

BOOKMAKING.

The first book printed in America is said to be an almanac at Boston in 1639.

The first printed engravings for use in books were done on wood in 1519 in Germany.

In the fourteenth century velvet and silk were the favorite coverings for books.

August and Schoffer produced a magnificent Psalter in 1457, which was printed in three colors.

The English block books are the immediate predecessors of the movable type. Each page was cut from a single block.

The first square books are said to have been made by order of King Attalus of Pergamos, who directed this plan to be followed for the greater convenience of scholars.

In the present day the leaves of the palm are used in Ceylon for writing purposes, even many legal documents being executed on this primitive material.



Chronic Nervousness Could Not Sleep, Nervous Headaches.

Gentlemen—I have been taking your Restorative Nerve for the past few months and I cannot say enough in its praise. It has Saved My Life.

I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was a chronic sufferer from nervousness and could not sleep. I was also troubled with nervous headache, and had tried many in vain, until I used your Nerve.

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TO MIDIA.

In that dear country which man calls, With summer breeze, 'your pretty face,' There is no spring, there is no fall, And biting winter finds no place.

In that dear country, side by side, There be two placid lakes that sleep, 'Tis worth a kingdom to divide Each day, unfathomable deep, And daring all things to possess, The secrets of your soul's recess.

In other lands 'tis passing sweet To watch the whispering western wind Go ruffling all the whitened wheat, Nor leave the lineless track behind, To see the wanton wavelets rear, Their crests along the grassy mere.

So does the zephyr of your smile Lead on its fairy footed dance From end to end of that dear isle, And dimples all the fair expanse, And stoops its course and floats and flies In ripples o'er your laughing eyes.

—Pall Mall Budget

A CHANGED CRITIC.

Mr. Ambrey Everdene looked out upon Sackville street and yawned. Only an instant before he had written 'finis' to a magazine article with a dash of the pen across the last sheet, and now the MSS. lay ready for the post among the debris of printer's proofs, new novels awaiting review, etc., with which the writing table was strewn.

One of the best known litterateurs in London and a brilliant conversationist, his tongue could be as scathing as his pen, and it was said of him, with regard to the latter weapon of warfare, that in half a dozen polished sentences he could do more toward stunning a book than any two of his competitors. A big, loosely made man was Mr. Everdene, with shrewd gray eyes and the positivism of a modern. Studying his face as he lounged by the window, his hands in the pockets of his smoking jacket, one could see that he had a lively sense of humor combined with his other characteristics and understood the interest his personality aroused.

Presently a servant brought him a visiting card on a salver.

'The lady would be obliged if you would grant her an interview, sir.'

'Lady Hilyard,' muttered Everdene, reading the inscription. 'I can't recall the name. Both the woman! What does she want? However, ask her to come up, Blake.'

When she entered, a fair, elegant woman of perhaps 25, in an irrefragable Parisian toilet, he was still more convinced that he had not the privilege of her acquaintance.

'Mr. Ambrey Everdene?' she queried. Mr. Everdene bowed.

'Pray take a seat, madame.'

'No,' she said. 'I have come to quarrel with you, and I don't sit down in the houses of my enemies!'

'To quarrel with me!' His eyebrows went up. The thought came to him that his visitor was not in her right mind.

'Yes. Perhaps I had better explain myself at once. I am the author of "Fashion and Footlights,"'

'Fashion and Footlights,' he reflected aloud. 'Fashion and Footlights.' Ha!

Comprehension stole over his face and with it a slight amusement. He fished among a pile of volumes and brought out three bound with an elegance destined to win the hearts of suburban circulating libraries.

'Here it is. Reviewed it in The Centurion, didn't it?'

'No,' she said, 'you hanged and quartered it!'

'I am sorry. May I ask how you found out that I was the culprit?'

'Oh, by accident. It's a long story and unimportant, since you don't deny the imputation. Now, Mr. Everdene, I know it is very impertinent of me, a stranger, to come to your private address and worry you. I am doing a very unusual thing, I am afraid, and Mrs. Grundy would be horrified. But fools rush in, you know, and widows are privileged. You must have a little patience with me because—for the first time her lips relaxed, and she smiled a smile that was sweetness itself—'well, just because I'm a woman and you're a gentleman. Acknowledge the truth, now, on your honor. Don't you think you were unnecessarily harsh to my poor little literary effort?'

