OBLIVION'S DEFEATS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A SERMON OF CONSOLING INFLUENCE.

Today and One Hundred Years From Now. The Necessity of Death and Decay—Time Is Past, and It Is an Everlasting Now.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 12.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today preached a sermon of unusual and marvelous consolation to the usual throngs after they had sung:

There is no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

The subject was "Oblivion and Its Defeats." The texts selected were Job xxiv, 20, "He shall be no more remembered," and Psalms cxii, 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

"Oblivion and Its Defeats" is my subject today. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, states, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of cycles, of millenniums, of eons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionarians oblivion. It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge in which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it today if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

OBLIVION'S WORK.

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear! For awhile they are together, inseparable and to each other indispensable, and then they part. Some by marriage, going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it. So the generations vanish.

Walk up Broadway, New York; State street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia; The Strand, London; Princess street, Edinburgh; Champs Elysees, Paris; Unter den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year 1893 not one person who walked there in the year 1793. What ingulfment! All the ordinary efforts at perpetuation are dead failures. Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while "Old Mortality" is cutting in one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of bookworms or unread of the rising generations.

All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome stands today, but dig down deep enough and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still farther and you will find a third Rome.

Jerusalem stands today, but dig down deep enough and you will find a Jerusalem underneath, and go on and deeper down a third Jerusalem. Alexandria on the top of an Alexandria, and the second on the top of the third. Many of the ancient cities are buried 30 feet deep, or 50 feet deep, or 100 feet deep. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The winds and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and gravediggers, and if the world stands long enough the present Brooklyn and New York and London will have on top of them other Brooklyns and New Yorks and Londons, and only after digging and boring and blasting will the archæologist of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets of our present American and European cities.

Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin I, or of Charles Martel, or of Marlborough, or of Mithridates, or of Prince Frederick, or of Cortez, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of the 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,700,000 infantry and the 200,000 cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 men of Sesostris, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylæ, and call the long roll. Not one answer.

At the opening of our civil war the men of the northern and southern armies were told that if they fell in battle their names would never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in military hospitals you cannot call the names of 1,000, nor the names of 500, nor the names of 100, nor the names of 50. Oblivion! Are the feet of the dancers who were at the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before Waterloo all still? All still. Are all the ears that heard the guns of Bunker Hill all deaf? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George III all closed? All closed. Oblivion! A hundred years from now there will not be a being on this earth that knew we ever lived.

WELCOME TO HIS MEAL.

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name, and from the nearly faded ink, with great effort, find that some person of our name was born somewhere between 1810 and 1890, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother? Will you describe the style of the hat that she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June?

Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a chip of that granite. The sea is triumphing over the land, and what is going on at Coney Island is going on all around the world, and the continents are crumbling into the waves. And while this is transpiring on the outside of the world the hot chisel of the internal fire is digging under the foundation of the earth and cutting its way out toward the surface.

It surprises me to hear people say they do not think the world will finally be burned up, when all scientists will tell you that it has for ages been on fire. Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go, too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world, there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axletree of the constellations will break and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow anything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if it had not been for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic.

Many of the state and national libraries today are only morgues in which dead books are waiting for some one to come and recognize them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3,000 years ago would snarl at us, saying, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die—their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon.

This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the last century. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a healthful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts. In all the Pantheon the weakest goddess is Clio, the goddess of history, and instead of being represented by sculptors as holding a scroll might better be represented as limping on crutches.

Faithful history is the saving of a few things out of more things lost. The immortality that comes from pomp of obsequies or granite shaft or building named after its founder or page of recognition in some encyclopedia is an immortality unworthy of one's ambition, for it will all cease and is no immortality at all. Oblivion! A hundred years. But while I recognize this universal submergence of things earthly, who wants to be forgotten? Not one of us.

Absent for a few weeks or months from home, it cheers us to know that we are remembered there. It is a phrase we have all pronounced, "I hope you missed me." Meeting some friends from whom we have been parted many years, we inquire, "Did you ever see me before?" and they say "Yes," and call us by name, and we feel a delightful sensation thrilling through their hand into our hand, and running up from elbow to shoulder, and then parting, the one current of delight ascending to the brow and the other descending to the foot, moving round and round in concentric circles until every nerve and muscle and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with delight.

A few days ago, visiting the place of my boyhood, I met one whom I had not seen since we played together at 10 years of age, and I had peculiar pleasure in puzzling him a little as to who I was, and I can hardly describe the sensation as after awhile he mumbled out: "Let me see. Yes, you are De Witt." We all like to be remembered.

