Mistakes—aye, sins you call them—
May cover your past like a pall,
But the soul that is strong to outlive its wrong
Is the bravest soul of all.

You long to go forth in the battle, But your feet are fettered quite; Remember, who serve in the corps of reserve May be able as those who fight.

You chafe to enter the races
For pleasure and gold and fame;
Yet many who win 'mid the plaudits' din
Find the prize but an empty name.

The toil that is yours seems fruitless, Your days are dreary and long: But the lowliest duty may glow with beauty When wrought with a cheerful song.

The world's best sweets are denied you.
You have tasted earth's cup of wee;
But who suffers to give that others may live
Has the noblest life, I trow.

Ob, let us, my friend, do bravely
The work that to us is given,
And smile in belief that what causes us grief
May keep us the closer to heaven.

And some are by barreness are many.

And some are by barreness arrand;

But with vision grown wide we shall wonde
we sighed.

For they led to the Beautiful Land.

-Emms C. Dowd in Ladies' Home Journal.

Effects of Injuries.

A delicate woman will sometimes survive injuries that would lay out your six footer. A large number of those people who live to a ripe old age have one foot in the grave from their very infancy, while others who are perfect paragons of health and strength are swept away by the first breath of disease. I was sitting in my office one day when a laborer walked in swinging one arm with the hand of the other. It had been cut off by an engine, and he picked it up and walked unassisted to my office for repairs.

That same day I was sent for to attend a man who had a fingernail crushed off and was lying in a dead faint. I was once called on by a hotel porter who had a hole as large as a half dollar crushed in his skull by a slungshot. I dressed the wound, and he went to a dance that night and thrashed the fellow who had slugged him. The wound, which scarce discommoded him, would hav twenty.-Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Hat Was Too Small.

In a men's furnishing goods store, where there were quite a number of and asked to see some nice straw hats. He was a man of means and always dressed in the latest fashion. He tried on one hat that was too large, and not having the next size smaller the clerk pulled down one two sizes

The customer tried it on. It was too tight, and hurriedly attempting to take it off his head took with it his wig, disclosing a head as free from hair as an egg. Every one who witnessed this scene laughed, and poor Mr. R., mortified and embarrassed, grabbed his wig and old hat and rushed out of the store .-Cor. New York Recorder.

Islands Named for Dogs.

There are dozens (some say scores) of islands of greater or lesser dimensions known as Little Dogs, Dog islands, Big Dogs, etc. An island in the Thames, now a part of London, is called the Isle of Dogs. Carlyla alludes to it when he says, "Tell us first whether his voyage has been around the globe or only from Ram-gate to the Isle of Dogs." Three loft / and rocky islands near St. Thoma-(Virgin islands) are known as the Great Dog, George Dog and the

There are Dog islands in the Maylayan archipelago, on the coast of Maine, off the coast of Franklin county, Fla., and another in the Serawati group.-Exchange.

A Shoe Polishing Machine.

One of the products of American skill and ingenuity is a machine for cleaning and polishing boots and shoes. It consists of a platform with two openings in which the shoes are placed, the customer standing. After the feet are in place shields are applied protecting the upper-Four brushes are arranged vertically and two horizontally, so as to reach all parts of the shoe. These brushes

are worked by steam.

First the shoes are brushed clean, then the blacking taken from movable boxes by an automatic device, is applied, and then the shoe is polished.—N. Y. News.

Clubs and the Thirteen Superstition. The thirteen club in America has not been a success, taking into con-sideration its fundamental principle to combat all modern superstitions, especially that one which teaches us that the number "13" is fatal and victed of poisoning his ward, was unlucky. The club always sits down with thirteen at a table, always on Priday, the supposed unluckiest day of the week; knives are crossed, salt is spilled, and everything is done to tompt ill luck, but it does not come. On the other hand, neither does the popular belief that "13" is unlucky isappear, -- Million.

