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MITCHELL & LUNN, Resident Agents.

A Way to Save Money.

A newspaper reporter who has written a good deal for various journals in New York for nearly a score of years told an interesting story about himself to a party of congenial friends the other evening that will bear repeating. He said that during the earlier portion of his journalistic career he found it almost impossible to lay aside any money, notwithstanding the fact that he was then a single man and earned a first class salary. Try as he would the money he received on Saturday for his week's work would slip away from him, and when Monday came around there remained nothing for him to do but to strike the cashier. Finally the cashier became tired of being hit so early in the week, and the reporter was warned that he would have to give it up.

"I managed it in one way and another," said the writer, "but after a time my friends also became tired and I found myself in many embarrassing positions, until I finally hit on a peculiar, but altogether satisfactory plan."

"And what was that?" he was asked.

"Well, it was simply this: When I got my money Saturday afternoon I went over to the postoffice, purchased a registered letter, put a portion of my salary in it and addressed it to myself at the office. Of course the letter was not delivered until Monday, and in that way I managed to get along all right and finally to save some money."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Short Career.

"My newspaper career ended in sudden gloom," said Michael E. Moore. "Some years ago I was reporting for the St. Paul Globe, and was sent up to Montana to do the Northwest Chautauqua. The thing dragged and my soul yearned for excitement. A wealthy man from St. Paul owned a summer cottage at Monte Meda, and was the proud possessor of a cow called Suka. One night Suka succeeded in hanging herself with her halter. I seized on the item at once, wrote it up as 'the suicide of Suka Frost,' and sent it by express, inclosing a note to the editor stating that Suka was a cow. The note was mislaid, and the telegraph editor padded the item. The next day the paper came out with a column account of the mournful event, under a three column 'sore' head. 'Miss Suka Frost, the charming daughter of a well known citizen of St. Paul, commits suicide.' The article entered into all the details, and gave unrequited love as the moving cause of the rash deed. The afternoon papers thought they had been ignominiously 'scooped,' and to make amends sent special reporters and artists to the scene of the tragedy. Then they roasted The Globe, and the editor tried to get even by giving me the grand bounce."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Electricity Makes Beasts Nervous.

A lion tamer named Lorange, who was giving an exhibition of his skill in a wild beast show at Levallois-Perret, some time ago had a very narrow escape. The air at the time was heavily laden with electricity, and the animals were in consequence sullen and morose. Lorange entered the cage nevertheless, but when he endeavored to put a lioness through her tricks the beast flew at his throat. He succeeded in beating her off, but she took a second spring and fastened on his arm, burying her teeth in his flesh. Smelling blood the other lions became irritated, but Lorange succeeded in keeping them at bay for a few moments, during which he seized the lioness' throat with his free hand and released the other arm. He then beat a hasty retreat, and was fortunate enough to get out of the cage without further injury. —London Telegraph.

A Singular Creature.

One of the most singular looking creatures that ever walked the earth or swam the waters under the earth is the world famous man faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the perfect counterpart of a Chinese coolie—a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the face, is provided with two legs, which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the side of its face. —Detroit Free Press.

A Remarkable Case.

Perhaps the most remarkable case of a cataleptic trance on record is that of Colonel Townsend. This gentleman could induce an attack of catalepsy at will. When he did so he assumed every appearance of death. The pulsations of the heart became imperceptible, and it was impossible to discern any respiratory action. His face became colorless and his entire frame rigid, in which state he would continue for several hours, when all the symptoms would wear away. —Yankee Blade.

Placing Himself.

"Let me see, Mr. Johnson; you are not of the very old family, the Brown Johnsons, are you?" "No, I'm of the new family—the Johnsons, as it were." —Harvard Journal.

A GIFT DIVINE.

