

DO ALL THAT YOU CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star, "To make this dark world bright; My silvery beams cannot pierce far Into the gloom of night; Yet I am a part of God's great plan, And so I will do the best that I can."

THE RIVALS.

Through their own efforts Sang Lumford and Matt King had stocked a ranch. The ranch was small, but their cattle were choice, and their grass and water were of the best; besides, they were hustlers, and their expenses for hire were very small, which increased their income considerably.

At the time of which we write 50 miles in every direction from where one lived was called a neighborhood in Texas. There were some who increased the distance to 75 and even 100 miles, but these were few, and their ponies were exceptionally good, for the area of a neighborhood then generally covered as much ground as a man could ride over in a day in one direction without too much exertion.

The nearest neighbor to Sang and Matt lived 10 miles away across the river, and there, it is unnecessary to say, they were frequent visitors as long as the floods in the river would allow them to cross over. Mr. Tobin's family was an interesting and rather numerous one, with a lot of girls ranging in age from babyhood to budding maidenhood. For a year Matt and Sang had watched pretty Nellie Tobin grow and bud and blush, until she had become in their eyes the fairest and sweetest little maid that ever lived.

It was not long, therefore, before the two bachelor ranchmen began to look upon each other as rivals for the hand and heart of Nellie. At first it was all fun and merriment, the one joking the other about some little advantage he had gained on the previous visit. Meanwhile they worked all the harder and looked after their interests closer, so that when they should bring Nellie home there would be no lack of the where-withall to make her comfortable and happy.

It is unnecessary to say perhaps that each had made up his mind to win Nellie for his own, neither one thinking the other had even the smallest chance of getting her.

Then came the spring freshet, and they were confined to their own side of the river—shut out, it seemed to them, from all the rest of the world. It was then that the first discontent came between them. Both became cross as the proverbial bear, and the least thing that went wrong the one would blame the other. So they had little quarreling spats and were as unhappy as only two unreasoning fellows in love with the same girl could possibly be.

Sang was naturally quiet, with very little resentment in his nature and of very few words. He was big and ungainly, slow in his thoughts and movements, but a giant in strength. Usually he was easy to get along with, and there were not a few who, behind his back, said that he was a coward at heart, for there had been times when the tears had sprung to his eyes when some drunken rowdy had taken a fancy to abuse him. Only once had he been known to use his great strength and assert himself, and that was when a so-called desperado proposed to give him a good whipping with a quirt. Then Sang, in a moment of excitement, had picked the fellow up against the side of a house with such force that when he recovered his senses and found no bones in his body were actually broken he had slunk away and was never seen in that part of the country again.

Matt, on the other hand, was small, quick of motion and fiery in temperament, and was considered the most daring rider and the most expert with the lasso of any rancher in that part of the country. He was quick to take offense and as quick to forgive after having eased his mind by pouring out a torrent of words upon the offender.

Taken altogether, Sang Lumford and Matt King were just about on an average with men one meets every-where in everyday life, well suited to each other and likely to make a success of the business in which they might engage, provided they did not fall in love with the same girl at the same time.

One day when the river was at its highest, and the two men were as miserable as it is possible for men to be, Matt burst out: "Confound this high water! I wish there wasn't a drop of it for a thousand miles around."

To this ridiculous wish, which would virtually break them up in their business, Sang assented.

"Huh, huh," he said. "I bet I'll have Nellie here with me before there is another freshet in the river," cried Matt.

"Me, too," said Sang. "You?"

"Reckon so, if she'll have me." "You don't think she would marry you, do you?" asked Matt, looking his partner over from head to foot scornfully.

"Don't know. Thought I'd ask her."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Matt. But his laugh was so offensive that even stoical Sang reddened in the face.

"You'll see," he cried. "Danged if I don't cross the river tomorrow and ask her."

"You're too durned slow, Sang," sneered Matt. "Tomorrow never comes."

"That's all right. It'll come soon enough for you, and I ain't no prophet neither."

"Why, the idea!" cried Matt. "A great big gawk like you wanting to marry a little girl like Nellie Tobin. If I had just the least thought that you dared to insult her by asking her, I'd kill you right where you stand."

Matt was angry now and his dark eyes flashed dangerously as he looked defiantly at his partner.