"Mercy!" cried Chollie. "Here's a nan died of brain fever brought on y lawn tennis. I play tennis all the

under certain circumstances hold Is It Possible the "Monster Emporiums"

Comparatively small glaciers can back water so as to form lakes like the Marjelen sea behind the Æggischhorn, or the Mattmark sea in the Saas valley. What bodies of water may have been held back by the huge ice sheets of the great glacier period-what inconceivably stupendons events would the bursting of their bonds be! Yet this is not altogether wild speculation. Already much evidence has been brought together which tells of the former existence of such masses of water, of a creat ice barrier at Cincinnati damming back 20,000 square miles of water, and of another lake of the same kind farther north in the Red river region 100,000 square miles in area, 100 to 200 miles wide and 600 miles long. And the same evidence goes to show that these gigantic reservoirs (Lake Ohio and Lake Agassiz they have been called) did actually burst, not once, but several times, just as the small temporary pond of the Bionas-

Catastrophic Denudation

say glacier gave way the other day. With such examples before us one cannot but hesitate before assigning too uniform a degree of intensity to the various agents of denudation. nor can one easily avoid the conclusion that, as regards some of them. their rate of work was occasionally far greater in past than in present times.-London Athenæum.

Concerning the extinction of our bison, the general belief is that our continent was the only one that had an animal of this distinct species. This is in a measure true, but few know that the European bison, or zubr (bison bonassus), bears the closest resemblance to our own bison. As Mr. Lucas describes him-and reference is made to a specimen in the United States National museum, there being a capital photograph of the animal in a Smithsonian reportbison bonassus looks so much like Americanus that it would take more than an ordinary observer to note the distinction.

The European bison, first cousin to our own, is taller, not so heavy as proved fatal to nineteen men out of to his fore quarters, nor is his head so big. At present the zubr is restricted to parts of Lithuania and the inaccessible regions of the Caucasus. In Lithuania the animals are under government protection. Up to the year 1500 European bison were not shoppers, a middle aged man entered rare in Poland. In 1514, in Transylvania, if old chronicles are to be relied on the subr traveled down the growing crops. There is fair reason to believe that in the middle of the last century a Polish king killed sixty bison in a day. In Lithuania, in 1880, there were 600 of these bison on the imperial range.-New York Times.

Helping the Culprit.

It often happened that the negro head servant on the farm was a sterner censor of public morals than his master. Such an "Uncle Tom" once told his master that a keg of lard had been stolen, and named the thief and hiding place. "Don't say a word about it." said

the master. Next day he rode into the field where the culprit was plowing, got down from his horse and walked

along beside the man. "What's the matter, William?" be asked, after a time. "You can't look

me in the face as usual." Then William began to cry and

confessed the theft. "Come tonight," said the master, 'and I will arrange so that you can put the lard back. Nobody shall

know that you took it." So, somewhat to the disapproval of the zealous head servant the culprit was shielded from punishment. -"The Blue Grass Region."

He Awoke from His Dream. New Boarder-You must give me

another room. Hotel Clerk-What's the matter with the room you've got?

"My room's all right, but in the next room there is somebody who snores so loud that the walls shake." "Is that so?"

"Yes, it is a great deal worse than that. Can't you give me a room near that divine creature with golden locks and a startled fawn expression who sat opposite me at dinner yes-

"Why, man alive! her room is next to yours. She does the snoring you are kicking about,"-Texas Siftings.

Punishment for Poisoners.

In ancient Rome poisoning was punished by crucifixion, no matter what the rank of the criminal, although this penalty was usually reserved for slaves. A Roman of respectable station, having been conmore presentable than those commonly used. Whether the convict expressed himself as better satisfied is not recorded.-Pittsburg Leader.

Woman (to herself)-It scares me half to death to drive this horse. I wonder what he'll do next.

Horse (to himself)-That must be woman driving, or I wouldn't be jammed into everything on the road.