Now, I have to tell you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats, and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done.

SOMETHING THAT CANNOT BE EFFACED.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbstone, and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man, swamped by the stringency of the money market, that times after awhile would be better?

Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man, clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide, that for him was near by a laver in which he might wash and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear? What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them.

Notwithstanding all their might and splendor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. They have no cutlass to part that cable. They have no strength to hurl into oblivion that benefaction. Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of Malta, who extended the island hospitality when he and others with him had felt, added to a shipwreck, the drenching rain and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwayman on the road to Jericho forgotten the Good Samaritan with a medicament of oil and wine and a free ride to the hostelry? Have the English soldiers who went up to God from the Crimean battlefields forgotten Florence Nightingale?

Through all eternity will the northern and southern soldiers forget the northern and southern women who administered to the dying boys in blue and gray after the awful fights in Tennessee and Pennsylvania and Virginia and Georgia, which turned every house and barn and shed into a hospital and incarnadined the Susquehanna, and the James, and the Chattahoochee, and the Savannah with brave blood? The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "House of Many Mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will stand.

CHARACTER IS ETERNAL.

Another defeat of oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man—every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it, or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last.

Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you by prayer or gospel word turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well known on earth that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky.

We teach a Sabbath class, or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passerby, or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting, or preach a sermon and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

There is no sublimer art on earth than architecture. With pencil and rule and compass, the architect sits down alone and in silence, and evolves from his own brain a cathedral, or a national capitol, or a massive home before he leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans, and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to execute his design, and when it is finished he walks around the vast structure, and sees the completion of the work with high satisfaction, and on a stone at some corner of the building the architect's name may be chiseled.

But the storms do their work, and time, that takes down everything, will yet take down that structure, until there shall not be one stone left upon another. But there is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there. Under God's grace you are the architect of its eternal happiness. Your name is written, not on one corner of its nature, but inwrought into its every fiber and energy. Will the storms of winter wash out the story of what you have wrought upon that spiritual structure? No. There are no storms in that land, and there is no winter. Will time wear out the inscription which shows your fidelity? No. Time is past, and it is an everlasting now. Built into the foundation of that imperishable structure, built into its pillars, built into its capstone, is your name—either the name you have on earth or the name by which celestials shall call you.

I know the Bible says in one place that God is a jealous God, but that refers to the work of those who worship some other god. A true father is not jealous of his child. With what glee you show the picture your child penciled, or a toy ship your child hewed out, or recite the noble deed your child accomplished. And God never was jealous of a Joshua, never was jealous of a Paul, never was jealous of a Frances Havergal, never was jealous of a man or woman who tried to heal wounds and wipe away tears and lift burdens and save souls; and while all is of grace, and your self abnegating utterance will be, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, give glory!" you shall always feel a heavenly satisfaction in every good thing you did on earth, and if iconoclasm, borne from beneath, should break through the gates of heaven and efface one record of your earthly fidelity, methinks Christ would take one of the nails of his own cross and write somewhere on the crystal, or the amethyst, or the jacinth, or the chrysoprasus, your name and just under it the inscription of my text, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

Oh, this character building! You and I are every moment busy in that tremendous occupation. You are making me better or worse, and I am making you better or worse, and we shall through all eternity bear the mark of this benediction or blasting. Let others have the thrones of heaven—those who have more mightily wrought for God and the truth—but it will be heaven enough for you and me if ever and anon we meet some radiant soul on the boulevards of the great city who shall say: "You helped me once. You encouraged me when I was in earthly struggle. I do not know that I would have reached this shining place had it not been for you." And we will laugh with heavenly glee and say: "Ha! ha! Do you really remember that talk? Do you remember that warning? Do you remember that Christian invitation? What a memory you have! Why, that must have been down there in Brooklyn and New Orleans at least ten thousand million years ago." And the answer will be, "Yes, it was as long as that, but I remember it as well as though it were yesterday."

Oh, this character building! The structure lasting independent of passing centuries, independent of crumbling mausoleums, independent of the whole planetary system. Aye, if the material universe, which seems all bound together like one piece of machinery, should some day meet with an accident that should send worlds crashing into each other like telescoped railway trains, and all the wheels of constellations and galaxies should stop, and down into the chasm of immensity all the suns and moons and stars should tumble like the midnight express at Ashtabula, that would not touch us and would not hurt God, for God is a spirit, and character and memory are immortal, and over that grave of a wrecked material universe might truthfully be written, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

O Time, we defy thee! O Death, we stamp thee in the dust of thine own sepulchers! O Eternity, roll on till the last star has stopped rotating, and the last sun is extinguished on the sapphire pathway, and the last moon has illumined the last night, and as many years have passed as all the scribes that ever took pen could describe by as many figures as they could write in all the centuries of all time, but thou shalt have no power to efface from any soul in glory the memory of anything we have done to bring it to God and heaven!

