CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieves 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

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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.

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Sleeplessness, Sick and Nervous Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Morbid Fears, 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 50 years and testifies to a complete cure. Jacob Petre, Ellis, 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 well. Fine books Free at druggists. Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills, 25 doses for 25 cents are the best remedy for Biliousness, Torpid Liver, etc., etc.

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MAKES NO SMELL OR DIRT.

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we have a relief and cure In your ignorance of effects and vitality—**which is** system the elements thus strength and vigor will follcure or money refunded.

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NATURE VERSUS ART.

I know this hyar rhyme ain't purtect,
But rhyme be darned—'tis the song!
The bird doesn't measure its music
That warbles the whole day long.
Nor them stars up thar in squares don't shine,
Nor them spring green trees don't grow
A-followin one the other
Like a city tenement row!
The flowers o' fields ere big an small,
An they don't grow in circles, dear;
They may do so in them hothouse beds,
But I'm writin o' Nature here.

I ain't got much use for dogmas,
Creeds, nor schools, nor things,
My church is the plain—it's done the sky,
An my preacher th' bird that sings.
I see a Somethin in every cloud,
An twig, an brook, an flower;
An I reckon I know what's right an wrong
Be the workin o' thet thar Power
Thet colors the leaves an sends the rain,
The cyclone an the sun,
An somethin 'ithin here tells me
Thet I'm part o' thet great big One!

No! I ain't got much use for purty tunes,
Sich as writers rhyme down here,
But my soul jist loves thet music
Thet thrills from sphere to sphere!
I reckon your ears can't hear it,
For it pulsates in your soul,
But it takes a poet to feel it,
Coz his heart's part o' the Whole!

Now some don't like Walt Whitman—
His mention makes 'em rile,
Jist coz he dared to tell the truth,
Without earin much for style.
He pictured life's world jist as it was—
Truth an facts ah lies—
An he didn't a-try to fix things up
To suit the critics' eyes.

But ain't the mud fleck jist as real
Ez the petal soft an fine?
An ain't the body ez real, too,
Thet holds this soul o' mine?
That's the reason I love Walt Whitman,
Jist coz he saw the whole—
The beauty o' outward symbols
Ez well as the inward soul.
H loved the man with toil browned hands,
He hadn't much use fer a king;
He wuz a democrat thet loved mankind,
An thet's what made him sing.
He wrote jist like old Natur' is,
Without much dudish grace,
For he modeled his style on Natur's
Rough an wild, sweet face.

An this hyar I'll write ez I see fit,
An jist foller my own soul's light,
An them 'ere gold penned critters may go to grass
Coz I know I'm goin what's right!

—Fitzgerald Murphy in Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

BOUM-BOUM.

The child was lying stretched out in his little white bed, and his eyes, grown large through fever, looked straight before him, always with the strange fixity of the sick who already perceive what the living do not see.

The mother at the foot of the bed, torn by suffering and wringing her hands to keep herself from crying, anxiously followed the progress of the disease on the poor emaciated face of the little being. The father, an honest workman, kept back the tears which burned his eyelids.

The day broke clear and mild, a beautiful morning in June, and lighted up the narrow room in the street of the Abessess where little Francois, the child of Jacques and Madeleine Legrand, lay dying. He was seven years old and was very fair, very rosy and so lively. Not three weeks ago he was as gay as a sparrow; but a fever had seized him and they had brought him home one evening from the public school with his head heavy and his hands very hot. From that time he had been here in this bed, and sometimes in his delirium when he looked at his well blacked shoes, which his mother had placed in a corner on a board, he said:

"You can throw them away now, little Francois' shoes! Little Francois will not put them on any more! Little Francois will not go to school any more—never, never!"

Then the father cried out and said, "Wilt thou be still?" And the mother, very pale, buried her blond head in his pillow, so that little Francois could not hear her weep.

This night the child had not been delirious, but for the two days past the doctor had been uneasy over an odd sort of prostration, which resembled abandon; it was as if at seven years the sick one already felt the weariness of life. He was tired, silent, sad and tossed his little head about on the bolster. He had no longer a smile on his poor thin lips, and with haggard eye he sought, seeing they knew not what, something there beyond, very far off.

"In heaven! Perhaps!" thought Madeleine, trembling.

