



JAMES R. WAITE,
Manager of Waite's Celebrated Comedy Co.
Prominent Actor and Orchestra.

DR. MILES' NERVINE
You will remember the condition I was in two years ago, when I was afflicted with a combination of diseases, and thought there was no hope for me. I tried all kinds of medicines, and scores of eminent physicians. My nerves were prostrated, producing distress, heart trouble and all the ills that make life miserable. I commenced to take **DR. MILES' NERVINE** and in three months I was perfectly cured. In my travels each year, when I see the thousands of physical wrecks, suffering from nervous prostration, taking prescriptions from local physicians who have no knowledge of their case, and whose death is certain, I feel like going to them and saying, "Get **DR. MILES' NERVINE** and be cured." In my profession, where there are many who are overworked, overtaxed, and whose nervous system is exhausted, brought on by the character of the business engaged in, I would recommend **DR. MILES' NERVINE** as a sure cure for all suffering from these causes. **DR. MILES' NERVINE** is a sure cure for all suffering from these causes. **DR. MILES' NERVINE** is a sure cure for all suffering from these causes.

Are You Ever Tired?
Do you ever think your skin needs a rest? It certainly does. It needs a tonic to set it up just like a rattle system.

LOLA MONTEZ CREME

The Skin Food and Tissue-Bolter.



Is a food for the skin. It makes the skin firm and preserves its elasticity, thus preventing wrinkles. You cannot frown or wrinkle or tan with the cream on your face. No toilet table is complete without it. One pot (75 cents) lasts in use for months. Sold daily. **THE ONLY SKIN FOOD** on the market. **BEWARE** of imitations and accept no substitute.

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON,
AMERICA'S BEAUTY DOCTOR,
200 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal.
For sale by **FRED LEGG, Druggist, Patton Block, Salem, Oregon.**

For any special or complicated blemish of the face and form, write to **MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, 200 Clay St., San Francisco,** superfluous hair permanently removed.

Steamer Elwood.

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

LEAVES PORTLAND
from the Central dock at foot of Washington street every Sunday and Thursday.

LEAVES SALEM
for Albany every Monday and Tuesday, returning same days.
Concerning freight and passenger business, call on the agent, **AL. HERRIN.**

CHAS. WOLZ,

Proprietor of the
GERMAN MARKET
South Commercial St., Salem.
All kinds of fresh, salt and smoked meats and sausages.
—FREE DELIVERY.

BLOOD DISORDERS

A New Remedy

A true Specific—a positive and permanent elimination of all poisons from the blood, and a restoration of healthy vigor to the tissues is offered to sufferers for the first time in a remedy which has been undergoing the most severe private experiments for the past three years. It has not yet failed, and it will not fail, as it is a **True Specific** for Syphilis, poison and all blood diseases. Do you suffer from it? Send for full particulars and proof-free. Stop filling your system with mercury and other poisons. This remedy will cure you in 30 to 60 days without fail. We guarantee a cure or refund the money. Address

MOFFAT CHEMICAL CO.,
170 First Street, PORTLAND, OR.

MALYDOR

THE GENTLEMAN'S FRIEND.
Our PERFECT SYNERGY free from every bad taste. Does not stain. PREVENTS STREPTOCOCAL AND GONORRHOEA and GLEET in one to four days. A QUICK CURE FOR LEUCORRHOEA or WHITER. Sold by all DRUGGISTS. Send for full Address for F. R. MALYDOR Manufacturing Co., LANSING, MICH.

Smith Premier Typewriter.

Sold on easy payments. For Rent.

W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem.

H. N. BURPHE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St., Portland. Send for catalogue.

W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem.

H. N. BURPHE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St., Portland. Send for catalogue.

W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem.

H. N. BURPHE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St., Portland. Send for catalogue.

W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem.

H. N. BURPHE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St., Portland. Send for catalogue.

W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem.

H. N. BURPHE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St., Portland. Send for catalogue.

W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem.

