and inhospitable look.

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Capital Journal Publishing Company. PostOffice Block Commercial Street,

HOFER BROTHERS. - - - Editors.

THE REFORM SCHOOL.

building should be finished. It was a ty? mistake of the legislature to have put up such a building as it did for only 1 fifty boys which, was crowded at once.

A fine fireproof building to hold 200 should be finished at once. The school is crowded to overflowing and as the state makes the brick there is no reason why there should be any small cottages erected and leave the large building unfinished. That is poor enconomy.

AN UNFORTUNATE CLASS.

It is not laboring men alone who are unfortunate in being thrown out of work by the industrial depression. They are bad off, to be sur.e But there is another class who are often overlooked. They are the clerical employes in banks and other financial and manufacturing institutions.

They are incapable of taking up heavy labor and are lost when outside of a counting room. Their work is specilist employment largely, which is and largely unfits them for any other employment.

A FOUR-BIT VACATION.

If you cannot go to the mountains or seashore do not despair. You can rig tage. up a four-bit summer resort at home that will do you quite as well and perhaps rest you a great deal more.

Find a cool place in the house or out is adapted to young or old.

agine. A good book, a new magizine the news all the time and print it the see, cockatoo farmer and shearer, or a ONE CENT DAILY will entertain same day it occurs. or a ONE CENT DAILY will entertain same day it occurs. you with the best thoughts and freshest news of the day. Try it.

THANKS FOR NO GIRAFFES.

With the long neck of the giraffe, it month postpaid. would not be possible to raise a crop on an ordinary lot. A common cow will take a swath of nearly a halfroad all tor. around your garden. The giraffe would complete the job. The average suburban residents feel thankful that their purses, or tastes, or the climate, or providence or what-not forbids their neighbors, who now keep cows at large

THE PEFFERIAN PLAN.

enough to imagine that the action of the blood and mucous surfaces of the

It is doubtful whether the action of congress can affect the bullion value of silver. Its market price in London is fixed by the demand. The defect of the Sherman law is that while it stimulates the production of allver it did not provide for its going into circulation. It is difficult to get silver enough now to make up a payrotl for any large fac-

The suggestion to help silver by deconstixing gold is senseless and chaotic. It is Pefferian in the extreme. It is the to its efficacy. As we all know, wild wish of the demogog to say some-

A Household Remedy.

A Household Remedy.

Allcock's Porous Plasters are the only reliable plastes ever produced. Fragant clean, inexpensive, and never failing; they fully meet all the requirements of a household remedy, and should always be kept on hand. For the relief and cure of weak back, weak muscles, lameless, stiff or enlarged joints, pains in the chest, small of the back and around the hips, strains, stitches, and all local palus, Allcock's Porous Plasters are unequalled. Beware of limitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Allcock's, and let no selicitation or explanation induce you to sceen substitute.

SUGGESTED COMMENT.

This is the time of year to have a well dug. Give the well diggers a chance to live.

Not a cloud in the sky for a month and not a hot day or warm day! Jen't that lusclous?

No man ever yet succeeded in becoming a candidate for congress, or anything else but the poorhouse, by tearing down the character of his principal

Only a terrible accident on that \$82,-The State Board should not think of 900 bridge will convince people that it erecting temporary scattered buildings is unsafe for travel. Have we no one at the State Reform School. The main to look after the property of our coun-

The well known strengthening proporties of Iron, combined with other tonics and a most perfect nervine, are found in Carter Iron rills, which strengthens the nerves and body, and in prove the b.ood and complexion.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return ior the money as agood porous sirengthening pisster, such as Carter's amart. Weed and Beliadonna Backache Plasters.

Those unbanny persons who suffer from ner-

Those unhappy persons who suffer from ner-vousness and dyspepsia should use Carte's little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

THE HOLLYHOCK.

This romantic flower grows rankes! by the side of the smallest cottage and is now in its full glory. In Oregon the cultivated garden hollyhock has stalks ten feet high, with brilliant columns of

Oregon is the home of several wild hollyhocks. The common meadow mallow just out of bloom grows from slowly acquired by years of experience like branching candlesticks. There is in his buttonhole. Growing flowers wine-colored flowers on red stems.

