

Better than a Government Bond, higher rate of interest, indemnity in old age or at death. You cannot lose a dollar in a Massachusetts company. Cash and paid up values guaranteed each year. Mr. H. G. Colton, Gen'l Agent of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance company, is in the city and if you are thinking of carrying insurance he will be glad to see you. Call at the Willamette Hotel or at the office of

MITCHELL & LUNN, Resident Agents.

SELLING ORANGES AND LEMONS.

The Great Catalogues Which Herald the Qualities of the Fruit.

Perhaps the funniest styles of advertisement ever seen, in modern times at least, are the catalogues issued for the sale of Italian fruit when a cargo arrives at the Union stores or at the Mediterranean piers. As soon as all of the fruit is out of the hold the boxes of oranges and lemons are arranged in lots, according to their marks, in lines along the pier. Then one or more boxes are opened as samples, and a pretty sight they make. The warm, vivacious imagination at once displays itself in the gorgeous wrappings and adornments which help to set off the fruit. Rosettes of colored paper and metal are interspersed.

The packings are of varicolored papers and the higher classes of fruit are enveloped in gold or silver paper. Each box is set off with one or more of the distinctive marks of the shipper. Mighty queer marks some of these are. There are fighting cocks, ballet girls in all kinds of costumes, race horses and riders. One mark of this class bears the motto, "The Bard, Freddie Archer Up," the shipper evidently oblivious of the fact that Freddie Archer has long since joined the silent majority. There are archers with banded bows and rifles at the present. There is scarcely an idea that can be thought of, indicative of supreme excellence according to the Italian idea, that is not brought into requisition.

Among the boxes, armed with these catalogues of marks and the number of boxes, move the dark-eyed, swarthy fruit merchants of every grade. When all the fruit has been duly inspected and each buyer has made up his mind as to what lot or lots he will bid for, and marked his estimate of the value on his catalogue, the show ceases. Busy coopers set to work, the scattered lemons and oranges on the floor are replaced in the boxes, which are closed and coopered up. Then a rush is made across the East river to the sales room, which is situated on State street.

Here there is an immense crowd of vendors, and the bidding is sometimes fast and furious when a choice lot is up for sale. The purchaser of one box has the option of taking the entire lot, or as many as he wishes at that price. Fierce are the looks and gestures indulged in, and there is no better place to study the fiery Italian character than at these sales. Most of the buyers are well dressed men, evidently wholesale merchants in a more or less extensive way.

The amount of fruit discharged in Brooklyn during the year is enormous; every ship from the Mediterranean ports brings from 20,000 to 30,000 boxes, Brooklyn Eagle.

The "History of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain" came out when Prescott was forty-one, his "Conquest of Mexico" at forty-seven.

Tutt's Pills
CURE CONSTIPATION.
To enjoy health one should have regular evacuations every day or two hours. The evils, both mental and physical, resulting from constipation are many and serious. For the cure of this condition, Dr. J. C. Tuttle's Pills have gained a popularity never before attained. Elegantly sugar coated. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.
TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.
Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

STARTLING FACTS!
The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggestive list of ailments, which are the result of nervousness, is a warning to all who are afflicted with them. Dr. Miles' Great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. E. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., writes: "I was cured of all my ailments, including nervousness, indigestion, and general debility, by using Dr. Miles' Great Restorative Nervine. I feel like a new woman now." Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

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NERVE & LIVER PILLS
Act on a new principle—regulate the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. Dr. Miles' Pills are the only medicine that will cure all the ailments of the liver, stomach and bowels, including nervousness, indigestion, and general debility. Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

ANDERSON'S ELECTRIC BELT
LATEST PATENT. BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY. Will cure without medicine all the ailments resulting from nervousness, indigestion, and general debility. Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

THE GIG TO HIDE.
The giant Ferret, mentioned in more or less reliable histories as having been slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty-eight feet in height. While in the army he was forced to walk, there being no horse strong enough to bear him.—*Million.*

BEING A DOCTOR'S WIFE.

A Startling Experience with a Package That Needed to Be Kept on Ice.

The wife of a well known physician tells an amusing story of one of her early experiences soon after her marriage. "When I was a girl," she said, "I had the greatest dislike of the medical profession, and always said that I would never, under any circumstances, marry a doctor, and of course it was my fate to fall in love with a medical student who was absorbed in his profession."

