Coffee as a Weather Gauge.

Those who have lost all faith in the "weather forecasts" are recommended to try a very simple experiment with a cup of coffee and a lump or two of loaf sugar. Having dropped the lumps of sugar into the cup of coffee carefully, watch the air bubbles that rise to the surface. If they suddenly rush from the center to the side of the cup, be sure that it is going to rain very hard.

If the air bubbles assemble in the center and then pass to the side of the cup in a deliberate way, you must still be prepared for what the weather forecasts would call "some showers." But if the bubbles refuse to stir from the center of the cup you may go forth to your labors assured of a fine day.—Boston Globe.

Places Without Sand.

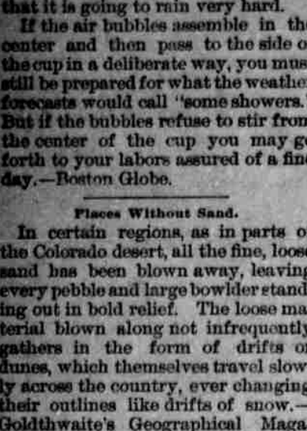
In certain regions, as in parts of the Colorado desert, all the fine, loose sand has been blown away, leaving every pebble and large bowlder standing out in bold relief. The loose material blown along not infrequently gathers in the form of drifts or dunes, which themselves travel slowly across the country, ever changing their outlines like drifts of snow.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

A Speed Indicator.

In the Granville electric speed indicator the log itself is made one plate of the battery for working the instrument, the iron hull of the ship the other plate and the sea itself the exciting liquid, so that insulation is not required.—New York Times.

Her First Order.

Mrs. Noowed—And you may send up a roast of beef, and remember, butcher, have it rare. That's the only way my husband can eat it.—Harper's Bazar.



HEART DISEASE!

STATISTICS show that one in FOUR has a weak or diseased Heart. The first symptoms are short breath, oppression, fluttering, faint and hungry spells, pain in side, then smothering, swollen ankles, dropsy, blood clots, for which DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE is a marvelous remedy. "I have been troubled with heart disease for years, my left pulse was very weak, could at times scarcely feel it, the smallest excitement would always weaken my nerves and heart and a fear of impending death stared me in the face for hours. DR. MILES' NERVINE and NEW HEART CURE is the only medicine that has proved of any benefit and cured me.—L. M. DYE, Cloverdale, Mo. Dr. Miles' Liver Pills are a sure remedy for Biliousness and Torpid Liver. 50 Doses 25 cents. Fine book on Heart Disease, with wonderful cures 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 *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

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 don't know why,
When with thirst the children cry,
There's a sweet relief to try—
Drink Hires' Root Beer.
A 5 cent Package makes five gallons.

DR. SANDEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT

LATEST PATENTS BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.

Will cure Without Medicine all Weakness resulting from overexertion of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as exhausted vitality, drains, losses, nervous debility, weak lungs, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000, and will cure all of the above diseases or we pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state. Our powerful IMPROVED ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY, the greatest boon ever offered weak men. SENT WITH BELT, or by itself and vigorous strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 days. Send for illustrated pamphlets, mailed, sealed, free. Address

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,
No. 172 First St., PORTLAND, ORE.

MOTIVE POWER HERCULES Gas and Gasoline ENGINES

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 is ready at all day.

MAKES NO SMELL OR DIRT.

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

Your Simplicity It Beats the World.

It Oils Itself Automatically.

No Batteries or Electric Sparks.

It runs with a Cheaper Grade of Gasoline than any other Engine.

FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS APPLY TO

PALMER & REY, MANUFACTURERS,
San Francisco, Cal. and Portland, Or.

"AVERAGE" PEOPLE.

The genius soars far to the fountain
That feeds the snowcap in the sky;
But though our wings break in the flying,
And though our souls falat in the trying,
Our flight cannot follow so high;
And the eagle swoops not from the mountain
To answer the ground bird's low cry.