H. N. BURPHE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St., Portland. Send for catalogue.

W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem.

H. N. BURPHE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St., Portland. Send for catalogue.

W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem.

H. N. BURPHE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St., Portland. Send for catalogue.

W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem.

H. N. BURPHE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St., Portland. Send for catalogue.

W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem.

H. N. BURPHE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St., Portland. Send for catalogue.

ORGOUSES.

I am a little crooked, don't you see? And all these fellows that come with me, they are crooked, too, I say. We come to tell you that some time—today (or tomorrow, we can't say just when—My Lady Spring will be with you again.

We are brave little messengers, that I know. What other fellows would dare to show their faces in such a wintry air? They're afraid of the cold, but we don't care. For we wish to be first to hear to you. A message which may or may not be true.

But we're prudent; we wear our coats of fur. For to tell the truth, though we're fond of her, just the other day I heard a bluebird declare that he'd sung, "The spring is here!" A thousand times before she'd appear.

My lady whispered to us in our sleep. And waked us out of our slumber deep. How we did hurry! We thought, "We're late. And our message will be quite out of date!" So we dressed in haste, and here we are. But what of my lady, where is she?

—St. Nicholas.

THE WRONG VALISE.

It was certainly an odd adventure, and one in which I exhibited a degree of audacity that I can scarcely credit now, but it brought me such good fortune that I never regretted it, especially with such a reputation for dignity as I now enjoy. It is not a very long story, yet I think it will interest you. My wife says I have told it too many times, but I believe it will bear one more repetition.

It was in the year 1850. I was in the employ of a large mercantile house. I had begun with them six years before, fresh from a country town, and had gradually been promoted until I was confidential clerk and had charge of the corps of book-keepers which the business demanded.

I was of a reserved disposition, of studious habits and was fast becoming a confirmed bachelor when the events I shall narrate occurred, changing the tenor of my life.

It was the month of December. I remember the evening as distinctly as though it were just past. The snow was several inches deep, and the sky was filled with the small white messengers. The gaslights glimmered feebly, the shop windows were obscured, traffic in the street had nearly ceased, while the few who were out hurried as fast as possible to their respective destinations.

Important business demanded my attention in Glasgow, and I was to leave by the midnight train for that city. I had taken my supper, or, more properly speaking, a light lunch near the office, where I was employed until 10 o'clock with the accounts and papers which were necessary in the transaction of the business which called me away.

I looked at my watch and found I had but scant time to go home and get my valise, which I had unfortunately (as I then blindly hoped) forgotten to bring with me.

As I stepped out into the wintry air and breathed the storm the sensation, instead of being unpleasant, was rather exhilarating. I found in a few moments, however, that the storm was more severe than I had imagined, and my progress was very difficult. It took me much longer than I anticipated, so I was in a great hurry.

I lived in a long row of houses, all just alike. I knew nothing of those who lived upon either side, for I was away early in the morning, was gone all day, and after I got back at night devoted myself to my pipe and books, very rarely going out again.

The storm seemed to have redoubled its fury as I went up the steps and opened the door. I was almost blown into the hall, and the door swung behind me with violence. All was dark, but I knew just where my valise was, all ready. So I crept up stairs cautiously to avoid further disturbance, found my room door open and in the corner where I expected my valise.

Without an instant's delay I rushed down stairs and was soon out in the blinding sleet. I was really exhausted when I got to the station, and to add to my trials I was just in time to see the train slowly moving off.

After a sharp run I caught the last carriage, recovered my breath as soon as I could, put my valise into a rack and settled myself for a nap. When I awoke, it was morning, and I found to my dismay that we were snowbound and had made but little progress on our way.

There was nothing to do, however, but make the best of it. I read awhile, smoked awhile, even lent them a hand in clearing the line, and after other devices to kill time thought I would look over my business matters. As I took down my valise it felt so light it attracted my attention at once, so I involuntarily looked it over attentively. It certainly appeared right, and there were my initials, C. S. R., in the proper place.

