

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE... Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint...

ACHE... is the name of so many ills that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

The Oregon Land Co.,

At Salem, is engaged in selling fruit lands in the vicinity of Salem, Oregon, where most fruit is now growing...

E. G. ALLEN & CO.,

Box 420, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Pat Spotted the Duel. Although it is a familiar saying that an Irishman is always spoiling for a fight...

The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon—10 feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him...

Pat answered: "I told ye that ye might lean ag'in the milepost, and now I would like the privilege of leaning ag'in the next one."

The laughter which followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight, and the whole party went home without a shot having been fired.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored. WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, and all the train of evils from overwork, the result of overwork, lack of sleep, etc., etc.

Hotel Monterey. Newport, Oregon. Located on the Beach, two miles north of Newport on Cave Cove, a beautifully sheltered spot, wonderful scenery...

OLINGER & RIGDON, Undertakers and Embalmers.

HUMOR

THE NEW PORTER.

No. 40 Was Promptly Fired According to Instructions. They engaged a new porter at the Astor House last week. He was an active young man with a Hibernian type of countenance...

On Thursday Mr. J. B. Johnson, the chairman of a northern railway, put up at the hotel. Mr. Johnson is a very dignified and polished gentleman and extremely particular about his room and service.

That evening a very extraordinary thing occurred. Some say it was about 9 o'clock; others place it as late as 10:30. At any rate somewhere near that time Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door of his room open and a man step in.

"Well, sir, who are you?" asked Mr. Johnson. "O'm the porter," replied the stranger, deliberately removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"What, what is the meaning of this singular intrusion?" inquired Mr. Johnson. Thomas did not reply. He spit upon his hands, executed a rapid and fantastic jig and leaped suddenly upon the astonished gentleman.

"Help! murder!" bellowed Mr. Johnson. "Crazy man killing me!" "Shut up, ye dirty spalpeen!" exclaimed Thomas, obtaining a firm grip upon the scruff of his neck and propelling him rapidly out of the room.

"But, my good man," gasped Mr. Johnson, his words coming in excited jerks, "there's some mistake. Let me explain."

"Nivir a word, ye hoodlum," replied Thomas, rushing him toward the stairs. "We're onto ye. The proprietor has had ye spotted."

The next instant the guests in the hall were amazed to see two figures—one spluttering and kicking and the other grim and determined—shoot down the staircase, plunge through the lobby and disappear in the outer darkness.

"What in the name of mercy were you doing?" asked the proprietor when he recovered sufficiently from the shock to speak. "I was firing out that dirty blackguard in No. 40," replied Thomas.

"Firing him out? Hold me, somebody! Who put such an idea into your head?" "You did," replied Thomas, with an injured air, holding a written order before the proprietor's eyes.

"By—the—great—horn—spoon!" gasped Mr. Weekly, and he swooned away. This was what he read, "Fire, No. 40, at 10:30." Thomas had misunderstood the order.—New York Mercury.

An Awkward Mistake. A gentleman, desiring to inform a young lady who lives in one of the suburbs of his intention to make a visit, called up her residence by telephone the other afternoon.

Mr. Swiftly—Where did you get the trimming? Mrs. Swiftly—At Dreighood's. I got it for \$18.—Chicago Record.

Her Chief Pleasure Gone. "Mrs. Guggins is feeling mighty miserable." "You don't say so! I thought she was looking in illegitimate health."

"Taking Him Into the Firm." An Easy One. Helen—Have you decided what you are going to give Harry for Christmas? Mrs. Harry—Yes. I've selected several beautiful brushes and a tray I've wanted for my dressing table for a long time.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE GOLD QUESTION.

Perhaps to be solved by the timely Defeat of King Lobengula. The following communication, bearing a Washington date, appeared in a recent issue of the New York Sun: It is curious that the newspapers of today which announce the destruction of silver should also announce the collapse of the Matabele king of a country larger than the Dakotas.

I have always ventured to profess a faith in the infallibility of the Anglo-Saxon races. In this country I believe that the nation is swinging with a velocity perhaps dangerous toward the freedom of silver, and that seems to be the view of the triumphant repealers here today, where the losers are more elated than the winners.

But in Africa, England is today anticipating such a production of gold as will bring back the traditions of California and Ballarat, and the victory of a mere joint stock company over the forces of Lobengula may now be followed by results not less remarkable than those which in 1849 followed poor Marshall's discovery of a gold nugget in the dam at Sutter's mill in California.

Until a month ago the only laborers in Mashonaland, the various Mashona tribes, were harried by the Matabeles whenever this fighting horde required a further supply of wives. The male Mashonas were killed or carried off by the very old dumps of the gold mines of Hartly hill, of Maroe or Fort Victoria. Now Lobengula and his routed "impis" are in retreat to northward of the Zambezi. He will be there in the same position that was occupied by Sitting Bull and the Sioux after their catastrophe on the Little Horn in 1876, when that mighty Lobengula had retired into the British north-west.

Today the gold developments in Africa are of extraordinary interest. The Randi gold camp at Johannesburg, which dates back only to 1887 and produced but a monthly average of 16,000 ounces in 1888, shows the following development:

Table with 2 columns: Year and Monthly Average Ounces. 1889: 30,706; 1890: 41,234; 1891: 60,706; 1892: 70,309.

