An Estimate of Daubigny.

Daubigny brought into landscape art greater freshness and spontaneity than had yet been seen, and his work first seizes you by its force, and then charms you. As poems of nature thrown off in the heat of passion and feeling, so his works affect you, and continue to do so the more they are studied. "He painted better than he knew" when with palette knife and brush he dashed in effects instantaneously, and one wonders how so much can be expressed by such slight means.

He was among the first "impressionists," and "realism" was one of his mottoes, but how different his art from that too often called by these names today. It was not the coarse materiality, the surface qualities and the bare optical effect alone that he sought to render. He penetrated deeper, and the surface was always the outgrowth and expression of a spiritual center. The thing and the thought, the spirit and the matter, were equally balanced, and never did he put a touch of color to canvas that had not first passed, no matter how rapidly, through his own spiritual self.—Century.

Telling the Time of Night by the "Dipper."

A fairly reliable time indicator, it is stated, can be found in the northern skies on every cloudless night. As is generally known, the group of fixed stars called the "dipper" makes an apparent revolution around the north star in every twenty-four hours, with the two stars forming the outer elevation of the bowl of the dipper pointing nearly directly to the polar star continuously; if, therefore, the position of the "pointers" is taken at any given hour, say 6 o'clock in the evening in winter time, and as soon as it is dark in the summer, the hours can thereafter be pretty accurately measured by the eye during the night.

Frequent observations of position will have to be made at the given hour, as, owing to the constant changing of the earth's position in space, the position of the "pointers" in relation to one's point of observation and the star also change. In this way observations taken during a year and impressed on the mind make a very fair time indicator of that part of celestial space.—New York Sun.

A Wee Weather Prophet.

Little Boy—Do you think it's going to rain?

Little Sister—Did pa take his umbrella?

Little Boy—No.

Little Sister—Yes, it's goin to wain

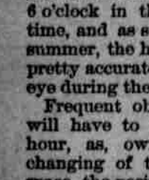
STARTLING FACTS!

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggests the best remedy: Alphonso Hempling, of Butler, Pa., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance, Dr. Miles' Great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. R. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., and J. D. Taylor, of Logansport, Ind., each gained 20 pounds from taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vistula, Ind., was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions a day, and much headache, dizziness, backache, and nervous prostration, by one bottle. Daniel Myers, Brooklyn, Mich., says his daughter was cured of insanity of ten years' standing. Trial bottles and fine book of marvelous cures, FREE at druggists. This remedy contains no opiates.

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

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

Sold by D J. Fry, druggist, Salem.



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Have fewer parts, and are therefore less likely to get out of order than any other gas or gasoline engines now built. Just light the burner, turn the wheel, and it runs all day.

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

KHAMSIN.

Oh, the wind from the desert blew in! Khamsin,
The wind from the desert blew in!
It blew from the heart of the fiery south,
From the fervid sand and the hills of drought,
And it kissed the land with its scorching mouth—
The wind from the desert blew in!

It blasted the buds on the almond bough,
And it shriveled the fruit on the orange tree;
The wizened dervish breathed no vow,
So weary and parched was he.
The lean muezzin could not cry;
The dogs ran mad and bayed the sky;
The hot sun shone like a copper disk,
And prone in the shade of an obelisk
The water carrier sank with a sigh,
For limp and dry was his water skin—
And the wind from the desert blew in.

The camel crouched by the crumbling wall,
And oh, the pitiful moan it made!
The minarets, taper and slim and tall,
Reeled and swam in the brazen light,
And prayers went up by day and night,
But thin and drawn were the lips that prayed.
The river writhed in its slimy bed,
Shrunk to a tortuous, turbid thread;
The burnt earth cracked like a clown rind—
And still the wind, the ruthless wind Khamsin,
The wind from the desert blew in.

Into the cool of the mosque it crept,
Where the poor sought rest at the Prophet's shrine;
Its breath was fire to the jasmine vine;
It fevered the brow of the maid who slept;
And men grew haggard with revel of wine.
The tiny fledglings died in the nest;
The sick babe gasped at the mother's breast;
Then a rumor rose and swelled and spread
From a tremulous whisper, faint and vague,
Till it burst in a terrible cry of dread—
The plague! The plague! The plague!
Oh, the wind Khamsin,
The scourge from the desert blew in!

—Clinton Scollard in Century.