Something instinctively told me I had made a mistake, and before opening I tried to think how it happened. Although I had taken it in the dark, I recalled the stairway, the room at the end of the upper hall, the position of things as they appeared in what little light there was and the valise in the corner whence I took it. There could be no mistake, and yet this valise seemed only about half as heavy as it ought to be.

It may appear strange that I had not noticed it before, but in my hurry to the station I doubt if I should have noticed it had it been empty. To solve the mystery I opened it, and the contents certainly were not mine. Perhaps some of the fellows in the house had played a trick on me. I found some toilet articles, some apples, a book, and at the bottom a roll which appeared to be my papers, but which proved to be a lecture in manuscript upon "Grecian Art," with the name Chester Sylvanus Richardson at the end. Who the dickens he was remained a mystery, and how I came by his valise is a still greater problem.

After more study over it it flashed upon me that I must have gone into one of the other houses in the row. This eased my mind a little, though I still felt anxious about my papers. There was nothing to do but exercise patience, and so I began reading the lecture. Although somewhat beyond my acquisitions, I found it interesting and instructive.

Toward 4 o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Carlisle. As it was impossible to transact my business in full without my papers, and I was weary with the slow progress I had made, I formed a sudden resolution to stop over night in Carlisle, telegraph for my valise and go to Glasgow some time the next day when it arrived.

He snow about the town was fairly beaten down, considering the fierceness of the storm and the short time it had begun to abate. After getting out of the train I did not hurry, but leisurely passed along the platform in the rear of the other passengers. As I was about to step off the platform, to my surprise two gentlemen of nice appearance seemed about to accost me, but as they were total strangers to me I of course supposed myself mistaken and passed on.

In a moment they were by my side, and one of them said very politely: "Excuse me, professor; I thought it was you, but did not feel sure until I saw the initials on your valise. I am sorry you have had such a rough journey, but I can assure you a good audience despite the storm."

I was so dumfounded that I could not resist his efforts as he and his friend escorted me to a carriage, placed me in it and then entered themselves. Before I had a chance to speak the elder gentleman said: "I trust, professor, you will at once feel at home with us. You have many warm friends in the town, though you are a stranger personally to us."

"Yes," broke in the other man; "I am Mr. Ackerman, chairman of the lecture committee, and my friend here is Mr. Lincoln, who would insist you should make your headquarters at his house."

I saw what their mistake was, but how to get myself out of the matter caused me to fall into a reverie, during which my companions ceased to talk to me. A few moments' thought, and I determined to perform the part so unexpectedly thrust upon me and give the lecture as best I could. Thanking the gentlemen, and fearing the conversation might drift into channels where I could not sustain it creditably, I begged permission to remain quiet, as my journey had been very fatiguing.

We speedily arrived at a handsome residence, into which I gladly entered. I was ushered into a warm, pleasant sitting room, and when left alone my conscience began to smite me. I had not long to reproach myself when I heard the sound of a woman's voice, and Mr. Lincoln's wife entered and cordially bade me welcome. In conversing with her I discovered that I was a very learned and eloquent professor, and that the public were very eager to hear me.

"I trembled at my audacity, but I could only carry out the character I had so rashly assumed. The lady informed me that her son, who was very intimate with me (then I shuddered), was away (here I breathed freely), but I should meet her daughter Lily."

lows in the house had played a trick on me. I found some toilet articles, some apples, a book, and at the bottom a roll which appeared to be my papers, but which proved to be a lecture in manuscript upon "Grecian Art," with the name Chester Sylvanus Richardson at the end. Who the dickens he was remained a mystery, and how I came by his valise is a still greater problem.

After more study over it it flashed upon me that I must have gone into one of the other houses in the row. This eased my mind a little, though I still felt anxious about my papers. There was nothing to do but exercise patience, and so I began reading the lecture. Although somewhat beyond my acquisitions, I found it interesting and instructive.

