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**ASHLAND IN SUMMER DRESS**  
Southern Oregon Gold Mines Still Developing.

ASHLAND, July 29.

It is the language of truth and not of exaggeration that describes Ashland as one of Oregon's most beautiful and attractive towns, whose environment are as open panoramas of gorgeous mountain scenery—a play of irresistible charm, attractive alike to the pleasure, health, or home seeker.

The view one gets from the car window of the Southern Pacific train is a Monaco scene of dwellings on a hillside which is true of the greater portion of the resident part of the city. But the business houses are located mainly on the narrow bottom of the Ashland river whose foam-crested waters, fresh from the mountains of snow, above, dash with roaring sound and unchecked speed through the midst of the city.

With her cozy cottages and modest mansions, nestled on the hillside, with terraced fronts of perennial green grass studded with blooming flowers, with her gardens embowered with the dark green foliage of a variety of fruit trees and her walks arched with the bending limbs of pink blushing peaches that readily yield to the touch of the passer-by, Ashland, in her summer dress is tempting indeed to the seeker of terrestrial bliss.

And to those seeking a home in a healthy climate, among a hospitable people she holds out no false inducements. The town itself has an elevation of 2000 feet above sea level while some of the peaks of the great amphitheater of mountains that encircle it, majestically tower to pass their snow-crowned crests in the regions of the skies at a distance of some 10,000 feet.

The atmosphere here is necessarily dry and wholesome and conducive to genuine health. Here the invalid suffering from pulmonary troubles becomes buoyant and soon forgets his ills and cases of asthma, catarrh and apparent consumption have been permanently cured.

What further fits this place for a health resort are the medicinal properties of the numerous springs in the vicinity that bubble forth their pure waters free to suffering humanity. The White Sulphur springs whose waters are daily quaffed and curative powers enjoyed by hundreds, are located within two minutes walk from town and provided with a swimming pool and bath rooms to meet the growing demands of the public.

Within a radius of twenty miles are numbers of soda springs, pure as can be found in the state and besides what is drank from the sparkling veins barrels are carried away Sundays in quantities varying from the quart bottle to the keg full.

This gem of the foothills, with her healthful climate, mountains, rivers and mineral wealth, is not backed by an extensive agricultural region. True its slopes, hills and valleys are adorned with fruit trees that are now hanging pendant with a luxurious growth of

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

**ACHE**

is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

uscious fruit and the Ashland peaches are justly celebrated as the finest grown in the state, but for agricultural lands proper, Ashland is very limited.

The greatest result of this place and that which is calculated to enhance the value of Southern Oregon is the gold now being discovered and taken from the mountains.

Ashland can now be properly termed a mining town. She has all the outward signs. Miners coming and going carrying supplies, or tools to be sharpened or repaired, and occasionally one claiming the whole sidewalk as a result of having mistaken his capacity for the "oh! be joyful," and samples of ore from the various ledges that are displayed in shops and show windows are unmistakable evidences of a mining supply town. Although no intense excitement prevails, mining is the absorbing theme and street conversation and in the hotel lobbies is given mostly to the discussion of mining. Why, even the ministers in their pulpit discourses draw their illustrations from facts about mining.

The amount of capital invested in these hills is evidence of the faith in the auriferous quartz rocks that abound in this section and several capitalists are yet waiting to invest while their experts are out investigating the prospects. There is yet but one mill in operation which is a fine 15 stamp mill located within the city limits. This mill is supplied with ore hauled in wagons a distance of three miles. The ledge from which the ore is taken appears to be inexhaustible. Of this ore the mill is pounding out gold at the rate of \$6000 to \$7000 worth per month. Further back in the mountains several claims, some of which are held at fabulous prices, are being prospected by tunnel and shaft and will be supplied with mills soon as it can be determined that the leads are of sufficient length.

It has been fully demonstrated that gold mining pays in the mountains around Ashland and capital is being attracted at a rate that is developing the industry sufficiently to warrant the prediction that this city is soon to be quickened by the magic findings of gold and that its hitherto quiet streets are to be transformed into the bustling hurrying scenes of a mining city.

**Before Going to the World's Fair Enquire About**

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**DOWN GO THE RATES!**

The Union Pacific now leads with reduced rates to eastern points, and their through car arrangements, magnificently equipped Pullman and Tourist sleepers, free reclining chair car and fast time, make it the best time to travel. Two trains leave from Portland daily at 8:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The rates are now within reach of all, and everybody should take advantage of them to visit the world's fair and their friends in the east. Send for rates and schedules of trains, and do not purchase tickets until after consulting Bole & Barker, agents, Salem, Or.