The world has a gay guerdon ready
To hail the fleet foot in the race;
But on the dull highway of duty,
Aloof from the pomp and the beauty,
The stir and the chance of the chase,
Are toilers, with step true and steady,
Pursuing their wearisome pace.

False prowess and noisy insistence
May capture the garrulous throng,
But the "average" father and brother,
The home keeping sister and mother,
Grown gentle and patient and strong,
Shall learn in the fast nearing distance
Wherein life's awards have been wrong.

Then here's to the "average people,"
The makers of home and its rest;
To them the world turns for a blessing,
When life its hard burdens is pressing,
For stay at home hearts are the best.
Birds build in they will in the steeple,
But safer the eaves for a nest.
—May Riley Smith in Harper's Bazar.

WEST NORTHWEST.

There was a road leading out of the city as nearly as possible in that direction, which, if you followed far enough—for seventy miles, in fact—you would come to a small town where my cousin Christopher lived, before his health broke down and his father lost all his money in speculation. Chris had always been delicate, but no one thought very seriously of it, till he had this fearful illness when his life was despaired of; and though he recovered more or less, as consumptive people sometimes do, he only got better to find that his father was a bankrupt, and that he himself must work while he could, rather than be a burden on his family.

So, hearing of a young fellow in Merton—our great manufacturing city—who wanted a private tutor, Chris came to coach him and to board with us; for we were a large family, and mother said we could do it as cheaply for him as he would be likely to do it anywhere else, and put by something into the bargain. Not that we should have wanted to gain by having Chris, if we had had money enough of our own; but then we never had.

There were so many of us, and father only earned £130 a year; and mother was an invalid, and the lodgers were continually coming to grief in some way that compelled them to leave without settling their accounts. And the younger ones were still at school, and Bob only earned ten shillings a week, and Arthur had a scholarship at Oxford that was never enough to keep him, and Milly, our showcard, as we called her, would not take a situation, or do anything whatever but get engaged to one young man after another, each worse than the last.

She really monopolized the drawing room with having them to afternoon tea—which we could not afford. But it did not matter about the drawing room, for that was horrible, with an old grand piano whose lid was loose, and with walls that crumbled and let the nails out, so that the brackets tumbled down on people's heads—but mother would have them put up again. And there was always a dreadful atmosphere of hearthrugs and old antimacassars. Then Harriet, our one servant, had no time to dust, and I could only dust the drawing room properly once a week; there were so many other things to do, and the soot was so trying.

There could be no place on the earth grimier than Merton. We had the chimneys swept as often as we could afford it, but it seemed to me that other people never swept theirs at all, and as soon as the windows were opened the soot came in, darkening the air like the plague of locusts and settling down over everything that was just scrubbed clean till one felt as if one could lie down and die. The fogs were full of it—you never saw such substantial fogs. Chris said once that they were meat and drink to him; and they happened every other day. And what with soot and fogs and mother's neuralgia and Milly's engagements and a family of nine—life was not life; but it was still less existence. It was one long scramble.

I felt sorry beforehand for Chris, knowing how different things had been for him a year ago, when he did not know that he would never be strong again, or that his father had speculated away everything. I knew he was not accustomed to a house like ours, and I knew that if I did not look after him a little nobody would. It seemed likely that Milly would not even flirt with him, because he was consumptive; at least, she had asked already whether it was catching, and said that it would be funereal to have him in the house.

So I made his room as nice as I could—it was the attic next mine. It had not been repapered for years, because we said the walls were damp. They were not really, but we had no money. Still, it looked clean when I had done—I remember standing still and watching a great flake of soot that was hovering in through the window in an undecided way—and I even got some nasturtiums out of the back garden and put them in a vase. They were dingy, like everything else, but they looked green and yellow, and better than nothing.

I remember I had only just done when Chris came and was shown into the drawing room. Mother and Milly were there; mother had neuralgia and Milly had a cold; and though it was a warm day the fire was lit and they were sitting over it, and would not have the window open. When I came down I found them all there, and mother was telling Chris about her neuralgia. He looked flushed just then, not like a person who could not live long, to me, and so bright and resolute. I liked his face very much; but I saw that the drawing room was giving him a dreadful headache—and no wonder. So I ran down stairs and made the tea.

