CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

this 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.

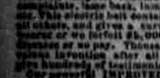
Nervous Prostration,

Sleeplessness, Sick and Nervous Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Hot Flashes, Nervous Dyspepsia, Dullness, Confusion, Hysteria, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, Opium Habit, Drunkenness, etc., are cured by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. It does not contain opiates. Mrs. Sophia C. Brownlee, Deland, Fla., suffered with Epilepsy for 30 years and testifies to a complete cure. Jacob Petre, Rita, Oregon, had been suffering with Nervous Prostration for four years, could not sleep, nothing helped him until he used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine; he is now well. Fine books Free at druggists. Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills, 50 doses for 25 cents are the best remedy for Biliousness, Torpid Liver, etc., etc.

Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

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.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem

Say Hires Do you Root Drink Beer?

SOLD AND ENJOYED EVERYWHERE.

DR. ALDEN'S

ELECTRIC BELT

LATEST PATENTS BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.

Will cure Without Medicine all Weakness resulting from overwork of brain, nerve force, excesses or indiscretion, as nervousness, debility, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, 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 no 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, FREE WITH ALL BELTS sold this month. Other belts at half price. Send for illustrated Pamphlets, mailed, sealed, free. Address

ALDEN 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. Will light the burner, turn the wheel, and is ready all day.

MAKES NO SMELL OR DIRT.

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

Its 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.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH SINGLE.

I draw my chair before the fire;
My dressing gown falls on my knees;
The faithful friends who never tire—
My books—are ranged around to please
The changing mood. In all the shire
No Benedict's so well at ease.
With one thing more my bliss were ripe,
And that I seize—my own, my pipe.

The genial Autocrat is near,
And Boswell standing by his side;
There's Fielding, hiding in the rear;
Here Lilywhite and Nyren's Guide,
Pendennis, Pickwick, Swift, and here
The frolic Muse's sons abide:
Locker and Praed together stand,
And Dobson ready to my hand.

The bleak wind shrills across the street,
The fire burns up more cheerfully.
What need I, puss, love's bittersweet?
I am not Miss Blanche Amory.
We'll rest content with one defeat;
No more emotions, thanks, for me!
Or only this, lulled by your purr
To close my eyes and think of her.

* * * * * * *

'Tis midnight and the fire is low;
Hour after hour my thoughts will stray,
And leave my trusty books, and go
Along the well remembered way.
'Tis better thus, no doubt. Hello!
There's something wanting, pussy. Stay—
I'll write her in the self same strain,
Perhaps she won't say "No" again.

—Edmund Viney in Temple Bar.

$500 REWARD.

"That isn't a bad reward!"

"No; if a fellow could catch him, he would make pretty good wages. Let's see," and the second speaker began to read the postal card that the postmaster at Hard Scrabble had just tacked to the door of the store that constituted the "office," so that every one might read:

TAKE HIM IN!

$500 Reward will be paid for the arrest and delivery of Rube White to the sheriff of Yavapai county. He is about twenty-five years old, six feet tall, and slim, with light complexion, and has a big scar on the right side of his face. He is wanted for robbery and other crimes. If killed in resisting arrest the reward will be paid on satisfactory proof of his identity. When last heard from was making for the Tonto Basin country.

By the time the reader had finished, a crowd of half a dozen or more men surrounded him.

"Now if that feller is headed for the Tonto Basin country it wouldn't be much of a trick to take him," said the first speaker reflectively, as if debating with himself the advisability of making the attempt.

"If you hear me he ain't going to be taken in, and the feller that tries it is going to have his hands full. They have been after him for two or three years and ain't got him yet. They say he's right on the shoot," remarked another of the crowd.

"Well, a feller ought to know him as soon as he sees him from that description," hazarded the first speaker, "if he got up close enough to see the scar, and then all he'd have to do would be to turn loose at him if he didn't throw up his hands when you told him. Besides, nobody but him would try to cross over the mountains into the basin with this snow on the ground. Blamed if I don't think I'll go after him."