When they wished him to take some medicine, some sirup or a little soup he refused. He refused everything.

"Dost thou wish anything, Francois?"

"No, I wish nothing!"

"We must draw him out of this," the doctor said. "This torpor frightens me. You are the father and mother; you know your child well. Seek for something to reanimate this little body; recall to earth this spirit which runs after the clouds!"

Then he went away.

"Seek!"

Yes, without doubt they knew him well, their Francois, these worthy people. They knew how it amused him, the little one, to plunder the hedges on Sunday and to come back to Paris on his father's shoulders laden with hawthorn. Jacques Legrand had bought some images, some gilded soldiers and some Chinese shadows for Francois. He cut them out, put them on the child's bed and made them dance before the bewildered eyes of the little one, and with a desire to weep himself he tried to make him laugh.

"Dost thou see; it is the broken bridge. Tire, tire, tire! And this is the general! Thou rememberest we saw one, a general, once in the Bois de Boulogne! If thou takest the medicine well I will buy thee a real one with a cloth tunic and gold epaulets. Dost thou wish for him, the general, say?"

"No," replied the child, with the dry voice which fever gives.

"Dost thou wish a pistol, some marbles—a crossbow?"

"No," repeated the little voice, clearly and almost cruelly.

And to all that they said to him, to all the jumping jacks, to all the balloons that they promised him, the little voice—while the parents looked at each other in despair—responded: "No." "No." "No!"

"But what dost thou wish, my Francois?" asked the mother. "Let us see; there is certainly something thou wouldst like to have. Tell it, tell it me! to me, thy mother!" And she laid her cheek on the pillow of the sick boy and whispered this softly in his ear as if it was a secret. Then the child, with an odd accent, straightening himself up in his bed and stretching out his hand eagerly toward some invisible thing, replied suddenly in an ardent tone, at the same time supplicating and imperative:

"I want Boum-Boum!"

Boum-Boum!

Poor Madeleine threw a frightened look toward her husband. What did the little one say? Was it the delirium, the frightful delirium, which had come back again?

Boum-Boum!

She did not know what that meant, and she was afraid of these singular words which the child repeated with a sickly persistence, as if, not having dared until now to formulate his dream, he grasped the present time with invincible obstinacy.

"Yes, Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum! I want Boum-Boum!"

The mother had seized Jacques' hand and spoke very low, as if demented.

"What does that mean, Jacques? He is lost!"

But the father had on his rough, workingman's face a smile almost happy, but astonished, too; the smile of a condemned man who foresees a possibility of liberty.

Boum-Boum! He remembered well the morning of Easter Monday when he had taken Francois to the circus. He had still in his ears the child's outbursts of joy, the happy laugh of the amused boy, when the clown, the beautiful clown all spangled with gold and with a great gilded butterfly sparkling, many colored, on the back of his black costume, skipped across the track, gave the trip to a rider or held himself motionless and stiff on the sand, his head down and his feet in the air. Or again he tossed up to the chandelier some soft, felt hats which he caught adroitly on his head, where they formed, one by one, a pyramid; and at each jest, like a refrain brightening up his intelligent and droll face, he uttered the same cry, repeated the same word, accompanied now and then by a burst from the orchestra, Boum-Boum!

Boum-Boum! and each time that it rang out, Boum-Boum, the audience burst out into hurrahs and the little one joined in with his hearty little laugh. Boum-Boum! It was this Boum-Boum, it was the clown of the circus, it was this favorite of a large part of the city that little Francois wished to see and to have and whom he could not have and could not see, since he was lying here without strength in his white bed.

In the evening Jacques Legrand brought the child a jointed clown, all stitched with spangles, which he had bought in a passageway and which was very expensive. It was the price of four of his working days! But he would have given twenty, thirty, he would have given the price of a year's labor to bring back a smile to the pale lips of the sick child.

The child looked at the plaything a moment as it glistened on the white cover of the bed, then said sadly:

"It is not Boum-Boum! I want to see Boum-Boum!"