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**THE ONE CENT DAILY** is the great hard times feature of Salem Journalism. What surprises people most is that it has the latest and most news of any paper and yet is so phenomenally cheap.

**FIVE STATES ARE OUT OF DEBT.**

The Municipalities Have, However, Piled Up Great Burdens.

Five states—Iowa, Vermont, Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois—have no interest bearing debt, and there are six or seven other states whose bonded debts are mere bagatelles. Among the number are New Jersey, Nebraska, Kentucky and California. In a current news paragraph, which contains the above information, it is said that "exclusive of the south the states of the Union are generally free from debt," and that "the annual interest charge of all the states collectively is less than that of a single railroad—the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe."

To a foreigner or any one else not familiar with the facts this would convey the impression that the Americans bear an extremely light burden of debt. Such an idea would be somewhat modified, however, by the knowledge that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe pays interest on \$500,000,000 or more, the annual interest charge exceeding \$25,000,000—almost as much as the entire interest of the federal government.

It is true that the state debts outside of the south are small, yet the aggregate is far from being a trifle. The southern states have a bonded indebtedness of \$144,000,000 in round numbers. The total bonded indebtedness of all the states in 1890 was \$224,000,000, on which the annual interest charge was \$10,000,000. The total bonded debt of the states is about one-third of the national interest bearing debt.

The people of this country would have good reason to consider themselves especially blessed in the matter of taxation for interest on public debts if they had nothing more to pay than the interest on the national and state bonded indebtedness. It is the local burdens that weigh heavily upon their shoulders, and although these debts may be less onerous than those borne in other countries they are not to be dismissed as matters of no great importance, as may be done in the case of state debts.

The aggregate of county and municipal indebtedness in 1890 was about \$99,000,000—nearly \$280,000,000 more than the bonded debt of the United States. Of this vast amount \$840,000,000 was upon municipalities and \$144,000,000 upon counties. It has been frequently said that Ohio heads the list of the states in the amount of local indebtedness. The census figures of 1890 do not confirm this assertion. The county and municipal indebtedness of Ohio in the census year was a little more than \$60,000,000, of which \$50,000,000 rested upon municipalities. Pennsylvania had \$91,000,000 of local debts, Massachusetts \$99,000,000 and New York \$244,000,000. If the local bonded indebtedness of the various states was disappearing as rapidly as in the debt of the United States, there would be ample cause for congratulation. But it has been fast increasing for many years.—Cincinnati Time Star.

**A Woman's Hotel in Chicago.**

In Chicago there is a woman's hotel that so far is a success. The great expectation overshadows everything else, and lady visitors who come sightseeing and have no responsibility of getting up the show accept things as they find them. The woman's hotel is called the Woman's Dormitory, but is no Sleepy Hollow in spite of its name. There are very wide awake women here. It is a temporary structure of two stories, with three stories in the center, and occupies an entire block in length and about a quarter of a block in width. The Chicago blocks are an eighth of a mile long, and we soon accomplish a mile walking about the house. It is built of plain white boards. Daylight comes through the cracks, and when it rains the rain beats in. There can be five fires in the five fireplaces. As the face gets hot the back gets cold, and if the circle is 30 or 35 the fraction of heat is small for each person such cold days as we had in May.

The pine boards of the house ooze out with the hot balsam, and that has no doubt cured many of influenza and coughs. The doctor's carriage does not drive up though. We are 700 or 1,000 women, but each one is a natural nurse, and there are some who have the title of M. D. to their names. There are no modern improvements in the house. There is cold water, but not hot, except at certain hours, from two gas stoves, where the supply is limited. The gas is in the halls and candles in the rooms. The rooms are furnished with bed, mattress and bedding, table, chair, washbowl and pitcher, mirror, some books to hang up apparel, and in the double rooms there are two single beds. The sanctum sanctorum of one's little room is somewhat disturbed because the cracks in the pine boards at the top, over and under the doors admit all neighboring sounds, and in one household of 1,000 guests there is a wonderful amount of talking.—May Gay Robinson.

**Steam From Slag.**

The enormous amount of heat habitually wasted in cooling molten slag has incited an Australian to work out a scheme for generating steam by this means. The boiler or receptacle for the water has running through it from top to bottom funnel shaped pipes, something after the style of a big candle mold. The molten slag is poured into these receptacles and communicates its heat to the water. When the slag becomes solid a door at the bottom of each receptacle is opened, the slag is knocked out and the whole filled again. The apparatus has been tried and 100 pounds pressure of steam raised.—New York Telegram.

