



Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco
For over twenty-five years the standard smoking tobacco of the world.
To-day More Popular than Ever.
To have a good smoke anytime and everywhere it is only necessary to get Bull Durham. It is all good and always good.
BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO.,
DURHAM, N. C.

H. F. BROER,
Proprietor of the
DEPOT SASH AND DOOR FACTORY,
All House-fitting Material made to order at the lowest Portland prices. See us before you buy.
ARCHIE MASON. A. B. SMITH
MASON & SMITH
GENERAL - CONTRACTORS,
Street Work, Sewering, Excavating, Concrete and Mason Work, Tiling, etc. All work promptly done.
SALEM, OREGON.

CLEAN!
If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the
SALEN STEAM LAUNDRY
where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner.
COLONEL J. OLMSTED,
Liberty Street

EAST AND SOUTH Capital City Restaurant
Jas. Batchelor, Prop'r.
Warm Meals at All Hours of the Day
None but white labor employed in this establishment.
A good substantial meal cooked in first-class style.
Twenty-five cents per meal.
RED FRONT
Court street, between Opera House and Mint's Livery

MAN Wanted. Salary and expenses. Only grown of business stock on both American and Canadian soils. Hardy and reliable. Apply to **BROWN BROS. CO.,** 912 4th St., Chicago.

ONLY LINE RUNNING
2 THROUGH DAILY TRAINS
Leaving Portland, 8:45 A. M.
7:30 P. M.
31 DAYS TO CHICAGO
72 Hours Quicker to St. Paul,
23 Hours Quicker to Chicago,
40 Hours Quicker to Omaha and Kansas City.
PULLMAN AND TOURIST SLEEPERS
FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS, DINING CARS.
For rates and general information call on or address,
W. H. HURLBURT, Asst. G. P. A.,
24 Washington St., PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE YAGUINA ROUTE.
OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD
And Oregon Development company's steamship line, 22 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. First through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TOURIST Sleeping Cars.
ELEGANT DAY COACHES.
A continuous line connecting with all lines affecting direct and uninterrupted service.
Pullman dining room sleepers served in day.
Through tickets to and from all points en route.
Full information concerning rates, time of departure, etc., apply to **A. D. HANSON,** Ticket Agent, 216 Com'l St., Portland, Ore.

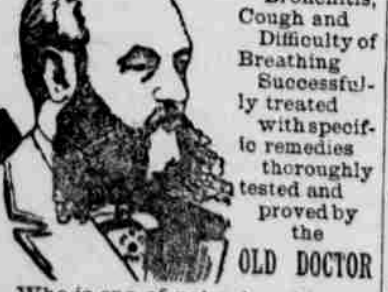
Blackwell's Bull Durham
In his memoirs the Marshal de Luxembourg relates the following incident. The occurrence took place during his service in the army of Flanders.
Noticing one day on a march that several soldiers were not in their places, he sent an aide-de-camp to recall them. All obeyed promptly except one. The marshal, then Count de Bouteville and a lesser officer, hastened to strike him, and threatened to strike him.
"If you do that you will repent it," cried the soldier.
Bouteville struck him several times and forced him to return to his regiment.
Two weeks later the count offered a large sum of money to any man who would execute a perilous errand for him. A soldier who was considered the bravest in his regiment presented himself for the commission and acquitted himself with great success and courage.
Bouteville praised him highly and presented him with the reward which he had offered. The soldier immediately distributed the money among his comrades and said:
"I did not serve you for money, but if you think I deserve some recompense will you make me an officer? Do you recognize me, sir?"
The count replied that he had never seen him.
"I am the soldier to whom you gave a severe beating two weeks ago. I said that you would repent it."
The count embraced him with emotion, promised to be his friend, and the man received an officer's commission that very day.



SIX SPASMS A DAY.
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.
GENTLEMEN: I never lost an opportunity to recommend Dr. Miles' Nervine to any High School, and I am happy to say that it has cured many cases of nervous debility. I have cured many cases of nervous debility, and I am happy to say that it has cured many cases of nervous debility. I have cured many cases of nervous debility, and I am happy to say that it has cured many cases of nervous debility.

