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Republican National Ticket.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
 Of Indiana.
 For Vice President:
LEVI P. MORTON,
 Of New York.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.
 Robert McLean, of Klamath County,
 Wm. Kaps, of Multnomah County,
 C. W. Fulton, of Clatsop County.

SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1888.

THE railroad commission must go. It is a useless expense to the state for it has no power to correct the evils of railroad corporations. The legislature was hoodwinked by the corporation attorneys and their followers. —News.

In their debate at the University yesterday afternoon, the "Philologists"—whoever they may be—decided "That women should abandon corsets." This do settle it, and the corset must go. Of course it's all right, but we can't see what they want a band-in corsets for. But perhaps it wasn't intended that we should know.

A BATHER novel enterprise is knocking at the doors of congress for relief. The ladies of Hot Springs, Arkansas, organized an association to establish a library and reading room for citizens and visitors to that resort. Fire and other misfortunes discouraged them, and now they ask congress to take the matter off their hands and maintain the undertaking.

A TERRIFIC storm of rain and wind, accompanied by vivid lightning, passed over the city of Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 1st., between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening. In the city many shade trees were broken down, telegraph and telephone were mixed up, and roofs blown off. At the central grounds considerable damage was done to buildings and exhibits amounting to fully \$10,000.

EVERY speech that Gen. Harrison has made since he was nominated—and he has spoken almost daily—every letter he has written and every public appearance he has made has served to confirm the republican party in the belief that the Chicago convention selected the right man to succeed Grover Cleveland. The more the people see of him the more they feel that "precisely such a man," as Dr. Storrs says, "should be at the head of this nation." —New York Independent.

NEWSPAPER men are certainly the most imposed upon of any class of people. It is a well known fact that they are expected (and almost forced) to give church entertainments, etc., about \$18.40 worth of local advertising, gratis, and then if a hungry man might want to attend the entertainment he could go down in his jeans for the two or four bits as the case might be. Such has invariably been our experience. But to all things an end cometh.

DISEASED MEATS.

The question of diseased meats is causing much discussion. It is not a sensation in which there is much talk and little fact. There are facts at the bottom of the investigation now going on. One of the most hopeful signs is that the butchers' association as a body and as individuals are taking hold of the matter to try to remedy the defects. This much can be stated in general, however, to the benefit of the stockgrowers in Oregon and Washington

territory, that most if not all of the diseased cattle have been found to have come from south of San Francisco.

The statement made a day or two since by a public official that the disease first came from a herd of cattle that had been driven from Oregon, is now understood to be founded on misinformation. Oregon cattle and Southern California cattle were placed together on the same range and the foreman thought at first the disease arose from the Oregon stock, while later the opposite was found to be true.

Again the Butchers' Protective Association was addressed by A. S. Mercer, of the national bureau of animal industry, also by Dr. Bowhill, the surgeon employed by the board of health. Many startling facts were revealed to the San Francisco butchers association at a recent investigation. They discovered California cattle were more or less diseased in every district south of San Francisco to the Mexican line. Twelve out of every 100 persons who die with consumption contract it from using either the milk or meat of cattle diseased with tuberculosis. Thirteen were found and condemned a few days ago by the market inspector, which were so near gone that they could hardly stand up to be knocked down, and yet they were about to be butchered and put upon the market. At this rate there was no telling how much diseased meat had been run in on the markets, because the city had employed but one market inspector, and no one man, be he ever so skillful, could begin to attend to all the work. In round terms the San Francisco meat markets were condemned as absolutely rotten.

HAWLEY ON HARRISON.

There could be no higher tribute to any man, and that from no higher source than the following, which United States Senator Hawley of Connecticut, himself a man greatly loved and honored by the American people, pays to General Harrison:

"I sat near him on the benches of the Senate for six years. We served together on the military committee and other committees for six years, so that I know him well; and the newspapers have said nothing but what he deserves when they have spoken of him as a lawyer of very eminent ability, powerful in argument, wise in counsel, and mighty in his integrity in private and public life, and as gallant a soldier as ever bestrode a saddle—Christian, gentleman, soldier and statesman. No harm to him that he had a noble ancestry. He inherited nothing from them but a pure heart and clear brain. The house he first lived in was a poor one, and he is not a rich man to-day but he is qualified to be the chief ruler of over sixty million of people; and that he shall be."

