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NERVOUS DEBILITY of both sexes, especially of young and middle-aged men. The awful effects of early indiscretion, producing weakness, LOST MANHOOD, night emissions, exhausting drains, bashfulness, loss of energy, weakness of both body and brain, unfitting one for study, business and marriage, treated with never failing success. Get cured and be a man.

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STATE TREASURER'S FOURTH NOTICE.

STATE OF OREGON
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
SALEM, May 1, 1896

Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand sufficient to pay all outstanding state warrants indorsed "Presented, and not paid for want of funds," prior to, and including, March 2, 1891, and that all such warrants will be paid upon presentation at this office. Interest on said warrants will not be allowed after the date of this notice.

PHIL. METSCHAN,
State Treasurer.

5-1-dw-2w

Steamer Elwood.

LEAVES SALEM

from U. P. Dock at 6 o'clock a. m. every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

LEAVES PORTLAND

from the Central dock at foot of Washington street every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday. Concerning freight and passenger business, call on the agent, AL HERREN.

FLOWER ANGELS.

Where do the flowers go when they die,
When the winds of winter blow?
Where do the lilies and violets go,
And the dear little baby flowers that grow
Everywhere under the sky?
Don't you know?

Don't you know? Last fall
As I walked over the hill one day
I saw little graves, where the blossoms lay
Dead and buried and hidden away—
King Frost had slain them all.
Lackaday!

There was not a sound in valley or hill.
I walked like one in a dream;
I could not hear the voice of the stream.
The sunset cast not a single gleam
On the world so gray and still—
Not a beam.

But suddenly, out of the winter sky,
Little white angels I saw descend
By twos and threes, and hand in hand,
Till the air was filled with the shining band
All about me, and ever so high
In the sky.

Oh, yes! I and the children know
That somewhere up in the winter sky
The beautiful gates of flower heaven lie,
And when flower angels about us fly
The sober grown folks call it "snow,"
But we know!

—Dorothy Deane in Kate Field's Washington.

ROBY'S PRISONER.

The clank of canteens, the steady tramp of thousands of feet, the dull, monotonous roll of drum, and the Union men marched into Poinsett, Miss., on their way south. The Poinsett mansion and plantation, on the outskirts of the village that bore the name of the owner of the big cotton fields, was to all appearances deserted as Major Brown, handsome even in his dusty regimentals, rode up to the front door and rapped loudly with the hilt of his sword. A trembling old negress timidly opened the door for a little space and pushed her white, woolly head through the crevice.

"Can you give a dozen officers accomodations for the night, auntie?"

The voice was as kind as the face, and Aunt Nancy threw the door wide open and majestically stepped back for the officer to enter.

"Jes' tek a seat in de pahlah, Massa Of'cer, tell I call Miss Roby." The negress walked away, and Major Brown sat down in one of the antique chairs, glanced about at the furnishings and out of the window and across a landscape rich in green and gold of the meadows and the setting sun. At the window sill a honeysuckle bloomed, and a humming bird, oblivious to the martial motion of the mass in blue passing the house like a steel tipped stream, hung over the flowers. A rosebush shrouded the garden wall and presented a bank of brilliant blossoms against the dark leaves.

Miss Roby Poinsett was standing in the door when the major looked around. He arose, bowed, and saying that he was sorry to discommode her asked if accomodations could be accorded him and his fellow officers for the night. "I am Major Brown," he concluded respectfully.

"You certainly are welcome, sir," the young woman replied, "though I fear we are poor entertainers. Our brothers are in the east, and our help has deserted us, except old auntie," with a nod of her head toward the hall.

"It is kind of you, and I assure you of ample protection."

Again bowing, the major stepped to the door and gave a command to his aid, who rode away. An hour later strange fires dotted the meadow, and the green pastures whitened under the ranks of Sibley tents. The whippoorwill's call was hushed by the quavering blasts of bugle; shadowy forms passed to and fro before the fires. Then all was dark and still, only the white tents and shiny stars and pacing sentries. The army slept.

Auntie proved her value and the generosity of her larder. Twelve officers discussed the biscuits and honey and savory fried chicken and wheaten loaves. Miss Roby sat at the head of the table as hostess. Her mother begged to be excused, as she was indisposed. The honors of the table were well cared for, and later, when a half dozen bottles of wine were brought out of the cellar and a box of cigars was produced, the talk flowed freely. No word of war was uttered and no allusion made to the camp on the meadow. The men knew they were partaking of the hospitalities of an enemy given as freely as if they were friends.

The cigars were smoked on the veranda, and the crescent moon came up over the distant hills before the little group broke up. Aunt Nancy handed each a candle and led the way up the broad stairs to the rooms above. A cheerful fire of twigs was burning in the grate in Major Brown's room, and he sat before it until the last tiny spark winked out, and his candle was sputtering in its socket before he parted the white curtains that concealed his bed. The first streak of dawn showed the outlines of pictures in their oval frames on the wall when the major threw open the shutters and drank in the pure air.

