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THE DAY'S WORK.

Do thy day's work, my dear,
Though fast and dark the clouds are drifting
near,
Though time has little left for hope and very
much for fear.

Do thy day's work, though now
The hand must falter and the head must bow,
And far above the falling foot shows the bold
mountain brow.

Yet there is left, as
Who on the valley's verge stand trembling
toss,
A light that lies far in the west—soft, faint
but luminous.

We can give kindly speech,
And ready helping hands to all and each,
And patience, to the young around, by smiling
silence teach.

We can give gentle thought,
And clarity, by life's long lesson taught,
And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by
soil and failure wrought.

We can give love unmarred
By selfish snatch of happiness, unjarred
By the keen arms of power or joy that make
youth cold and hard.

And if gay hearts reject
The gifts we hold—would fain fare on un-
checked
On the bright roads that scarcely yield all that
young eyes expect.

Why, do thy day's work still:
The calm, deep founts of love are slow to ebb,
And heaven may yet the harvest yield, the
workman hands to fill.

—Chicago Herald.

OZONE IN THE ARTS.

Commercial Properties of a Remarkable
Atmospheric Constituent.

Ozone was first discovered by Van Marum a century or more ago, but it was first investigated and brought prominently to the notice of medical and scientific men by Schonbein, of Germany, in 1845. From that date to the present it has been a subject of active study by scientists, sanitarians and medical men generally. Ozone seems to exist in a minute quantity in the atmosphere, and how it is formed there and the conditions of its existence have long been matters of dispute. Schonbein, Andrews in England and Houzeau in France were the earlier and important exponents of the views that ozone is a normal constituent of the atmosphere. In a valuable monograph published in Germany in 1879 Professor Engler comes to the same conclusion.

On the other hand, the Russian chemist Schoene, after a long series of observations and laboratory experiments, concludes that the effect ascribed to ozone in the air are due not to that substance, but to another strong oxidizing agent—hydrogen peroxide. This view is shared by others of the present time, while several careful experimenters seem to deny the presence of either substance.

Ozone is best made by the passage of electricity through oxygen, and many scientists have been working upon apparatus devised for the practical preparation of it in quantity. By the slow combustion of phosphorus in moist air ozone is also formed, but only in limited amount.

With reference to the commercial utilization of ozone, Professor Fabrig says: "Ozone is the strongest oxidizing agent known, and should be most useful, particularly in bleaching processes. At present chlorine of lime is used extensively as a bleacher. Chlorine, however, in a pure and dry state has no bleaching properties. But from its great affinity for hydrogen, forming oxygen and hydrochloric acid, chlorine becomes the strongest bleaching agent. It is the oxygen set free in the chlorine in combination with the water which performs the bleaching. Now, ozone is nothing but oxygen in a condensed state. Oxygen converted into a 1, 2 or 3 per cent. ozone is a powerful bleacher. It is a mistaken idea that ozone can be produced at any percent. of strength; 6 or 7 per cent. of ozone is about the strongest one would care to handle, and 1 per cent. of ozone is strong enough for almost any commercial oxidation."

"Ozone seems designed as nature's own oxidizing agent. By employing ozone instead of chlorine we substitute a harmless substance for a deadly poison. It would be a step forward did our spice merchants adopt ozone for bleaching ginger, pepper and all other foodstuffs. It could be used also for treating drinking waters. Ozone alone can kill the bacteria in water. Twenty grains of ozone per 1,000 gallons of water gives a good result. Here we have at once a large field for the use of ozone."

"Ozone could be used for bleaching paper, especially the better grades; also for treating sewage; for separating sugar in sugar refining; for preserving meat, fish, milk, etc.; for aging alcohol in general, and whisky in particular."—Chicago Electrician.

Sympathy in a Dog.

A butcher residing at Brodick, in the Isle of Arran, told me that he had had two collie dogs at the same time, one old and the other young. The old dog became useless through age and was drowned in the sea at Brodick. A few days afterward its body was washed ashore, and it was discovered by the young dog, who was seen immediately to go to the butcher's shop and take away a piece of meat and lay it at the dead dog's mouth. The young dog evidently thought that the meat would revive his old comrade, and thereby showed remarkable sympathy in aid of, to him, the apparent "weak."—London Spectator.