**Some Farm Signs.**

An observant drummer says he can readily tell who is the boss on the farm he passes, the farmer or his wife. If a farm has a large barn and a small house, the man is boss, but when there is a fine house and a dilapidated barn you may know that the woman has her own way. Where there are a new house and a good barn, it may be taken for granted the man and woman are about equal in authority.—New York Sun.

**CONSTIPATION**

Is called the "Father of Diseases." It is caused by a Torpid Liver, and is generally accompanied with

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, BAD BREATH, Etc.

To treat constipation successfully



It is a mild laxative and a tonic to the digestive organs. By taking Simmons' Liver Regulator you promote digestion, bring on a regular habit of body and prevent Biliousness and Indigestion.

"My wife was sorely distressed with Constipation and coughing, followed with Bleeding Piles. After four months use of Simmons' Liver Regulator she is almost entirely relieved, gaining strength and flesh."—W. B. LARSEN, Delaware, Ohio.

"I have used Simmons' Liver Regulator for Constipation of my Bowels, caused by temporary derangement of the Liver, and always with decided benefit."—Hiram Walker, Late Chief Justice of Georgia.

—Truth.

BE A MAN.

The country editor who takes all his advertisements out in trade will be gratified to learn that a new bill just patented will keep a man alive a whole week without eating. All he wants now is a liver syrup that will make one suit of clothes last seventy-five years.—Exchange.

This kind of talk is idiotic. A country editor or preacher who is always talking poverty and pleading for charity commands little respect and less influence. The wise man who feels his poverty will be stirred to higher resolves, greater sacrifices, more diligent exertion and greater practices of economy to overcome it. He will not play baby or beggar.

**THE KEADY EULOGISTS.**

THE JOURNAL surmise as to who is behind the fight on George Downing and Governor Pennoyer was more than verified by an article in last night's Independent. It plainly bears the ear marks of a crafty politician who is willing to strike down other men in order that he may rise on the ruins but is too cowardly to do it openly and fairly. Such men never rise very high in the estimation of the people. Their labors for reform in politics are those of the self-seeking demagog, not of the patriot.

As we intimated, it is a fight for Populist leadership. The Independent's defense of Speaker Keady is about as big a surprise as the people could expect. The would-be Populist leaders of Salem helped elect him speaker. Of course, they have to defend him. Having made a man speaker who was at the head of the Union Pacific lobby two years before, of course he put up a committee on railways and transportation that permitted no railroad legislation. That is what he was put there for. We are not required to defend Mr. Geer as speaker. He can take care of that. As speaker he put up a railway committee that prepared and passed the Iowa commission law, and smothered no bills. That is the difference between Geer and Keady. The record of the two men will bear investigation. The men who fought Geer for speaker last winter quite naturally champion Keady's record. That is the kind of Populists they are who want to destroy Pennoyer and Upton and rise upon the ruins.

The legislature fell entirely under the control of the corporations in matters of railway regulation and control. In defeating Mr. Geer for speaker, no matter how it was done, or whether he took any odes, or took or did not take a pocket knife, no railroad legislation was possible with Mr. Keady for speaker. The old railroad commission had to be defeated with Mr. Geer, to undo his work of the session before. And it has been undone. Railroad freights are advanced at Salem on all classes, and everybody is paying dearly for the Keady speakership and control of the legislature which the Independent thinks was better than Mr. Geer's.

**Lacenic Indeed.**

A gentleman went to New York on business. As he went away he said something to his wife about buying her a new dress. Just before starting homeward he telegraphed to his wife, "Which shall I bring you, a diamond ring or a silk dress?" The reply was concise and explicit—one word, "Both."—Detroit Free Press.

**Riding on the Consolidated.**

On some of the railroads in the state of Connecticut, and perhaps elsewhere, there are "corpses tickets" issued for the transportation of dead bodies. The corpse is obliged to have the same form of ticket as the live passenger, and both read, "This entitles bearer to one first class ticket passage in either direction."—Exchange.

**What He Saw.**

A minister in a small country village who was noted for his absentmindedness was once observed to stop suddenly in the middle of his sermon and heard to mutter:

"I knew she would—I knew she would!" After the service was over some one asked him the reason. "Dear me," said he, "did I? Well, you know, from the pulpit I can just see old Mrs. Rogers' garden, and this morning she was out pulling up a cabbage, and I thought to myself, 'Now, if that cabbage comes up suddenly, she'll go over,' and just then it came up, and over she went."—Tit-Bits.