DR. POWELL REEVES & CO.,
The Old Reliable Specialists,
Late of New York Hospitals. Graduate with High Honors. Twenty years' experience as Professor, Lecturer, Author and Specialist in Chronic Diseases.
Catarrh, Bronchitis, Cough and Difficulty of Breathing. Successfully treated with specific remedies thoroughly tested and proved by the **OLD DOCTOR**
Who is one of nature's noblemen, thoroughly devoted to his profession and ever ready to help the afflicted.

DR. POWELL REEVES & CO.,
Now Located at 216 Com'l St., Salem.



DR. POWELL REEVES & CO.,
Nervous Debility of both sexes, especially of young and middle aged men. The awful effects of early in-
BLOOD AND SKIN
KIDNEY AND URINARY
CATARRH
PRIVATE
WRITE your troubles if living away from the city. Thousands cured at home by correspondence and medicine sent secure from observation. Enclose 10 cents in stamps for book on Second Secrets. Address,
DR. POWELL REEVES & CO.,
New Located at 216 Com'l St., Salem.

ELECTRIC BELT
LATEST PATENTS
IMPROVEMENTS
WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUPPLY
Will cure without medicine, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, backache, kidney troubles, bladder troubles, prostate troubles, etc. It is a most valuable and reliable remedy for all the above named troubles. It is a most valuable and reliable remedy for all the above named troubles. It is a most valuable and reliable remedy for all the above named troubles.

AN ADVERTISING LETTER.
Speaking of advertising brings to mind a very prevalent nuisance which is being inflicted just now on long suffering New Yorkers. I refer to the advertising letter—the circular letter which asks you to trade with somebody or other. They are directed by hand, put in plain envelopes, sealed and stamped with two cents' worth of terra cotta paper. The uninitiated can't tell them from a genuine letter until the envelope is torn open. Then they are unmasked. They are revealed in their unimpeachable disappointment.
These people who send them out are sharp. I tell you. They only send them to private houses and apartments, where women will most likely receive them, and they know the weakness of womankind for anything in the nature of a letter. Women always just ache to get letters, and these confounded circulars fool them every time.
If it happens that the victim lives in a flat the wife, mother or sister will gleefully trip down the four flights of stairs when she hears the postman's short, sharp ring on the electric bell in the kitchen. She knows the ring perfectly, and it is to her ears about the most welcome sound of the whole day. Then she opens the letter box and pulls out the circular. It looks interesting. There is no advertising imprint on the envelope. The handwriting is apt to be very amateurish or very expert in its lines. The victim studies it carefully. She sees that the letter is postmarked in New York, but that does not count one way or another. She is quite likely and more liable to get a letter from some one in New York than anywhere else. She also studies the back carefully, and holds the letter up to the light and discovers nothing to give her a clew of whom it is from. But she does not open it.
Oh, no! She holds it tight like some precious thing, and with a glad heart at the anticipation of a pleasant, gossiping letter from somebody she climbs the four flights of stairs to her own floor.
Perhaps there are two of them. Then it is all the worse. When she gets into the box of a dining room in her seven room flat, which also does duty as a sewing room, she sits down in the rocking chair, draws a long breath and opens the letter.
Then is the time to see a woman mad!
That woman will give the most perfect imitation of anger and disgust you can find anywhere. She will hurl that advertising letter on the floor as though it was a thing accursed. She knows she has been fooled, and she resents it. Then she flounces out into the kitchen and slams the door. That's a woman's way of swearing.
I doubt if under any circumstances you could induce her to buy goods of the firm who sent her that letter, and so I don't believe that this systematic letter trickery that so many firms indulge in pays them as well as advertising in some other manner would. Within the last week I have received these delusive letters from dry goods houses, banks, furniture stores, carpet cleaners, liquor dealers, real estate agents, confectioners, bakers, butchers, cigar manufacturers, tailors, and even churches are getting into this pernicious habit. The soap people of course are always with you.—New York Herald.