New York Weekly.

RURAL CRITICISM.

Have Imitated Country Stores? Uncle Comfort Pettingill was man whose opinions were considered well worth listening to by the people from a month's visit to his married daughter, who lived "daown b'low" said Mr. Augustus Fawcett, a near the orchard. neighbor, who "dropped in" the night after Uncle Comfort returned, I farm?" was asked. "I want t' know ef ye passed inter

Gimp & Hardtack's shop while ye ply. was daown b'low?" "Suttin, suttin-a number o' times," replied Mr. Pettingill. "Well," said Mr. Fawcett, "I sh'd

like t' know ef they didn't set up fer a dry goods store ten years or so back? Or hev I got th' wrong name?" "They called themselves a dry goods firm, an do naow," said Uncle

"Well, well," remarked Mr. Faw cett, "haow doos it happen they're advertisin farmin tools fer sale? Hes some r'lation died an left 'em a lot on hand? I see their circ'lar in th 'Farmers' Guide,' when it come las' night. I was pooty sure thet was th' place where niece Idylly got m' wife's there must be a mistake somewher's.'

"Ther ain't any mistake I cal'late Gus," replied the returned traveler. Ye see, times hev changed sence you was t' Boston twenty-five years ago. Gimp & Hardtack keeps everythin' ye ken think up, fr'm rub ber boots t' painted furnitoor sets. It's 'nough t' make a man erazy t step foot in er their place; an it's full four miles off. I work both.' as big as Square Follet's pasture

"I want ter know!" ejaculated Mr. Fawcett. "Yes, full as big," reiterated Uncle

Comfort. There was a moment's pause, and then Mr. Pattingill from his seat in front of the fire reached forward. took up the tongs, and turned the fore stick over, giving it a whack which started up a bright blaze.

"It ain't but a few years," he said, turning to his guest with the tongs still in his hands, "sence th' city folks was pokin fun at th' kentry stores on accaount o' their keepin all kinds o' merchandise.

Mr. Fawcett-nodded sagely, in acquiescent silence.

Hardtack was kinder copyin after th'

to the present state of the Bushby crops. - Youth's Companion.

Looking for His House.

One evening John Scott (Lord Eldon) had been dipping rather too deeply into the convivial bowl with a friend in Queen street, Edinburgh, and on emerging into the open air his intellect became in a considerable degree confused, and not being able to distinguish objects with any degree of certainty he thought himself in a fair way of losing the road to his house in Picardy place. In this perplexity he espied some one coming toward him, whom he stopped with this query:

"D'ye ken whaur John Scott bides?"

"Where's the use o' you speiring that question?" said the man; "you're John Scott himsel'. "I ken that," answered John;

"but it's no himsel' that's wantedit's his hoose!"—London Tit-Bits.

Hop Cultivation in the Northwest. The cultivation of hops is a source of large income to the state of Washington. The hop was first cultivated in the Puyallup region in 1866, and with such results that in 1890 the crop was 50,000 bales, about half of which was grown in Puyallup fields. That crop was marketed for \$2,000, 000. The industry has spread into the valleys of the White, Stuck, Snohomish and Skagit rivers, all to the westward of the Cascades, at the feet of which rich valleys of alluvial Since it is known that one hopyard in England has been uninterruptedly cultivated for 300 years, there is no reason to look for a wearing out of the rich soil of west Washington,-Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Up to Date Indeed.

A young French artist recently had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a wealthy amateur, who gave him a commission to paint several pictures for his gallery. The other day the artist suggested to his Mæcenas as the subject of a historical picture, "Hippocrates refusing the gifts of Artaxerxes." "Well," replied the patron hesitatingly, "that strikes me as rather stale. Can't you suggest something modern, more up to date?" "I have it," exclaimed the artist; "I'll paint you 'Hippo-crates accepting the gifts of Arta-xerxes."—London Globe.