This gift is given—
This gift from Heaven—
To a few.
Through wine with human frailty filled
A glow divine is found distilled.
There's music rare
Played in the air
To such a one.
And measured by its mystic flow
His breathing and his movements go.
As through the sky
The meteors fly,
So darts his glance,
Or it would seem as though soft hands
Had wafted before his face like fans.

By man and beast,
From great to least,
He will be loved;
A child will sit upon his knee
And seek his face fondly.

He cannot rest
Without the best
The world can give.
Our truest thought to him we bring:
Our sweetest song to him we sing.

And if we find,
Like all mankind,
He, too, can sin,
We feel, although weigh or weep,
His part divine is but asleep.
—Eleanor B. Caldwell in Harper's.

Diplomacy and Cookery.

The importance of cooks in the political world is much greater than people suppose. An ambassador's influence has often been in proportion to the skill of his cook.

On a celebrated occasion in Vienna, when there was much excitement in all the European courts over affairs of international moment, the French ambassador was suddenly recalled by his government.

"It is a very grave affair, is it not," Prince Metternich was asked by a lady at a court ball, "this recall of the ambassador?"

"Not so grave, I assure you, madame," the prince responded, "as it would have been if it had been the French ambassador's cook who was recalled. The ambassador can easily be replaced, it would be difficult to replace his cook!" —Youth's Companion.

Virginia's Dismal Swamp.

The Dismal swamp in Virginia, one of the largest swampy tracts in America, is also one of the most promising areas of reclamation. It contains fully 1,500 square miles, and is at present of little value except for a supply of timber. It is an old sea bottom, and the western boundary of the swamp is a sea cliff and beach. The chief animal population of the higher classes consists of water birds and snakes. Of the larger animals bears are abundant, and there is a peculiar and very ferocious species of wild horned cattle. The lights of the bears are said to be very exciting. —Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Derivations of Some Common Words.

One remembers how on the 15th of June, 1215, King John signed the great charter of the constitutional freedom of Britain, and how, after he had signed it, he flung himself in a burst of fury on the floor and gnawed the straw and rushes with which the floors of those days were strewn. Now what was "charter"? Originally nothing more or less than a sheet of papyrus strips glued together as writing paper. So it is to the Egyptian root that we owe our "charters" (blankets and de visites), our "cartons" and our "cartridges." —Good Words.

Brought Back to Life.

Mr. Passavant records an instance of a peasant boy who revived after being supposed to be dead for several days. The boy bitterly resented his being called back to life, and in formed those that gathered about him that he had been in a beautiful place, and had associated and conversed with his deceased relatives. Before his insensibility his faculties were not even ordinarily brilliant, but afterward he conversed and prayed with surprising eloquence. —Yankee Blade.

Children of Mine Laborers.

Among the mine laborers of Pennsylvania, except in rare instances, the Slavs and Italians never send their children to the public schools. The boys are early set to work among their own people, and the girls can seldom make acquaintance with those of other nationalities. This claimish habit prohibits the acquisition of the English language and prevents the fostering of American patriotism in the coming generation. —Henry Rood in Forum.

M. Forel has calculated that the quantity of heat accumulated in the lake of Geneva during the summer is equivalent to that which would be given out by the burning of \$1,000,000 tons of coal.

Think of paying \$250,000 for a single meal! That is what a wealthy Roman once did when he wished to impress a dozen guests with his disregard for riches.

The total acreage of Scotland is 18,946,694. Of this comparatively small landed area one nobleman owns 1,326,000 acres and his wife 142,879 acres more.

The needy, incapable poor should be well taken care of, but let us as a people beware of enfeebling our selves by indiscriminate charity.

Otto III, the Red, was poisoned shortly after ascending the throne. Philip of Germany was assassinated by his courtiers.

Suicide as a Virtue.

