

DR. TALMAGE AT HOME

THE FACT SUGGESTS A SERMON ON HOME COMINGS AND PRODIGALS.

There is more joy in heaven over the repenting sinner than over any other event on earth—Telegraph of the Skies, Home, Sweet Home.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 11.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, having concluded his round the world tour, has selected as the subject for today's discourse through the press "Home Again," the text chosen being Luke xv, 23, "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it."

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stunted supply, on Thanksgiving day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

The Prodigal's Return. Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son, whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever, has got tired of sightseeing and has returned to his father's home. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration. There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along.

Ah, there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work and the housekeepers bring into the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table, and says grace, and thanks God that his long absent boy is home again. Oh, how they missed him! How glad they are to have him back! One brother indeed stands pointing at the back door and says: "This is a great ado about nothing. This bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted. 'Veal is too good for him!' But the father says: 'Nothing is too good. Nothing is good enough.' There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead, and he is alive again! He was lost, and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merry-making when a soul comes home to God.

The Young Convert. First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great things who, in the parlors of my church, professed Christ one night was a young man, who next morning rang my door-bell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel. I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen perhaps a man running for his physical liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him and how great was the glee of that rescued man! But it is a very tame thing that compared with the running for one's everlasting life—the terrors of the law after him and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan, in his great story, tells how the pilgrim put his fingers in his ears and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car driver, after having had to struggle to support his family for years, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment, but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of heaven, and he can truly say, "Its mansions are mine; its temples are mine; its songs are mine; its God is mine!"

Joy of the Christian. Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry-making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is a jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water—bright, flashing water—to the morning, sunrise, fire work, mountain transfigured morning. I wish I could today take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and heaven, and twist them into our garland, and put it on the brow of the blindest child of God in all this land, and say: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Oh, the joy of the Christian!"

Oh, the gladness of the Christian! You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He rose in the presence of two thousands—the church on earth and the church in heaven—and he said, "Now, this is my experience, sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things." If all the people who read this sermon knew the joy of the Christian religion, they would all have gone into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman

was dying of cholera, his attendant said, "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord, I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him, "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would. Tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out: 'Stop, Lord, it is enough! Stop, Lord—enough!' Oh, the joys of this Christian religion!"

Variety of Sinful Pleasures. Just pass over from these tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have found out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer and yet drowned in his own bottle, Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world, Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him, Henry II consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket, all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "God save the queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes.

Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent boattide. The night after the battle of Shiloh there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come. One Christian soldier, lying there a-dying under the starlight, began to sing:

There is a land of pure delight, And when he came to the next line there were scores of voices uniting: Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all over the field among the wounded until it was said that there were at least 10,000 wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse:

There everlasting spring abides, And never withering flowers, Death, like a narrow stream, divides, That heaven lies from earth below.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart throb between you and that religion this moment. Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and he is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone astray. I know not the history, but you know it—you know it.

The Circle of Safety. When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamonded hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died.

Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow, in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest, and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power—the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one—she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out of your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum, would say, "Now, now, now, now! Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home, oh, prodigal, from the wilderness! Come home, come home!"

The Divine Justice. But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter. Go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your father.

I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, as though he were a Turkish sultan—hard and unsympathetic and listening not to the cry of his subjects. A man told me of his in one of the eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and the king said, "Fie! slay the man, and by post-mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was like a man, the usually of a man like that! Oh, that is not a sultan, not a king, but a father—kind, loving, forgiving—and he makes all his hearting again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," he says, "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, indifference the sin. When the white horse of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of these, and so that he may take all his joy in greater, and when a man comes back there is in his heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the river

of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?

The Rejoicing Father. You remember reading the story of a king who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers, but methinks when a soul comes back God is so glad that to express his joy he flings out new worlds into space, kindles up new suns and rolls among the white-robed angels of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates he cries, "This, my son, was dead and is alive again!"

At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in, but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestra was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God.

For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said, "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train—its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of train. At noon he was there again, watching the advance of the train, watching the departure.

At night there again, watching the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, 10 years, 20 years, 30 years, 40 years, perhaps 50 years, waiting, waiting, watching, watching, and if this morning the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home! You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will!

Joy Over the Repentant. I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not break down with emotion, but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport.

When I see a man who is bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When, in our communion service, such throngs of young and old stood up at the altars and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attested their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I felt a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body I cannot tell. God knoweth."

