Owls and Farmers.

Many years ago Gilbert White described the barn owl beating the fields like a setter dog, ever and again dropping into the grass or corn when a rat, mouse, vole or shrew was caught sight of, though, as this species, unless disturbed, will seldom leave its retreat until after sunset, its usefulness is not generally observed. The snowy owl (Nyctea scandica) in America may be observed sitting for hours on the summit of a tree, swooping down every now and again on a mouse, the base of the stump being after a few days of this sport littered with the little pelts and bones of its quarry.

Waterton was also indignant at the farmers blaming the barn owl for destroying the eggs of pigeons, the rats, to which it is an enemy, being the real offenders.

Hawks are, however, not blameless as regards pigeons and birds even more sacred. But some of the species of occipitres, the kestrel among others, feed more upon mice than upon birds.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Danger Cries of Animals.

The approach of danger is expressed by a universally intelligible cry. The bluetit has a peculiar sound, "iss," so indicative of fear and terror that when heard the wood is silent in an instant. It is said that she often utters it from pure love of mischief.

"Every bird," says Bechstein, "has received from nature the power of uttering a song or certain sound by which it can communicate its desires to other birds. The chaffinch's call varies with its feelings; when on the wing it is 'Eyak! Eyak!' Its expression of joy is 'Fink! Fink!' If angry it makes the same call more quickly, and 'Trief! Trief!' is a sign of tenderness or melancholy. The raven calls out 'Graab! Graab!' slowly or rapidly, as its emotions change."—Troy Times.

He Knew a Thing or Two.

Anaxagoras, the Athenian philosopher, who flourished in the Fifth century before Christ, taught his scholars that wind was air set in motion by rarefaction; that the moon owed her lightgiving properties to the sun; that the rainbow was the resulting phenomena of reflection; that comets were wandering stars, and that the fixed stars were at an immeasurable distance beyond the sun, besides giving them many other ideas thought to belong to more modern times.—St. Louis Republic.

A bandmaster in Germany was imprisoned three months for calling Emperor William a "flour sack," which we are told means the same in American slang as "stuff." But what would Billy have done to the bandmaster if he had called him a "stuffed prophet?"

STARTLING FACTS!

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggests the best remedy: Alphonso Hempfling, 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., 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.

NERVE & LIVER PILLS
Act on a new principle—regulate the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. Dr. Miles' Pills specially cure biliousness, torpid liver and constipation. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples free at druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.
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HERCULES Gas and Gasoline ENGINES
Have fewer parts, and are therefore less likely to get out of order than any other gas or gasoline engines now built. Just light the burner, turn the wheel, and it runs all day.
MAKES NO SMELL OR DIRT.
No double or false explosions, so frequent with the unreliable spark.
For Simplicity It Beats the World.
It Oils Itself Automatically,
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It runs with a Cheaper Grade of Gasoline than any Other Engine.
FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS APPLY TO
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GOD BLESS YOU!

The phrase is trite; the insincere
And heartless glibly use it,
And often hypocrites austere
To aid their projects choose it;
But when 'tis spoken from the heart,
While griefs and cares oppress you,
The sun appears, the clouds depart—
That common phrase, God bless you!

Life often is a dreary road,
Where thorns and briers beset you,
And while you stagger 'neath your load
Small troubles sting and fret you.
It lights the eye and dries the tear
When all these ills distress you,
If from a friendly voice you hear
The common phrase, God bless you!

And often when the heart would speak
Its impulse sweet and tender,
And other words are all too weak
Its meanings deep to render,
Or gratitude a medium seeks
In which it would address you,
Then in the phrase a volume speaks—
The common phrase, God bless you!
—Cape Cod Item.

THE SKENE-DHU.

"Better let the girl go, Arthur. I would not worry myself about her if I were you. If she prefers the other fellow you can never make her transfer her affection by running after her. Besides, such conduct on your part would be unmanly and utterly unmanly in a Macgregor."

"Who's going to run after her? I simply state that I intend to be present at the ball tomorrow night, and you intimate that I shall be running after Helen Jamison! I cannot help it if she chooses to go. At these public charity balls anybody of average respectability, with the ability to pay five dollars for admission, is welcome, I suppose, and I have no doubt that that valuable institution, the Asylum for Office Seekers' Widows, or whatever it is, will be benefited to the extent of five dollars from the pocketbook of Jamison pere for his daughter's ticket."

