

SELECTIONS

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN RUSSIA.

This Horrible Practice Still Exists in That Country. Very few persons in Europe or elsewhere are aware that human sacrifices still exist in a part of the Russian empire.

The Tchukchei who has made up his mind to die immediately notifies his neighbors and nearest relatives. The news spreads in the circle of his friends, and all of them soon visit the unhappy person to influence him to change his mind.

After making his toilet the Tchukchei withdraws into the corner of the hut. His nearest relative stands by his side, holding in his hand the instrument of sacrifice—a knife, or a pick, or a rope.

When at their destination, the Tchukchei cuts the throat of the reindeer, takes from the dead body its clothing, which is torn in pieces, and places the corpse on a lighted funeral pile.

A Photographer of Beecher. We photographers have queer experiences. Ours is a most excellent opportunity to study human nature, and making a baby laugh is not the one trick of the calling.

Henry Ward Beecher thoroughly enjoyed having his photograph taken. To use his own words, "Whenever I have 10 minutes to spare I run up and have Sarony make a new photograph of me."

Bound in His Own Skin. Through the courtesy of the librarian of Trinity college, Cambridge, I was enabled, says a correspondent, to examine a portion of human skin which was taken from the body of Corder, the murderer of Maria Martin, in the red barn near Bury St. Edmunds.

How the Judge Was Revenged. In the course of a speech made in a case tried in the mayor's court counsel told this anecdote of a learned judge who used to sit not more than 100 miles from the Guild hall.

Barbed Wire Boundaries. A great political international future is undoubtedly in reserve for barbed wire, if all nations follow the example given by Turkey and Serbia.

Experiment on the Facial Nerve.

Sir Charles Bell sought to prove certain pet theories as to the expression on the countenance and for his purpose chose a monkey. He had previously examined the anatomical structure of monkeys' faces, and found the resemblance to that of man, as expected, quite striking.

When the animal recovered his equanimity, he made, or rather sought to make, grimaces as vigorously as before. One side of the face remained passive and motionless, while the other was mobile, and the result was irresistibly funny to the thousands of people who called to see the monkey.

His Face Was His Fortune. On the southern edge of Phelps county lives Scott Swartzlander, who is considered the ugliest man in Missouri, and there are some of his neighbors who will bet his equal cannot be produced from any quarter.

Swartzlander, who is 80 years old, has white hair, eyes like a Chinaman, no eyebrows, a nose of abnormal proportions, which loops over almost to his cheekbones and is ornamented at the end with a beautiful comb bill.

He is lark and tall, and there are numerous other imperfections that add to this picture of general and particular ugliness.

Swartzlander was arrested once for cutting timber on government lands in Pulaski county, and when his trial came up at Springfield before the United States court the prisoner was promptly arraigned. While the district attorney was reading the judge said, addressing the district attorney:

"You may enter nolle prosequi in the prisoner's case. After a careful scrutiny of his physiognomy I am convinced that any man who is compelled to carry that face is punished quite enough for the amount of lumber which he is charged with having unlawfully taken from government lands. You are discharged, Mr. Swartzlander. Go as quickly as you can and don't forget to take your face with you."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Service in India. The ordinary household has about 12 servants—a cook, a waiter, a sort of valet de chambre, and, if you have two houses, two groom; one man to run before you when you go out riding and take care of your horse; another man whose business is to collect for your horse's feed the grass which grows in a vine-like manner upon the roads; then in summer time you require three to four men who work the large fans or "paukas" over you night and day while you are waking and while you are sleeping; then last, but not least, a watchman. This last institution is a peculiar one. If you did not have him, you would be liable to find something stolen every night.

Strangest of all, the only man who is a successful watchman must be a thief—the caste of a thief. He makes no pretensions of being anything else, but as long as you have him in your employ nothing ever will be stolen. While the native Hindoos are very dishonest, the only way in which to keep your valuables safe is to give them into their hands for keeping. If I locked \$500 in my chest, I would be sure that some time or other one of my servants would steal it, but if I should give the money to a servant and tell him to keep it for me, he would guard it with his life.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Expenses of the Vatican. The expenses of the Vatican amount annually to more than 7,000,000 francs. They are regulated as follows: For the personal wants of the pope, 500,000 francs; for the cardinals, 700,000; for poor dioceses, 400,000; administration of the Vatican, 1,800,000; secretary of state, 1,000,000; employes and ablegates, 1,500,000; support of schools and poor, 1,200,000. The cardinals at Rome live at the expense of the pope. The income of each of the secretary of state is charged with upholding relations with foreign governments by the mediation of nuncios. The four most important—Paris, Vienna, Madrid and Lisbon—each receive an allowance of 80,000 francs a year.—French Journal.

When Daddy, Cousin George's horse, died at the Pennsylvania state camp the staff which had been his companion pined and sorrowed and had to be removed from the corpse by force. Then he transferred his affections to another horse, Dude.

A silken prayerbook is a costly novelty that it has taken the looms of Lyons three years to finish. The prayers are not printed on the silk, but are woven in.

HUMOR

HE WAS A VICTIM.

The Man Whose Wife Was Fond of Bargains Embarrasses Himself.