"D—n you!" roared Sang. "I have taken all I am going to take from you, so you better keep your mouth shut."

Sang was white in the face as he turned around and walked out of the house. He went to the corral, caught a horse, saddled him and rode away toward the river.

Half an hour later Matt also left the house on horseback, but headed farther up the river than Sang had done.

It was late that night when Sang returned home, dripping wet. He went into the house and looked around, but there was no sign of Matt, and as the latter did not return Sang soon went to bed and to sleep.

During the night, however, he woke up, and finding that Matt had not yet come back he began to feel uneasy and did not close his eyes again till morning dawned gray and cloudy and with a fine sprinkling of rain.

As the daylight increased so did also the rain, and by the time the sun should have been up it was pouring down in torrents. Sang felt ill at ease and walked about restlessly, peering out through the rain in every direction, hoping he would see Matt returning. Hour after hour he watched and waited in vain, until at last he could stand it no longer and left the house.

As he had done the day before, he rode down toward the river, and as he rode along he muttered to himself:

"What a pair of fools we have been to fall out as we did, just for nothing! I wish Matt would come back so that I might tell him."

Then he smiled grimly in his old way, and in spite of the pouring rain rode on toward the river.

"I reckon Matt will flare up like thunder, as is usual with him, when he finds out," he mused. "It was a hard pull to swim across the river yesterday, but it was a good thing Matt made me mad, or I wouldn't be able to do it today, after all this rain. Lord! What a joke it will be on Matt, and he so sure that Nellie would jump right into his arms, too, as soon as he asked her!"

The water was roaring down every gully and ravine and went rushing toward the river, swelling it every moment. As Sang approached the river he could hear the angry roar of the water as it forced its way over and through the "raft" of uprooted trees and drift that had lodged in the bend below the ranch and had grown steadily for perhaps hundreds of years.

When Sang reached the river, he was surprised to see how it had risen since the day before. Old logs and trees came whirling down the mighty flood, spinning round and round in the eddies before being hurled against and over the raft, a little distance below.

The water was rushing over every thing, and only one huge tree, which had lodged in the raft with its roots in the air, was visible above it. Among the roots, which seemed to writhe and twist like serpents in the still pouring rain, Sang thought he could see something move and gesticulate, and a faint cry reached his ears above the roar of the water.

"Dang my picture if that ain't Matt," he shouted, unconscious of the loud tone he used. "On his way to see Nellie, I bet. Little girl! I would do him, and I would tell his so pretty quick if I could just reach him."

Matt was standing up now among the twisted roots, waving his arm wildly.

"Lord!" cried Sang, "if this has been yesterday, I guess I would have moved a finger to try to say him. But I can afford to pull him ashore now, if for nothing else, just to laugh at him. But I must hurry up, or the water will rise and was him off."

"Hold fast for your life. I'll t back directly," he shouted as he rode back the way he had come as fast as the horse could run.

When Sang returned, he brought large coil of new rope with him, which he proceeded to recoil carefully into two piles. When this was done, he made one end of the rope fast securely around a tree and the other around his body. Then he picked up one pile of the rope and hung it carefully over his arm and walked coolly into the water.

Straight out he swam, with the sure stroke of an expert and powerful swimmer, until the rope on the bank had all run out. Then, coil by coil, he let the rope on his arm slip off also, while the current carried him downward toward the old snag and Matt. When only a few coils of the rope remained upon his arm, he reached it in safety.

"I didn't think you would come and help me," said Matt faintly as he grasped the outstretched hand of his friend. "Do you know, Sang, I wouldn't have done this much for you yesterday!"

"Neither would I, Matt," said Sang. "But today it is different. Now, however, we must be getting away from here while we can. Just let me make the end of the rope fast around your body, and the current will soon swing us into the bank without much exertion on our part."

Matt was weak and worn from long exposure and anxiety and submitted quietly to everything Sang proposed. When all was ready, they let themselves down into the water and in a few minutes were safely landed by the current against the shore.

The evening sun was shining brightly when Matt awoke from a sound sleep much refreshed.

"I was thinking it all over last night among the roots of that old tree, Sang, and made up my mind if I got away from there alive to give up my interest in Nellie in your favor."

"That's you, Matt, but I don't want it," said Sang, laughing. "I would like to know, however, how you come to choose such a place as that to roost in!"