ANTRIM'S DEATH.

There is an intoxication in the shedding of human blood that is fortunately given to but few men to know. Some men are more susceptible to it than others—just as some men degenerate more rapidly into drunkards by the drinking of wine than others. This blood drunkenness is not war. Soldiers seldom know it. In war when you feel your bayonet sink to the shank in the soft yielding breast of another, or drop a man with a bullet, you lose interest in the man you have killed and jerk out your bayonet or load your rifle for another. Blood drunkenness is merely killing for the sake of killing.

A hundred years ago this blood drunkenness was recognized by the law prohibiting butchers from serving as jurymen. It is still recognized on our frontiers, where the restraints of law are not so rigorous as in populous communities. A half score years ago it was more common than at present. There were but few sections then but had their blood dipsomaniacs.

New Mexico had one, and his name was Billy Antrim. Had he been an ancient Greek instead of being an American, mythology would have made his cruel ferocity immortal. He was only a boy when he got his first taste of blood. When death overtook him he was but twenty-three, yet he was known to have killed more men than there were years in his age. All but his mother rejoiced at his death as if a pestilence had been staid.

There was another woman, though, that rejoiced to see his body fester and swell and blacken. Still, the dead man had loved her, and she had lived with him as a wife lives with a husband, yet it was not for jealousy she killed him. Before she had met him she had loved another man. His name was Charley Clancy. He was foreman of the H-B Cattle company, on the Rio Grande, near Tulerosa. The people along the river called it the H bar B outfit. He, too, was a young man just from the east, with no more business to be in New Mexico at that time than a preacher has in purgatory.

When he had first met the girl it was in Las Cruces—that strange little town near the Mexican line whose history runs back to the Spanish conquest. He was young and green, and perhaps homesick, and it was not long before he was in love with this girl of alien race, for she was a Mexican. After that he found the ranch more and more lonesome and Las Cruces more and more pleasant. Home could not have been more desirable. When a man is in love and his love is returned by a beautiful girl, with her presence any place is heaven. It was so in this case, and Clancy's visits to Las Cruces became very frequent.

One day while he was there there was a prisoner brought into town whose presence created more excitement than if he had been the governor of the territory, for it was this man Billy Antrim. Every one crowded to see the desperado, and with them went Clancy, for no man was ever more feared or more noted for his ferocity. So great was the terror inspired by his deeds that when his trial came there were few men who would serve as jurors. Among those who did serve was Charley Clancy. He was young and green, and they made him foreman of the jury. When the girl—you need not know her name, for it is that of a good family, as good as your own perhaps, and besides she, too, is dead now and it would avail you nothing—well, when she learned this she implored Clancy, in her terror, to withdraw, but he only smiled at her fears and answered her tears with kisses. She was a native of the country and he a stranger, but, boylike, he thought he knew it all.

When the trial was ended and the death sentence imposed, for that was the only verdict possible, Clancy returned to his ranch and his cattle, promising the girl not to be long absent. While he was gone the man whose death he had voted for escaped prison. The judge who had presided at the trial in his terror left the county and went to Sante Fe to be safe, and the girl wrote to Clancy to be on his guard and come to her at once. Womanlike, she thought that while with her no danger could reach him. He received the letter, and manlike thought it would not do to leave his ranch as if in fear. The judge who went to Sante Fe was old enough to be his grandfather. At any other time Clancy would have been only too glad to have gone to the girl at Las Cruces.

While he waited and debated when it would do to go to her, one morning there rode up to his door two men, and one of them was Antrim. When he saw them it was too late for Clancy to attempt to arm himself. All he could do was to answer their questions and submit to becoming their prisoner. The men took their lariats and tied him in front of his door to a post, and then Antrim told him that he intended to kill him. Clancy knew the man too well to ask for mercy. If he was to be killed he would meet death like a man. It was hard, though, to leave the girl without one word of parting. If he had only heeded her letter.

When he was tied so that he could not move hand or foot, Antrim walked off twenty or thirty paces, and drawing his revolver called Clancy's attention to his right wrist and fired. Clancy could no longer feel that below that wrist he had a hand. When he tried to move his fingers the muscles seemed to have grown suddenly numb.

Antrim laughed and asked him what he thought of such marksmanship. The boy did not answer. A new hope, though, had come into his breast. They would not kill him outright, merely maim him, and with the girl to help him he would not mind that. Anything but separation from her.