There is a law now on the statute books of New York making attempted suicide a misdemeanor. A fine is imposed for bungling an effort at self immolation. A bill has been introduced into the legislature to repeal this law. The author of the bill in his brief supporting it becomes quite classical and quotes many modern authors. Chief of them is Hume, the historian, who claims that Scripture does not expressly prohibit suicide, and that if Cato, Brutus, Avoca and Portia acted heroically those who now imitate their example ought to receive similar praise from posterity. Hume says that suicide can be shown to be free from every imputation of blame or guilt, according to the sentiments of all ancient philosophers.

"What in point of fact," asks the historian, "is the life of man any more than the life of an oyster? A hair, a fly, an insect can destroy human life, and if this be so, as it unquestionably is, why may not human prudence dispose of what depends upon such insignificant causes? Assuming that there would be no crime in diverting the Nile or the Danube from its course, there can be no crime in turning a few ounces of blood out of their natural channel." —St. Louis Republic.

Buying Buns.

The crown prince of Denmark is the idol of the army. One day when the military maneuvers were proceeding the Danish army was encamped near the castle of Hald, in Jutland. The crown prince was in command, and walking about in camp after the active duties of the day were over he found a crowd of soldiers gathered about a woman who had brought in a cartful of buns to sell.

It would be pay day next morning, and the soldiers had not even money enough to buy a penny bun. Sell it was evidently a comfort to crowd about the cart and inhale the warm odor of the delicacy which they could not otherwise enjoy, and no one noticed the crown prince until he was close upon them.

"What is the price of your buns, good woman?" he called.
"A penny apiece, sir," said she.
"Very well, I'll buy the cartload. Get my treasurer to pay you. And you, my soldiers, you have worked so hard today that you are sure to be hungry. I hope the buns will make a palatable dessert after supper."

The soldiers cheered, and felt no doubt that there was never prince so thoughtful as theirs. —Youth's Companion.

Why Do the Leaves Fall?

It is generally supposed that leaves fall in the autumn because they die. This is not a correct view. If we break off a leafy branch the leaves will soon wither, but not drop off. In fact, they will cling to the dried branch with greater tenacity than when they were green and alive, requiring some force to wrench or twist them off. In tropical climates they remain green much longer than in temperate countries, and their fall, when it does take place, is not just before the cold season, but during the hot dry season. Many of our own trees, as oaks and hornbeams, retain their leaves dried and withered till the pressure of the new distending bud in spring displaces them.

As in man the seeds of his decay are born with him, so in the leaflet there may be discovered the rudiments of a very delicate layer of cells, whose plane is at right angles to the plane of the leaf. When the time comes, this upright growth of cells enlarges, pushing from above downward, cutting through the woody fibers of the stem like a knife blade. The waiter.

At every gust, how the dead leaves fall! —Harper's Bazar.

Affection Among Elderly Men.

Elderly scholars are eccentric to a proverb; that order of man is especially liable to affections, which its studious foster of necessity. The "oh! buck," so common and so droll, is another sort of instance. It is reported of your millionaire—your financier, that is—that he hath ever an abnormal grayey, an uncommon frankness of address, such as become all hearty and simple folk; but how long and with what assiduity must he have cultivated his ideal to flourish it with such ease! —National Observer.

A Bit of Comment.

The best comment on grasshoppers as a diet was made by an old farmer of Kansas, who, when told by an entomologist that grasshoppers could be eaten—for John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild honey—replied: "Well, John the Baptist might have done that, for those were days of miracles, and I reckon a man could eat almost anything then, but if he lived nowadays he have to be fitted out with a different kind of a stomach to enjoy these 'hoppers." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It Should Be "Chicawgo."

By all means let us say "Chicawgo." A man should certainly know how to pronounce the name of the place he lives in, and it is the duty of every other inhabitant of this great and glorious country to agree with him and endeavor to imitate him. —Cor. New York Tribune.

HIS POINT OF VIEW.

A Woman Never Does Things by Halves in Shopping.

Women have the reputation of never doing things by halves. If any man has an idea they do, let him join one of the fair sex on a shopping tour and his mind will be at rest forever on the subject.