Wedding Presents of the Prince of Wales. There is never much variety in wedding presents, but the Prince of Wales seems to have been especially monotonous in those he has bestowed. A lady who professes to have kept accurate record of them declares that they comprise ninety diamond scarfpins, two silver cigarette boxes, seventeen diamond bangles, thirty-five diamond brooches, and four watch bracelets set in diamonds. The queen, as is well known, does not vary her gifts much. An Indian shawl is generally the form they take.—London Tit-Bits.

The Boy's Mistake.

Little Dot—Oh, mamma, the market boy has made a mistake and left us some colored family's order. Mamma—My, my! What is it? "Raspberries." "I ordered raspberries." "But these are black."—Good News.

An Average Barber.

Barber—You don't come very often. Customer—It takes too much time. Barber—I cut hair in ten minutes. Customer—Yes, but it takes three weeks for it to grow enough to look respectable again.—New York Weekly.

Descartes's Reply.

A gay marquis said to Descartes, "Do you philosophers eat dainties?" He replied, "Do you think that God made good things only for fools?"

THOSE STONY EYES.

The Women Who Are Always Leaning Out of the Windows.

"One of the queer features of flat life here in New York," remarked a cynical Bostonian to a reporter, "is the universal 'window hanging.' I mean the habit of leaning for hours at a time far out of windows at all elevations. Of course people lean out of windows everywhere, but here in New York along such avenues as Sixth, Eighth, Third and Fourth, and all streets where there are flat houses, it seems as if the family took turns at the window sills. The feminine heads always predominate, though there are plenty of men. To the credit of our sex, however, they have not reached the pillow stage."

"The what?" inquired the reporter. "The pillow stage. Protracted vigils on an unfeeling window sill are liable to callous feminine elbows, my friend. The wise flat builder of the future in your city will fit his window sills with air cushions. I once thought this window hanging habit was distinctly a New York custom, but I received a severe lesson on that point two years ago. I came over here in the spring from Boston on a matter of business that required time, so I took lodgings upon the west side. Directly opposite was a large flat house, and though all the windows in the building were more or less populous, there was one in particular on the third floor from which the female occupant was leaning out at all hours. It seemed to me that that woman must neglect even meals and sleep. She haunted me when I went out in the morning her stony glare followed me till I turned the corner, and when I returned in the afternoon it seemed as if that third floor window hanger hadn't stirred an inch. I became so nervous and conscious that I dreaded the street. I felt sure that woman could see every defect on my person, and whenever I was aware of a wilted collar or unpolished shoes I made a point of hugging the houses on her side till opposite my abode, and then scurrying across the street and indoors. I sometimes wondered whether that stare could count the change in my pocket. One night I returned home from an entertainment at 2 a. m. All the way home I gloried in the thought that for once I would be free from my oppressor."

"When I reached the corner a glance showed me I was right. No head. The window was closed and dark. I hurried to my house, mounted the steps and when I had opened the door, gave one parting glance at that third floor window. There she was, a white and airy costume, but she had got there just the same. "When finally I left New York I took an early train, leaving the house at 6 a. m. Of course that third floor nuisance was on duty at her window, with the same imperturbable stare. As usual, I stood it to the corner, and then I dropped satchel and umbrella and shook my fist at that window hanging fiend with all the fervor of deadly hate."

"There was a milkman near me, and I said, 'Do you know that woman?' "Reckon I do. Serve her milk." "Is she queer?" "Oh, no. She ain't used to New York. Only been here four months, and she hasn't went about much."

"Country?" "Reckon so. Come from Boston last March."—New York Tribune.

Suicide Among Germans.

Self destruction, when considered with regard to race, is found to be a distinctly Teutonic habit, and what makes the German figures as a whole more striking is the fact that the Germans, who form so large an element of the German population, seldom or never resort to it. It is a German born and bred who cannot be prevented from laying violent hands upon himself. To the German emperor, therefore, we commend the subject; but it is one which has more or less interest to every civilized community. Dr. Richardson tells us that the rate for the whole world is a good deal higher than most people are probably aware. Of every 1,000 human beings who die five die by their own hand. There is a suicide as we gather from Dr. Richardson's figures, about every three minutes.—Fall Mall Gazette.

White Hot Iron in Bare Hands.

An interesting sight is afforded the belated pedestrian who passes the Baldwin locomotive works about midnight. Dozens of men with bare arms are dexterously handling countless bars of red-hot iron. They will throw a bar white with heat from one to another and catch it with metal tongs. Others pick up the glowing iron and hold it fully two seconds. This is accomplished by dipping the hand after each clutch. Huge sparks fly all about, but never seem to damage the human flesh so freely exposed. Accidents are very rare in this department of the works.—Philadelphia Press.