A home without hollyhocks is innocence and peace to palace and cot-

THE ONE CENT DAILY.

While other papers are cutting down

a year is a success. Twenty to forty names a day are added to the lists. The day a subscription expires it is taken off. At this cash in advance rate by off. At this cash in advance rate by ried away a deep impression of the Whoever has observed the facility mail no accounts are kept, we save exinspector's qualities. "Had his day," inspector's qualities. "Had his day," pense of carrying and collecting, subsaid Dicky in O'Fallen's sitting room

thankful that there are no giraffes in cts. a month and at that price is the mighty swells once. Might live here Oregon. The town cow is evolution in cheapest daily carried in Salem. It is for a thousand years and he'd still be

> For a mild tonic, gentle laxative and invigorant take Simmons Liver Regula-

TUTT'S PILLS effective in results,

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other discuse put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. in the night cannot keep giraffes. For a great many years doctors pro-tilraffes would be worse than the town cow. For a great many years doctors pro-nounced it a local disease, and by constant-ly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional Benator Peffer, of Kansas, with Congressman Herman, of Oregon, proposes to demonetize gold as a remedy for legislation against silver. He is insane enough to imagine that the acuton of the blood and mucous surfaces of the blood and Congress could effect the value of an system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it falls to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Ad-

dress, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Sold by druggists, 75c.

A Simple Cure For Unsightly Eruptions. From a well known actress comes the following, which will be hailed with gratitude by every woman who is the victim of that unsightly affliction, a pimple. Our correspondent writes: "I can truthfully say that this is a preventive as well as a rem edy, and I speak from experience as pimples make their appearance usuthing that shall terrify the plutocrat ally on the face and neck, just where and please the unthinking voter. It is their presence is the most conspicuous. Now, any one troubled with these unsightly blemishes should avoid bathing in cold water. Take plenty of hot baths and give the eruptions a chance to come out on the body if they must come out at Wash the face but once a day, and then in hot water, wiping it very gently."—Dramatic News.

Good Company. It is often those who are most poetic and sensitive who best appreciate the homely joy of practical cares.
"I love to have her come," said a
farmer's wife of an artist friend who was accustomed to make her a summer visit. "She seems to enjoy ov

to de those of the to

Dear little Dolly, pink and white, Plays with her kitten from morn till night. Over and under the chairs it steals, Wars with a bandkerehief, runs with reels, Purrs as she fendles its piumy hair— Never was seen such a pretty pair.

Dear Hitle Doll, you're a woman grown disten, and let your kitten alone); What you are, how you come to be— That is the puzzle that puzzles ms.

Hair the color of blossomed Hime Matches blue eyes like rhyme and rhyms. Pink little bud of a mouth—'tis choice Pink little bud of a mouth—tis choice
For such a sweet little fluty voice.
These are appropriate, Pil allow;
Then why should you have that classic brow?
Delicate feet for tripping toes—
But how do you come by a Roman nose?
That profile for a fay like you!
Had Lucretia a kitten too?

How shall I best express your sweetheast Bow shall I render its incompleteness? What comparison must I fetch? Shall I say you are just a sketch? Only a sketch. To spoil were crime. Who shall finish it? Love or Time?

Time, my dear, is a painter Dutch, Owns a very laborious touch, Very minute effects he tries,! With a deal of drawing about the eyes. Not one touch of his work he'll siur
And never misses the character,
But he works so slowly that all the bloom
Dies off a peach in his painting room.

Love belongs to a different school, Works regardless of every rule, But let his critics say what they list, Love is a grand impressionist, Handles the sketch, and hour by hour Glows the canvas with growing power. The picture's finished within a day— No sooner finished than given away.

Only, Dolly, when all is told, And the picture mounted in black or gold), When all are praising the flawless face And quaint precision of dainty grace, Shall I wish—when wishing is all in vain— To see the sweet little sketch again?
—S. L. Gwynn in London Spectator.