The women on shopping bent down her street apparel immediately after her breakfast, "so as to avoid the rush," and sallies forth.

She generally wants some trifling thing which might be bought at some of the smaller shops up town.

But no, she prefers to go down town for her goods. She reckons not how hot and crowded the L cars are, for the joys of shopping are ahead of her. She has no list of what she needs—or, rather, what she wants—for, mark you, there is a vast difference between her wants and needs.

It is a popular belief that man born of woman is of few days and full of muscle, but for unlimited muscle and unbridled energy your shopping woman is vastly any man's superior.

The man who attends the fair shopper generally does so in a half apologetic manner, probably for fear some woman may think he is shopping on his own account.

Arrived at their destination his energetic companion rushes madly ahead, now pausing to look at some filmy handkerchiefs—"were thirty-nine, now nineteen"—then rattling over a bushel of scissors piled on a counter, while he, superior being, stalks slowly behind, scarcely noting anything.

The shopper usually fetches up at some far away counter, and as the clerk steps up to attend, the man companion seats himself on one of those abominable perforated stools common to shops frequented by women.

"Thanks, no," he answers the inquiring clerk, and his significant glance at his shopping friend satisfies that individual.

He's not shopping.

But meanwhile the woman is. She shops all around that stool for three-quarters of an hour, and the man gets tired and swings on his perch. Occasionally there is a smile on the woman's face as she glances at her waiting escort. He smiles back in a sickly way.

Now she finishes and starts away, and joy springs up in the waiting man's heart—and a swear word in his mouth, for one of the brass tacks in the stool on which he sat has snagged his coat tail.

He is mad, but the dear little woman is too happy with her bargain that he mutters only under his breath, and is glad to be once more out in the fresh air and sunlight.

The amount of the woman's purchase is twenty-four cents and the time consumed over two hours, but that is the way women shop.

Perhaps it is because they do not "carry the purse" and like to prolong the joy of spending money, like a child with a few sweets.

Nevertheless they never do it by halves. —Cor. New York Recorder.

The Character of Cleopatra.

What was Cleopatra's inner character? A voluptuous woman of the east, say the Romans, eager to enchain any master of a Roman army by the foulest arts; but the Roman oligarchy not only hated, but dreaded Cleopatra. To them she was not only Asia incarnate, but the representative of that "regal" way, that rule by volition instead of by traditional order, which, with their statesmanlike instinct, they saw the triumphant aristocrat whom their system tended to produce would ultimately desire.

They cursed her as the greatest of Asiatic harlots, whereas she was a Greek, and much more like Mary Stuart, as her enemies have painted her, a woman unscrupulous in gratifying her fancies, careless even of murder when needful—Cleopatra murdered her brother husband, just as Mary murdered her cousin husband—but who used her charms chiefly as instruments to attain her ends, which were, first of all, the empire of the east, which her ancestors had striven for generations to acquire—and very nearly acquired—and to defeat the half civilized and headless Roman power, which she hated with the hatred of a monarch and despised with the contempt of a true Greek. —London Spectator.

The Value of a Yawn.

Yawning is by no means a useless act, for it often cures catarrh and other affections of the throat, in many cases giving instantaneous relief. It produces a considerable distention of the muscles of the pharynx, constituting a kind of massage, and under this influence the cartilaginous portion of the eustachian tube contracts, expelling into the pharynx the mucosities there collected.

According to M. Naegeli, yawning is much more efficacious for affections of the tube than the methods of Vol-salva or Politzer, and is more powerful than the insufflation of air, which is often difficult to perform properly. —Medical Record.

Not Strange.

"How old are you, Jimmy?" asked a visitor of the small boy. "Two years older than Johnny." "And how old is Johnny?" "I don't know." —Exchange.

A Railroad Map.

Mrs. Bibbs (as the train gives a lurch)—My goodness! Are we off the track?