"Well, after the words we had yesterday and when you left me I made up my mind to go across the river and beat you to Nellie. I attempted to swim my horse over and started in all right. When we were about half way across, a drifting treetop caught us and got us tangled up. The horse got away from me and made it over safely; but, as you know, I am not much of a swimmer, and so for safety I hung onto the tree. The tree and I struck the old snag where you found me this morning, and I climbed up among the roots to keep from going over the raft."

"Just what I thought," grinned Sang. Then he added, "I went over to Tobin's yesterday evening and came back last night."

"What did Nellie say?" eagerly. "Nothing." "Didn't you ask her?" "No." "Why?" "Didn't like to go to the trouble. Thought I would come home and sell out to you," and Sang laughed merrily.

"What will you take to never go near her again?" asked Matt earnestly.

"Cow and calf," replied Sang. "It is a bargain," cried Matt. "But a dear one to you."

"Why?"

"Nellie was married last week to Ned Spriggs, from Cow Creek, and moved over there the next day."

"What a pair of fools we have been," both exclaimed in one breath. —John P. Sjolander in Philadelphia Times.

A Ghost Story.

I was going by rail from Goldsboro to Wilmington, N. C. It was on a beautiful moonlight night, and I happened to look out of the window by my seat just as something white came out of the woods. It followed right along by the side of the train, and I called the attention of the other passengers to it. Every one saw it just as plainly as I did, so it could not have been a hallucination.

The specter kept pace with the train, and, wonderful to relate, would sometimes run a little ahead, cross the track in front of the engine, and run along the other side. Then it would disappear altogether for awhile, but to return again after a few minutes.

"Was it the spirit of some poor wretch who had lost his life on the railroad?" asked a young man.

"No, sir," replied the colonel. "It was nothing but a white sandy road in the woods."

And then the crowd dispersed. —Tacoma News.

A Strange Eyespashed owing.

A strange foreshadowing occurred in the life of Plumer Ward, the novelist. In one of his works, "De Vere," he delineated a character many of the incidents in whose career were founded on passages in the author's own life. Hunting for a name for the abode of this gentleman, he hanced on "Okover Hall," on which was fixed.

Years afterward, by one of those odd chances which happen oftener in real life than in fiction, Mr. Ward found himself, as guardian of his wife's only son, the master of that very "Okover Hall," the name of which he had picked from among a thousand others in a "road book." —London Tit-Bits.

What They Got.

When Artemus Ward died, the press of England and America was filled with tributes to his memory. In New York a meeting of newspaper people was held, at which it was resolved that his memory should be perpetuated. The manner in which this was done was amusingly illustrated by a story told in Harper's Magazine some years ago. Whether or not the anecdote would be true today, we do not know.

A few summers ago I passed a week's vacation at Waterford, Me., and during my visit went to the village graveyard to view the final resting place of Artemus Ward.

With some trouble I found the grave, there being nothing about the plain white slab to distinguish it from many similar ones around. While thinking and wondering that no monument had ever been erected to the humorist, a countryman approached, to whom I said:

"My friend, can you tell me why it is that Artemus never has had a monument erected to his memory?"

"Well, stranger, I guess I kin," was the reply. "You see, arter Artemus died 300 or 400 printer fellers down in New York city got together and passed some beautiful resolutions, saying that Artemus should have a monument, and they would pay for it then and there, and then they took up a collection, which amounted to \$20.60, so I'm told, and since then this town hasn't seen either the monument or the money; but, stranger, we did get a copy of the resolutions." —Youth's Companion.

The Earth's Millions.

The human family living on earth today consists of about 1,450,000,000 souls—not fewer, probably more. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold. In Asia, the so-called "cradle of the human race," there are now about 800,000,000 people densely crowded on an average of about 120 to every square mile.

In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded as Asia, but everywhere dense, and in many places overpopulated. In Africa there are, approximately, 210,000,000, and in the Americas—North, South and Central—110,000,000, these latter of course relatively thinly scattered over broad areas. On the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000 more.

The extremes of the blacks and the whites are as five to three, the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate, brown, yellow and tawny in color. Of the entire race 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, they wear garments of some kind that will cover nakedness—250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover the middle part of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads. —Philadelphia Call.