OLD ROSES.

It was in a barren country, and three to seven feet high. It has tail Wadgery was generally shriveled spikes of most delicate white and with heat, but he always had roses creamy pink-tinted blossoms, arranged in his garden, on his window sill or a smaller one, grows in wet places with under difficulties was his recreation. That was why he was called Old Roses. It was not otherwise inapt, complete. These tall sentinels of the for there was something antique floral kingdom are the guardians of in- about him, though he wasn't old-a flavor, and old fashioned repose and self possession. He was inspector of tanks in this God forsaken country. Apart from his duties he kept mostly to himself, though when not traveling he went down to O'Fallen's hotel once a day for a glass of whisky of doors in the shade. Put down a their telegraph service on account of and water-whisky kept especially big easy couch, if nothing more than hard times the ONE CENT DAILY is in- for him-and as he drank this slowly clean, new straw or hay with a blanket creasing the volume of its dispatches. he talked to Vic, the barmaid, or to over it, and a few good pillows. Then It is doing a good safe paying business any chance visitors whom he knew. rig a screen of tarletan to keep off that and meeting the hard times with a He never drank with any one nor peaky house-fly and you are fixed. It hard times offer that suits all classes of asked any one to drink, and, strange A slests of an hour or two will do you more good in the coo' evening after the people. The Journal has now the to say, no one resented this. As Vic said, "He was different." Dicky press report of any evening paper in Merritt, the solicitor, who was hail heat and toil of the day than you im- Oregon and it will give the people all fellow with squatter, homestead les-THE DAILY MAIL JOURNAL at \$3 00 was he indeed who gave him the through a fence, or reach over and eat scribers get a cheap paper and it pays one night, "in marble halls, or I'm a everything within seven feet will feel us. The Journal by carrier is still 50 Jack. Run neck and neck with alsent to any address by mail at 25 cts. a the nonesuch of the back blocks. I'd patent him-file my caveat for him tomorrow if I could-bully Old

> Victoria Dowling, the barmaid, lifted her chin slightly from her hands as she leaned through the opening between the bar and the sitting room and said, "Mr. Merritt, Old Roses is a gentleman, and a gentleman is a gentleman till he"-

> "Right you are, Victoria, right you are again! You do the Jumping Sandhills credit. Old Roses has the root of the matter in him-and there

> Dicky had a profound admiration for Vic. She had brains, was perfectly fearless, no man had ever taken a liberty with her, and every one in the Wadgery country who

visited O'Fallen's had a wholesome

you have it."

respect for her opinion. About this time news came that the governor, Lord Malice, would pass through Wadgery on his tour up the back blocks. A great function was necessary. It was arranged. Then came the question of the address of welcome to be delivered at the banquet. Dicky Merritt and the local doctor were proposed as composers, but they both declared they'd only "make rot of it," and suggested Old Roses.

They went to lay the thing before They found him in his gar He greeted them, smiling in his quiet, enigmatical way and listened. While Dickey spoke a flush slowly passed over him and then immediately left him pale, but he stood perfectly still, his hand leaning against a sandal tree, and the coldness of his face warmed up again slowly. His head having been bent

After a moment of silence and inscrutable deliberation, he answered that he would do as they wished. Dicky hinted that he would require some information about Lord Maiice's past career and his family history, but he assured them that he did not need it, and his eyes idled changed. somewhat ironically with Dicky's

When the two had gone, Old Rosco sat in his room, a handful of letters, a photograph and a couple of decora-To cure constitution, sick headache and dyspepala Simmons Liver Regula- see her shell peas and wipe the fingers resting on them and his look tor has no squal. engaged with a very far horizon.