After a rather long engagement, during which time Dr. S. had graduated and established a fairly good practice, we were married, and I moved to my new home in Y—, where there was quite a flourishing medical college, the head of which was an intimate friend of my husband. My dislike of the profession in general still continued, and whenever the two men were shut up in the library together I always imagined that they were discussing "horror stories," as I flippantly called their scientific researches.

"One afternoon, when Dr. S. was off on his rounds, a small boy presented himself with a curious looking oblong package with my husband's name on the wrapper. 'Dr. S. sent this,' said the boy, 'and I was to say it ought to be put on ice immediately.' 'Good gracious,' I thought, 'what is that dreadful Dr. B. sending to my husband that ought to be put on ice at once?' and as I took the package I felt a thrill of instinctive terror run through my frame, for it was not firm and comfortable like an ordinary bundle, but felt flabby and yielding."

"Like a human arm" I suddenly thought, and with a cry of fright I dropped the thing on the hall floor.

"My first impulse was to call one of the maids, but rallying myself, and feeling ashamed of my silly imagination, I approached the long, hateful looking package, which nevertheless possessed a sort of horrible fascination for me. With shrinking fingers I picked it up by the cord which was around it and carried it over to the table, and then growing bolder, 'How absolutely silly I am,' I said to myself, 'as if Jack would have legs and arms sent to him in this casual fashion!'

"Taking out a hairpin (that universal woman's implement), I scratched a little hole in one end of the bundle. Horror of horrors! It was flesh! I gave a loud scream, which brought the two maids and my husband, who had just driven up, all on the scene; then I distinguished myself by going off into my first and only attack of hysterics. After much difficulty Dr. S. ascertained the cause of my fright, then laughing heartily opened the suspicious looking bundle and held up before my mortified vision an uncommonly fine fish."

"The hole I had made in the paper just happened to expose the smooth fishlike portion between the gills and the eyes."—*New York Tribune.*

Heroic Treatment.
The boys were suspicious that Professor Spire had formed the habit of going up stairs every evening about 9:30 o'clock to creep along the halls in his stocking feet and listen at the doors. They thought, however, that his case was not incurable if strong measures were taken. They made their preparations and then waited in silent expectation.

When Professor Spire came out of his room and began to mount the stairs a cold, galvanized carpet tack penetrated his very soul. He uttered a subdued howl of agony and sat down on the step above to investigate. But tacks were there also, and they began to investigate before he did. He rose with promptness, and this time the howl was not subdued. Doors flew open and anxious faces looked down from above.

"What is it?" gasped the professor's pet, a beautiful blue-eyed lad, who seemed to do a base act. He had refused to contribute more than one cent toward buying tacks.

"Nothing serious," replied the professor, with a dismal effort at cheerfulness. "I found the wind rather against me going up these stairs, and had just started on another tack; that's all. But it is almost 10 o'clock and you ought to be abed, boys."—*Boston Post.*

An Important Letter.
The empress of Russia having written a letter to her father gave it to a servant to put into the hands of a courier, then waiting to start. The servant, misunderstanding the order, deposited the letter in the postoffice, and the mistake was not discovered until five or six hours had elapsed. In the meanwhile the regular mail for Russia, and indeed, all western Europe, was made up and dispatched. As soon as the empress was told what had been done, she sent an express to command the whole mail, bag and baggage, back to St. Petersburg. About fifteen hours were lost. Everything was reopened, the imperial message recovered and placed in the courier's care, and then, not until then, the mail was allowed to resume its journey!—*Exchange.*

CHATS ABOUT MEN.

Murat Halstead, the veteran editor, is sixty-three years of age.

Benjamin Franklin was the earliest American china collector.

Senator David B. Hill has bought the J. K. Emmet mansion in Albany for \$50,000, and will reside there hereafter.

Senator Gorman successfully cultivated a fine 600-acre farm in Maryland, and does it so that it is a paying investment.

The Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, the Catholic priest, resembles his late father, General W. T. Sherman, very strongly in appearance.

James Maydwell and wife, of Cincinnati, have had twenty-one children, all but one of whom are living. Nineteen of them reside at home. There are three pairs of twins in the lot.

Senator John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, is tall and spare, with thin white hair, and is partial to a tall white hat and light colored clothes, always with a frock coat, which he keeps tightly buttoned.

Mr. Skene, the queen's historiographer for Scotland, who has just died at the age of eighty-four, enjoyed a wide reputation as a scholar, historian and archaeologist, and was the author of many valuable works.

Louis Ashenfelter, of Cheyenne, has asked to have his pension of eight dollars a month stopped, because he no longer feels any pain from the injuries he received during the war, and for which the pension is granted.