Chris and I were friends directly. I don't know how it was, for I very seldom make friends, and all the young men who come to the house go straight to Milly like iron filings to a magnet. But it was different with Chris, because the drawing room made his head ache, just as it did mine; and when we knew each other better we found that we liked the same things and people—though he knew far more than I did, and never grew bitter against any one, like me. He had such a fearless, friendly way with the world; and yet there were only a very few people he altogether trusted and relied on; and I was one of them. I know he trusted me completely, or he would never have told me about Pauline.

Partly, indeed, I guessed it. For we fell into a way of going walks together on Sunday afternoons, when Chris had some spare time and I made it, and I found out that he liked this particular road—the road running west northwest. It was such a stupid road. First it led through a long street of those miserable, thin, gray houses that look like gravestones standing upright, and then came streets full of public houses and wretched little sweet shops with halfpenny ices and tobacconists' and "boots mended while you wait." Then there was a dismal triangular bit of common, with a fence on one side all over placards, and then a red brick Primitive chapel and more respectable houses—till at last came real fields. You could not call it country where there were always cabbage leaves and bits of broken pots and clothes hung out to dry. But generally at this stage we turned back.

I soon concluded that it was the way to Chris' old home, but I guessed more than that. For people do not always like to walk in the direction of a particular place only because they have lived most of their life there. There must be something or some one there now that they like to fancy themselves nearer; and by and bye, when Chris saw that I guessed, he told me the whole. There was very little of it, as he said cheerily.

It was just as I thought. The girl he loved had lived there, was living there still, and her name was Pauline. She was rich, he said, and very beautiful. He told me what she was like, and I could not help knowing that I should have loved her, that any one must have done. And Chris had lost everything at once—money and health and hope.

"It wouldn't have mattered about the money," said Chris in his quaint way. "I would have asked her to wait for me and worked my way up. It would have been a very good thing. But you can't ask a girl to wait for you when you find you have only one lung."

He laughed rather ruefully, and I laughed, too, though something caught my breath.

"Did the doctor give no hope?" I asked.

"If I had gone abroad at once," said Chris, "but I couldn't do that. So I thought, as there might be a year or two, I might as well do something for my living. And this turned up."

"Did she," I said tentatively, "know you liked her?"

Chris flushed a little and looked away, but not before I had seen a sudden light in his eyes.

"I never told her," he answered simply. "They say—women know."

"And she—did you—was she—I mean, were you"——

His flush deepened.

"It was too early in the day," he said. "I sometimes thought—if it had gone on—but it didn't go on. I have prayed about it. Not very enthusiastically, perhaps—but it is a good prayer. And there's another fellow in the running—a remarkably good fellow. I think it will be all right."

I did not answer. It seemed all wrong to me. He had told me the story on one of our Saturday afternoon walks, and when it was ended we still walked on—west northwest. It seemed as if we were walking on and on to a place where our roads would divide forever, and then I knew what a blank there would be for one of us.

I could not pray his prayer. I would have liked to alter everything. Yet I hardly dared wish that Pauline loved him—I understood him so well. I think that, though he loved her a thousand times better, she could hardly have understood him much better than I. But any one called Pauline it must be good enough only to worship and strew roses for, like the man in Browning.

Well, I would have gathered her bushels of roses, but I thought she might write to Chris. She never wrote—of course he had not written to her; but when he was so ill it seemed hard all the same. Still, he went on working, and kept up wonderfully through the summer, though with autumn his cough grew terribly bad, and the winter, that every one said would be so trying, was very near. But on Saturdays we still had our walks, and still went the old way—till west northwest grew to be a watchword between us for all that we wanted and could not get. We seldom said it without a laugh; but there is no one but me who knows the meaning of it now.

It was one Saturday in October that Chris came in with a letter in his hand. I knew before he told what the news was, from something in his face. Pauline was to be married in November—to the other fellow.