Have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They blow the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to rejoice when souls pant as the hart for the water brooks? They came forth saying, "All things are now ready." Ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet?

How Ministers Are Sustained. Life insurance men will all tell you that the minister of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. Why is it? There is no draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is most exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stumps by parsimonious congregations who wondered at the dullness of the sermon, when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen—never accepting their hospitality because they cannot afford it—but I have seen them struggle with salaries of \$600 and \$800 a year, the average less than that, their struggle well depicted by the western missionary who says in a letter: "Thank you for your last assistance. Until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes."

And these men of God I find in different parts of the land, struggling against annoyances and exasperations innumerable, some of them weak after week sustaining agents who have ways to sell and submitting themselves to all stripes of annoyances, and yet without complaint and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's house.

Our Inmost Joys. We live in sympathy with all innocent creatures. We can enjoy a hearty song, and we can be merry with the meadow, or those of us who have led in the service are ready to testify all these joys as tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing souls enter the kingdom of God. The grandest one of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost.

and I thank God I have seen 20 of them. Thank God, thank God!

I notice also when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on a promontory, and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the lifeboats, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

The Effectual Prayer. When prodigals come home, just hear those Christians sing! It is not a dull tune you hear at such times. Just hear those Christians pray! It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over for 20 years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say, and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just bear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the hand seem to clinch the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illumined they are. And see that old man get up and with the same voice that he sang 50 years ago in the old country meeting house say, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." There was a man of Keith who was hurled into prison in time of persecution, and one day he got off his shackles, and he came and stood by the prison door, and when the jailer was opening the door with one stroke he struck down the man who had incarcerated him.

Passing along the streets of London, he wondered where his family was. He did not dare to ask lest he excite suspicion, but passing along a little way from the prison he saw a Keith tankard, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to generation. He saw it in a window. His family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison house, and they set that Keith tankard in the window, hoping he would see it, and he came along and saw it, and knocked at the door, and went in, and the long absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God to-day, I think some of you would find nearly all your friends and nearly all your families around the holy tankard of the holy communion—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, around that sacred tankard which commemorates the love of Jesus Christ our Lord! Oh, it will be a great communion day when your whole family sits around the sacred tankard! One on earth, one in heaven.

Joy of the Redeemed. Once more I remark that when the prodigal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festival. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraphic chart, you have no idea how many cities are connected together and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God.

And if these souls today should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say, "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another soul would say, "Hallelujah!"

Pleased with the news, the saints below In songs their tongues employ, Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy.

No angels can their joy contain, But kinde with lowly tone, The stanza lost is found, they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cleo, the orator. At the Macedonian festival sat Philip, the conqueror. At the Grecian banquet sat Socrates, the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide it leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Saviour's righteousness adrop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cup is from the bowl of 10,000 sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven arise, and with glowing chalice drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing, sing, sing! "Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

He Thought It Would. "You must excuse me," said the timid woman from the country, walking up to the clerk of a store to buy the shiny tin, but I am so ignorant of city ways that I must ask for instructions. Now, to see I want a certain article do I not?"

The clerk started to explain politely, but the woman was too impetuous to let him say more than a word or two.

"I don't like to run about and about and waste my time and make myself conspicuous," she interrupted. "What I want to know is whether the tin will do if I simply stand quietly in the middle of the track and wait for it to come up to me?"

The clerk thought it would.—Buffalo Express.



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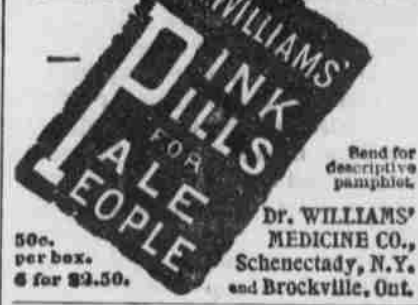
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SIRS:—Your petitioners, patrons of the public schools, taxpayers and citizens of Oregon, respectfully petition you to take no action to bring about adoption of new series of public school text-books under the law passed by the legislature, nor to enter into any contract at present publishers prices adopting the text-books now in use, or those that might be authorized by your board at present prices, such prices to be fixed and maintained by the publishers for the next six years, as specified in that law.

In view of the fact that by state publication the people of California are obtaining public school text-books at an average price of about 30 cents apiece for the entire series needed in the common schools, or about one-half what we pay in Oregon, we demand state publication at the earliest day possible.

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