Captain Almont Barnes, of the agricultural bureau in Washington, lives in Maryland, and in his daily trips from his home to the railway station has discovered several rare orchids and presented them to his department.

Archduke Albrecht of Austria is looked upon as one of the best generals of the Austro-Hungarian army. His military talent became apparent in 1866, when he commanded the Austrian army in Italy and defeated the Italians at Custoza.

Henry Packard, of Rockland, a veteran of the war of 1812, in which he served as a drummer boy, has just received from the General Society of the War of 1812 a bronze medal. Mr. Packard is lame from a wound he received in a skirmish.

RECENT INVENTION.

A mechanical counting machine for typewriters.

A hot water vessel for sterilizing dental instruments.

A tilting device for barrels when their contents run low.

A portable dental chair which will collapse at every point.

A match safe that yields one match at a time by pressing a knob.

A crescent saw with cutting teeth arranged in pairs, with a drag tooth between the pairs.

A curling iron by which the hair may be either curled or crimped, and a single curl made in one operation.

An automatic feeder for cattle by which a clock releases a weight that frees a lever to open the feed supply to the managers.

A fire escape consisting of a pliable metal ladder wound on a reel on the roof and a means of quickly unwinding it when desired.

An extension table with extra leaves placed underneath the table and connected with the stationary leaves, so that pulling the table brings them into position on top.—*Philadelphia Record.*

RAILROAD JOTTINGS.

The pay of firemen on the Chesapeake and Ohio has been increased 2½ per cent.

The Midland railway of England has adopted the Pintsch system of gas lighting in its cars.

One of the most beautiful, as well as artistic, railroad stations recently erected in this country is that at Lacombe, N. H., by the Concord and Montreal company.

Among the recent orders received by the Pullman Palace Car company for rolling stock was one from the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern for twenty side dump cars.

An illustration of how the Canadian Pacific proposes to monopolize English traffic is shown in the fact that it has an exclusive contract for all British officers and soldiers between England and Australia.

The Walsley, on its system of 1,924 miles, has earned since Jan. 1 \$8,708,264, an increase over the corresponding period of 1891 of \$238,253. Its earnings for August were the largest in any month since the present lines were consolidated.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

The king of Siam has been asked to send something to the World's fair.

The British building will have among its decorations flags bearing the arms of the principal cities of the United Kingdom.

The women of La Salle county, Ill., are raising money for the purpose of paying the expenses of some 600 or 700 women and girls during a visit to the World's fair.

Building material dealers will make an exhibit at the World's fair. They will also hold an international congress for the discussion of matters of interest to the building trade.

The proposed building for a collective exhibit by merchant tailors will probably be near the Fisheries building. As planned it will be fifty-five feet square, with a portico extending to the lagoon.

An Expert in His Line.

The late Mr. R— was one of the most experienced judges of red wine that the Department of Girondo has yet produced. His opinion regarding the quality of vintage was worth that of all the other noted wine tasters put together. His ability to distinguish the good from the bad, the superior from the indifferent, was as unerring as it was unhesitating. His decisions in all cases where judgment was required were accepted as final.

He could tell the origin of a glass of wine, name the property on which it was grown and identify the rest of the vintage without seeing either bottle, label, cork or capsule, and if he then made a mistake it was a rare exception. With him tasting was a science which had developed almost into a mania.

One day when riding in his Victoria the horses took fright and poor R— was dashed violently upon the pavement. They carried him unconscious into a neighboring home, where, pending the arrival of a doctor, kind hands engaged in bathing his head with the best wine found in the cellar. A large drop of the purple liquid coursed down his cheek and trickled into the corner of his mouth. For an instant, though for an instant only, he seemed to regain consciousness. His nostrils dilated, his lips moved. One of those present bent over him to hear his last words. R— heaved a deep sigh and murmured in an almost inaudible whisper, "Brace-Cantenay, '99." And his spirit passed away.—*Exchange.*

The Trials of Columbus' Voyage.

The expedition early in September left the Canaries behind, and plunged into the abyss of ocean. It was growing urgent that Columbus should do this, for in the eyes of his companions the most ordinary phenomena became celestial warnings. In the clear, half Andalusian, half tropical nights of the Canaries rose the deep furrowed violet cone of the volcano of Tenerife, in crimson eruption, like a new sun springing into birth, shooting its iris tinted flames through clouds of smoky ashes, with torrents of stony fragments like falling meteors, or glowing like an incandescent milk way—all this filled them with dread, for they deemed the daring mountain some vast Cyclops, imprisoned there by the divine hand at the uppermost portals of the known earth, to bar the pathway to the unknown world.