"How good digestion wait on appetite, And health on both."

To assure both the above ends, one good, wholesome, palatable food is demanded. It is next to impossible to present a sufficient variety of appetizing bills of fare for our meals without a liberal allowance of pastry and other food in which shortening is required. How to make crisp, healthy, digestible pastry has puzzled the cooks. A difficulty in all good cooking in the past has been, lard. Always fickle, never uniform, most unwholesome—lard has always been the bane of the cook and the obstacle to "good digestion."

COTTOLENE comes now into popular favor as the new shortening—better than even the best of lard with none of lard's objectionable qualities. And

COTTOLENE comes attended by both "APPETITE AND HEALTH." Grocers sell it all about. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Make only in N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A agreement of the bowels each day, to regularity. These pills are entirely natural, and do not contain any of those poisonous ingredients which are so common in many of the cheap pills. They are entirely natural, and do not contain any of those poisonous ingredients which are so common in many of the cheap pills. They are entirely natural, and do not contain any of those poisonous ingredients which are so common in many of the cheap pills.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

BALD HEADS!



What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Skookum Root Hair Grower

It is what you need. The production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the diseases of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither mercury nor oil. It is a pure, but a delicately cooling and refreshing tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops itching hair, cures dandruff, and grows hair on bald spots.

Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating conditions, by the use of the Skookum Root Hair Grower. It cures itching scalp, which leads to and destroys the hair. If your doctor cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward you a receipt of price. Dress, \$1.00 per bottle; 1/2 for \$0.50. Soap, 50c per jar; 1/2 for 25c. THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 57 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

T. J. KRESS. HOUSE PAINTING, PAPER HANGING, Natural Wood Finishing, Cor. 20th and Chetakea Street.

Geo. Fendrich, CASH MARKET. Best meat and free delivery. 136 State Street.

J. E. MURPHY. -Brick and Tile- NORTH SALEM.

Take It! EVENING JOURNAL, Only 3 cents a day delivered at your door.

Headquarters for all daily papers, at J. L. Bennett's post office box news stand.

string as a weather prophet. A piece of string makes a simple barometer. Take a piece of string about 15 inches long, saturate it in a strong solution of salt and water, let it dry, and then tie a light weight on one end and hang it up against a wall and mark where the weight reaches to. The weight rises for wet weather and falls for fine. The string should be placed where the outside air can freely get to it.—Boston Herald.

Hair Death

Instantly removes and forever destroys objectionable hair, whether upon the hands, face, arms or neck, without discoloration or injury to the most delicate skin. It is used for fifty years the secret formula of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, acknowledged by physicians as the highest authority and the most eminent dermatologist and hair specialist that ever lived. During his private practice of a lifetime among the nobility and aristocracy of Europe he prescribed his recipe. Price, \$1 by mail, securely packed. Correspondence confidential. Send for a free circular. Address: THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 57 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Economize in Paper.

Clean newspapers, tied in bundles of 100, not cut, for sale at this office at 175 cent a bundle. A heavy straw wrapping paper, large sheets, two cents a pound. Next door to the postoffice.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored. WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, and all the train of evils from early excess or late indulgence, such as, overwork, sickness, worry, indigestion, and loss of vitality, are cured by the use of this medicine. It is a simple, natural, and safe remedy. Failure impossible. Full explanation and profits mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO. BUFFALO, N. Y.

P. H. D'ABRY. GEO. G. BINGHAM. D'ABRY & BINGHAM, Attorneys at Law, Room 1, 2 and 3 Carey Building, 14 State Street. Special attention given to business in the supreme and circuit courts of the state.

TULMON FORD, Attorney at Law, Salem, Oregon. Office up stairs in Feltos block.

H. J. BIGGER, Attorney at Law, Salem, Oregon. Office over Husk's bank.

J. SHAW, M. W. HUNT, SHAW & HUNT, Attorneys at Law, Office over Capital Bank, Salem, Oregon.

JOHN A. GARDON, Attorney at Law, rooms 8 and 4, Husk bank building, Salem, Or.

R. F. BOSHAM. W. R. HOLMES. R. F. BOSHAM & HOLMES, Attorneys at Law, Office in Bush block, between State and Court, on Commercial street.