A Strange Phenomenon.

A contract has been let on the Martin White mine at Yard, Nev., and work is to be resumed forthwith. A queer phenomenon is connected with the working of the Martin White ore, says the Virginia Enterprise. The ore is very base and it is necessary to roast the whole of it. During the roasting process no deleterious or disagreeable fumes are observable and yet the hair and all the beards of all the men engaged about the works are soon dyed a bright and permanent green. Even the eyebrows of the workmen are as green as grass. In scores of Nevada mines ores of various kinds are smelted and roasted, but at none of them is either the hair or beards of the workmen changed from their natural hue.

Smallpox is at last driven out of this community. No new cases have appeared for the last twenty days. Good bye willingly. Business is picking up and the city has regained its usual prosperous look, says the McMinville Telephone.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's catarrh cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
 West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
 Wadding, Kinnan & Marvin, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
 E. H. Van Hoesen, cashier, Toledo national bank, Toledo, Ohio.
 Hall's catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

The Hog We All Know.

I love the hog on the railroad train,
 Who takes the seats of two,
 And scatters bags and things about
 As baggage smashers do.
 I love the hogges quite as well,
 With her bundles full of shop,
 That makes you stand for a mile or two,
 Till you really want to drop.
 I love the hog and the hogges both,
 And love them all the more
 If they're married and always sit apart,
 And gobble the seats of four.

Dear Marguerite.

I knew a maiden sweet, whose name was Marguerite.
 But, oh! her charms to picture I despair.
 The color of her eyes was the June blue of the skies,
 And woven out of sunshine was her hair.
 Her heart, I thought, was true, this maiden's whom I knew,
 And joy was mine to be her chosen lover.
 How bright the future's line while love is germ'd with dew,
 And iridescent wings about it hover!
 But sweetest flowers will fade—ay, loves of man and maid,
 It was the same old story told once more:
 A fashionable ball, a lack of wherewithal—
 And now I call on Marguerite no more!
 —Paul Pastour.

LOVE ALWAYS CONQUERS.

Willard Proud, after graduating from the State University and spending five years on a pleasure tour in foreign climes, was called home by the sudden death of his father to find that he was left penniless and must manage to make a living for himself as best he could.

As is so often the case he had been educated to be a "gentleman"—ignorant of the value of a dollar or of a means of earning one—and therefore no business man wanted him. At last when apparently all hope had drifted away on the ebbing tide he chanced to attract the attention of a wealthy retired St. Louis merchant named Frye, who, after much questioning and great deliberation, engaged him to teach the languages to his invalid daughter who had gone west for her health and was breathing the bracing sea breezes of Ilwaco.

In his curt way the old tradesman made Willard promise on his honor that he would not make love to Mayme, his daughter, because he said "she is too young to be anything but romantic."

This is how Willard Proud came into the Frye family as a member, and though Mayme's aunt, Mrs. Welch, regarded him curiously at first, she was compelled to own that he was a young man who knew his place.

The daughter, a willful little blonde of 16, was a bewitching pupil, but though wonderfully quick in catching the conversational language, was stubborn about rules and routine. "I want to read and talk," she would say, "and I won't learn whole pages of horrid verses and rules."

So they read and talked, and Willard, in spite of his promise, soon found himself hopelessly in love with his pupil.

It was a year before things came to a climax. Mayme had been ill, and in her delirium her aunt heard words that warned her to send Willard Proud away, unless they were prepared to give this one pet idol of the household to his loving care.

Mr. Frye was no a man to act hastily, but when he understood the situation he sent for Willard to come to his room as he wished to see him, privately, on a matter of especial importance.

"I find we must part," he said very gently, "and I regret it deeply but I will assist you in securing employment if you will be willing to accept a situation."

"Part?" cried the young man.
 "Is it not best for you?"
 "Yes. You are right! You have guessed, then, the secret I thought I guarded so well."