Then Antrim spoke to him again and fired, and the same numb feeling came into his left hand below the wrist, where he had felt the second pistol ball crush through the bone and sinew. But he did not wince. Surely this man who looked so boyish and innocent would be satisfied with this much in revenge and now show him mercy.

If Charley Clancy had not been fresh from the east he would know that this was "pointing" a man to death—an old method of torture caught from the Indians. But now a white man was doing it. There are but few instances where white white men have tried their hands at it, though it is very simple. All that there is to do is to shoot a man as many times as possible without killing him, until you are tired of the sport and willing that he should die.

The first time it was ever tried by by one white man on another was on the Union Pacific railroad. They still point out the station to you. It is Julesburg. Clancy, though, was not long enough in the west to have even heard of it. Before the day was done he learned it all, though. Shot after shot Antrim put into his arms and legs until you could have twisted them like a piece of rubber hose in any direction you desired. Between the shots he and his companion would smoke their cigarettes and rest and divide the plunder they had taken from the house. And Clancy would faint with pain and weakness as the hot sun beat down on him. Sometimes he would not regain consciousness until Antrim had fired two or three shots in succession into his body. He never showed the white feather, though. When he found out that it was too late to hope for life, even if the best surgeons in christendom stood ready to care for his wounds, he simply thought of the girl and cursed in his scorn the cowardice of the man who was murdering him.

Everything must have an end, though. So it is with "pointing." When the day had nearly passed away and the sun was sinking in the west, leaving the lonely house on the unbroken mesa in darkness, Antrim grew tired of the sport and told Clancy so, and while telling it he emptied his revolver into the stomach and bowels of the man tied to the stake. Then he and his comrade saddled their horses, and Clancy, dying as he was, wondered if they were going to leave him to the night and darkness, when the coyotes, attracted by his blood, would come to continue the work that day had seen begun. His mind was still clear, and when Antrim walked toward him he tried to curse him for the coward he was, until Antrim, placing his pistol against Clancy's teeth, forced the muzzle into his mouth and pulled the trigger; and then the day's work was over.

There was no concealment about it. Every one in New Mexico knew what Charley Clancy had died for, but few men spoke of it above their breath. The judge who went to Santa Fe staid there. No man cared to meet Antrim. There was only one officer in the territory who had the courage to make the attempt to apprehend him, but so well did the murderer conceal his movements that it was impossible to follow him. Reward after reward was offered, yet no one cared to earn them.

When Clancy's body was found it was taken into Las Cruces and buried in the little graveyard where the girl's forefathers for generations back had been buried. Through it all the girl did not break down as most women would. People said she was cold, though at evening she would come with her beads and pray by the new made grave until darkness came.

One day she was missing; no one knew whither she had gone. Soon, though, rumors returned that she was in the different frontier towns among the Americans as one of the public dancing girls. She was beautiful and had no lack of lovers. She seemed to be without fear, and no matter how desperate the men with whom her lot was cast, she never quailed. The Americans called her la leona—the lioness.

Where men squandered the money gained by robbery and murder in wild orgies, in which men fought and killed each other like mad animals, she was always cool and unexcited. The wilder the crowd, the worse the men who composed it, apparently the more she enjoyed it. Her beauty was so great that many men, even among the Americans, offered to make her a wife, but she only smiled and refused all with a gentleness that made them wonder that one in her position could display it. When she was at the height of her popularity she disappeared. No one knew whither, although some said she had left to join a band of desperadoes near the Arizona line.

Wherever it was, nothing was seen of her for months, and then one day she returned home, but only a shadow of her former self. At first her father would not permit her to enter the house, while her mother cried and embraced her as if she had returned from the dead. Then the father, too, relented. Perhaps, he thought, it would after all be for but a short time, and it would be better that she should die at home than as an outcast. She seemed impassive and indifferent to all. When night came she went to the little graveyard and prayed over the grave that still was the newest.

Where she had spent the months of her absence she never told. To all questions she gave an evasive answer. It was said by some that her return home was due to the breaking up and scattering by the authorities of the band of desperadoes with whom it was rumored she had consorted. Stung by the rumor, her mother had one day asked her to deny it, but the girl had only dropped her head on her mother's breast and sobbed as she had never done since the day she had seen Clancy's body consigned to the earth.