"Well, somebody ought to round him up," asserted some one in the crowd; "he's been foolin roun hyah long enough, jes' havin his own way, sorter as if the country belonged to him. Durned if I wouldn't go with you, Hi, if I didn't have to take this grub over to the boys in camp."

"Well, if any of you want to go, all right. I'm going," replied the man addressed as Hi.

It was not the first time that Hi Lansing had been on such expeditions. He was one of those men for whom danger seems to have a fascination. At his remark Frank Crandall, a young fellow who had been standing quietly by, volunteered to accompany him. The crowd turned toward him with more interest than they had thus far evinced during the entire proceedings. It was but a few months since he had come among them, fresh from the east, to take charge of one of the mines which had been closed down by the winter's storms. For weeks he had been cooped up in the isolated settlement, and he longed for something to break its monotony.

"Well, get your horse and gun and come," replied Hi, and in an instant the two men had left the room to arm and equip themselves for the chase, while the loungers gathered around the stove to discuss the probabilities of their success. In a few minutes the two men rode past the door, each armed with a rifle and six-shooter, and the crowd, stepping out, bade them goodby, with the oft repeated warning, "Be keerful and don't let him get the drop on ye."

The crust of the unbroken snow cracked crisply under foot as the two rode on fast, leaving the little settlement in their rear. For some time neither spoke, but at last the silence was broken by Lansing asking his young companion, "Did you ever try this kind of thing before?"

"No," replied the young man, "I never have."

"Well, then, you want to be keerful. If you don't lose yer head, you're all right. The only danger is that we may run on him before we know it."

"And if we do, what then?" asked the young man.

"Well, he will probably commence shooting, and if he does, and you ar'n't hit the first rattle out of the box, why you want to git off'n your horse and git behind something and shoot back. If ther' ain't anything to git behind, keep your horse between you and him and keep a-shootin. Whatever you do, don't let go of your gun. But what we want to do is to see him first, and then we've got the play on him, and all you have to do is to tell him to throw up."

"And if he don't throw up?" asked Crandall.

"Why, then you let him have it. The reward will be paid just the same."

The apparent indifference with which Lansing spoke of the entire matter, much as if he were discussing the best method of hunting a wild animal, shocked the young man; but he had committed himself too far to withdraw. Besides, he had that feeling that all men have when they are young—the curiosity to know whether or not he could rely on himself when danger threatened.

"We should strike his trail on the hills here, if he is really headed for the basin country," said Lansing. They had been riding for several hours in silence through the snow, unbroken by aught save the scattered pines that here and there dotted the mesa. Before them towered the mountains through whose passes the man whom they were after would have to pass in his search for safety in the half settled wilds beyond.

As the two men rode along, scanning in each direction the snow covered mesa, Lansing suddenly wheeled his horse to the right, and when Crandall joined him he pointed to a narrow trail where two horses had passed through the snow.

"That's him. He's driving one horse and leading another, and he hasn't passed by very long, either. See, the snow hasn't had time to drift in it," said he.

With the discovery his whole demeanor had changed. A new look came into his eyes and his voice sounded strange. He even grasped his weapons in a manner different to that he had heretofore displayed. "He's right ahead, and we want to look out," the older man continued as they began to follow the trail. As they approached the summit of each hill they would stop their horses, and Lansing would dismount and crawl to the top so that he might look, without being discovered, into the valley beyond, in order that they might not come on the fugitive too suddenly.

They had traveled this way for several miles, when, reining in his horse, Lansing pointed to what seemed an old road leading off to the right of the one they were following, and said:

"That's the 'cutoff' into the basin. I thought he would take it, but he probably doesn't know the country. You had better take it and ride on ahead until you strike the road we're on again. Then, if you can't find his tracks, you had better ride back to meet me until you do. I will follow the trail up."