'No,' he said bluntly; 'I always give my true opinion of things, and I consider your book had many faults.'

'If she had been a man, he would have said, "I thought it was — bad," with the brusqueness of conviction and probably declined to discuss the matter, but to a lady it was impossible to be rude. He regarded her absurdly unconventional presence with a tolerant kindness.'

'Of course, I admit that there are faults, but upon one or two points in your criticism I cannot agree with you. I should very much like to discuss them with you. May I?'

'Certainly.' His mouth was twitching under his heavy mustache. 'But don't you think, pending the verdict, that you had better sit down? You will be fatigued. If you'll permit me to wheel this armchair nearer the fire for you—'

Having carefully arranged it so that she should face the light, he created himself opposite her—the A. B. C. of diplomacy, but she did not appear to notice it. She was drawing arabesques on the carpet with the point of her ivory handed umbrellas.

'I should very much like to know,' she said, 'what you think of my coming here?'

'I think you are plucky—yes, and recklessly unconventional.'

'Condemn, as my rival! And I like that.' She looked up. 'Now for the first indictment on the list, Mr. Everdene. You accuse me of improbability. I deny it.'

His manner hardened on prosecution.

Mon. In truth, he was thinking what wonderful laces she had, and how becoming a flush of excitement could be to a clear, pale skin.

'You are wrong,' she continued warmly, 'it is ridiculous to suppose that a man and woman of the world could fall in love at first sight, as I make my hero and heroine do, and that such proceedings are limited to boys and girls in their teens and the pages of penny fiction. I should have thought that Mr. Ambrey Everdene would have shown trider sympathies.'

'Then you really believe, Lady Hilyard, that adult, sensible people conceive such abrupt attachments?'

'I am convinced that it happens frequently.'

'Oh, come, not frequently?'

'Well, sometimes,' she amended. 'I could give you a dozen instances.'

'He lacked the heart to argue with her. It would have been like breaking a butterfly on a wheel. And, after all, there might be more sentiment in sin de secle humanity than he thought. Women have wonderful intuition in these matters.'

'Well, suppose we let that slide for the moment and proceed to indictment No. 2. What other phrase of mine do you take exception to?'

'You said that I had not the remotest idea of construction, and that "Fashion and Footlights" was evidently a specimen of that objectionable class of fiction which you regretted to see was growing so prevalent—the amateur novel, born of vanity and a lack of wholesome occupation.'

'Her voice died away with a tremor. He had only stated the truth, but that fact did not prevent the speechless Mr. Everdene from feeling as if he had committed a particularly brutal murder and the ghost of the victim had come to arraign him before all the people whose opinions he valued most.'

'I—I cried,' she murmured pathetically.

'Her lips quivered. Beads of perspiration rose to the man's forehead.'

'Good heavens, if I had only guessed how much I should hurt you! It was in a bad temper, and your unfortunate book was the first thing that afforded me an opportunity to vent my spleen.'

Lady Hilyard applied six square inches of cambric and lace to the corner of an eyelid.

'If you'll only believe me, my dear Lady Hilyard, when I tell you that I'm sorrier than I can say.'

'Then you acknowledge that you were needlessly cruel?'

'I was brutal.' He would have committed blacker perjury as she wiped that tear away.

'And that I had just cause for indignation?'

'You were perfectly right.'

A smile broke like April sunshine over her face.

'In that case, I suppose I must forgive you.'

He was ridiculously grateful. He heaved a sigh of relief and hesitated, with his hand on the button of the electric bell.

'Lady Hilyard, you know the Arab custom of taking salt with one's friends? As a token of good will permit me to give you the prosaic English equivalent of a cup of tea.'

The offer was tempting, the room was hot, and she had talked a great deal. She yielded—and more. When the refreshments came, accompanied by wonderful sweetmeats from Bond street round the corner, she asked permission to pour it out for him with a winning graciousness which charmed him. It afforded him an odd sense of pleasure, too, to see her white fingers moving about the china. He was unaccustomed to the presence of women in his home.

With the Japanese table between them, then, they chatted for awhile, and then the clock on the mantelpiece struck 8. She rose, with a pretty gesture of dismay, like a second Cinderella. 'Do you know, Mr. Everdene, that I have been a whole hour wasting your valuable time?'