"Well, Arthur, I am glad you are not going to make a fool of yourself. From what you say, I imagine Miss Jamison does not look upon you with such favor as we thought. Is Sam Bangs going to take her to the ball?"

"How the deuce should I know?" responded Arthur, with sudden ferocity, and I did not say any more.

Arthur Macgregor was my chum, and I knew his disposition so well that I could forgive his little ebullition of temper, especially when I knew that I had given him ample provocation. My regard for him was fully returned, I know, but he often used to say, when speaking of me, that Ned Pierce could say aggravating things in a cold blooded way that would dangerously strain the strongest ties of friendship. Perhaps Arthur was right, but I am sure it was unintentional on my part.

"I shall go in costume," Arthur announced after a pause, during which we had both smoked so vigorously that my little den looked more like the private room of a German student than the business office of a respectable rising young lawyer.

"As a Highlander, I suppose, Arthur," said I, waving my hand to dispel the smoke, so that I could look at his face.

"Of course. I have the dress, and I feel more at home in a plaidie and kilt than in anything else, except an ordinary coat and vest."

The ball, which was to bring to a close the fair held for the benefit of a deserving charity, was to be the social event of the season. While not absolutely a fancy dress gathering, it was left to the option of those attending whether they appeared in costume or in evening dress. Many of the gentlemen had signified their intention of going in fancy costumes, while it was understood that most of the ladies would appear only in the gorgeous productions of the modern modiste.

Arthur Macgregor, though an American, prided himself on his blue blooded Scottish descent. The Macgregors of the olden time had been terrible fellows, who took a prominent part in the Border war, with the Douglases and others of that ilk, and who, with claymore and targe, led their neighbors a sad life of it when they took it into their heads to organize a sheep stealing expedition, or to avenge some real or fancied affront offered to their clan.

"What do you think of my costume?" asked Arthur, as he showed himself to me before we started for the ball on the following evening. "Do you think I should have passed muster if I had lived in the Sixteenth century, when the Macgregors were a power in the bonny land of cakes?"

I was obliged to admit that he did look well. A tall, handsome fellow, with a massive, sinewy frame, of which his legs, bare at the knee, were somehow the most conspicuous portion, the picturesque dress of a Highlander suited him exactly. From the tip of the long, raven black feather in his bonnet to the heels of his buckled shoes he looked every inch a Scotch warrior.

"What is that in your stocking Arthur?" I asked.

He stooped and drew forth a narrow bladed dagger, fitted into a black hilt, with a white butt. The steel, though spotted here and there, as if the rust of blood from a foeman's heart had not been thoroughly removed, was still bright and gleaming. As Arthur flourished it in the gaslight it looked a murderous weapon, which would do terrible execution in the hand of a desperate man.

"Ah! this is one of the most precious heirlooms of my family. This knife is hundreds of years old. It was given to a Macgregor by Douglas himself, and there is a tradition that when one of our name is betrayed in love he can regain the affections of the maiden of his heart if he can manage to draw blood from her bosom with this knife."

"What a villainous idea! I am afraid that in this prosaic age such a proceeding would result in a very unromantic charge of felonious assault and battery instead of a fond reunion of two loving hearts," I remarked. "Was that heathenish dagger launched into existence with that mission and no other?"

"No. A weapon of this kind is part of every Highland warrior's equipment. It is called the skene-dhu—black knife. When the owner was hard pressed in combat, and could no longer use his sword, he drew his skene-dhu from his stocking and tried to turn the tide of battle by plunging the blade into his adversary."

"Very convenient."

"The skene-dhu was also used sometimes to give the fallen foe his coup de grace, and in the hunt it was employed to cut the throat of a stag which had been brought down by a bolt from a crossbow."

Arthur Macgregor turned the dagger over in his hands affectionately, as he described its uses, and then returned it to its nest in his stocking, where the white butt on the black handle looked like the evil eye of a Cyclopean imp in ambush.

An hour later Arthur and I entered the hall where the ball was in progress. I saw him look swiftly around, and then he marched to the upper end of the large room, where the stage, a mass of flags and evergreens, was occupied by the orchestra. Around the hall were the stalls in which fancy articles had been offered for sale during the past two weeks. Their contents had all been removed, and the stalls themselves converted into arbors, where, amid cool looking palms and artistically disposed flowers, the most delightful tete-a-tetes could be enjoyed by the tired dancers. Into one of these Arthur made his way, and there he sat, in solitary grandeur, glowering around the room and looking, I knew, for Miss Helen Jamison.