The young man tried to expostulate with Lansing for the great risk he was assuming in thus following the trail alone, but his companion was obdurate, and cutting the argument short by again warning the young man to be on his guard, he rode on, following the trail in the snow, while the younger man, finding objection useless, took the "cutoff" road. He had no difficulty in following it, and wondered why the man they were in pursuit of had not taken advantage of it. The whole pursuit seemed almost like a dream to him. The snow, unbroken save by his horse's footfall, stretched away mile after mile in every direction, with here and there a pine through whose branches the wind seemed to sob and sigh, making the only noise that broke the stillness of the wintry afternoon. It added to this feeling. Not a thing in sight. He began to depict in his own mind the manner of man they were pursuing. He had almost forgotten his name.

After all, what had the man done that he, Frank Crandall, should be seeking his blood? Perhaps, like himself, the man had mother and sisters to grieve over any misfortune that would overtake him. These and a hundred kindred thoughts passed through his mind. The sun was fast declining as he passed from the "cutoff" into the main road again. The air was getting chilly with the coming of evening, and the snow in the distance took on colors of pink and purple where the rays of the setting sun touched the mountain peaks. He scanned the main road eagerly to see if the man they were in pursuit of had passed, but the snow that covered it was unbroken.

Then he rode back on the main road in the direction from which he had come, to meet his comrade and the fugitive. He had just ascended one of the many rolling hills when in the distance he discovered a man riding one horse and driving another. At the sight his heart almost stood still. He dismounted, and leading his horse to one side concealed him in a clump of young pines. Then he returned to the roadside and waited. The man was urging his horses forward, but they seemed to be wearied and made but slow progress. Crandall felt his heart beat faster and faster at the length of time it took the man to reach him.

He examined his revolver and rifle, cocking each, to see that they were in order. It seemed to relieve the tension of his nerves. After he had done this, he knelt down so that he could fire with surer aim, and waited. He did not care much now whether the man resisted or not. If the fugitive resisted, he would have to stand the consequence of resistance. It was [illegible] him. He could hear the footfall of the approaching horses in the snow, and he cocked his rifle so as to be ready. The setting sun shone full in the man's face, but Crandall forgot to look for the scar that the notice had said was on the right cheek, although he had resolved to do so particularly.

When he first discovered the fugitive he scanned the road behind him to discover Lansing, but the nearer the man approached the less Crandall cared whether Lansing came or not. He let the man approach nearer and nearer, so that his aim would be the more accurate. He could not afford to throw away the first shot. The face of the man grew more and more distinct. He seemed to be oblivious to his surroundings. Crandall felt almost disposed to let him pass, but the thought that every one would think him a coward if he did so spurred him on, and, rising erect, he ordered the man to surrender.

The horse that the man was driving in front of him, frightened at Crandall's appearance, swerved from the road, leaving the two men facing each other. For an instant Crandall looked straight into the other's eyes. Then the man raised his rifle from the pommel of the saddle, and Crandall fired. The horse which the man was riding sprang from the road and at the same moment its rider's gun was discharged. The smoke from Crandall's own gun blew back into his eyes, and he turned from it to follow the movements of the man at whom he had fired.

As he saw the man still erect in his saddle, he felt the feverish haste to fire again come over him that men feel when they have shot and missed, and know that their life may be the forfeit of their failure. He threw another cartridge into the chamber of his rifle, and raised it to his shoulder, but before he could fire the man reeled from his saddle and fell, while his frightened horse galloped off through the pines.

Crandall stepped toward him, holding his rifle prepared to fire again, if necessary. As he did so the man raised his hand and said simply:

"Don't fire—you've got me."

The snow was already red with blood where he lay. For the first time Crandall looked for the scar that the description said was on the right cheek. For an instant he did not see it, and his heart seemed to stop beating with the fear of having made a mistake, and when on drawing nearer he saw that it was there, that only the pallor which had spread over the man's face had made it indistinct, he could have cried out with joy at the feeling of relief that passed over him.

"Are you badly wounded?" he asked.

"I don't know how bad it is. It is here somewhere," the man said, placing his hand on his breast as if not certain of the exact spot. "It feels numblike," he added. Stooping down Crandall unbuckled and took off the man's pistol belt and threw it into the snow, where lay his rifle, and then he tore open the man's shirt. As he did so his fingers came in contact with the warm blood, and he involuntarily drew back with a feeling of disgust.