Ah! if Jacques could have wrapped him up in his blankets, could have carried him to the circus, could have shown him the clown dancing under the lighted chandelier and have said to him, Look! He did better, Jacques, he went to the circus, demanded the address of the clown, and timidly, his legs shaking with fear, he climbed, one by one, the steps which led to the apartment of the artist at Montmartre. It was very bold this that Jacques was going to do. But after all the comedians go to sing and recite their monologues in drawing rooms, at the houses of the great lords. Perhaps the clown—oh, if he only would—would consent to come and say goodby to Francois. No matter, how would they receive him, Jacques Legrand here at Boum-Boum's house?

He was no longer Boum-Boum! He was M. Moreno, and, in the artistic dwelling, the books, the engravings, the elegance was like a choice decoration around the charming man who received Jacques in his office like that of a doctor.

Jacques looked, but did not recognize the clown, and turned and twisted his felt hat between his fingers. The other waited. Then the father excused himself. "It was astonishing what he came there to ask; it could not be pardon, excuse. But, in short, it was concerning the little one. A nice little one, monsieur. And so intelligent! Always the first at school except in arithmetic, which he did not understand. A dreamer, this little one, do you see? Yes, a dreamer. And the proof, wait, the proof."

Jacques now hesitated, stammered; but he gathered up his courage and said brusquely:

"The proof is that he wishes to see you, that he thinks only of you, and that you are there before him like a star which he would like to have and that he looks"——

When he had finished, the father was deadly pale, and he had great drops on his forehead. He dared not look at the clown who remained with his eyes fixed on the workman. And what was he going to say, this Boum-Boum? Was he going to dismiss him, take him for a fool and put him out the door?

"You live?"

"Oh, very near! Street of the Abessess."

"Come!" said the other. "Your boy wants to see Boum-Boum? Ah, well, he is going to see Boum-Boum."

* * * * * * *

When the door opened and showed the clown, Jacques Legrand cried out joyfully to his son:

"Francois, be happy, child! See, here he is, Boum-Boum!"

A look of great joy came over the child's face. He raised himself on his mother's arm and turned his head toward the two men who approached, questioning, for a moment, who it was by the side of his father—this gentleman in an over coat, whose good, pleasant face he did not know.

When they said to him, "it is Boum-Boum!" he slowly fell back on the pillow and remained there, his eyes fixed, his beautiful large, blue eyes which looked beyond the walls of the little room and were always seeking the spangles and the butterfly of Boum-Boum, like a lover who pursues his dream.

"No," replied the child with a voice which was no longer dry, but full of despair, "no, it is not Boum-Boum."

The clown, standing near the little bed, threw upon the child an earnest look, very grave, but of an inexpressible sweetness.

He shook his head, looked at the anxious father, the grief stricken mother, and said, smiling, "He is right, this is not Boum-Boum!" and then he went out.

"I cannot see him, I will never see Boum-Boum any more!" repeated the child whose little voice spoke to the angels. "Boum Boum is perhaps there, there, where little Francois will soon go."

And suddenly—it was only half an hour since the clown had disappeared—the door opened quickly and in his black, spangled clothes, his yellow cap on his head, the gilded butterfly on his breast and on his back, with a smile as big as the mouth of a money box and a powdered face, Boum-Boum, the true Boum-Boum, the Boum-Boum of the circus, the Boum-Boum of the popular neighborhood, the Boum-Boum of little Francois—Boum-Boum appeared.

Lying on his little white bed the child clapped his thin little hands, laughing, crying, happy, saved, with a joy of life in his eyes, and cried "bravo" with his seven-year gayety which all at once kindled up like a match.

"Boum-Boum! It is he, it is he, this time! Here is Boum-Boum! Long live Boum-Boum! Good day Boum-Boum."

And when the doctor came back he found seated by little Francois' bedside a clown with a pale face who made the little one laugh again and again, and who said to the child while he was stirring a piece of sugar into a cup of medicine:

"Thou knowest if thou dost not drink, little Francois, Boum-Boum will not come back any more."

So the child drank.

"Is it not good?"

"Very good! Thanks, Boum-Boum!"

"Doctor," said the clown to the doctor, "do not be jealous. It seems to me that my grimaces will do him as much good as your prescriptions!"

The father and mother wept, but this time from joy.

Until little Francois was on his feet again a carriage stopped every day before the dwelling of a workman in the street of the Abessess, at Montmartre, and a man got out with a gay powdered face, enveloped in an overcoat with the collar turned back, and underneath it one could see a clown's costume.