The Waning of the Moon. "Anyhow, Jack, you cannot say

that I ran after you at the time of

"You never spoke a truer word, Maria; but neither does the mousetrap run after the mouse, yet it right shame I didn't get all the other catches it all the same."—Arlequin. prizes."—Masque de Fer.

FARMING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

A Reautiful Country, but No Place

Which to Make a Living. The writer was driving along lovely hill road overlooking the sparkling waters of Lake Champlain in of Bushby, and when he returned their setting of blue mountains when he came to a pretty, white farmhouse, with the sign "For Sale" posted in Boston, everybody was anxious to on the veranda. Big barns and outhear what he had to say about the houses loomed up behind the house, "I want t' know, Comfort," and a man was mowing long hay in

"How much do you want for this "A thousand dollars," was the re-

"How many acres?" "One hundred."

"How many cleared?" "Sixty."

"How much wood lot?" "About forty." "Any springs on the place?"

"A fine one that sends its stream through an iron pipe right into the mander, off the alert. kitchen. It's ice cold and never fails.' "The buildings look as though they cost more than \$1,000."

"So they did. "How much?"

"Five or six thousand." "Why put them on so cheap

farm?" "This farm was held high before dress pattern, but m'wife, she said the west opened up, when this house was built.

"Could a man make money off it "Yes sir-ee. I work it on share with the owner, and I made all of \$150 off it last year for my share."

"Great Scott! all that. Do you live in the bouse?" "No. I live on another farm about

"Make as much off the other as you do off this?" 'Sometimes.'

"Suppose I offered to rent th" house and orchard and outhous only, what would the owner charge "Well, he'd charge you pretty

steep, stranger, bein city folks. Perhaps more than you'd care to pay." "Perhaps so. How much do you

"Well (cautiously), mebbe as high as seventy-five dollars a year." The write-looked longingly all over the pretty, nine room, white house, with green blinds and wide veranda, commanding a view of mountain, valley, plain, forest and lake hard

quiescent silence.

"I may be all off'n th' track," remarked Uncle Comfort, in a tone that belied his modest sentiments, "but it appears t'me as ef Gimp & flat, where reventy-five dollars a year with his hot New York that belied his modest sentiments, "but it appears t'me as ef Gimp & flat, where reventy-five dollars hardly that the sufficed for two months' rent and the sufficed for two months' rent and the sufficed for two months' rent and the big apple trees in the action of the suffice suffice and back most of the time; at last I became dropsical. I was very nervous and nearly worn the sufficed for two months' rent and the big apple trees in the guest ordered to. Bear Reiter Co., Ethary, I all the suffice to the suffice that the big apple trees in the quiet orchard, and compared spells and smothering at night. Had to sit up or give and the suffice and back most of the time; at last I became the suffice and back most of the suffice and back most of the suffice and b to excel; counted the big apple trees sufficed for two months' rent, and kentry stores naowadays!".

And with that he replaced the is the use of renting even paradise tongs, and turned the conversation if you must live in some other place? -New York Tribune.

A Profane Bird.

One day an old lady had cause to severely reprimand one of her maids. This so irritated the girl that, as a wind up to the recital of her wrongs in the hearing of her fellow servants and Polly, who happened to be with them, she exclaimed passionately, "I wish the old lady was dead!" The parrot lost no time in showing off its newly acquired knowledge when next taken into the drawing room to the alarm of its elderly mistress. She at once consulted the vicar, who kindly volunteered to allow his own parrot, which could almost preach a short sermon, sing psalms, etc., to be kept for a short time with the im-

pious one. To this end they were kept together in a small room for a few days, when the lady paid them a visit in company with her spiritual adviser. To their intense horror immediately the door was opened, the lady's parrot saluted them with the ominous phrase, "I wish the old lady was dead!" the vicar's bird responding with all the solemnity of an old parish clerk, "The Lord hear our