Mr. Bibbs—No, we seem to be running all right. Guess we went round the curve. We must be at Chicago.

"But Chicago was a thousand miles off when we started, and we've only been riding an hour."

"Can't help it. I looked at the map of this railroad and there ain't a curve in it till it gets to Chicago. Hunt up y'r things." —New York Weekly.

Theatrical Note.

A man with a red nose applied to the theatrical manager for a position. "Where were you employed last?" asked the manager.

"I was in the orchestra."

"What instrument did you blow—the trombone?"

"Now, I blew out the kerosene lamps after the performance."

—Texas Sittings.

Ingenuity, facility—that quality, by whatever name it may be called, which enables its possessor to do the right thing at the right moment and in all sorts of unexpected circumstances—is one of the indispensable qualities of a man who would be an explorer.

The only man in the world who lives in a house of copper is an iron manufacturer named N. Poulson, whose unique residence stands at the corner of Eighty-ninth street and the Shore road, in south Brooklyn.

When one is taken with a sudden cold in summer there can be no better treatment than to eat a raw onion and go into a retreat until the unpleasant effects of the vegetable have worn away.

Queen Elizabeth's Rings.

Queen Elizabeth had an immoderate love for jewelry, and the description given of her dresses covered with gems of the greatest rarity and beauty reads like a romance. For finger rings she had remarkable fondness. Paul Hentzner, in his "Journey into England," 1598—relates that a Bohemian baron, having letters to present to her at the palace at Greenwich, the queen, after pulling off her glove, "gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels—a mark of particular favor." —Detroit Free Press.

Above All, "Know Thyself."

Young man, this is our advice to you. If you love a young girl tell her so manfully, with no cowardly beating about the bush.

If she says she does not reciprocate your love it won't kill you. Not at all. There are others just as good as she.

If she says she loves you and will marry you, don't ask her to wait till you have made a fortune, but just invite her to come with you and help you to make one. —Lodge Weekly.

The Right Sort.

"I've a waiter at my house that has been with me ten years. Never gave me a word of impudence, hasn't asked for a day off and never growls."

"Dear me! What nationality?" "American. It's a dumb waiter." —Harper's Bazar.

The Advantage of His Company.

Featherstone—I wish you would come and help me select some trousers, old man.
Ringway—I don't believe my taste is any better than yours.
Featherstone (hopefully)—No, but your credit is. —Exchange.

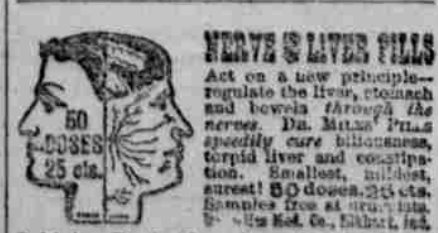


STARTLING FACTS!

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following are the best remedy: Dr. Miles' Great Restorative Nerve Tonic. Mrs. J. R. Miller of Valparaiso, Ind., J. D. Taylor, of Logansport, Ind., each paid \$100.00 for taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Valparaiso, Ind., was cured of 20 years' nervous prostration, by one bottle. Daniel Myers, Brooklyn, Mich., says his daughter was cured of nervous prostration, by one bottle. The book of testimonials, trial bottles and full particulars, sent free. Write to Dr. J. C. Miles, Elkhart, Ind.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.



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With Electric Magnetic Suspension. Latest Patents. Best Improvements. Will cure without medicine all weakness resulting from over-exhaustion of the system, nervous prostration, loss of vitality, indigestion, constipation, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all other ailments, and give a permanent cure. It is the only belt that will cure all these ailments, and it is the only belt that will cure all these ailments, and it is the only belt that will cure all these ailments. Adams' Electric Belt. No. 178 First St., Portland, Ore.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"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 MARTIN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it is a variably produced beneficial result." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 118th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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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.

Call next door to P. O. or at residence, North Salem.

E. HOFER, Salem.

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SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY

where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner.
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