The bugler was just sounding his first blast, and the camp was beginning to wake. Teamsters were knocking about their tent stables, and the horses were neighing for the oats that came with the break of day. Carefully dressing, the major went down stairs to the garden, listening to the early chirping of the birds and the vigorous clarion of the cocks in the great barn that loomed up out of the mist like a mountain. He plucked a rose and pinned it on his uniform. One by one the officers came down. A savory smell of ham and eggs greeted the unbidden guests, and just as the sun was coming up Aunt Nancy announced that breakfast was ready.

The meal was quickly dispatched. The mass of men was soon in motion. The vanguard, with the sun glinting off the steel barrels of the guns, moved on over the arch of a bridge in a dusty road. The clank of canteens, the steady tramp of thousands of feet, the dull, monotonous roll of drum, and the Union men marched out of Poinsett on their way south. Major Brown lingered at the Poinsett mansion until after the rear guard had crossed the bridge—until the last straggler had gone. Then he bade Miss Roby goodby and started to join the troops.

Started to join his troops? At the bridge 14 bushwhackers sprang at his horse. The major's sword flashed, and the leader was under the horse's feet. The animal stumbled over the prostrate man. Smoke puffed from a pistol, and the horse fell to his knees, attempted to rise, but went down with a groan, pinning his rider underneath. The keen sword snapped over the barrel of a guerrilla's gun. The major was taken captive.

Back up the road to the Poinsett mansion the little procession passed. The major, leaning on the arm of the stalwart leader, again faced the broad front door and again Aunt Nancy opened it for him. The prisoner dropped with a groan into a chair and placed his hand on his left leg. "It's broken," he whispered. Miss Roby stood amazed in the doorway. "I have come back," the soldier said, with a painful smile, and his cheeks blanched with pain, "a prisoner. I fear that I shall have to trouble you, for my leg is broken. I must lie down."

The men bore their prisoner up the stairs and laid him on the bed he had so recently left. The doctor from the village was called, and the fracture was gradually reduced. "He can't be moved for eight weeks and probably ten. You can't tell, sah," addressing the major. "It all depends on a man's constitution."

Leaving one of their number on guard the party of Confederates hurried on after other stragglers and to report their prize. The day wore slowly away for the major.

In mind he was leading the troops—the hum of bumblebees about the honeysuckles was the dull rumble of the drum; the throb of pulse beats against the pillow was the steady tramping of the men, and the measured ticking of the clock in the hall below the castanet music of the canteen. Gradually the sounds blended; the army passed farther and farther away. The major slept. When he opened his eyes, a bouquet of bright roses stood upon the stand at the head of his bed. The sentry paced back and forth in front of the curtain. A door opened and Miss Roby entered.

Seeing the major was awake, she went to the bedside with the cheer of a hospitable heart. The officer was her prisoner, yet he was her guest. The soft light of day faded away, and Aunt Nancy brought a bowl of bread and milk and a candle. The major ate, talked and slept. The next day the guard was relieved by Miss Roby, who brought her book and work. She read for an hour and then took up her sewing.

The prisoner talked of the north, of Chicago, the growing young city by the lake; told of his mother and sister there, of the great expanse of rich prairies; talked of Abe Lincoln and related amusing anecdotes of the president's life and touched his listener's heart with pathetic sketches of the great abolitionist's history. The days rolled on apace. There was little use for the guard. Major Brown had given his word of honor that he would stay there until taken away or rescued by Union men—and there was little hopes of the latter. Provisions were running low, and the guard was sent away.

July passed into August before the prisoner was allowed to swing himself about the garden on a pair of crutches. The leg got well slowly, but the war went on, though little of the news reached Poinsett.

Then came the days of September. The cotton fields were a tangle with weeds, the plantation lay in fallow. The major, in company with Miss Roby, whom he now called his bodyguard, often took short rides about, and as the broken limb was finally restored a sharp canter over the fields was a common occurrence. Then the guard returned with half a dozen soldiers to take the captive away to one of the many prisons of war in the south.

With them they brought a big, black charger that Colonel Poinsett had sent home for a rest. Miss Roby trembled when she told the major that his captivity, so far as she was concerned, was at an end. The prisoner did not wear his regimentals when he mounted the horse beside the sergeant in command and rode away, and no one could tell that he was in custody. Waving his hand to Miss Roby and bowing politely to her mother, the major was hurried on, for there was little time to be wasted by the soldiers. Roby mounted her father's horse and rode slowly along the road in the direction taken by the men, when suddenly her ear was startled by the report of a dozen musket shots coming in quick succession, followed by the thunder of horses' hoofs.

In an instant her charger had carried her to the turn of the road, beyond which the shots had come—carried her into the midst of the fleeing troops. Down the road in front came a band of Federal cavalry. Another volley of shots and Major Brown's horse fell, throwing the rider into the dust. There was no time to be lost. Spurring her horse to the spot, Miss Roby brought him to a stand directly in front of the prostrate man. The animal seemed to understand what was required and braced himself for the shock. Turning his wicked head from right to left and showing his savage, ivory teeth, the black stood his ground.