"Did you find it?" asked the man, who was watching him closely, and who had observed the movement.

Recalled to himself by the question, Crandall again tore at the shirt, exposing the breast. Where the blood did not cover it it looked like marble, despite the dark hair on it. He could not see the wound on account of the blood until he had wiped the latter from the breast, and then he found it.

"What do you think of it?" the man asked.

"There it is," replied Crandall. He could not say more. The appealing tone in the man's voice for some hope—some encouragement—made him feel faint and sick.

"What do you think of it?" the man repeated in a querulous voice, and as he did so he coughed until his mouth filled with blood, and he spat it out on the white snow.

Crandall shook his head and walked toward where his horse was tied. He felt that if he watched the wounded man any longer he would faint. Noticing his walking away, the wounded man said:

"For God's sake, don't leave me. Now that you have killed me, stay with me, and don't let me die like a dog."

The voice was one of entreaty, and Crandall returned and seated himself in the snow by the man's side. The sun had gone down and the twilight had come on, bringing with it the chill of night. Crandall covered the wounded man's body with his overcoat and raised his head from the snow. Almost unconsciously he noted that as the patch of red made by the blood grew larger and larger, the face of the wounded man grew whiter and whiter. He never took his eyes from Crandall's face, while his breath came quicker and shorter, as if he breathed with labor. With each breath the blood seemed to bubble from the wound in the breast.

One of the man's hands fell from under the coat that covered him. As Crandall raised it from the snow its coldness sent a chill through him. Once he had asked the wounded man if he could do anything for him, but the man had only shaken his head in reply. Crandall felt like reviling himself for what he had done, and wondered why the wounded man did not reproach him. Even when he expressed his sorrow at having shot him, the dying man said gently:

"Don't mind it. It's too late now."

The twilight gave way to darkness, and still he sat there. He could not hear the dying man breathe without leaning over his face. He did not do this but once, though, and then the dying man had opened his eyes and looked up into his face inquiringly. Crandall would rather have staid there until morning than to have caught that look again.

Suddenly he heard a voice call to him. He started as if he had been fired at, but it was only Lansing. As he answered the call Lansing rode forward, and seeing the outstretched form on the snow said:

"By God, you got him!"

"Hush!" replied Crandall, fearful lest the wounded man would hear the exulting tone which grated on his own ears as nothing had ever before done. But not minding the admonition, Lansing dismounted, and striking a match held it close to the man's face. It was pale and cold and the half opened eyes were glazed. They did not even reflect the light made from the match, but from the partly opened mouth a tiny stream of half congealed blood seemed to be still flowing down over the beard.

"That's him, and it's a pretty good day's work we have done by earning that reward," said Lansing coolly as the match went out.

Somehow, though, as Crandall lay awake through the night within a few yards of the body, to keep the wolves from it so that it would be unmarred in the morning when they would lash it to a horse and take it into the settlements for identification, he wondered why Lansing could sleep so soundly. As for himself, the rigid form covered with only a saddle blanket, lying where the snow was red instead of white, was always before his eyes, even when he closed them.—Buckey O'Neill in Argonaut.

The Hillside Farmer.

The man was plowing a patch of corn on a hillside farm with a horse thinner than the soil was. As I rode up to the fence he stopped to see what I wanted.

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" I remarked.

"Kinder," he said, mopping his face.

"Why don't you plow deeper?" I suggested.

"Down to the bed rock now," he said, with a grin.

"How many acres have you?" I inquired.

"Seventy."

"I guess you don't work it right," I said, with the air of a man who knew all about the business. "You ought to turn the whole farm over."

He looked at me lazily for ten seconds.

"Well, who in thunder'll I turn it over to?" he asked in mild surprise. "Thar ain't nobody 'round here az kin afford to take it. They've got more now than they can pay taxes on. Maybe you'd like to try it, mister. I'll swop the whole thing fer that hoss you're ridin, and throw the old woman and children in to boot. What do you say?"