prayer."-Feathered World. Sarah Bernhardt's Herodias Cloak. Mme. Bernhardt is having some mort wonderful creations fashioned by French artists for her new character, Herodias. The most remarkable of these is a cloak of hugedimensions, being quite twelve feet square, soil of great depth have been formed. of a sort of greenish blue silk embroidered with strange eastern flowers of great size, glowing with barbaric tints of blue and green, salmon and yellow, and blazing with jewels in the heart of each flower. The cloak is lined with cloth of gold, finished with heavy fringe half a yard deep, and hung by a painted and jeweled leather strap from one shoulder and one hip.-Paris Letter.

She Had Been There.

"I beg your pardon," said the cheeky youth to the calm and austere maiden in the Pullman, but I think I have seen you somewhere before." The maiden fixed a freezing stare upon him.

"I think not," she replied severely. I have been there several times, but only to pass through." Then he passed on.—Detroit Free

Too Deserving.

A young village maiden had ob-tained the modesty prize. "I sup-pose then, my child," said a Parisian lady addressing her, "you are the most modest girl in the parish?"

"There is not the slightest doubt about that, ma'am, and it's a down-

THE PRINCE OF WALES

SMOKES.

is not like other kinds. It has peculiar fragrance and peculiar flavor.

Its peculiar uniformity always gives peculiar comfort, and has made

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it peculiarly popular. Sold everywhere. Made only by

An Excaped Humorist. Two nights ago a gentleman com ing down J. fferson avenue was approached by a well dressed stranger who saluted him politely:

"Excuse me," he said, "but will you be kind enough to assist a penniess man?"

"You don't look like a man ir

need," replied the gentleman. "But I am, just the same." "How much do you want?"

"Only two cents. "Haven't you any money at all?" "Not a penny, and I'd like to have two. I have plenty of large bills, but I want to buy a postage stamp and haven't the change," and with a loud guffaw he turned and hurried away into the darkness.-Detroit

It Would Never Do. Miss Elder-Well, I maintain that

women can do anything that men Mr. Gazzam-Oh, no. The auctioneer's business is one woman can-

Miss Elder-Nonsense. She'd make every bit as good an auctioneer as

Mr. Gazzam-Just imagine an unmarried woman getting up before a crowd and exclaiming, "Now, gentlemen, all I want is an offer!"-London Tit-Bits.

Getting a Good Night's Rest. It was hardly possible to find Suwaroff, Russia's great military com-"Do you never take off your clothes

at night?" he was asked. "No," said he. "But when I get azy and want to have a comfortable sleep I generally take off one spur."

-Million.

The Power of Art.

Gamboge-Did you say that picture I had at the exhibition was out of drawing?

Ochre-Well, I said it never drew a crowd.—Kate Field's Washington.



MRS. ELMIRA HATCH. **HEART DISEASE 20 YEARS.**

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THOUSANDS also much

with fluttering. For the last fifteen years I could not sleep on my left side or back until began taking your New Heart Cure. I had not taken it very long until I felt much better, and I can now sleep on either side or back without the least discomfort. I have no pain, smothering, dropsy, no wind on stomach or other disagreeable symptoms. I am able to do all my own housework without any trouble and consider myself cured.

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It is now four years since I have taken any medicine. Am in better health than I have been in 40 years. I honestly believe that Dr. Miles New CURED Heart Cure saved my life

Brown and made me a well woman. I am now 62 years of age, and am able to do a good day's work.

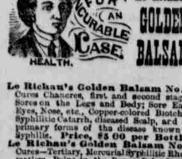
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Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given, that George G. Bingham executor of the estate of R. B Chubb, deceased, has filed his final account as such executor, and the county court of Marion county. Oregon, has set the 5th day of December 1821 at the hour of 40 o'clock a. m. for the hearing thereof All persons having objections to said account will present them to said court at said time.

GEO. G. BINGHAM.

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Executor.

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