Several times she had received messages, but from whom no one knew. Even to her mother, who alone spoke to her, she declined to tell. One day she received one of these messages, and that night after she had gone to her lover's grave she went to the house of the sheriff, who was the only officer that dared to follow Clancy's murderer. When she returned he was with her, and passing through the dimly lighted patio she led him to her room and placed him where he could not be seen in the darkness, and then she lay down in her bed and waited in the darkness as the hours passed until there was a tap at the window. The house was so quiet that it seemed to echo like a pistol shot, but she arose, and going to the window opened it and let a man enter, who threw his arms about her and kissed her passionately and spoke regretfully of the time they had been separated.

The room was very dark, and as she led him from the window toward the bed where the other man crouched hid she could almost feel her heart beat. The man whose arm was around her waist noticed her tremble and drew her more closely to him. When they reached the bed she drew herself gently from his arm and lay down. She fancied that she could hear the man who was concealed breathing as she lay between him and the man who had just entered. The air of the room seemed to stifle her, as if laden with death.

Then she turned and spoke to the man who had entered, telling him to light a match, so that he would not make any noise by striking the furniture, and when he demurred that it might not be safe she answered him that as the village was asleep no one could see him. For a moment he hesitated, and then he struck a match and the tiny spark grew into a blaze, showing the room plain and distinct. Only for an instant, though, for then there leaped out across the bed on which the girl lay a jet of fire, and the man who held the match fell to the ground without a groan.

The air of the room grew thick with the smell of powder, and through the house could be heard voices calling in affright, but in the room no one stirred or uttered a word. The girl was wondering if the man who had fallen was dead or only wounded, and the man who had shot him remained quiet, fearing that after all his shot might have failed him. It was only when the door of the room was opened from without and the light showed a dead outstretched figure on the ground that he came forth, and then the girl rose from the bed and gazed coolly down on the body of the man who had murdered her lover.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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

Cruel, Cruel.

To its victims is that inexorable foe to human peace, that destroyer of rest and frequent termination of human life—rheumatism. Like many another physical ills, it is easily remediable at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which expels the rheumatic virus from the blood through the kidneys. There exists the amplest evidence to prove that in cases that have resisted other treatment the Bitters have produced thorough and permanent results. But to temporize with this malady is folly. Attack it at once with the Bitters and it may be nipped in the bud. When mature it is the most obstinate of complaints. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia, neuralgia, incipient gout, constipation, malaria, and liver complaint beat a hasty retreat when the Bitters is summoned to the rescue. A wineglassful three times a day.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." Carlos Martyn, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." Edwin F. Pardee, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York.

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.

Methodist Episcopal.—Services on Sabbath at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday school at 12; Epworth Leagues at 6:45; 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, pastor, 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.

The Church of God.—Holds religious services in the Good Templer's hall Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. Sundays at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Elder N. N. Mathews, 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 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.

German Baptist.—Services in German Baptist church north of Cottage street. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. Evening service at 7:30. Rev. John Fechter, 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. Muelhaupt, 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.

Unitarian Church.—Devotional meeting at 11:30 a. m. Sunday school at 12 m. every Sunday until September 1st. All invited.

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

German Lutheran.—North Cottage St. Services on 1st and 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p. m. Rev. G. E. Meyer 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.

Temperance gospel meetings 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.

NOTICE.

I wish to say to my customers in the lumber trade that I have resigned my position in the Inman, Poulsen & Co. lumber yard here, but still ask the patronage of the contractors, and I will try to make it to every ones interest to call on me and get my prices before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee as good lumber as is in Oregon and will as ever treat you white.

N. N. MATHEWS.

Wood Saw.

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Dr. H. Smith is now sole agent in Oregon for the sale of Marshall's Electro Magnetic rods for locating mines of Gold or Silver. This instrument has become the most efficient force in detecting the presence of Gold and Silver deposits whether in the form of hidden ledge or quartz rock. The maker claims that a careful investigation is sure to lead one to the exact locality of the treasure. For further information please address

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A good substantial meal cooked in first-class style.

Twenty-five cents per meal.

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Leave orders at G. Stolz, 14 State street, Goodhue & Cahill, 95 State street, or at the yard, opposite State Prison

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. B. FORREST,
Administrator.

July 19, 1892 7-21-5t

Bids Wanted.

SEALED bids will be received by the County Clerk of Marion county, until Wednesday, September 7, 1892, at 2 o'clock p. m., for keeping paupers at the county poor farm of Marion county. For particulars inquire of county clerk or judge. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

8-9-4w dw W. H. EGAN, Clerk.