I had fallen in with a group of acquaintances and was talking the usual conventionalities about the tasty decoration of the hall, the prospects of a large attendance, the merits of the charity, the financial results of the fair and so on. Then a certain young lady sailed through the doorway with her brother, and as I had the best of feeling toward this same brother I took his sister off his hands and joined in the grand march just then forming. As we paraded slowly around the great hall to the strains of a selection from "Lohengrin," I looked at every couple as they passed us in the mazes of the march to see if Helen Jamison were there.

At last! Yes, there she is, and—leaning on the arm of Sam Bangs. But where was Arthur? Not in the arbor near the stage, where I had last seen him! Not among the promenaders! Not standing in that group of young men near the door—most of them in evening dress—watching the kaleidoscopic effect of the march, wherein the quaint costumes of the gentlemen and the rich party dresses of the ladies seemed in every instance so well matched! Not in the gallery, where many who did not care to dance had betaken themselves to enjoy a full view of the proceedings below! Where was he?

"Do you see her?" muttered a hoarse voice in my ear, as I was bending my head to speak to the lady on my arm through the music.

I turned with a start.

There at my elbow, his mighty frame trembling with passion as he kept step in the march, his face flushed, and his strong, white teeth savagely biting at his blond mustache, was Arthur Macgregor.

"Do you see her?" he repeated. "And him?"

As he spoke the black feather in his bonnet vibrated in sympathy with the tremor of hate that went through him like an electric current, and I saw the nervous fingers steal down toward the black hilt of the skene-dhu which, to my imagination, seemed to actually wink lawless encouragement with its white eye.

"Don't be a fool, Arthur," was my response, but he was gone.

As Helen Jamison passed and repassed me in the march I was obliged to admit that there was some excuse for Arthur Macgregor's mad love for her. A decided brunette, with the soft brown eyes that will play the deuce with an impressionable young man's heart—especially when the young man has Gaelic blood in his veins—cheeks in which the rich color comes and goes with every passing emotion, a tall, stately figure, carried with the easy grace born of perfect health and the lifelong drill of good breeding, and to crown all, a wealth of blue-black hair hanging above white shoulders in the classic coil so perfectly in keeping with her statuesque beauty.

What if the brown eyes could flash fire sometimes, while the color deepened in the fair cheeks? Just now she was smiling at some remark of her companion, and there appeared to be not a shadow upon her mind. To be sure I thought I could see signs of preoccupation in her manner, as if Mr. Bangs' conversation were not the only thing she desired in this life. But then I had had painful experience of Mr. Bangs' possibilities as a bore, and I did not wonder at Helen Jamison's attention occasionally wandering from his stream of small talk.

"Wonder if this quarrel between Arthur and Miss Jamison is as serious as he seems to think," I soliloquized as, after delivering my partner into the care of her brother, I strolled up into the gallery and sat by myself to gather strength for a waltz for which I had booked myself with a notoriously vigorous dancer. "I am sure she does not care anything for Sam Bangs. I guess it is only a lovers' quarrel, and that she and Arthur will be all right in the course of a few days."

As I made this philosophical reflection I glanced carelessly in the direction of the stage. The musicians were sitting quietly in their bower of foliage, turning over the leaves of their music and occasionally startling the company with fugitive toots of a few bars where they did not feel quite sure of a passage, or giving a violinist an "A," in a brotherly desire that his instrument should be in perfect tune.

But what is this? Yes, surely—Helen Jamison sitting in the little arbor near the stage, where Arthur Macgregor took up his position on our first entrance! Half hidden by the drooping fronds of the palms, she is looking around the hall, apparently for somebody. Perhaps for Sam Bangs, who, in his dress as a Revolutionary soldier, is wandering feebly over the floor, evidently wishing that he had not come in a costume wherein the trousers are cut off at the knees.

No! This is the person she wanted to see. I can tell that by her unconcerned manner, as Arthur Macgregor stalks up to the arbor, and after standing at the entrance for a few seconds, doffs his blue bonnet and enters.

From where I am sitting I can see into the arbor, though the two occupants are concealed from nearly everybody in the hall by the palms and flowers. She is seated in a chair facing me. He draws another in front of her, with his back to me. As he sits down I see the white on the hilt of the skene-dhu gleaming in a ray of light that streams through the foliage, and I think involuntarily of the tradition associated with the knife in the Macgregor family.

"I wish I could hear what they are saying," I say to myself. "I should not like to be an eavesdropper, but I am afraid of Arthur when he gets into one of those terrible moods of his. In his jealous frenzy he might even kill that girl."