Columbus showed them the error of their superstition, and how the self-same phenomena were repeated on the familiar shores of Etruria, Italy, Sicily and Greece. But although their dread was speedily tranquilized by his marvelous eloquence, any unforeseen and fortuitous occurrence threatened to revive their fears and to wreck the plan through uncontrollable panic. At length a favoring easterly breeze sprang up, and the ships sped arrowlike on their course. The land soon sank from view, and the explorers found themselves alone with sea and sky.—*Emilio Castelar in Century.*

He Was the Big Party Himself.

A story is told of a gentleman prominently connected with one of the big foundries in Pittsburgh. The gentleman in question is an unusually large man, very tall and far around. Finding himself caught in a little town about twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh one night, with no train going to the city and being very anxious to reach there at 11 o'clock, he wired to an express down the track to stop for him.

"We stop for officials only," came the answer.

Quick as a flash went the second telegram.

"Will you stop for a large party?"

"Yes," was the reply, and the long express slowed up and stopped when it reached the little town, and the gentleman complacently stepped aboard.

"Where is the large party?" inquired the conductor, with wide open, astonished eyes as he gazed about the empty depot.

"Ain't I large enough?" chuckled the delighted new passenger.

The conductor glared and then burst into a hearty laugh as the fitness of the application burst upon him.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Growing Flax.

In European countries when at certain seasons the traveler turns his eyes over the landscape he sees dotted here and there fields of blossoming blue, which ripple in the summer sunshine like the waves of the sea. They are acres of blossoming flax, sowed and cared for with surprising interest by the members of the household to which it belongs.—*Garden and Forest.*

A Clever Reply.

That was a bright answer which a clever society girl returned to an inquisitive admirer who had the temerity to question her concerning her age. "Sir," she said, with an air of severe gravity, "in the language of the psalmist, 'Mine age is sunning before thee.'"—*New York Sun.*

His Friendship Lost.

"I hear you and Walsingham are on the outs," said Hawley.

"Yes," replied Hawley. "He asked me to design a crest for him, and I suggested a pig rampant on a wavy floor as consistent with his name, and he got mad."—*Harpers' Bazar.*

Only a Promise.

Irate Father—The idea of promising your fiancée a diamond necklace! Where do you expect to get the money for it?

His Son—That doesn't worry me, only promise him.—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

Explains.

Nurse (to physician at the hospital)—Three patients died during the night, sir.

Physician—Three patients! How is that? I prescribed for four.

Nurse—Yes, sir. One refused to take the medicine.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

Mr. Singleton is completely wrapped up in his new patent folding bed.—Harpers' Bazar.

A Great Success.

Not the Shop for Small Orders. Customer (next February)—I want fifty cents worth of coal, if you please.

Coal Dealer—You'll have to go to the place across the street if you want an order of that kind filled. We don't sell less than one lump.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Not So Bright After All.

The fat man entered a Broadway car on a rainy day, beaming as usual. The seats were nearly filled, and when he sat down he spread discomfort on both sides of him, but he still beamed. Suddenly an idea struck him.

"Ah, a good trick," he said, beaming at the young man beside him and arising. He placed his dripping umbrella behind his seat in the space into which the window is lowered.

"You see it's out of the way and does not get you wet," he went on, half soliloquizing and half addressing the young man.

When Twenty-seventh street was reached the fat man got out, forgetting his umbrella. The rain had stopped and he was not reminded of his loss. When he got home his wife greeted him with: "Of course you've lost your umbrella again. I told you you would this morning."

The man studied awhile, and then it occurred to him that his idea of stowing the umbrella in the car wasn't so brilliant after all.—*New York Tribune.*

Fashion Note.

"Great Scott! Another hat!" exclaimed Mr. Harlem Flat when his wife threw out a hint. "You are the most extravagant woman in this part of town. I believe you have a different hat for every day in the week."

"Why, of course I have. That's just it. I have one for every day in the week, but none for Sunday."—*Texas Sittings.*

Wouldn't Burn Here.

"Burnham! Burnham!" called the brakeman on the Maine Central train into that village one day this week. "Don't leave your umbrellas or packages in the car!"

"Well," said one lady, "I shan't burn my umbrella. I brought it clear from Lowell."—*Lewiston Evening Journal.*

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