Bids for Wood.

SEALED bids will be received by the County Clerk of Marion county, until Wednesday, September 7th, at 2 o'clock p m., for 50 cords of good pole oak and 50 cords of good, straight, clear old body fir wood to be delivered at the court house in Salem. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

8-9-4w-dw W. H. EGAN, Clerk.

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A number of trios of this springs Plymouth Rock, Black Langshan, White Leghorn, and Partridge Cochins, all thoroughbred stock. Buy early, save express charges and get the pick of the season. $2 to $5 per trio, boxed for shipment. Address

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THE NEW YORK RACKET

Has placed in stock this week, a fine line of lace curtains, bed spreads, embroideries, laces, ribbons, sets, black and white; ladies' long sleeve and sleeveless vests and children's Merino vests, gents' balbriggan, natural wool and Merino underclothing, boys waists from 25c. to 45c., gents' dress and working shirts, table linens, napkins, turkey red damask, cheap; boy's and men's pants, overalls and jackets, a large lot of linen towels and linen crash, good, table oil cloths, window shades of many styles, all 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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THE WATCHMAKER

215½ Commercial St., Salem, Oregon (Next door to Klein's.) Specialty of Spectacles, and repairing Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.

THE WILLAMETTE

SALEM, OREGON.

Rates, $2.50 to $5.00 per Day.

The best hotel between Portland and San Francisco. First-class in all its appointments. Its tables are served with

Choicest Fruits

Grown in the Willamette Valley.

A. I. WAGNER, Prop.

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GERMAN MARKET,

123 State St.

Free delivery. All kinds of meat and sausage. Low prices. Old patrons are requested to close accounts and renew business.

FOR SALE!

CHOICE TRACTS FOR SUBURBAN HOMES AND FRUIT GARDENS,

Within one-half mile of two electric street car lines and fair grounds station and post office. Only two and one-quarter miles from the center of Salem. Healthy, beautiful location, soil extra good, well drained and rich. Price low and terms easy.

8-10-tf H. W. COTTLE.

FOR SALE.

Absolutely - Safe - Investment.

$10,000 FOR $6,000

The new two-story brick store building and ground occupied by Geo. F. Smith, Commercial street. For sale for $6,000 if taken soon. It pays 10 per cent. on the amount, and will be worth $10,000 in less than five years.

8-10-tf H. W. COTTLE.

Sealed Bids for a Bridge.

BY ORDER of the County Court of Marion county, Oregon, sealed proposals, diagrams, and bids for a wagon bridge across the North Santiam river, at Mill City, Marion county, Oregon, will be received by the clerk of said court until Friday, september, 9, 1892, at 9 a. m. said day. Said bridge to be sixteen feet in the clear, covered and painted, and to be located at one of two proposed sites, one of which site is immediately below and the other above the railroad bridge at said place.

Separate bids will be received for each of said locations, and for the location above said railroad bridge the bid will be for a wagon bridge exclusive of the approaches on the north side of said river. Separate bids will also be received for said bridge exclusive of the lumber, the county furnishing all lumber on the ground and the contractor furnishing all other material. Each bidder will be required to deposit with his bid 5 per cent. of the amount of such bid to abide the result of the awarding of the contract as by law required and provided.

Said court reserves the right to reject any and all bids received under the said order.

8-9 1d W. H. EGAN, Clerk.

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 one 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 vestibuled and 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 so 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 1:30 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 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

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company's steamship line. 225 miles shorter, 36 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	1:30 P M
Arrive Yaquina	5:00 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 line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Passenger and Freight Rates Always the Lowest. For information apply to Messrs HULMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 200 and 202 Front st., Portland, Or.

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

C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass., Agt. Oregon Development Co., 306 Montgomery st.

$500 Reward

Le Richau's GOLDEN BALSAM

Le Richau's Golden Balsam No. 1 Cures Chancres, first and second stages, Sores on the Legs and Body; Sore Ears, 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 $3 50 per Bottle.

Le Richau's Golden Spanish Injection, for severe cases of Gonorrhœa, Inflammatory Gleet, Strictures, &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—Nervine and Brain treatment; loss of physical power, excess or over-work, Prostration, etc. Price $3 00 per Bottle.

Tonic and Nervine.

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