The Gait of the Horse.
"Speaking of gait," said a cattleman, "did you know that in its native state the horse has but two gaits—the walk and gallop? All others, such as the trot, pace, canter, fox trot, rack and single foot, are acquired and artificial. True, a colt will be born that may pace on the day of its birth, but you will find that some of its ancestors had been taught to pace.
"I have chased and captured horses in their native wilds and know this from observation. I never saw a wild horse trot. A queer difference between wild horses and domestic is exhibited in breaking them. Now, a wild horse tries to dismount his rider by pitching and bucking, and it is the aim of the trainers to make him run. Get wild horse to running straight ahead and he is conquered and will in a short time become docile.
"But with domestic stock just the opposite is the case. A tame horse does not buck as a rule, but wants to run. Let him run and he is ruined. The philosophy of the business is plain. The idea in both cases is to bend the will of the horse to the rider's desire. The wild horse runs straight ahead because he is cowed and afraid of his rider and has de-
spaired of throwing him. The tame horse runs because he has no fear of the rider and imagines he is 'escaping'. He is made to go slowly and quietly through fear and respect. Thus, you see, the wild horse runs to slavery, while the tame horse runs to freedom."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Robbing Peter to Pay Paul"
"Robbing Peter to pay Paul" was first used when Westminster Abbey was called St. Peter's cathedral. Money being needed to settle the accounts of St. Paul's cathedral it was taken by those in authority from St. Peter's, quite to the dissatisfaction of the people, who asked, "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" Over 200 years afterward the saying was again used in regard to the same churches at the death of the Earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that so great a statesman should be buried in St. Paul's, while parliament insisted that one so noble in every way would be more properly placed amid the dust of kings in Westminster Abbey, and that not to bury him there would be for the second time "robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul." The Abbey carried the day.—Harper's Young People.

Named After Other Men.
All the world has heard of Thomas Babington, but not more than one person in a thousand knows more about him than that he was the man Lord Macaulay was named after. Only persons of more than average information know more about Lord Clive than that Clive Newcomb was his namesake. The fame of Edward Everett has not merged into that of Edward Everett Hale, nor has Ben Franklin faded yet into the nominal antecedent of B. F. Butler, but Everett had better reason than he knew to quiver when the infant Hale was named for him, and a less than Franklin could hardly have withstood the competition of a Butler.—Harper's Bazar.

A Request to Edinburgh Infirmary.
The late Dr. W. F. Cumming, of Edinburgh, bequeathed \$3,000 to the infirmary in that city on condition that the annual income derived from it be applied to the purchase of snuff and tobacco for poor patients "who may have been addicted to the use of tobacco in any shape, and are known to be in distress for want of it." Tea and sugar may be purchased for those who dislike snuff and tobacco.—London Tit-Bits.

Trying to Seduce the Showman.
"It is curious," remarked "Toby" Hamilton, the press agent of Barnum and Bailey's "greatest show on earth," "to what trouble men, and women, too, will go to try to get the better of the showman. We have a regular rule that all children under nine years old can come in for half price, twenty-five cents, and you would be surprised to see what labor some folks will undergo just to get the better of the showman. On the hottest day in summer three people will take a fourteen-year-old child up in their arms and carry it as if it were a baby for at least a quarter of a mile.
"Not long ago a man came panting and dripping with perspiration with a young woman whom he tried to palm off as a child. I afterward learned that she was the man's wife. They seldom pass the lynx-eyed door-keeper, but when one does succeed he triumphs among his neighbors as one who has 'done' the showman, and the next year there will be a double crop of these men trying to palm off an only too palpable fraud. Few succeed. The extra quarter is generally charged, always paid with a slight reluctance, and the heated man is little the worse for his trouble."—New York Tribune.