A Mystified Broker.

Wall Street Broker (benevolently)—Let me see. I believe you are the boy I bought a paper of yesterday, when I didn't have change. I owe you three cents. Here it is. Newsboy (who isn't the boy)—Never mind, mister. Keep it for yer honesty.—Good News.

Ready for Business.

To be diligent in business is commendable, but surely one may err on the side of too great diligence by being ready for a trade at an unsuitable time. A map peddler in pursuit of his vocation chanced to stop at a hotel in a Long Island village. A friend whom he had known elsewhere seeing him at the hotel invited him to a party which he was to give the same evening.

The map peddler came, and when greeted by his host at the door was found with three maps in his hands. "How do you do?" he said. "Got any maps?" I thought as there was to be a good many folks here tonight I'd hang up some of my maps here and let 'em look at 'em. Good chance for business. Maybe some of 'em would like to buy 'em, and I could explain 'em just as well as not."

His host endeavored to persuade him that it would not be a suitable place to urge his business, much to the man's surprise. "Now, you don't understand," urged the peddler. "I would amuse and interest 'em; they'd be pleased, and besides that, being visitors, they'd feel sort of 'bliged to buy."

But he was then spoken to so plainly that he was forced to abandon—greatly to his surprise as well as his regret—his project of mingling business with entertainment.—Youth's Companion.

The Sound of Bells.

Bells have always been regarded by the ignorant and superstitious as invested with miraculous powers, and even educated people are often extremely sensitive to their ringing. Although their deep sonorous peals, arousing imaginative effects formerly attributed to them, are no longer believed, there is a certain awe in the solemn peal of the tolling bell. A chime of sweet bells has a weirdly soothing power, and the joy of ringing of a troop of bells makes all who hear it jubilant.

One of the peculiar beliefs of early days was that bells drove away evil spirits, calmed the sea as far as they could be heard, and if rung during a thunderstorm saved the country from disaster. Strange tales have been told of bells that were rung by unseen hands, which circumstance was always followed by some public calamity.

The subject of bells has always been a most fascinating one. Poets have discoursed upon them in lyric rhymes. Crown Longfellow wrote no less than nine poems on bells, the most famous being his "Bells of Lynn."—Detroit Free Press.

The Smooth Man of Florida.

"There are many ways of turning a penny," soliloquized J. R. Morton. "Some time back a smoothspoken fellow turned up in Florida, Ills. He went to the bank and had an audience with the president and cashier. He had a little story all ready, and it wore the garb of plausibility. Several banks had been robbed recently, and the youngster pretended to possess the confidence of the gang that was doing the deviltry. The next descent, he said, would be made on the Florida bank."

"He, the good young man, would notify the officers of the exact time of the intended raid in order that the robbers might be appropriately rounded up. He was sent to Decatur, the alleged rendezvous of the robbers, and there lived in royal style, while the bank officers sat up nights to guard the treasure, and waited in vain for the note of warning. It did not come, and when the good young man had worked the game for all it was worth he folded his tent like the Arabs and made a sneak for green fields and pastures new."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How One Fact Was Discovered.

In the early part of this century an English button maker became famous for the steel waistcoat buttons which he used to manufacture with lines cut upon them for ornament. He gradually put the lines nearer and nearer together, and observed that as he increased the number of lines the buttons became more and more iridescent. He explained his discovery to a scientist who began experimenting upon ruled plates of steel. The result was the wonderful "diffraction grating" which is now used in place of the glass prism upon all great telescopes to break the ordinary ray of light into its primary colors.—Youth's Companion.

The Return of Birds.

I am convinced that the same woodpecker occupies the same cavity in a tree winter after winter, and drums upon the same dry limb spring after spring. I like to think of all creatures as capable of local attachments and not insensible to the sentiment of home.—John Burroughs in Century.

Carefulness in Eating.

Dr. Samuel Johnson said: "Some people have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my stomach very studiously and very carefully, and I look upon it that he who does not mind his stomach will hardly mind anything else."

It Was in Pawn.

Miss Summit—Can you tell me the time by your watch, Mr. Hardup? Hardup (sadly)—Not before next week.—Exchange.

Changes in Boston.

What a strange turnabout it would be if the magnificent houses on Commonwealth avenue and thereabout should in course of time be abandoned by the aristocratic portion of society and should degenerate by successive stages, as the once elegant residences at the north end have done, until they became rookeries for the swarming poor! The north end aristocrats as little dream of the degradation of their mansions as do the Back Bay householders to-day. The Charles, as it smells to heaven at low tide, is enough to discourage ambition from dwelling on those heights; but she has a good firm footing there at present, with no notion of folding her tent.—Boston Commonwealth.