"That you love Mayme?"
 "Yes. Let me tell you my story, Mr. Frye. You think that I am a fool, but perhaps you will change your mind. My parents were lost at sea when I was a boy. One of the passengers on the steamer saved my life and brought me to his home. His own wife and child were lost and he became fond of me. He was wealthy and he adopted me, giving me his name and leading me to suppose that I would be his heir. It was wronging no one, as his nearest relative was a nephew, who is immensely rich, and has lived for years in Oregon. There was no expense spared in my education, and yet I was taught nothing practical—no trade, no profession, by which I might earn my bread. When I left college my benefactor, whom I had called father for many long years, took me abroad and we traveled together for four years. Then for the first time we separated, as he grew homesick, and I was wild to visit the eastern lands. He returned home, almost forcing me to join a party who were bound to Oriental countries. After a year or more of travel I returned to Paris to find a

summons two months old, to return to America. When I reached my old home my dear adopted father was dead, and I was thrust into the world penniless. The lawyer who attended to all of my benefactor's legal affairs told me there was surely a will, leaving me everything, but it could not be found. The nephew claimed the entire estate and sold the homestead. I was stunned and came to my old home to find a stranger in possession.

"Bless my soul! Your adopted father's name didn't happen to be Locksley, did it? This didn't happen to be the homestead, eh? And your name isn't Willard Locksley, is it?"

"You know me then?"
 "Not a bit of it. But why didn't you tell me your name instead of masquerading under another one?"

"My name is Willard Proud. When I lost all else Mr. Locksley intended to give me, I gave up the name I held only by his adoption."

"Oh, that's it. Well, Mr. Proud, I had not been here a month when I found the will of Mr. Locksley in that queer old desk in my bed room. Mayme wanted the desk, and when we emptied it we found this important document behind one of the drawers, very snugly hidden, but quite accidentally, I judge. I sent it to your lawyer, who informed me that young Mr. Locksley had disappeared."

"The property is mine, then?"
 "Yes, I suppose there will be some delay about selling the house again, and it is a bother to me, since I really feel at home here."

"But why need you sell it again? You know my love for Mayme, and if she will listen to me now that I dare speak."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! Bless me, how forgetful I am! Then I needn't assist you to that position, eh?"

"No; But I can never forget the kindness that offered it to me."
 "Yes—yes—and you won't take our sunshine—Mayme—quite away from us all at once, then?"

There was a flush of excitement in the quiet neighborhood when the missing heir appeared, but Mayme "listened when Willard dared to speak," and "when the prince came riding by" a sweet faced princess was reigning at his side.

The total receipts of the Lar county fair were \$1149.70; expenses, \$755.12. Paid on indebtedness of 1887, \$100.

NEW TO-DAY.

SHORTHAND.

A BROWN-PITTMAN WRITER would like two or three pupils beginning shorthand. Gives instruction that will largely reduce the cost of a subsequent course in any school. Terms reasonable. Text-books furnished. For particulars address W. P. WILLIAMS, P. O. Box 178, Salem, Or.

Notice.

ANYONE HAVING A LEGAL CLAIM against me will please call at the store within the next ten days.
 107-203 A. MAYER.

Breakfast Delicacies

- ROLLED OATS,
- ROLLED WHEAT,
- CREAM WHEAT,
- DURKEE'S RICE FLOUR, which cooks up into a very delicate dish.
- TRITICUM,
- GERMEA,
- CEREALINE,
- 1888 NEW BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, guaranteed to be Fresh and Pure

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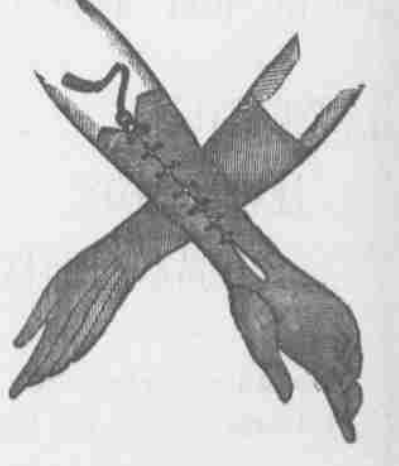
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Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing and Hats.
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GREATEST BARGAINS
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 —BY THE—
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 They need no recommendation from us, being the finest line ever placed before the public. Each garment has a label at collar band bearing the manufacturer's name.
 —OUR—
DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT
 Is unusually large and varied, representing
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—An excellent stock of—
CARPETS, RUGS, ROLLING AND LACE CURTAINS
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Also a Complete Stock of Hardware and Farm Machinery, Wagons and Carriages

FOR SALE.
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 —PROPRIETORS OF—
THE CAPITOL COFFEE HOUSE
 Meals, 25 cents; board, \$3 per week. No Chinese employed.
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FALL MILLINERY GOODS
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