'I thought it had been 10 minutes.'

he answered, 'and the pleasantest time of my life.'

'Very pretty!' she said, blushing faintly. 'And, in return for it, let me tell you my address is on my card, and that my 'day' is Thursday. Also I must thank you very heartily for your kindness and courtesy to an impertinent intruder. Very few men would have been so considerate.'

'Please don't thank me. It is I who owe you a debt of gratitude. You have taught me something I never expected to learn.'

'What?'

'That the conduct of your hero and heroine was not improbable at all.'

Their eyes met. The woman's dropped, self-conscious, pleased.

'You really mean that?'

'On my soul, I do.'

The most delicious softness was in her voice:

'It makes me so proud and happy to think I have convinced you.'

There was a silence. She smoothed a wrinkle in her suede gloves. He twisted a button on his coat. Then she aroused herself, with a little laugh, and extended her hand.

'Well, goodby, Mr. Everdene, and once more, thank you.'

He pressed her fingers ever so lightly—her proselyte.

'Not goodby,' he murmured. 'Au revoir.'—Black and White

She Flashed the Queen.

It is said that Miss Majendie, who has just received the much coveted position of maid of honor to Queen Victoria, owed her good luck to a more freak of magnetic attraction. The queen saw her for the first time when she came to sing at the little Sunday service arranged by Princess Beatrice at the Villa Faldicciotti and was particularly struck by her pleasant face and sweet voice. It was with the utmost surprise that the court circle as well as the young lady herself learned of the honor bestowed for her.

In Former Times.

As the little fleet advanced Columbus eagerly scanned the shore.

'Well, I declare,' he suddenly exclaimed, with great animation, 'living pictures, as I'm alive!'

A period of silence intervened.

'Yes,' said the eminent navigator presently, in answer to an inquiry by the first mate, 'I shall be using the opera glasses all the forenoon.'

There were murmurs of discontent among the crew, but nothing came of it.—Detroit Tribune.

'Open All Night.'



—Life.

Seeking a Separation.

'Do you give gas here?' asked a wild looking man who rushed into a dentist's office on Clark street.

'We do,' replied the dentist.

'Does it put a fellow to sleep?'

'It does.'

'Sound asleep, so you can't wake him up?'

'Yes.'

'You could break his jaw or gongoe out his eye, and he wouldn't feel it?'

'He would know nothing of it.'

'How long does it take him to stay asleep?'

'The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute or probably a little less.'

'I guess that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?'

'Yes. Take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth.'

'Tooth nothing!' said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. 'I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back.'—Chicago Tribune.

Nothing to Cry About.

'Can you telephone to the city hospital from here?' asked a negro, putting his head in the door of the preseroom at the Four Courts a few days ago.

'Yes,' replied a reporter. 'Whom do you want to inquire about?'

'My wife, Martha Cook. We lived on Eleventh street, and she went to the hospital about a month ago.'

The reporter rang up the city hospital, and Dr. Marks' clerk answered that Martha Cook had been treated for biliousness and had been discharged from the hospital July 30.

'She's gone off wid dat odder nigger, dat's what she is, and I'zo gwine to get another woman, I is.'

And without further explanation the negro departed.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Useful Glimpses.

It was rather startling to be awakened by the light of a dark lantern shining in one's eyes, but Edith's politeness did not desert her.

'Won't you sit down, Mr. Burglar?'

she said sweetly.

Unthinkingly he obeyed and met his doom, for in another moment he was so entangled in the tides, throws, ribbons, etc., with which the little rocker was covered, that he could do nothing but sit still and glare at her as she stepped over to the telephone and called the police.—Indianapolis Journal.

No Recompense Whatever.

Lawyer—Of course I'm willing to bring suit for any amount you say, but don't you think \$50,000 is rather a large amount for breach of promise?'

Old Maid Client—No, sir.

Lawyer—Do you think you have suffered to that extent?'

Client—You wouldn't ask that if you had heard the woman around this town laugh when they got to talking about me.—Detroit Free Press.

Just the Reverse.

'Yes,' said Yellowy, 'I was taken for a burglar last night.'

'How was that?' asked Brownly.

'Well, when I am late out at night my wife leaves a window open on the lower floor, by which I gain an entrance. Last night a policeman caught me as I was climbing in.'

'Well, well! Did he pull you in?'

'No. He pulled me out.'—New York Press.

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