Toward 4 o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Carlisle. As it was impossible to transact my business in full without my papers, and I was weary with the slow progress I had made, I formed a sudden resolution to stop over night in Carlisle, telegraph for my valise and go to Glasgow some time the next day when it arrived.

He snow about the town was fairly beaten down, considering the fierceness of the storm and the short time it had begun to abate. After getting out of the train I did not hurry, but leisurely passed along the platform in the rear of the other passengers. As I was about to step off the platform, to my surprise two gentlemen of nice appearance seemed about to accost me, but as they were total strangers to me I of course supposed myself mistaken and passed on.

In a moment they were by my side, and one of them said very politely: "Excuse me, professor; I thought it was you, but did not feel sure until I saw the initials on your valise. I am sorry you have had such a rough journey, but I can assure you a good audience despite the storm."

I was so dumfounded that I could not resist his efforts as he and his friend escorted me to a carriage, placed me in it and then entered themselves. Before I had a chance to speak the elder gentleman said: "I trust, professor, you will at once feel at home with us. You have many warm friends in the town, though you are a stranger personally to us."

"Yes," broke in the other man; "I am Mr. Ackerman, chairman of the lecture committee, and my friend here is Mr. Lincoln, who would insist you should make your headquarters at his house."

I saw what their mistake was, but how to get myself out of the matter caused me to fall into a reverie, during which my companions ceased to talk to me. A few moments' thought, and I determined to perform the part so unexpectedly thrust upon me and give the lecture as best I could. Thanking the gentlemen, and fearing the conversation might drift into channels where I could not sustain it creditably, I begged permission to remain quiet, as my journey had been very fatiguing.

We speedily arrived at a handsome residence, into which I gladly entered. I was ushered into a warm, pleasant sitting room, and when left alone my conscience began to smite me. I had not long to reproach myself when I heard the sound of a woman's voice, and Mr. Lincoln's wife entered and cordially bade me welcome. In conversing with her I discovered that I was a very learned and eloquent professor, and that the public were very eager to hear me.

"I trembled at my audacity, but I could only carry out the character I had so rashly assumed. The lady informed me that her son, who was very intimate with me (then I shuddered), was away (here I breathed freely), but I should meet her daughter Lily."

The lady left, and after a brief quiet, which seemed hours to me, I heard voices in the hall. There was evidently an intention to speak in a low tone, but nevertheless I heard all that was said distinctly, as the door was slightly ajar.

"What is this wonderful prodigy of learning like, mamma? Is he a solemn faced man, with sleek hair, spectacles and erudition written on every feature? Have I drawn a correct picture, mamma?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" was the answer. "He is much unlike what Charlie's letter had led me to expect. He is really a fine looking man, very gentlemanly and very pleasing to converse with, but I must say I should never suppose he was such a learned man as he undoubtedly is."

I began to feel doubly guilty and had not recovered my composure when Miss Lily entered the room. She was such a vision of loveliness that my discomfiture was increased. I knew I must have seemed really stupid, but my supposed wisdom doubtless encouraged her to overlook it, and the grace of her welcome completed the fascination her first appearance had created.

We were soon talking so eagerly that I forgot my embarrassment. I was delighted to find that her range of reading and thought were such that we could talk very intelligently together. I pretended to be a great lover of music, and our conversation turned upon that topic, so that when her mother came to call us to tea we were singing together and enjoying each other's society as though we had been friends for years.

Tea was soon over, and the evening moment was near. I overheard Miss Lily say to her mother in a whisper, "Mamma, he is splendid." This infused me with fresh courage for the ordeal. Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Lily and I drove together to the hall.

The sight of the brilliantly lighted room and the expectant people made my knees tremble and my heart beat quickly, but I left my companions and made my way to the ante-room, where I found my friend, the chairman, facing a hall full of intelligent looking people and conspicuous among them the bright eyes and charming face of Miss Lily.