A Ball Player "Braces Up."
"Say," said Captain Anson confidentially as he placed his feet to good advantage before a radiator at the Richelieu last night, "I can furnish you with the framework of a real romance. Listen. Once upon a time a baseball club known as the 'Colts' was playing in a town called Cleveland. In this club was a third baseman. He had not been doing good work and started in this game in particularly bad shape. While I was thinking of something real cutting to say I saw him glance at the grand stand. Immediately his whole aspect changed. He braced right up. Such splendid playing I never saw in my life.
"Through his efforts mainly we swiped the earth with the home club. The crowd was wild. That third baseman never took his eyes off a certain seat in the grand stand occupied by a handsome young woman. I don't think he knew there was any one else on the grounds. That evening he secured an introduction, and six months later they were married. Moral—but wait. Come to think of it, romances don't have morals."—Chicago Tribune.

What the Red Paper is For.
No color, not even imperial yellow, lies so near the heart of the Chinese as red. True, they do not, as did the Hebrews, smear blood on the lintel, but they have a custom of much the same import. Any one even superficially interested in this curious people must have noticed the little pieces of red paper—red peach paper it is called by the Chinese—which, covered all over with characters, are attached to the doors of their dwellings. The impression is general that these bits of paper in some way indicate the business or employment of the occupant. But Ah Sin himself will tell you that they are "just lucky."
This is a satisfactory reply as could be expected from him under the circumstances; the mystery of life is not easily expressed in a couple of words. But why red peach paper?—Henry Burden McDowell in Harper's.

An Ancient Serpent Superstition.
It is popularly believed, even in this day and age of the world, that bees die almost immediately after using their stings. This may be true; in fact I believe that it is so stated on good authority, but what do you think of the idea of a poisonous serpent dying as soon as he has inflicted the fatal bite? Pliny, a writer of the first century after Christ, says: "Serpent, no odds how poisonous the variety, can hurt but once, neither kill they many together, to say nothing how, when they have bitten or stung a man they die for very grief and sorrow that they have done such a mischief, as if they had some remorse or conscience afterward."—St. Louis Republic.

Why He Worried.
A railroad was built through some of the back counties of Georgia, and an old farmer and his wife, who then saw a locomotive for the first time, stood in the doorway of their cabin watching a train whiz by. Their dog, being also an amateur in the railway business, was running after the train, barking furiously. "Do you think he'll catch the train?" asked the old woman. "Gunno," replied the old man meditatively; "that ain't what's worrying me. I'm wondering in what the darn fool'll do if he does catch it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Woman's Turndown Collar.
The turn-down collar, with cuffs to correspond, continues to be worn. It is especially effective with the pretty black wool dresses, and if one can stand the extreme severity of the linen a very smart getup is achieved by this black and white contrast.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Other Boy's Part.
Mother (to little son)—Mercy, Charley, what is the matter with your face? Have you been fighting?
Little Son—Now, ma. But the other boy was—Exchange.

The Highest Pleasure.
The man who owns a railroad never gets half as much joy out of it as the man who travels on a free pass.—Sam's Horn.