"My prayer has really been answered," he said, a little restlessly, "in six months. And now I want to buy a wedding present—that is all that remains to be done. You'll come with me, won't you, Janet?"

I nodded, and we went. Chris was very bright and eager about buying that wedding present—rather too bright, perhaps, when one saw the restless look in his eyes. We went from place to place, and at last found an exquisite little flower vase that took his fancy, though it cost far more than he ought to have afforded. I fancied he must often have taken her flowers.

"I shall not send my name," Chris decided, when his gift was packed up and even addressed. "But I think she will know."

I knew she would know.

"Now let us take the road," said Chris, laughing, when his parcel was sent off—and I knew which road he meant. I could walk it in the dark. I think if I had only one inch of strength left I would choose to walk there till I died. We took an omnibus and went rather farther out than usual. Chris was very bright and brotherly—rather in an absent way, and seemed bent on showing me that he was not downhearted. But we talked of other things, never of Pauline.

We had tea at a little shop "really in the country," as Chris said hopefully. I think they took us for brother and sister. It was a very pleasant shopwoman; she had a little girl with a round, ruddy face and very light hair, who made friends with Chris at once, as children always did, and he gave her a bright new sixpence, for which I shook my head at him. We had tea at a small round table by the front kitchen fire rather than in the cold, deserted room where they had visitors in the summer. It was so warm and comfortable, and Chris liked the warmth, though he could eat little. When tea was done we still sat there five minutes by the fire, chatting quietly. Perhaps it was because a crisis was over and one could breath more freely; perhaps it was because he knew the vase would please her; but I think those few minutes were pleasant even to Chris. Sometimes his face comes up before me as clearly as possible, with the firelight on it—though I cannot recall it when I try.

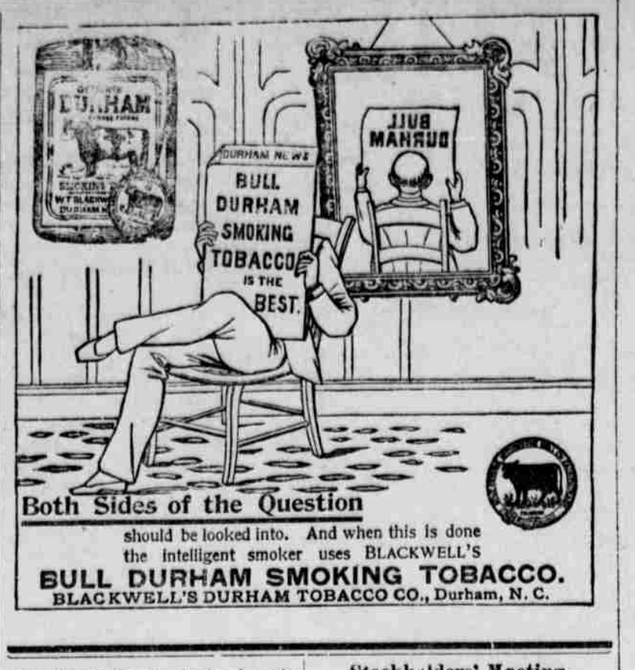
Then we set out to walk back. All the way there the wind had been with us, and we hardly felt it, but now we met it full. It was a bitter wind, and before we had left the shop ten minutes a driving sleet began. We walked two miles before we could get an omnibus. Chris thought lightly of it, of course, and was only anxious for me—as if I could have been hurt! Death is for people like Chris. I try to forget that walk home, and go back to where we sat in the firelight; but I dream of the other sometimes, and the sleet is in our faces again and I know it is killing him, and wake myself with calling out. Very well; that is all over. The doctor said that perhaps it made no real difference; what happened then might have happened any day in the state Chris was in.

It was an hour after we reached home, and he was coughing terribly—he broke a blood vessel. But he lived for two days, and I nursed him to the end; he wanted no one else. He said I was a good nurse, but I knew my hands were very hard and rough with housework. I did pray that I might lose the use of them forever if God would only make them cool and soft till Chris died; but I suppose that would have been a miracle. Chris did not mind. He was very grateful, and said he should certainly meet me again. He had always so much faith. A little before he died he smiled and said he was going west northwest.