The governor came. He was met | before his face, and his eyes met putside the township by the citizens | those of the governor and staid. and escorted in-a dusty and numerous cavalcade. They passed the inspector's house. The garden was oming, and on the roof a flag was flying. Struck by the singular character of the place, Lord Malice asked dream, yet his eyes intently upon who lived there and proposed stopping for a moment to make the acquaintance of its owner, adding with some slight sarcasm, that if the offifully through Vie Dowling's veins. ters of the government were too busy to pay their respects to their governor their governor must pay

his respects to them. But Old Roses was not in the garden nor the house, and they left without seeing him. He was sitting under a willow at Billabong, reading over and over to himself the address to be delivered before the governor in the evening. And as he read his face had a wintry The night came. Old Roses en-

tered the dining room quietly with the crowd, far in the governor's wake. According to his request, he was given a seat in a distant corner where he was quite inconspicuous. Most of the men present were in evening dress. He wore a plain tweed suit, but carried a handsome rose in his buttonhole. It was impossible to put him at a disadvantage. He looked distinguished as he was. He appeared to be much in-terested in Lord Malice. The early proceedings were cordial, for the governor and his suite made themselves most agreeable, and talk flowed amiably. After a time there was a rattle of knives and forks, and the chairman rose. Then after a chorus of "kear, hear," there was a general silence. The doorways of ness in her eyes. the room were filled by the woman servants of the hotel. Chief among them was Vic, who kept her eyes mostly on Old Roses. She knew that he was to read the address and speak, and she was more interested

"And I call upon Mr. Adam Sherwood to speak to the health of his

and kindly into her brown eyes,

excellency, Lord Malice," In his modest corner Old Roses stretched to his feet. The governor glanced over carelessly. He only saw a figure in gray with a rose at buttonhole. The chairman whispered that it was the owner of the house and garden which had interested his excellency that afternoon. His ex-cellency looked a little closer, but saw only a rim of iron gray hair above the paper held before Old Roses' face.

Then a voice came from behind the paper, "Your excellency, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen"-

At the first word the governor ingly, curiously at the paper that walled the face and at the iron gray hair. The voice rose distinct and clear, with modulated emphasis. It had a peculiarly penetrating quality. A few in the room-and particularly Vic-were struck by something in the voice—that it resembled another. She soon found the trail. Her eyes also fastened on the paper. Then she moved and went to another door. Here she could see behind the paper at an angle. Her eyes ran from the screened face to that of the govern or. His excellency had dropped the lower part of his face in his hand, and he was listening intently. Vic noticed that his eyes were painfully grave and concerned. She also no-

ticed other things. The address was strange. It had been submitted to the committee, and though it struck them as out of the way it had been approved. It seemed different when read as Old Roses was reading it. The words sounded so inclement as they were chiseled out by the speaker's voice. Dicky Merritt afterward declared that many phrases were interpolated

by Old Roses at the moment. The speaker referred intimately and with peculiar knowledge to the family history of Lord Malice, te certain more or less private matters which did not concern the public, to the antiquity of the name and the high duty devolving upon one who bore the earldom of Malice. He dwelt upon the personal character of his excellency's antecedents and praised their honorable services to the country. He referred to the death of Lord Malice's eldest brother in Burmah, but he did it strangely. Then, with acute incisiveness, he drew a picture of what a person in so exalted a position as a governor should be and should not be. His voice assuredly had at this point a fine edge of scorn. The aids decamp were nervous, the chairman attentively as he listened, they did apprehensive, the committee ill at not see anything unusual. perfectly still, though, as Vic Dowling thought, rather pinched and old looking. His fingers toyed with a wineglass, but his eyes never was vered from that paper nor the gray

Presently the voice of the speaker

"But," said he, "in Lord Malice we

Lord Malice let go a long, choking breath, which sounded very like immeasurable relief. During the rest of the speech-delivered in a fine tempered voice-he sat as in a the other, who now seemed to recite rather than read. He thrilled all by the pleasant resonance of his tones and sent the blood aching delight

When he sat down, there was an immense applause. The governor rose in reply. He spoke in a low voice, but any one listening outside would have said that Old Roses was still speaking. By this resemblance the girl, Vic. had trailed to others. It was now apparent to many, but Dickey said afterward that it was simply a case of birth and breedingmen used to walking red carpet grew alike, just as stud owners and rabbit catchers did.