A FORGOTTEN SENSATION.
The Strange Career and Tragic Death of Kasper Hauser.
Kasper Hauser made his appearance in Nuremberg May 20, 1828. He was found alone in the street unable to speak intelligibly or to walk uprightly, being apparently either foolish or insane.
After inspection by the police he was detained as a vagrant, and by degrees the sympathy of the whole town was enlisted in his behalf, his condition being such as to convince his guardians that he was the victim of a deep laid and cruel plot. The boy's intellect developed rapidly under the kind care of his new friends, and before long he was able to give some account of his previous existence, which had been passed in a dark cell and in solitude until at last his keeper took him out and carried him to Nuremberg.
Many theories were propounded, but none of them fitted the case, until, little by little, suspicion was narrowed down to the royal house of Baden, wherein a singular conjunction of circumstances had resulted in the extinction of the regular line and the accession of the offspring by amorganatic marriage of a previous ruler.
In the meantime Kasper Hauser was being carefully nurtured and educated in the family of an estimable teacher of Nuremberg, the whole community vying with each other in kind attention to the city's adopted son.
While in that apparently safe retreat his life was attempted by an unknown assassin, who succeeded in wounding but not in killing the mysterious waif. After that event the boy was constantly guarded by two policemen, it being evident that for some reason or other his existence was a continual menace to powerful and unscrupulous enemies. In 1831, three years after Kasper Hauser's arrival, an English nobleman, Lord Stanhope, visited Nuremberg, cultivated the youth's acquaintance and finally offered to adopt the foundling and take him home to England.
This chance was considered too fortunate to be rejected, and accordingly Kasper Hauser was transferred with due formality to Lord Stanhope's protection. Instead of being taken to England, however, he was placed in a teacher's family in Austerlitz, where Lord Stanhope left him and soon afterward began to prejudice his friends against him as a swindler and impostor. His pecuniary resources were cut off, he was treated unkindly by his appointed guardians, and finally he was stabbed and mortally wounded in the park, whether he had been decoyed by a stranger, who escaped after dealing the fatal blow.
Kasper Hauser's death gave new impetus to the efforts for the discovery of his real identity, and the gradual development of facts concerning him from that time to this has constantly added strength to the early suggestion that he was the son of Grand Duke Karl and Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden, put out of the way in order to secure the throne to the stepbrother of the grand duke by his father's morganatic marriage with Countess Hocheim. This woman and Margrave Ludwig, brother and successor of Grand Duke Karl, were the instigators of the plot; Major Heunenhofer, a confidential agent of the pair, carried out their orders, and Lord Stanhope was a paid confederate whose work it was to secure the person of Kasper Hauser and place him where his enemies could get at him.—Kate Field's Washington.

John's Ready Wit.
John was driving Mr. and Mrs. T.—to the station when it was noticed that the horse would stop every now and then, and Mr. T.—remarked upon it.
"What is the matter this morning, John?" he asked.
"Shure, sorr," said John, "the horse is a sensible craythur, an Oi think that he stops now an thin to listen as to what ye are sayin behind his back, sorr."

Interested in the Good Book.
Willie's Mamma—I am glad to see you reading your Sunday school lesson for once in your life, Willie, without being told to do it.
Willie (absorbed in the good book)—I wouldn't old Goliath have been a bully feller to play center in football game!—Chicago Tribune.

Another Freak.
And Parent—I've got a mighty boy—remarkably smart, remarkably good.
And Friend—Yes, it certainly is remarkable, very.—Good News.

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, Real Estate Agents.**

THE YAGUINA ROUTE.
OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD
And Oregon Development company's steamship line, 22 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. First through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TOURIST Sleeping Cars.
ELEGANT DAY COACHES.
A continuous line connecting with all lines affecting direct and uninterrupted service.
Pullman dining room sleepers served in day.
Through tickets to and from all points en route.
Full information concerning rates, time of departure, etc., apply to **A. D. HANSON,** Ticket Agent, 216 Com'l St., Portland, Ore.

THE YAGUINA ROUTE.
OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD
And Oregon Development company's steamship line, 22 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. First through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TOURIST Sleeping Cars.
ELEGANT DAY COACHES.
A continuous line connecting with all lines affecting direct and uninterrupted service.
Pullman dining room sleepers served in day.
Through tickets to and from all points en route.
Full information concerning rates, time of departure, etc., apply to **A. D. HANSON,** Ticket Agent, 216 Com'l St., Portland, Ore.

THE YAGUINA ROUTE.
OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD
And Oregon Development company's steamship line, 22 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. First through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TOURIST Sleeping Cars.
ELEGANT DAY COACHES.
A continuous line connecting with all lines affecting direct and uninterrupted service.
Pullman dining room sleepers served in day.
Through tickets to and from all points en route.
Full information concerning rates, time of departure, etc., apply to **A. D. HANSON,** Ticket Agent, 216 Com'l St., Portland, Ore.

THE EVENING JOURNAL.
50 Cents a Month, contains all the news.