The production in this camp since April, 1893, has been: Monthly: 110,011; May: 124,077; June: 130,000; July: 130,000; August: 130,000.

The production of August, if merely sustained, puts this single camp in advance of the gold production of the entire United States. The estimated probabilities of gold mines must be taken with considerable limitations, but those who know King Lobengula's territories and who have visited the various gold camps in Mashonaland during the past 12 months believe that three or more of these camps may prove not less productive than Johannesburg, and this in a climate that is admirably suited to the white race.

The geological conditions, quartz on the contact of granite and slate, are very favorable to continued production. And now that the black tyrant has disappeared, your skilled miners, who have been deprived by your legislation of a field for their energies, may do worse, perhaps, than seek another citizenship in the far south under the protection of the Union Jack.—Moreton Freeman.

A Balaklava Warrior. There has recently died in London, in the person of Trumpet Major Henry Joy, late of the Seventeenth Lancers, another of the small band of heroes who took part in the famous Balaklava charge and afterward lived to tell the tale.

Mr. Toole Drove Home. Five miles across the river in Lynn county live Mr. and Mrs. Toole. Mr. Toole criticized two young men on route to a neighborhood dance one night recently for leaving a fence down, and by discretion escaped the fight that one of them proposed.

The Springs and the Pipe. From a western point of view there is one great drawback to opium smoking—it takes too much time. Western hurry men, however, tend to be gradually preoccupied with the vices of the east, and now the morphine syringe rivals the opium pipe, if we may believe a report which reaches us from Hong Kong.

Mr. Stewart naturally stared and then laughed and said, "How, pray?" "Yes, you are like a certain minister who was telling a friend that he had preached 30 hours. 'Were you not very tired?' said the friend sympathetically. 'No, no. I was as fresh as a rose, but you should have seen the congregation.'"

An Inmate Transfer. The most novel train ever run over the New York Central and Hudson River railway was a recent special train of locomotive, baggage car and four ordinary coaches, the latter being filled with 150 insane persons—72 men and 78 women—all sent from Willard asylum. It was a transfer from the asylum named to the Hudson River State Hospital.

SELECTIONS

A DESPERATE BATTLE.

A Hunter Finds Skeletons Which Tell of a Fight to the Death. An experienced hunter and explorer named R. C. Emmons arrived in Superior last Tuesday from the Rainy river country. Mr. Emmons has been in the north for the past three months making explorations along the Canadian boundary.

I was following one of the small streams tributary to Rainy river when I suddenly came upon a half completed log cabin situated in an opening in the timber. I saw at a glance that it was deserted, and my interest and curiosity were aroused by this unexpected evidence of former explorations in this neighborhood.

Leading into the forest to the south was a slight trail almost obliterated, but still discernible to the practiced eye of a woodsman. I followed it for a short distance, about 10 rods I should think, when I emerged into another small opening. Here I made a startling discovery. Directly in my path lay the skeleton of a large man. Near by lay a Winchester rifle with a broken stock, and close beside the skeleton lay a broad ax with a very rusty blade. Within a radius of 60 feet lay the skeletons of nine large timber wolves.

It required only a moment for me to grasp the story of that man's terrible fate. The scene was like an open book. He had been attacked by wolves and overpowered by numbers. That he had sold his life dearly was evinced by the skeletons of the wolves. I soon became convinced that the battle had not commenced where the skeletons were found, and in this I was right. I followed the trail still farther and found the skeletons of four other wolves, but each was some distance from any of the others. These must have been the first of the wolves to die and had been killed by the rifle. The man was evidently making for his cabin as rapidly as possible and covering his retreat with his rifle.

It appears that the wolves were desperate, however, and within 10 rods of his cabin and safety he was compelled to make a stand and fight for his life against hopeless odds.

All alone in this gloomy forest perished a man whose identity may never be known. He must have had friends somewhere, however, and it may yet be revealed. The incident must have occurred early in the spring, when hungry wolves traveling in packs do not hesitate to attack man.—Hamilton Spectator.

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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. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the disease of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them.

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

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

Unmailable Postal Cards. An article has been going the rounds of our exchanges, says the Ithaca Journal, that it was a criminal offense to mail a dunning letter on a postal. An editor wrote to the first assistant postmaster general recently and received the following reply, giving the decision of Judge Thayer, Dec. 14, 1889, on the wording of a postal that was mailable and one that was not.

Hair Death. Instantly removed and forever prevented. Unobjectionable hair, whether upon the hands, arms or neck, without discoloration or injury to the most delicate skin. It is what for fifty years the secret formula of Erasmus Wilson, acknowledged by physicians as the highest authority and the most eminent dermatologist and hair specialist that ever lived.

W. L. DOUGLAS, \$3 SHOE WILL NOT RIP. Do you wear them? When next in need by a pair, best in the world.

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

Electric Lights

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

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

David McKillop, Steam Wood Saw. Leave orders at Salem Improvement Co., 65 State street.

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

Northern Pacific Railroad. From Terminal or Interior Points the Northern Pacific Railroad is the line to take. To all Points East and South. It is the dining car route. It runs through desirable country every day in the year to ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO.

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Broken Down Constitutions. are rejuvenated and manly vigor restored by their safe and wonderful methods of treatment. No injurious drugs used. Work on business men, call for advice, especially if you are suffering from Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Loss of Power, etc.

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