I said goodby hurriedly, and went away in the same ratio.—Detroit Free Press.

Experience as a Slaver.

"Queer experiences?" said Henry Cooper, a retired Boston sea captain, as he rolled to a seat in the rotunda of the Southern. "Well, I had one that was queer enough. It was in the fifties, while I was a man before the mast. I shipped one night from Havana for a voyage to Good Hope, but we didn't go there. We went up to Congo and got a cargo of slaves. The queer thing of it all was that the crew never got sight of the captain, and when the first mate came on deck he wore a mask.

"The craft, a swift sailer, was apparently unarmed, but a twist or two with a handspike was enough to bring six ugly looking 18-pounders on deck. We were not molested, however, and on our return we stood off the coast of Cuba, and all the crew but four were sent ashore in the longboat. As we passed into the boat the masked mate put an envelope in each man's hand. Mine contained $250."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Bornean Weapon.

The Bornean "mandau," or "head taker," is a modification of the Burmese "dah." It is a heavy thick bladed cutlass, from twenty to thirty inches long, and the edge is ground from the right side only, the left side being forged slightly concave. The blade is also slightly curved to the right, so that the cutting action of the weapon is like that of an enormous gouge. Only two strokes can be dealt with the mandau—from right to left downward and left to right upward.—Chambers' Journal.

Exaggeration.

An Irish judge who was much annoyed by loud conversation in the courtroom cried out:

"Silence! Keep silence in the court! Here I have decided a dozen cases this morning without hearing what one of 'em was about."—Harper's Young People.

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 BEST IN THE WORLD

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

Situated in the immediate section of country that produces a grade of tobacco, that in texture, flavor and quality is not grown elsewhere in the world, and being in position to command the choice of all offerings upon this market, we spare no pains nor expense to give the trade

THE VERY BEST.

When in want of the best; ask for

Bull Durham.

Sold everywhere. None genuine without the Trade Mark of the Bull on each package.

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

Go to the Best.

The place for young ladies and gentlemen to secure a thorough education is the old, but ever new

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

Long and still the leading institution of the North West. Better than ever!

New course of instruction in Oratory, Theology and Post-Graduated.

STUDIES.—No mar, Business, Academy, College, and Law courses greatly enlarged and improved.

Facilities increased and improved. For Catalogue of College of Law write Dean S. T. Richardson, Esq., Salem, Or.

For Catalogue of College of Medical and Pharmacy write Dean Richmond Kelly, M. D., Portland, Or.

For general Catalogue write Rev. Geo Whitaker, D. D., President, Salem, Or.

7-25-m-d-w

Conservatory of Music,

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY,

SALEM, OREGON.

The course most complete and the highest grade of any music school in the Northwest. Best and newest methods of teaching. Enlarged facilities and new plan for instruction of beginners for the coming school year. Diplomas granted on completion of course. Next term begins September 5, 1892. Z. M. PARVIN, Music Director.

Send for catalogue.

7-28-d2m-e1m

Burton Bros.

STATE STREET

BRICK YARD.

Large stock of common Brick always on hand. Pressed and ornamental brick made to order.

Leave orders at G. Stolz, 54 State street, Goodhue & Cahill, 95 State street, or at the yard, opposite State Prison.

Notice to Contractors.

THE BOARD of trustees of the Oregon State Insane Asylum hereby invite sealed proposals for the erection of an infirmary and cottage adjoining the asylum. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of D. S. McNaly, architect, Salem, Oregon. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids is reserved. Bids will be opened at 2 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday, Aug. 9, 1892.

SYLVESTER PENNOYER, Governor,
GEO. W. McBRIDE, Sec. of State.
PHIL. METSCHAN, State Treasurer,
Board of Trustees.
WM. A. MUNLY, Clerk of the Board. 7-27

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	5:30 P M
Leave Yaquina	6:45 A M
Leave Corvallis	10:35 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 Fleet 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 HUELMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 200 and 202 Front st., Portland, Or.

C. C. ROGUE, Act'g Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or

C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 3 4 Montgomery st., S. F.