I can see the large fan of Miss Jamison languidly waving to and fro as she apparently listens to what Arthur is saying. There is no doubt that he is desperately in earnest. His gesticulations show that. How that gentle movement of the fan must chafe him! If I could only see their faces! I do not know whether they are quarreling or not. Now he leans forward and takes her hand. She snatches it away. The fan stops waving. I see him bring his fist down on his knee, and then:

The skene-dhu!

Like a flash his fingers fly to the hilt of the "black knife." I see the white eye glistening in his murderous hand as he raises the weapon over the head of the helpless girl, and then I suddenly regain control of my paralyzed limbs!

I rush wildly down the stairs, half a dozen at a time, and fly along the hall toward the little arbor where a fearful tragedy is being enacted in the very midst of a festive gathering. I get a hasty glimpse of people staring at me in open mouthed surprise, of young men bestowing on me a supercilious grin, of promenading couples moving hastily out of my path. I hear the young men and the couples asking each other what is the matter with me! But I take no heed!

All I can see is the skene-dhu.

The terrible blade is still in his uplifted hand, while the girl sits quite still, evidently too frightened to move. I hear her voice saying something in low, broken accents. Then he flourishes the knife to make the death stab deep and sure.

I reach the arbor. Another second and my hand will clutch his arm.

Too late!

The glittering steel comes down like a flash of lightning and—turns into a fan.

There is a burst of silvery laughter from Miss Jamison as she takes the fan from his hand and says: "Thank you, Arthur. It is a very pretty present. You know my weakness for curiosities in fans. I will use this to kill off all the bores of my acquaintance."

"Beginning with Sam Bangs, I hope," puts in Arthur.

"You are a silly boy. Sam Bangs, indeed! Who will you be jealous of next? Show me once more how this spring is managed and do not talk nonsense."

As I turn away to look for my vigorous partner in the waltz just commencing, I have only breath enough for the incomplete sentence:

"Well, I'll be d——d."—George C. Jenks in Pittsburg Bulletin.

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.
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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 6:5; 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. M. 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. Matthews, 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 7:30 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. S. 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.

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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
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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.
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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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To its victims is that inexorable foe to human peace, that destroyer of rest a 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 has 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.

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.
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Everybody gets Charles Smith's steam wood saw, "The Rustler." Orders at 278 Front street.

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Notice to Contractors.

The board of Capitol Building commissioners invite sealed proposals for the construction of a water system and a system of protection against fire for the State Capitol. Specifications may be seen at the governor's office. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved. Bids will be opened at 2 o'clock p. m., Tuesday, August 23, 1892.
Sylvester Pennoyer,
Geo. W. McBride,
Phil. Metchan,
Board of Commissioners.
Wm. A. Munly, Clerk of Board. 8-16-td

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E. HOFER, Salem, Or.

Notice of Final Account.

To all whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Mary W. Hulton, deceased, has this day filed his final account as such administrator, with the clerk of the county court for Marion county, Oregon, and the judge of said court has fixed the 29th day of August 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m. at the county court room in the court house of said county, as the time and place for the hearing of any objections which there may be to said account and for the settlement thereof.
J. R. Forrest,
Administrator.
July 19, 1892 7-21-5t

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.
8-9-1w 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 12 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-tw W. H. Egan, Clerk.

For Sale.
320 Acres of good land, 80 acres under fence, with about [illegible] acres tillable, good farm and house, on reasonable terms. Address J. A. [illegible], P. O. Box 336, Salem, Or. 6-18-tf-dw

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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, 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, 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!

J. H. HAAS,
THE WATCHMAKER,
215½ Commercial St., Salem, Oregon. (Next door to Kleen'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 the
Choicest Fruits
Grown in the Willamette Valley.
A. I. WAGNER, Prop.

Chas. Wolz,
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, on Commercial street. For sale for $6,000, if taken soon. It pays 10 per cent. on that amount, and will be worth $10,000 in less than five years. H. W. COTTLE.
8-10-tf

Sealed Bids for a Bridge.

By order of the County Court of Marion county, Oregon, sealed plans, strain 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., of 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 said wagon bridge exclusive of the approach 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 said 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. M. 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 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 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. McSkill, 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, 24 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 . . . . . 8:00 P M
Leave Corvallis . . . . . 1:40 P M
Arrive Yaquina . . . . . 5:30 P M
Leave Yaquina . . . . . 6:40 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 HULLMAN & 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.

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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.

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