The last words of the governor's reply were delivered in a very convincing tone as his eyes hung on Old Roses' face. "And, as I am indebted to you, gentlemen, for the feelings of loyalty to the throne which prompted this reception and address just delivered, so I am indebted to Mr. - Adam Sherwood for his ad mirable language and the unusual sincerity of his speaking, and to both you and him for most notable kindness," Immediately after the governor's speech Old Roses stole out. but as he passed through the door where Vic stood his hand brushed against hers. Feeling its touch he grasped it eagerly for an instant af though he was glad of the friendli

It was just before dawn of th morning that the governor knocked at the door of the house by Long Neck Billabong. The door opened almost at once, and he entered with out a word.

He and Old Roses stood face to in him and his success than in Lord face. His face was drawn and worn. Malice and suite. Her admiration the other's cold and calm. of him was great. He had always

"Tom, Tom," Lord Malice said, "we treated her as a lady and had done thought you were dead"her good. He had looked earnestly

"That is, Edward, having left me to my fate in Burmah-you were only a half mile away with a column of stout soldiers and hillmen-you waited till my death was reported and seemed assured, and then came on to England for two things-to take the title, just vacant by our father's death, and to marry my intended wife, who, God knows, appeared to have little care which brother it was. You got both. I was long a prisoner. When I got free, I knew-I waited. I was waiting till you had a child. Twelve years have goneyou have no child. But I shall spare you yet awhile. If your wife should die or you should yet have a child, . shall return."

The governor lifted his head weari ly from the table where he now sat. "Tom," he said in a low, heavy voice, "I was always something of a scoun drel, but I've repented of that thing every day of my life since. It has been knives-knives all the way. I am glad-I can't tell you how glad-

that you are alive." He stretched out his hand with a motion of great relief. "I was afraid you were going to speak tonight—to tell all, even though I was your brother. You spared me for the sake"-"For the sake of our name," the

other interjected stonily. "For the sake of our name. But 1 would have taken my punishmenttaken it in thankfulness because you are alive.'

"Taken it like a man, your excelency," was the low rejoinder. "You will not wipe the thing out. Tom?" said the other anxiously. Tom Hallwood dried the perspira

tion from his forehead. "It can never be wiped out, for you shook all my faith in my old world. That's the worst thing that can happen a man. I only believe in the very common people nowthose who are not put upon their honor. One doesn't expect it of them, and, unlikely as it is, one isn't often deceived in them. I think we'd better talk no more about it."

"You mean I had better go, Tom?" "I think so. I am going to marry soon." The other started nervously 'You needn't be so shocked. I'll come back one day, but not till your wife dies, or you have a child, as I said. The governor rose to his feet and went to the door. "Whom do you intend marrying!" he asked in a voice far from regal or vice regal. only humbled and disturbed. The reply was instant and keen, "A bar

The other's hand dropped from the door. But Old Roses, passing over. opened it, and, mutely waiting for the other to pass through, said: "I do not at all doubt but there will be issue. Good day, my lord!"

The governor passed out from the pale light of the lamp into the gray and morning. He turned at a point where the house would be lost to view and saw the other still standgo on and on.
And it did. Old Roses married

Victoria Dowling from the Jumping Sandhills and there was comely is sue, and that issue is now at Eton, for Esau came into his birthright, as he hinted he would, at his own time. But he and his wife have a way of better indifferent to the have—the perfect governor, a man of blameless and enviable life and possessed abundantly of discreetness, judgment, administrative ability and power—the absolute type of English nobility and British character!"

Then he dropped the paper from

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ervative. Is a little Monter Creme is rubbed in the skin and thoroughly wiped off again, just before applying powder, the complexion will be softer, and the powder will remain longer, desides preventing the powder from clogging the pores of the skin. Price 75 cents. For sale by FRED LEGG, Druggist, Patton Block, Salem, Ore.

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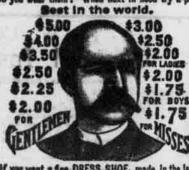
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