A FROWN FOLLOWED BY A KISS.

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship—perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the picture of a fortress where he was garrisoned, or the face of a great general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage.

This tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there 50 years, but when the man goes into his coffin that puncture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that he has tattooed us upon his hands. There can be no other meaning in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!"

It was as much as to say: "I cannot open my hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad my hands to bless, but I think of you. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take these two pictures of you with me. They are so inwrought into my being that I cannot lose them. As long as my hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the backs of my hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of my hands for myself to look at and study and love. Not on the palm of one hand alone, but on the palms of both hands, for while I am looking upon one hand and thinking of you, I must have the other free to protect you, free to strike back your enemy, free to lift if you fall. Palms of my hands indelibly tattooed. And though I hold the winds in my fist no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of my hand its billowing shall not wash out the record of my remembrance. 'Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands.'"

What joy, what honor can there be comparable to that of being remembered by the mightiest and kindest and loveliest and tenderest and most affectionate being in the universe. Think of it—to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God. The heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe. Let the archangel build some palace as grand as that if he can. Let him crumble up all the stars of yesternight and tomorrow night and put them together as mosaics for such a palace floor. Let him take all the sunrises and sunsets of all the days and the auroras of all the nights and hang them as upholstery at its windows.

Let him take all the rivers, and all the lakes, and all the oceans, and toss them into the fountains of this palace court. Let him take all the gold of all the hills and hang it in its chandeliers, and all the pearls of all the seas and all the diamonds of all the fields, and with them arch the doorways of that palace, and then invite into it all the glories that Esther ever saw at a Persian banquet, or Daniel ever walked among in Babylonian castles, or Joseph ever witnessed in Pharaoh's throneroom, and then yourself enter this castle of archangelic construction and see how poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and pardoning God, and into which all the music and all the prayers, and all the sermonic considerations of this day are trying to introduce you through the blood of the slain Lamb.

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began, it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchered. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again! Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds, half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Thank God for this blessed oblivion! So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but up on a throne—not into the graveyard to which all materialism is distined, but into a garden all abloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

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 oils. It is not a Dye, but a delightfully cooling and refreshing Tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald heads.

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

If your druggist cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward prepaid, on receipt of price. Grower, $1.00 per bottle; 6 for $5.00. Soap, 50c. per jar; 6 for $2.50.

TRADE MARK Registered.

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 57 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Electric Lights

On Meter System.

TO CONSUMERS:

The Salem Light and Power Company at 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.

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

Residences can be wired for as many lights as desired and the consumers pay for only such lights as are used. This being registered by an Electric Meter. Office

179 Commercial St.

T. J. KRESS.
HOUSE PAINTING,
PAPER HANGING,
Natural Wood Finishing,
Cor. 20th and Chemeketa 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 2 cents a day delivered at your door.

Fresh- News-
Papers- Fruits-
and Candies.
J. L. BENNETT & SON.
P. O. Block.

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., 95 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.

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 vestibule trains, every day in the year to
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, affording direct and uninterrupted service.
Pullman sleepers reservations can be secured in advance from 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.

The London

Medical and Surgical Institute
719
MARKET STREET
San Francisco, Cal.

IS A MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE, located permanently at 719 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., for the cure of all diseases, afflictions and deformities. A staff of physicians and surgeons, having diplomas and the endorsement of the best colleges of America and Europe, skilled specialists who have had long experience in treating special and chronic diseases, are in constant attendance. A pharmacy is attached, and all prescriptions filled free of charge.

$1.00 Trial Bottle
$5.00 Full Course

Sufferers from Asthma, Rheumatism, Consumption, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Scrofula, Epilepsy, Female Weakness, Cancer, Heart Disease, Bronchitis, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Baldness, Tapeworm, Deafness, any Sexual Disease, Lost Manhood, Malaria, Urinary Troubles, Piles, Bowel Troubles, should consult at once. Low charges, within the reach of all, combined with the best medical and surgical skill.

Young, Middle Aged and Old Men

Who may be suffering from YOUTHFUL FOLLIES, or the excesses of matured life, should consult at once, before it is too late; these veteran practitioners who have no equal in the United States, as they can and will restore to you perfect health when all others have failed.