"I am a victim," began the man with the long hair as he unfolded his newspaper and dropped into a seat on the "L" train beside an acquaintance—"I am a victim of my wife's taste, enterprise and economy."

"But, I say, old man, you ought to get a hair cut." "That's what I say, but my wife won't have it. She says I look more distinguished with long hair."

"Say, I never saw you with a red tie before. You were always very particular about those things." "I know, I know!" said the other wearily. "I thought I had taste, and I think so yet, but what am I going to do? This tie, and he gave it a savage prod with his forefinger, "was purchased at a sale—39 cents it cost—and I have to wear it to prevent a row. My wife says it looks well."

"See these cuffs? Well they are 12's, and my size is 10 1/2. They came off the bargain counter, too, at the rate of two pairs for 38 cents. Cheap! But I have to put tucks in them so they will fit inside my coat sleeves."

He gradually warmed up to his subject. "You ought to see my underclothing. Job lots, every piece; fragments. Some are too large and some are too small. See this hat? It came home in pink paper and cost \$1.89. I wear a 7, and this is 7 1/2. There is one morning and two evening newspapers in the hand so it will fit."

"But it was a bargain, sure. My hats cost me \$5. You ought to be glad you're married. You must be saving money at that rate."

"Bargain? Bah! Don't talk to me of bargains. I'm sick of the word. I hear of bargains from morning to night, and sometimes during the night. I shouldn't be surprised if my wife should pick up a tombstone because it was cheap and would have to be used some time."

"And as for saving money! Whew! All the surplus cash goes for bargains. She has two trunks full of bargains that she says will come in handy some day. I live surrounded by a junk shop, but for the sake of peace don't dare to say a word."

He leaned slightly forward as he spoke, and there was a sharp click. He put his hand around his back with a pained expression.

"What's the matter? Hurt yourself?" "Oh, no," he said grimly. "Two of the patent suspender buttons bought at a bargain counter have parted the ways, and my 22 cent suspenders have broken. Say, you haven't a safety pin or a couple feet of cord, have you?"—New York Herald.

London's Great Curiosity. Attendant (Mrs. Jarley's wax works, London)—This, ladies and gentlemen, is his lifelike representation of the English gentleman who went to the World's fair at Chicago, traveling the entire distance from New York to Chicago without being "chick up" by highwaymen, remaining in Chicago two weeks without being robbed and returning to New York without being killed in his railway accident.—New York Weekly.

An Accurate Gauge. Student (after emptying his jug of beer at a single draft)—That jug wasn't full again, waiter.

Water—But you never looked into it. Student—Quite unnecessary. I've got the measure in my throat.—Dasselordier Zeitung.

Up He Went. "There was a man came in here the other day," thoughtfully remarked the elevator man as he slammed the door to in the face of the man who was in a hurry, "who wanted to bet \$500 to \$50 on the big game—and I took him up."—Life.

Too Much of a Good Thing. "What became of that student lamp you had?" "Oh, it got to being too natural, and I gave it away."

"Too natural?" "Yes—smoked all the time."—Truth.

No Use For Omelets. Waiter—Perhaps you would like an omelet.

Uncle Josh—No, sir! Never could eat 'em. I guess you may bring me some sals. Kind o' beat 'em up a little an then cook 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

A Natural Sequence. Phrenologist—You have been married some years?

Patient (in surprise)—By George, that's true! How could you tell?

Phrenologist—Your bump of hope is a dent.—Puck.

Peculiarities of the Language. Gus De Smith—I hear that your wife's mother is very sick. Is she dangerous?

Pete Amsterdam—She is a very sick woman, but she is not as dangerous as when she is well.—Texas Sittings.

Not Safe. Castleton—I am seriously thinking of going out west to live with the cowboys. Miss Peusstock—But you might get shot. They say the cowboys are an awfully dangerous set.

Castleton—Not if one behaves himself. There is no danger unless a man makes an ass of himself.

Miss Peusstock (appealingly)—Oh, don't go!—Truth.

A Dangerous Jest.

"I don't think," said the young man, "that I ever want to be engaged again."

And the young woman flared up immediately and said: "Very well, sir. You may consider everything over. I will return you your letters and photographs and presents right now."

"But I don't believe you understand me."

"Yes, I do, perfectly. You said you never wanted to be engaged again."

"But do you know why?" "No, and I don't care."

"It's because I want to marry the girl I am engaged to now."

And the world became beautiful once more.—Washington Star.

An Original Idea.

"Goats is herman," said Mrs. Terence Duffy to her friend, Mrs. Bridget Gorman, last Tuesday. "An' I'll tell ye phwat makes me think so. Do ye mind that wee bit of a shakin pond I had formin' me door door in the late cock snapp? Phwell, imagine my surprise upon openin me front door wan mor-nin an seen wan o' me goats mack in a pair o' skates iv his hor-r-n's an bein pushed along as aisy as yez please by MacQuigun's baste from across the way. On, the sinse av it!"—Life.

Two Ways of Telling Time.

"Can you tell me what time it is, sir?" asked a demure miss of a jolly looking elderly gentleman in a street car.