I do not know what it was the chairman said. I only know it was a panegyric upon me, and that when he said, "I now have the honor and the pleasure of presenting to you the celebrated lecturer and scholar, Professor Richardson," I arose and stood before them, undecided whether to speak or to turn and run.

The applause which followed gave me a little time to brace up. So, spreading the manuscript upon the desk, I began. I had devoted a little time to elocution and had looked over the manuscript in the train, so I was fairly familiar with it, and as I proceeded I kept gaining additional courage, and the lecture was delivered in a way that astonished myself and won repeated plaudits.

A vote of thanks to me was unanimously passed, the audience dispersed, and I was soon seated in Mr. Lincoln's pleasant home, where he poured out a stream of congratulatory remarks. Miss Lily was silent, but I thought her looks indicated her father's speech. I was much tired by my exertions and gladly availed myself of the excuse to retire.

Alone in my room, the possible consequences of my evening's lecture troubled me. I was deeply impressed by Miss Lily's beauty, culture and bewitching manners. But how could I continue the acquaintance? I could not long remain in the character of professor, and an attempt to explain might complicate matters the more. The only way open was to leave without explaining and contrive some way in future to atone for my folly.

So after breakfast I took a long walk, during which I considered matters, and at last stepped into a telegraph office to send for my valise, which had almost escaped my recollection. While standing in the office preparing my message, a man came in and began chatting with the operator. Just then the instrument began to click. The operator heard the message and gave a cry of surprise.

"Look here, Bill," to the other man, "didn't Professor Richardson lecture here last night?"

Oh, what should I do if recognized as the impostor!

"I don't know," was the answer. "I heard he did, though."

"Well, here is a message to Mr. Lincoln from him, which says he couldn't come on account of the storm. Something funny somewhere. I'd better get this up to him as soon as possible."

So off he started to find a boy to carry the message. Whatever I did must be done quickly. I found that a train left in 20 minutes. I rushed back to the Lincoln's house, got in without being seen, grabbed my valise and was soon on my journey to Glasgow, whence I telegraphed for my proper valise.

My heart smote me for treating my host so, but I felt the worse at not being able to bid adieu to Miss Lily. As soon as I arrived at my hotel I sent the following note to Mr. Lincoln:

DEAR SIR—Unexpected circumstances forced me into assuming the character of one far more wise but I trust not more desiring than myself. I shall renew our acquaintance in person in a way that I hope will entitle me to your confidence and excuse the deception I have practiced. With much esteem and respect, yours,

I heard afterward what excitement followed the delivery of the telegram and the discovery of my absence. Mr. Lincoln and his wife were furious, but Miss Lily was confident it would come out all right. Somehow, when my note was received, it tended somewhat toward softening her father's anger, but it was a mystery for some time to them all.

The professor made a trip to the place to investigate the matter and was invited to lecture. I am vain enough to be pleased with the fact that the people declared the false professor was the more eloquent of the two.

Later I called upon the professor and told him the whole story. He laughed heartily at my venture and proved to be a capital fellow. Our acquaintance ripened fast, and it was not long before I was in S— again with a cordial indorsement from him. Miss Lily answered my ring herself, and her look of astonishment I shall never forget.

The reading of the professor's letter made everything satisfactory. Mr. Lincoln laughed loud and long as I told him how I felt upon my former visit. I called again and very often, and one day there was a wedding in that pleasant town, at which Miss Lily became Mrs. Rochester.—Exchange.

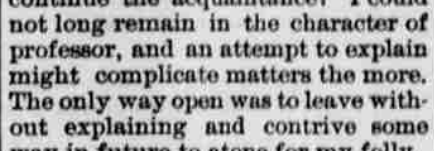
Ancient Soldering.

The introduction of the blow pipe and soldering is veiled in obscurity, though specimens of ancient work have come down to us, especially the delicate grain work of the Etruscans, where the soldering is of the finest description.—London Times.