Famous Diamonds of India.

The Kohinoor, Nizam, Great Mogul, Regent, Great Table and Austrian Yellow are historic gems of Indian origin. Worthy of ranking with these we have only the Matan, from Borneo; Star of the South, from Brazil; and Porter-Rhodes, from the Cape. That the Indian mines still produce stones of large size and of the purest water we have evidence in the fine gem known as the Gordo-Noor (Gordon Orr), recently brought to London by a Madras firm of jewelers. This stone weighs 2134 grains, and is remarkable for its brilliancy and fine limpid color. It is said to have been discovered in the Kistna diamond fields.—Mining and Engineering.

The Death Rate of Suicide.

We are accustomed to consider the late war as a bloody one, and it was. Yet all the men killed in action during those four awful years were 70,000 less than the annual death rate of the world from suicides.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Pretty Good Definition.

A pupil in a public school having answered the question, "What is a cynic?" by saying "A cynic is a philosopher who leads a dog's life," a writer in the Boston Journal remarks, "Evidently the pupil had confused the words 'cynic' and 'canine' and attempted to bring in something of both." Evidently nothing of the kind. "Cynic" is derived directly from the Greek "kynon" and "kunikos," meaning "dog" and "doglike"; and, in fact, "canine" is derived from a Latin word of the same meaning. Undoubtedly the teacher had explained the origin of "cynic," and thus the association of dog with the specific meaning of the word got a lodgment in the child's mind. Anyhow, as The Journal suggests, the definition in act had one.—New York Tribune.

An Island at Auction.

Caldy island, off the Welsh coast, was put up for auction recently, but was bought in, as the bidding did not exceed £13,500. It has an area of 530 acres, and is opposite the fashionable watering place of Tonby. There are a school and a church on the island, but it has no taxes, no minister, no doctor and no lawyer.

Tutt's Pills

CURE CONSTIPATION. To enjoy health one should have regular evacuations every twenty-four hours. The evils, both mental and physical, resulting from HABITUAL CONSTIPATION are many and serious. For the cure of this common trouble, Tutt's Liver Pills have gained a popularity unsurpassed. Elegantly sugar coated. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DR. MILLER'S RESTORATIVE NERVE PILLS. Act on a new principle—regulate the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. Dr. Miller's Pills speedily cure indigestion, nervous prostration, loss of appetite, headache, neuralgia, sciatica, backache, and all other nervous troubles. Small, sweet, sugar coated. Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

STARTLING FACTS! The American people are rapidly becoming more nervous, and the following suggests the best remedy: Alphonso Hamilton, of Butler, Pa., avers that when his son was afflicted with St. Vitus Dance, Dr. Miller's Great Restorative Nerve Pills cured him. Mrs. J. H. Miller of Valparaiso, Ind., writes: "My son, J. D. Taylor, of Logansport, Ind., each day of his life, and much headache, dizziness, backache, and nervous prostration, by one bottle, Dr. Miller's Pills cured him. My daughter, Daniel Myers, Brookville, Mich., says her daughter was cured of nervous trouble, by one bottle. Dr. Miller's Pills cured her. My daughter, Daniel Myers, Brookville, Mich., says her daughter was cured of nervous trouble, by one bottle. Dr. Miller's Pills cured her. My daughter, Daniel Myers, Brookville, Mich., says her daughter was cured of nervous trouble, by one bottle. Dr. Miller's Pills cured her."

DR. MILLER'S MEDICAL CO., ELKHART, IND. TRIAL BOTTLE FREE. Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

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Choice Early Strawberry Plants. NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT THEM. Dozen. Per 100. Bubach No. 5 and Crawford, fertilize each other, and best combination for large, early berries for home market. 25cts \$2 00 Matteson, only a few hundred left; earliest berry in Salem market for several years. 50 " 3 00 Warfield, early, a great bearer and most beautiful fruit. 25 " 2 50 Pearl, early and "a pearl." 25 " 2 50 Oregon everbearing. 25 " 3 00

Have many other varieties. Can recommend any of above as especially early varieties. Should be put out in next few weeks on well prepared soil to get crop next year. Buy early stock.

Why grow late berries that only glut the market at low prices? Plants are carefully trimmed and well put up for mail or express. Must be sold in next few weeks.

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