$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 Eats, 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.

Le Richau's Golden Balsam No. 2 Cures—Tertiary, Mercurial Syphilitic Rheumatism, Pains in the Bones, Pains in the Head, back of the Neck, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Syphilitic Rash, Lumps and contracted Cords, Stiffness of the Limbs, and eradicates all disease from the system, whether caused by indiscretion or abuse of Mercury, leaving the blood pure and healthy. Price $5 00 per Bottle.

Le Richau's Golden Spanish Antidote for the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Irritation Gravel, and all Urinary or Genital disarrangements. Price $4 50 per Bottle.

Le Richau's Golden Spanish Injection, for severe cases of Gonorrhœa, Inflammatory Gleet, Stricture, &c. Price $1 50 per Bottle.

Le Richau's Golden Ointment for the effective healing of Syphilitic Sores and eruptions. Price $1 00 per Box.

Le Richau's Golden Pills—Nerve and Brain treatment, loss of physical power, excess or over-work, Prostration, etc. Price $5 00 per Box.

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

THE RICHARDS DRUG CO., Agents 609 & 611 MARKET ST., San Francisco, Cal.

THE NEW YORK RACKET

Has placed in stock this week, a fine line of lace curtains, bed spreads, embroideries, laces, ribbons, plain and bordered handkerchiefs, suspenders, corsets, black and white; ladies' long sleeve and sleeveless vests and Merino underclothing, boys' waists from 25c. to 45c., gents' dress and working shirts, table linens, napkins, turkey red damask, table oil cloths, window shades of many styles, all cheap; boy's and men's pants, overalls and jackets, a large lot of linen towels and linen crash, good wool hats at 45c., better at 60c. to 70c. and good fur hats for $1, and many other items carried in stock, all sold at Racket prices. You can't help saving money if you call and buy these goods.

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

Before Starting on a Journey

A person usually desires to gain some information as to the most desirable route to take, and will purchase tickets via the line that will afford him the quickest and best service. Before starting on a trip to Chicago or any point East, you should provide yourself with a map and time table of the Wisconsin Central Line. The trains run on this route are vestibule and are equipped with Pullman's latest Drawing Room sleepers, elegant Day Coaches and Dining Cars of latest design, built expressly for this service, and are exquisite in furnishings and convenient and comfortable in arrangement and as complete in every detail that they have no superior in comfort and elegance. The dining car service is pronounced by all the most elegant ever inaugurated, and is operated in the interest of its patrons.

Fast trains via the Wisconsin Central Lines leave Minneapolis daily at 12:45 p m and 6:25 p m., and St. Paul at 1:20 p m and 7:15 p. m., making favorable connection with all trains from the West and Southwest.

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

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. Bret, 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 $21 4 25-100, together with interest thereon, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from June 23d, 1892, and the further sum of $1 0 as attorney's fee and cost and disbursements of said suit, taxed at $20 45-100, 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 $3850 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 Defendant 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 fractional s e 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 ac oss said land, there being in all of this conveyance 151 and 64-100 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.

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 L. and E. Hirsch were plaintiffs and B. F. 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 80-100 dollars with interest thereon at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum from the 6th day of August, 1883, and the annum since August 6th, 1883, and the further sum of Sixteen 45-100 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 21st 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 64¾ rods; thence south 14 rods; thence west 64¾ rods; thence north 14 rods to the place of beginning, containing 5⅝ 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 80 chains; thence west 2.50 chains to the northeast corner of Isaac Cook's donation land claim; thence along eastern boundary of said Cook's donation land claim 30 chains; thence east 1.60 chains to the place of beginning, containing 4¾ 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. 7-14-5t

Capital City Restaurant.

Jas. Batchelor, Prop'r.

Warm Meals at All Hours of the Day

None but white labor employed in this establishment.

A good substantial meal cooked in first-class style

Twenty-five cents per meal

RED FRONT

Court street, between Opera House and Minto's Livery

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED,

As a general family remedy for dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.

W. J. McELROY, Macon, Ga.