"What do I owe you, monsieur?" said Jacques at last to the master clown when the child took his first walk, "for now I owe you something."

The clown stretched out his two soft, herculean hands to the parents.

"A shake of the hand!" said he.

Then placing two great kisses on the once more rosy cheeks of the child:

"And," laughing, "permission to put on my visiting card:

"BOUM-BOUM,
ACROBATIC DOCTOR AND PHYSICIAN IN ORDINARY TO LITTLE FRANCOIS."

—Translated from the French of Jules Claretie for Yankee Blade by Mary Stuart Symonds.

A General Failing.

It is rather unpleasant to hear a public speaker remark, "My friends—ur—I wish to say a few words—ur—on this occasion—ur." But then it should be remembered that to ur is human.—Boston Transcript.

It Rained Crawfish.

Friday people who were in the vicinity of the Union depot were surprised to find the ground covered with crawfish, and it is the general supposition that they fell with the heavy rain the night before, which came down very hard for awhile. Their appearance cannot be explained on the ground that they came up out of the earth, because for some distance south of the depot the ground is bedded with rock and covered with cinders. The most of them were an inch and a half long. If they fell with the rain they had probably been fished out of some large body of water by a cyclone and taken overland by the wind.—Cameron (Mo.) Observer.

An Awkward Interruption.

There was a moment of awkward uncertainly at the Haymarket during a recent performance of "Hamlet," when the least nervousness on the part of the actor or the folly of one person in the audience might have caused a panic.

The torch that Hamlet (Mr. Beerbohm Tree) uses had set fire to a small portion of the scenery, and Hamlet was soliloquizing in blissful unconsciousness of this fact when a gentleman in the stalls said quietly:

"There is a fire behind you, Mr. Tree."

With absolute tranquillity Hamlet turned and extinguished the flame and then went on with the play, interrupted only by the round of applause in which the audience naturally expressed their thanks.—London Tit-Bits.

A Bell Exhibit.

An exhibit of bells will be made at the World's fair by a large manufacturing concern in this country, and the firm is planning to display in it a reproduction of the Czar Kolokot (king of bells), the famous broken bell of Moscow, which is 22 feet in diameter and 21 feet 3 inches high, weighs 443,772 pounds and is used as a chapel.

Hard to Bear.

New Nurse—I'm goin to leave when me week is up, mum.

Mistress—Dear me! What's the matter?

New Nurse—Please, mum, your childrens is just gettin the measles, an all the other nurses cuts me dead.—New York Weekly.

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Has placed in stock this week, a fine line of lace curtains, bed spreads, embroideries, laces, ribbons, plain and bordered handkerchiefs, suspenders, corsets, gents' balbriggan, natural wool and Merino underclothing, boys' black and white; ladies' long sleeve and sleeveless vests and children's Merino vests, gents' red damask, table oil cloths, window shades of many styles, all waists from 25c. to 45c., gents' dress and working shirts, table linens, napkins, turkey red damask, 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.

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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 route 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 running on this route are vestibuled 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 their appointments as to convenient and comfortable, in arrangement and so complete in every detail that they have no superior in comfort and elegance. The dining car service is presided over 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 6:35 p. m., and St. Paul at 1:30 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 C. F. McNeill, C. T. A., Minneapolis, Minn., and to C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill. 1-15-1y

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, 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, Lelie Hodson, Blanch Hodson, Lavina McCormick, W. H. McCormick, S. J. Billington, G. W. Billington, W. H. Hodson, Ella Hodson, Dr. Thompson and A. C. Free, 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 2214 25-100, together with interest thereon, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from June 23d, 1892, and the further sum of $1.00 as attorney's fees and costs and disbursements of said suit, taxed at $30 45-100, and costs and expenses of sale, and if any residue remain, also 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 in all with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, from the 16th 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 south quarter being the north half of the south east quarter of section 1 and the fractional section 25 in township 8, south range 1 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 191 and 64-100 acres of land less, 17½ acres of 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 sum of Twelve 25-100 dollars with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent. per 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 before 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 68 rods; thence south 14 rods; thence west 68 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 20 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 5⅝ 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

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 served in first-class style

Twenty-five cents per meal

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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.

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As a general family remedy for dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever see 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.