For Sale.
Good team, wagon and harness. Also 4 year-old filly, well broke single or double, fine driver. Apply to M. C. Cone, Simpson's addition, 25th street, Address Salem. 5-4-1m

OUT OF SIGHT.

The traveling public are now fully alive to the fact that the Chicago, Union Pacific & North Western line offers the very best accommodations to the public from and to Chicago, Omaha and intermediate points, not only during the world's fair, but all the year round. 4-3-0t



Charles E. Peace
Conservator, Ind.

Hip Disease

A Boy's Terrible Experience

Given Up by Physicians—Considered a Confirmed Cripple
"For the benefit of other sufferers we state the case of our boy, who was taken with hip disease five years ago, when three years old. The trouble began with stiffness and severe pain in his knee, which suddenly went to his hip. The doctor pronounced it a genuine case of hip disease, and said if he lived he would be a cripple."

Always be a Cripple
Imagine our feelings! Charlie was entirely helpless. When we went to his bed to enter or turn him for rest, he would scream as though we were murdering him. After two months, I happened to read of a similar case cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. We gave it to our boy, and in July several places on his hip gathered and broke. When he had taken a bottle and a half of the Sarsaparilla we saw that his general

Health was Improving.
His color was better. In fact he was better in every way. The sores entirely healed. We got him out of bed, and he grew stronger, and now for two years has had no sores, and has not used a crutch for over a year.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It cures a little but is in the best of health, goes to school, runs and plays just as lively as any of the boys; he walks over half a mile to Sunday school and returns every Sunday." **ISAAC W. PEACE, Conservator, Indiana.**

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels.

SMITH BROS.,

CONTRACTORS & PLASTERERS.

Leave orders at Cottle-Parkhurst block, room 15, Salem, Oregon.

Farm for Sale or Trade.

On easy terms, four miles east of Sublimity, containing 167 acres; will trade for property in or near Salem. **B. G. BOYD, Sublimity, Or.**

Deutscher Advocat.

POSTOFFICE BLOCK, - SALEM, OR.

Admitted to practice in all the courts. Special attention given to German speaking people and business at the country and state offices. **E. HOFER, Notary Public.**

POWER HOUSE

Meat Market.

Fresh and Salt meats of the best quality. Poultry and stock. Free delivery.

FRED WAYMIRE.

Money to Loan.

Loans will be made on improved city or farm property by the

LOMBARD INVESTMENT CO.

For terms, etc., apply to

JOHN A. CARSON,

Attorney at law, over Bank's Bank, Salem, Or.

Inferior Goods.

The only safe way for purchasers is to insist on having the genuine article, and not allow themselves to be swayed by having plasters said to be "just as good" or "containing superior ingredients," imposed upon them. These are only tricks to sell inferior goods that no more compare with Alcock's Porous Plasters than copper does with gold. One trial of Alcock's Porous Plasters will convince the most skeptical of their merits.

The eminent Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph. D., F. C. S., late Government Chemist, certifies: "My investigation of Alcock's Porous Plaster shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster."

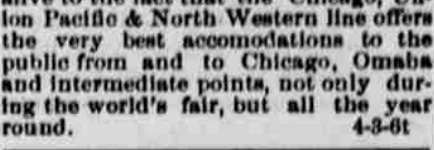
Ask for Alcock's, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Baby cried,
Mother sighed,
Doctor prescribed: Castoria

For Sale.
Good team, wagon and harness. Also 4 year-old filly, well broke single or double, fine driver. Apply to M. C. Cone, Simpson's addition, 25th street, Address Salem. 5-4-1m

OUT OF SIGHT.

The traveling public are now fully alive to the fact that the Chicago, Union Pacific & North Western line offers the very best accommodations to the public from and to Chicago, Omaha and intermediate points, not only during the world's fair, but all the year round. 4-3-0t



Charles E. Peace
Conservator, Ind.

Hip Disease

A Boy's Terrible Experience