That is three years ago and I am glad now; for the summers seem to be growing shorter and shorter and the winters longer; there is a great deal of distress everywhere, and I am glad he is away, for while he lived he would always have taken the hardest part. But sometimes in the spring and summer there are very lovely days, and then I wish he were back. It is rather like living in a vacuum, where one can't draw a long breath because there is no air, but all that will pass over. Milly is married at last to some one very rich, but there are all the others, and the soot is worse than ever and new things are always turning up to be done. I am thankful for that. I should like every hour and minute to be filled quite full—till I go west northwest.—May Kendall in Longman's Magazine.

Swamps

Are not the only abode of malaria. You find it everywhere, even in localities where atmospheric and sanitary conditions would seem to be unfavorable to its development. The universal remedy for and preventative of the dire complaints is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Whatever the malady assumes its most virulent form and whether it be chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, the Bitters is most popular and constitutes the best means of protection and cure. From Maine to the Isthmus of Panama, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America and the tropics this truly famous medicine has won "golden opinions" from all conditions and classes in more than a metaphorical sense. For debility, indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, insomnia, neuralgia, liver and kidney trouble it is highly efficacious. Use it with persistence.



Both Sides of the Question

should be looked into. And when this is done the intelligent smoker uses BLACKWELL'S

BULL DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO.

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., Durham, N. C.

Mr. W. M. Terry, who has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for the past twelve years, says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other cough medicine I have ever sold." There is good reason for this. No other will cure a cold so quickly; no other is so certain a preventative and cure for croup; no other affords so much relief in cases of whooping cough. For sale by Baskett & Van-Slyke, Druggists.

Church Directory.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.—Salem, Oregon, Rev. J. E. Blair, Pastor. Sunday school every Sunday, 10 a. m. Preaching every Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Church house on High street, between Marion and Union. Everybody welcome.

METHODIS EPISCOPAL.—Services on Sabbath at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday school at 12; Epworth Leagues at 6:15; Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Rev. C. L. Kellerman, pastor.

EVANGELICAL.—Corner of Liberty and Center streets. Sunday services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Sunday school 12 m., Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 p. m.; Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m. J. Bowersox, paster, residence 427 Liberty street.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Church street, between Chemeketa and Center. Preaching morning and evening; Sabbath school at 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Rev. F. H. Gwynne, D. D., pastor.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Chemeketa and Cottage. Sunday services: Low mass 7:30 a. m.; high mass 10:30; Sunday school 3 p. m.; vespers 7:30; week days, low mass 7 a. m. Rev. J. S. White, pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Corner Center and Liberty Services Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school 12 m., Y. P. S. C. E at 6:30 p. m.; prayer meeting 7:30 p.m. Thursday. Rev. C. L. Corwin, pastor.

ST. PAUL EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Corner Church and Chemeketa. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school 11:45 a. m.; service Monday 10:30 a. m.; Thursday 7:30 p. m. Rev. W. Lund, rector.

FIRST BAPTIST.—Liberty and Marion. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sunday school 12 m.; young people's meeting at 6 p. m.; prayer meeting 7:30 Thursday. Rev. Robert Whitaker, pastor.

FREE METHODIST.—Rev. B. F. Smalley pastor. Services Sunday morning and evening, Sunday school at 10 a. m.; prayer meeting Friday night. Church opposite North Salem school.

FRIENDS.—At Highland park on car line. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 12 m.; Christian Endeavor 6 p. m.; prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Rev. F. M. George, pastor.

CHRISTIAN.—High and Center. Sunday school 12 m.; preaching 10:30 a. m.; young people's society 6:30 p. m.; preaching 7:30 p. m. Rev. W. R. Williams, pastor.

GERMAN REFORMED.—Capital and Marion.; Sunday service 11 a. m.; Sunday school 10 a. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. Muellhaupt, pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services in Unitarian hall at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school 12 m.; Bible study Thursday evening.