**Fine Table Bored.**



—Truth.

In Mr. P. T. Barnum's "Struggles and Triumphs; or, Forty Years' Recollections," he mentions having been in Washington in 1862 with Commodore Natt. President Lincoln sent Mr. Barnum an invitation to visit the White House and bring his short friend.

The cabinet happened to be there, and the president introduced the little mariner to them.

After a little joking Mr. Lincoln bent down his long, lank body, and taking Natt by the hand said:

"Commodore, permit me to give you a parting word of advice. When you are in command of your fleet, if you find yourself in danger of being taken prisoner, I advise you to wade ashore!"

The commodore let his gaze travel up the whole length of Mr. Lincoln's extremely long legs and replied quietly:

"I guess, Mr. President, you could do that better than I could!"—Youth's Companion.

**He'd Been Backed.**

Horseman—That is a remarkably fine animal you are driving, madam.

Lady—Oh, I wouldn't part with this horse for the world. He's just as gentle as a can be and real fast too.

Horseman—So I should judge. Has he ever been backed against any noted trotters?

Lady—Well, I don't know, but it seems to me we back against pretty much everything in the street every time I attempt to turn round.—New York Weekly.

**An Eye to the Main Chance.**

She—To my intense astonishment I hear that you have laid a wager at your club that I would accept your proposal of marriage.

He—So I have. Yet I trust, mademoiselle, that you will forgive my indiscretion and consent to be mine.

She—Of course I will, provided the amount of your bet is large enough to make it worth my while.—Journal Amusant.

**A Stand and Deliver Scheme.**

Small Son—Mamma, I wish you'd buy me a fiddle.

Mamma—You have no ear for music, and the noises you would make would be utterly unendurable.

Small Son—I won't play only when papa is at home, 'cause then I think maybe he'll buy me a nice bicycle so I'll stop.—Good News.

**At Least the "Fellah" Thinks So.**

Cholly—Say, old fel, do you—aw—believe a fellah can be—aw—in love with moah than one ghnil at once?

Algy—Well, weally I don't know about that, ye know, but a whole lot of ghnils can be in love with one fellah.—Detroit Tribune.

**Displeased.**

Junior Partner—What made that new drummer of ours come back from his trip so soon?

Senior Partner—He said there wasn't a suit of clothes in his sample trunk that fitted him.—Clothes and Furnisher.

**Presence of Mind.**

Primus—They say Parsons showed rare presence of mind when the fire broke out.

Secundus—He did. He wouldn't let the neighbors save any of his furniture.—Tit-Bits.

**She Was a Purist.**

Tramp—Please, ma'am, can't you give me a bite?

Boston Woman—No, indeed. I'm very careful about what I put into my mouth.—Truth.

**From a Backboard.**

A driver? How lovely! Yes, I'll go, of course. I'll get my things. \* \* \* There now, is this your horse?

He's such a nice fellow. What's his name? It's Nelly! Oh, I hope—it's very tame. And steady! Yes, it is a perfect day. You're sure he won't be down or run away? You needn't laugh! All horses have their tricks.

You don't suppose he'll mind that pile of bricks? Oh, no! I'm not afraid—unless he rears. Indeed the view is sweet. Just see his ears. One forward and one back! What can he mean? How's that? "The Mountebanks!" I haven't been.

I like her singing, but I can't see why you men adore her so. He's going to shy! Her acting seems to me quite commonplace. And then she's so made up. Don't let him race. He might be hard to stop. Here comes a team! Oh, goodness! There, I didn't mean to scream. True silly, wasn't it? Look, here's a bump! What do you think it was made him jump?

Why, home already? Haven't he been fast? Come in and have some tea: it's not half past. Oh, won't he stand—not even if he's tired? Well, then, goodbye. I've had a lovely ride. —Life.

**CASTORIA**

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ASCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARNEY, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

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**SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY**

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**GRAND CLEARANCE SALE!**

From now until further notice we will sell our entire stock of goods

**AT COST**

Consisting of men and boy's clothing, hats, caps, underwear, etc. Are all marked down.

**ALL NEW GOODS.**

We have no old shelf-worn stock and make this extraordinary inducement to our patrons

**FOR CASH.**

We must reduce our stock of goods and such bargains were never before offered. Come in and examine our large and selected stock. We will please you in quality of goods and price.

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