"Certainly," he said blandly; "it's just 60 minutes past 3."

"Excuse me, but your time is wrong," said a pert youth, taking out a smart gold timepiece. "It's just 4, and there is the city clock striking 4 at this moment."

"Well, isn't that 60 minutes past 3, young man?" asked the facetious gentleman, and everybody in the car laughed at the distinction without a difference.—Detroit Free Press.

Presence of Mind.

A party of tourists went to visit a famous chateau on the Loire. On entering one of the rooms the guide remarked: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the hall in which the Duke of Guise was assassinated."

"Pardon me," interrupted one of the tourists; "when I came here three years ago, you told me it was in a room in the other wing."

Thereupon the cicerone replied, with perfect serenity, "Yes, but the chateau was then undergoing repairs."—Argonaut.

Must Have Meant Him.

"I want Kurnel Breckenridge, who libes next door ter me, put under a million dollar bond ter keep de peace," said Sam Johnsing excitedly to an Austin justice of the peace.

"Has he threatened your life?" asked the justice.

"He has done dat berry ding. He tote me dat he was gwinter fill de next nig-gah he caught after dark in his henhouse plum full of buckshot."—Texas Sittings.

Nothing New.

Miss Gotham—Have you been through the Museum of Art?

Miss Panhandle—Oh, yes.

Miss Gotham—What did you think of it?

Miss Panhandle (from Cincinnati)—Pretty poor. Why, they've got the same things there they had last year.—Truth.

A Man Who Unconsciously Does Much to Nurture the Milk of Human Kindness is That Fellow who Snores in the Sleeping Car.—Ram's Horn.



DR. L. L. CARMER. Stricken Down with Heart Disease.

Dr. Miles Medical Co. Elkhart, Ind. Gentlemen: I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure, to publish, unhesitatingly, to the world the results of my treatment of heart disease. I was stricken down with Heart Disease and its complications, a rapid pulse varying from 80 to 100 beats per minute, a choking or burning sensation in the wind pipe, oppression in the chest, much pain in the region of the heart and below lower ribs, pain in the arms, shoulders of neck, sleeplessness, weakness and general debility. The arteries in my neck would throb violently, the throbbing of my heart could be heard across a large room and would shake my whole body. I was so nervous that I could not hold my hand steady. I have been under the treatment of numerous physicians without the least benefit. A friend recommended your remedies. I was cured by Dr. Miles' remedies. I have taken two bottles Heart Cure and two bottles Nervine. My pulse is normal, I have no more pain in the chest, the throbbing of my heart is entirely gone. I am now in the best of health. I heartily recommend every one who has symptoms of Heart Disease to take Dr. Miles' Remedies. True and no error.

DR. MILES' PILLS, 50 DOSES 25 CTS. Sold by D. J. Fry, dr., 1st, Salem, Mo.

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 is what you need. Its 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 minerals nor acids. It has a free, but a delightfully cooling and refreshing tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald heads.

It keeps the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Shampoo. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair.

It never dries, and it never clogs the pores, and we will forward promptly, on receipt of price. Grower, \$1.00 per bottle; 6 for \$5.00. Soap, 50c per box of 12.

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

A FRIEND'S COUNSEL. Little Brother—Can't you walk straight, Mr. Mangle? Mr. Mangle—Of course I can. Why do you ask?

Little Brother—Oh, nothing; only I heard sister say she'd make you walk straight when she married you. And ma said she'd help her.—Tit-Bits.

The Hour and the Plan. Stanley—When I was in the Dark Continent the Mokoloko were going to slaughter me, when I saved the lives of my entire party by suddenly removing my upper false plate.

Bond—Indeed! What a realistic example of escaping by the skin of your teeth!—Truth.

Wonderful Success. "I am told that you are actually studying Italian."

"Yes. Didn't you know? I have now been at it six months under a master."

"With any marked success?" "Oh, certainly. He is beginning to talk German fairly well."—Fleegende Blätter.

VIGOR OF MEN

Essentially, Quickly, Permanently Restored. WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, and all the train of evils incident to over-exhausted vitality, the result of overwork, excessive worry, late hours, and the like, are cured by the Vigor of Men. It is a scientific preparation which acts directly on the system, and restores the vitality and strength of the body. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for the restoration of the vitality and strength of the body. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for the restoration of the vitality and strength of the body.

Thoroughbred Poultry for Sale.

I have the following bred on the Thoroughbred poultry farm at Salem, Oregon: 1000 sets of 100 eggs each, 100 sets of 100 eggs each, 100 sets of 100 eggs each, 100 sets of 100 eggs each.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS.

- P. R. BARRY, GEO. G. BINGHAM, A. D. CHAFFLON, J. J. GIBSON, J. H. BAKER, J. S. BROWN, J. L. CLARK, J. W. HADLEY, J. E. MURPHY, T. J. KRESS, G. FENDRICH, etc.

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Arc and Incandescent Lighting. Electric Motors for all purposes where power is required. Residence can be wired for as many lights as desired and the consumers pay for only such lights as are used.

179 Commercial St.

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.

ED. RAVEAUX, NORTH SALEM Meat Market. Fresh meats and lowest prices.

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