SOUTH SALEM.—M. E. church. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. J. H. Roork, pastor.

GERMAN BAPTIST.—Services in German Baptist church north of Cottage street. Rev. John Fechter, pastor.

AFRICAN METHODIST.—North Salem. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 1 p. m. Rev. G. W. White, pastor.

MRS. WOODWORTH'S MEETINGS.—Services at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30 every day in the tent at the junction of the electric car line. Temperance gospel meeetings at 4 o'clock Sunday at W. C. T. U. hall.

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.

IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.—Kanitakun Tribe No. 8, Salem. Holds council every Thursday evening, at 7:30. Wigwam in State Insurance hall.

F. C. BAKER, Prophet.
FRANK G. WATERS, Chief of Records.

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

THE NEW YORK BACKET

Comes in this week with the largest lot of goods it has yet received, consisting of Table Oil Cloths, Turkey Red Damask, fine Cashmere Shawls, Silk Mitts, Overalls and Denim Coats, Pants, box wood Rules, Pocket Knives, Knives and Forks, Hair Curlers, ladies', gents' and children's Hose of all kinds, ladies' Vests from 10c to 30c, of good quality, as good as sold elsewhere at much higher prices, Corsets, black and white, Hamburg Edgings, Embroideries, Laces, a large assortment of Ribbons, all widths, Garter web, Dress Shields, Combs, Suspenders of all kinds, and many other articles in our line, all of which we can sell cheaper than they are usually sold, for the reason that we buy for cash, at the best and cheapest houses in New York and sell at a very small profit for cash only, saving from 10 to 50 per cent. on many articles.

CALL AND SEE.

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

Stockholders' Meeting.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Capital Gold and Silver Mining company of the city of Salem, Oregon, will be held at the office of the undersigned, in said city, on the second Thursday, the 11th day of August, 1892, at 3 o'clock p. m., for the election of directors and for such other business as may come before the meeting.

J. H. HAAS, Secretary.
Salem, Or., July 19th, 1892. 7-20 4w

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution, duly issued out of the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Marion, and to me directed on the 16th day of July, A. D., 1892, upon a judgment and decree of foreclosure duly rendered entered of record and docketed in and by said circuit court, on the 23d day of June, 1892, in a certain suit then in said court pending, wherein James Shirley was plaintiff, and A. L. Hodson, C. E. Hodson, J. W. Hodson, Belle Hodson, Blanch Hodson, Lavina McCormick, W. H. McCormick, S. J. Billington, G. W. Billington, W. H. Hodson, Ella Hodson, Dr. Thompson and A. C. Brev, were defendants, in favor of plaintiff and against defendants, by which execution, I am commanded to sell the premises hereinafter described, and out of the proceeds of such sale, to satisfy the sum of $2114 25-100, together with interest thereon, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from June 23d, 1892, and the further sum of $150 as attorney's fee and costs and disbursements of said suit, taxed at $50 50-100, and costs and expenses of sale, and if any residue remain, after the satisfaction of said judgment and costs and disbursements and expenses of sale, be applied, as far as applicable, toward the claim of defendant, D. P. Thompson, amounting to $3350 with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, from the 14th day of June, 1892, and if any of said land remain unsold, after satisfying plaintiff's claim, that the remainder of the land be sold, or so much thereof as shall satisfy Defendent D. P. Thompson's demand. I have levied upon, and I will on

Saturday, the 20th day of August. 1892,

at the hour of one o'clock p. m., of said day at the west door of the county court house in Salem, Marion county, Oregon, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the day of sale, all the right, title, interest and estate, where said defendants and each of them, and all persons claiming under them, and each of them or any of them has in or to the following described real property to-wit: The westerly quarter being the north half of the south east quarter of lots 1 and 2 of section 25 in township 8, south range 3 west, Willamette meridian, and the fractional west half of the south west quarter of section 30, township 8, south range 2 west, Willamette meridian, except 10 acres off of the east side of the fractional west half of the west half of the southwest quarter of section 30, in the form of a parallelogram, extending across said land, there being in all of this conveyance 151 and 64 acres of land less 17½ acres off lot No. 2, deeded to John Wittschen, all of said land, situate in Marion county, state of Oregon.

