinine sulph. K & M
5 lbs sodii bicarb.
1½ doz syringes, Davidson's.
3 lbs sponges, large carriage.
1 2 lb sponges, surgical.
1-2 gal spts nat berb nit.
10 lbs vaseline XX, refined
1 oz argenti nit in sticks.
1 lb comp. tinct. cinchonia.
2 doz strengthening plasters, S & J.
2 doz Allcock's Porous plasters.
4 hypodermic syringes, Wyeth's & Bro's.
50 lbs flax seed meal.

VINEGAR.

250 gallons pure cider vinegar, 40 grains.

Samples may be seen at the office of the board of trustees, goods must be in accordance therewith, and must come in original packages when possible. The board of trustees reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Delivery of supplies will be required within ten days' notice of acceptance of bid. A copy of this advertisement must accompany each bid, and the name of the class of supplies must be written on the envelope containing bid. Each bid must include all the items of the class bid upon, and must give items and totals in full, with exception of meat and flour. Auditing officers are prohibited from confirming accounts of purchasers when the advertisement does not contain a full and complete description of the articles to be purchased.

Bids will be opened at 2 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday, July 5, 1892.

SYLVESTER PENNOYER,
GEO. W. McBRIDE,
PHIL. METSCHAN,
WM. A. MUNLY, Board of Commissioners.
Clerk of Board.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company's steamship line. 250 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	5:30 P M
Leave Yaquina	8:30 A M
Leave Corvallis	12:05 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 all 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. HOLMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 200 and 202 Front st., Portland, Or.

C. C. HOGUE Ac't Gen'l Fr. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or.

C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Ag't, Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery st.