Broken Down Constitutions

are rejuvenated and manly vigor restored by their new and wonderful methods of treatment. No injurious drugs used. Worn out business men, call for advice, especially if you are suffering from Nervous Debility or failing power, of any disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat, Lungs, Heart, Stomach, Skin, Kidneys, or Bladder.

Blood Diseases

Cured in the shortest time by vegetable remedies.

ARE YOU as strong healthy and vigorous as you should be? Are you free from every trace of disease or sickness? Do you look well? Do you feel well? or is there some Chronic Trouble, which, like a canker worm in the budding flower, is rapidly destroying your very vitals.

LADIES

Who suffer from Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Despondency, Indigestion, Constipation, Lassitude, Pains in the Back or side and diseases peculiar to their sex, consult these physicians with the utmost confidence.

$1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE
$5.00 FULL COURSE

THE LONDON MEDICAL and SURGICAL INSTITUTE
719 Market Street
San Francisco, Cal.
11-6-5w-d&w

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 was 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. During his private practice of a life-time among the nobility and aristocracy of Europe he prescribed this recipe. Price, $1 by mail, securely packed. Correspondence confidential. Sole Agents for America. Address

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO.
Dept. K. 57 South Fifth Avenue, New York

THE CHEAPEST.—Have the DAILY JOURNAL left at your office or residence. Only 50 cts a month. By mail 25 cts a month.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.
WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY,
and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.
ERIE MEDICAL CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS.

F. H. D'ARCY. GEO. G. BINGHAM. D'ARCY & BINGHAM, Attorneys at Law, Rooms 1, 2 and 3, D'Arcy Building, 144 State street. Special attention given to business in the supreme and circuit courts of the state. 2 11

TILMON FORD, Attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office up stairs in Patten block

H. J. BIGGER, Attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office over Bush's bank.

J. J. SHAW, M. W. HUNT, SHAW & HUNT, Attorneys at law. Office over Capital National bank, Salem, Oregon.

JOHN A. CARSON, Attorney at law, rooms 2 and 4, Bush bank building, Salem, Or.

B. F. BONHAM, W. H. HOLMES. BONHAM & HOLMES, Attorneys at law. Office in Bush block, between State and Court, on Commercial street.

JOHN BAYNE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Collections made and promptly remitted. Murphy block, Cor. State and Commercial streets, Salem, Oregon. 9-4-tf.

W. C. KNIGHTON—Architect and superintendent. Office, rooms 2 and 3 Bushman block. 9-19-tf

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

DR. 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, 164 State street. Consultation from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. 7-1-6m

S. C. BROWNE, M. D., Physician and surgeon. Office, Murphy block; residence, 87 Commercial street.

DR. T. C. SMITH, Dentist, 92 State street Salem, Oregon. Finished dental operations of every description. Painless operations a specialty.

W. D. PUGH, Architect, plans, specifications and superintendence for all classes of buildings. Office 290 Commercial street, up stairs.

SONS OF VETERANS—Sumpter Camp No. 8, Sons of Veterans, U. S. A. meet Thursday evenings at 7:30 o'clock at the I. O. O. F. hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. DR. S. C. BROWNE, Capt.

PROTECTION LODGE NO. 2 A. O. U. W.—Meets in their hall in State Insurance building, every Wednesday evening.
A. W. DENNIS, M. W.
J. A. SELWOOD, Recorder.

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

3½ 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.
251 Washington St., Cor. 3d
PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE PACIFIC
DETECTIVE AND COLLECTING BUREAU
SALEM, - - - Oregon
Private work a specialty.
C. B. CLEMENT, Manager.

MONEY TO LOAN
On improved Real Estate, in amounts and time to suit. No delay in considering loans.
FEAR & FORD,
Room 12, Bush Bank block. 5 19d

BURTON BROTHERS
Manufacture Standard Pressed Brick.
Molded Brick in all Patterns for Fronts and supply the brick for the New Salem City Hall and nearly all the fine buildings erected in the Capital City.
Yards near Penitentiary, Salem, Or. 5-3 d w

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD CO
E. W. HADLEY, Receiver.
SHORT LINE to CALIFORNIA
OCEAN STEAMER SAILINGS.
S. S. WILLAMETTE VALLEY.
Leaves San Francisco, Nov. 6th, 14th and 22nd.
Leaves Yaquina, Nov. 9th, 19th, and 24th.
RATES ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.
For freight and passenger rates apply to any agent or purser of this company.
H. R. MULLAY, Gen'l Mgr.
C. T. WARD, A. G. F. & P. A.
G. M. TOWERS, Agent, Salem Dock.