JOHN KNIGHT,
Sheriff Marion Co. Or.
By F. T. WRIGHTMAN, deputy.

Dated at Salem, this 19th day of July, 1892.

Notice of Final Account.

To all whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Mary W. Hutton, deceased, has this day filed his final account as such administrator, with the clerk of the county court for Marion county, Oregon, and the judge of said court has fixed the 29th day of August, 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m. at the county court room in the court house of said county, as the time and place for the hearing of any objections which there may be to said account and for the settlement thereof.

J. R. FORREST,
Administrator.
July 19, 1892 7-21-5t

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

Proposals for Bids.

NOTICE is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the city of Salem, Oregon, until 8 o'clock p. m. of August, 1892, and will be opened by the undersigned committee as soon thereafter as practicable for the grading, curbing, draining and improving according to the plans and specifications to be had at the city surveyor's office, and also according to plans and specifications to be furnished be the bidder, that part of Commercial street between the north side of bridge across South Mill creek to the north side of Center street, and also that part of Court street between the east side of High street and the east side of Front street and all that part of State street between the east side of High street and the east side of Front street, all that part of Ferry street between the east side of Liberty street to the east side of Front street, and all that part of Commercial street and the west side of Front street, certificate of deposit in some bank of the city of Salem, Oregon, in favor of the city of Salem, Oregon, for the sum of five hundred dollars to be of company each bid must be payable to the city of Salem, Oregon, as fixed, settled and liquidated damages in case the bidder shall not execute the contract, bond and undertaking as to give good and sufficient sureties satisfactory to the mayor of the city of Salem Oregon, in case said work is awarded to offered to said bidder. Blank forms of contract, bond and undertaking is on file in the office of the street commissioner. The city of Salem reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Done by order of the common council of the city of Salem.

M. W. HUNT,
H. E. MOORE,
H. L. LAMOUREUX
Committee on Streets and Public Property.
7-12td

Sheriff's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of an execution duly issued out of the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Marion, and to me directed, on the 1st day of July, A. D., 1892, upon a judgment duly rendered, entered of record and docketed in and by said county court, on the 21st day of June, 1892, in a certain suit then in said court pending wherein and E. Hirsch were plaintiffs and B. S. Vaughn was defendant in favor of plaintiff and against defendant, by which execution I am commanded that out of the personal property of said defendant or if sufficient cannot be found then out of the real property of said defendant to satisfy the sum of Twenty four and 86-100 dollars with interest thereon at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum from the 6th day of August, 1888, and the sum of Twelve 25-100 dollars with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum since August 6th, 1888, and further sum of sixteen 50-100 dollars costs, and costs and expenses of said execution. I have levied upon and will on

Saturday, the 13th day of August, A. D., 1892,

at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day at the west door of the county court house in Salem, Marion county, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand on the day of sale, all the right, title, interest and estate which said defendant, B. F. Vaughn, had on or after the 1st day of June, 1892, in and to the following described real property, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of the southeast quarter of section 4, T. 9, S. R. 2 W.; thence east 68½ rods; thence south 14 rods; thence west 68½ rods; thence north 14 rods to the place of beginning, containing 7½ acres more or less; and also all of the donation land claim of Benjamin Vaughn and Elizabeth Vaughn in T. 9 S., R. 2 west, save and except the following described premises, to-wit: Beginning at the southwest corner of the southeast quarter of section 4, T. 9 S. R. 2 west of the Willamette Meridian; thence north 30 chains; thence west 2.29 chains to the northeast corner of Isaac Cook's donation land claim; thence along eastern boundary of said Cook's donation and claim 30 chains; thence east 1.60 chains to the place of beginning, containing 5¾ acres, more or less.

Dated at Salem, this 9th day of July, 1892.

JOHN KNIGHT,
Sheriff of Marion County, Oregon.
By F. T. WRIGHTMAN, Deputy. 7-14-5

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