The girl, with face paled by the danger, yet features as firm as those of the leader of the charging forces, sat erect and waited. The ranks parted and closed again, but they had missed the man, who in a second more would have been ruthlessly trampled to death. Before the column could wheel Miss Roby had dismounted and was holding a white handkerchief aloft as a flag of truce. At the command of the leader two men came forward, and the rest continued on after the flying Confederates.

"This is Major Brown of the Union army," said Miss Roby as the officer came forward to where the major was still lying in the dust.

"Major Brown!" the sergeant exclaimed. "We were looking for the major." The soldier raised his superior officer, wiped the dust from his face and pressed the canteen to his lips and was rewarded by seeing consciousness return. Then the major stood up and realized that in some way he owed his life to Miss Roby. The troop returned, the men mounted, and the major climbed into a saddle and rode on.

* * * * * *

Cruel war came and desolated Poinsett. The bursting of bombs along the Mississippi and the roar of cannon from the batteries shook the earth, and black clouds of smoke and the scent of burning powder were often in the air. Colonel Poinsett was brought home to die. Both his sons fell at Antietam. The mansion was burned one dark and rainy night, and Mrs. Poinsett, with Miss Roby and Aunt Nancy, sought shelter in a negro cabin on the plantation.

Then Lee surrendered, and the war was over. The war was over, but the plantation was ruined, and the proud Poinsetts were reduced to straitened circumstances. Patiently Miss Roby struggled to support her mother by teaching in the village school. Aunt Nancy took in washing to help swell the family fund.

One evening in May, 1865, Miss Roby was on her way from the postoffice and was passing by the ruins of her old home. This night she felt that she could not bear to gaze upon the monument to her misfortune. When she turned into the path, she saw a man standing by the tall chimney, left like a shaft of victory by the fiery fiend. Where the rose garden had been was a tangle of blackened briers and a mass of weeds. One solitary rose was blooming, and the stranger plucked it and pressed it to his lips. Roby knew that it was the major. Her foot struck a dry twig that crackled with her weight. The major looked around and came to her with extended hands. The woman stood unmoved.

"Do you not know me, Miss Roby?" the major asked as he paused with his feet in the blackened embers.

"I have not forgotten you. But what brought you here?"

"You."

"Do you see the ruins of my home? My father lies buried over there, and both my brothers were victims of northern guns." There was more sadness than resentfulness in the voice.

"I, too, have suffered, though not so much as you," the major replied. "I have lost relatives and friends by the score. I fought on the Union side because I believed it was right, just as your father and brothers fought with Lee. The struggle is over. Let us forgive where we cannot forget."

"I was once your prisoner and could not take advantage of your sympathies to a wounded man to tell you what I have again come to the south to say. If you do not care to listen, then I can go away."

Involuntarily she extended her hand, and the major grasped it eagerly and carried it to his lips.

"You will let me take you away from this scene, take your mother to a place where the thoughts of war will gradually die away?"

"I will go," said Miss Roby. Both her hands were about the major's neck, and her head rested on his broad shoulders for a moment. The door to the little cabin opened, and the light from within fell upon the couple like a mantle of gladness.—Chicago News.

Knew Her Hubby.

Mother—Is your letter to your husband ready to mail?

Married Daughter—It's all done excepting the postscript, telling him to send me some more money. I'm looking for another sheet of paper.

"Write it across the lines."

"No, indeed. He'll pretend he couldn't read it."—New York Weekly.

A MODEL KITCHEN.

The Illinois woman's exposition board will conduct a model kitchen in the Women's building. Mrs. Richard J. Oglesby has planned the work to illustrate the value of corn, one of the chief food products of Illinois. Lessons in the scientific and hygienic preparation of food will be given such as involves no loss of nutriment or useless expenditure of personal energy or fuel. All the modern contrivances for saving labor and annoyance will, as far as possible, be in actual use. It is believed a better knowledge of the nutritive properties of the cereal and the many excellent dishes which may be prepared from it will prove of great advantage to visitors.

RARE CHINA.

One of the rarest exhibits at the exposition will be a selection of Coalport china. A specialty is the chalcedony decoration, which reproduces the hues of the agate. Imitation turquoises are studded on some of the vases with fine effect.

GRACE DARLING'S BOAT.

The little boat in which Grace Darling went to the rescue of the passenger steamer Forfarshire on the rocks of Farne island Sept. 6 and 7, 1838, will be one of the many interesting exhibits in the Transportation building at the fair.

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Is a terror to timid voyagers, scarcely less on account of the perils of the deep than the almost certainty of sea sickness. The best curative of mal de mer is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which settles the stomach at once and prevents its disturbance. To all travelers and tourists, whether by sea or land, it presents a happy medium between the nauseous or ineffectual resources of the medicine chest, and the problematical benefit derivable from an unmedicated alcoholic stimulant, no matter how pure. The jarring of a railroad car often produces stomachic disorders akin to that caused by the rolling of a ship. For this the Bitters a prompt and certain remedy. The use of a brackish water, particularly on long voyages in the tropics, inevitably breeds disorders of the stomach and bowels. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters mixed with impure water nullifies its impurities. Similarly it counteracts malarial and other prejudicial influences of climate or atmosphere, as well as the effects of exposure and fatigue. Use it for kidney complaint, rheumatism and debility.

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