JOHN BAYNE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Collections made and promptly returned. Murphy block, Cor. State and Commercial streets, Salem, Oregon. 9-411.

W. C. KNIGHTON—Architect and superintendent. Office, rooms 2 and 3 Bush Breyman block. 9-1911.

M. E. FOGUE, Stenographer and Typewriter. Best equipped typewriter office but one in Oregon. Over Husk's bank, Salem, Oregon.

D. A. DAVIS, Late Post Graduate of New York, gives special attention to the diseases of women and children, nose, throat, lungs, kidneys, skin diseases and surgery. Office at residence, 104 State Street. Consultation from 10 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. 7-100.

C. G. BROWN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Free office, Murphy block, residence, 11, Commercial street.

D. H. C. SMITH, Dentist, 92 State Street, Salem, Oregon. Finishes dental operations of every description. Painless operations a specialty.

W. D. PUGH, Architect, plans, specifications and estimates and supervision for all classes of buildings. Office 200 Commercial street, up stairs.

SONS OF VETERANS—Samuel Camp No. 2, Sons of Veterans, U. S. A. meet Thursdays at 8 o'clock at the I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. Dr. S. C. HANCOCK, Capt. Protection Lodge No. 3, A. O. U. W. Meets in their hall in State Insurance Building, every Wednesday evening. A. W. DENNIS, A. W. J. A. BELWOOD, Recorder.

Mrs. ANNIE THORNTON, Conservatory of Music, 100 Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon. Instruction in French and German at Williams University. Rooms 4-7, Bank Building. 9-14.

Fresh-News-Papers-Fruits-and Candles. J. L. BENNETT & SON. F. O. Block.

HOWARD, The House Mover. 451 Marion Street. Has the best facilities for moving and raising houses. Leave orders at Gray Bros., or address Howard, Oregon.

From Terminal or Interior Points the Northern Pacific Railroad (is the line to take) To all Points East and South. It is the leading air route. It runs through suitable trains every day in the year.

ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO (No change of cars.) Composed of dining cars unsurpassed, Pullman drawing room sleepers of latest equipment.

TOURIST Sleeping Cars. Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of first and second-class tickets, and.

ELEGANT DAY COACHES. A continuous line connecting with all lines, a border street and uninterrupted service. Pullman sleepers connections can be secured in advance at any agent of the road. Through tickets to and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any ticket office of this company. Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent or A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 121 First Street, Cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon. SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.

Hotel Monterey. Newport, Oregon. Located on the Beach, two miles north of Newport on Caye Cove, a beautifully sheltered spot, wonderful scenery, sea bathing, fine drives to Cape Foulweather-lighthouse. House new, rooms large and airy. Finest resort for families or invalids. Open all winter. Terms moderate by day or week. Intending visitors can drop a postal card to Newport and be met by hack.

JOHN FITZPATRICK, Proprietor.

UNION PACIFIC THROUGH TICKETS

SALT LAKE, DENVER, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS AND ALL EASTERN CITIES

3 1/2 DAYS TO CHICAGO

Hours the Quickest to Chicago and the East. Hours Quicker to Omaha and Kansas City.

Through 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. 214 Washington St., Portland, Ore.

THE PACIFIC DETECTIVE AND COLLECTING BUREAU. SALEM, Oregon. Private work a specialty. O. B. GLENN, Manager.

Electric Lights

On Meter System. TO CONSUMERS: The Edison Light and Power Company at great expense have equipped their Edison Light plant with the most modern apparatus and are now able to offer the public a better light than any system used at a rate lower than any city on the coast.

Arc and Incandescent Lighting. Electric Motors for all purposes where power is required.

Hei. eases can be which for many lights as desired at 2 the consumers pay for only such lights as are used. This being registered by an Electric Meter. Office

179 Commercial St.

MEATS. HUNT, the North Salem Butcher, says he has not sold out but simply moves his shop to the old stand at Liberty street bridge.

David McKillop, Steam Wood Saw. Leave orders at Salem Improvement Co., 95 State street.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD CO. E. W. HADLEY, Receiver. SHORT LINE to CALIFORNIA OCEAN STEAMER SAILINGS. R. B. WILLAMETTE VALLEY. Leaves San Francisco, Nov. 5th, 14th and 18th. Leaves Yaquina, Nov. 9th, 19th, and 26th. RATES