

THE DAILY JOURNAL

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The Weather.
Tonight and Thursday, fair.

AN UPRIGHT, HONEST BUSTLE.

Mrs. Van Cereke's bustle has rapidly achieved fame. It first came into public notice through the press dispatches announcing that the feminine safety deposit had been lost, and that it contained hidden in the dark recesses of its hold the sum of \$2500. This was enough to make the wire-ribbed and cloth-bound bustle rank in the upper circles of bustledom; but scarcely had the first dispatches grown cold, when the startling news was flashed over the wires that the delinquent bay-window had absconded with \$7500, and that its erstwhile owner had almost lost her mental, as well as her physical balance, by reason of its unreasonable vanishing. In vain was the Pullman sleeper searched; in vain, anxious searchers looked by the side of the track for evidences of its having leaped off in the darkness. A profile view of the porter and conductor proved a conclusive alibi, as far as they were concerned, for it was not in evidence. It had simply disappeared, cut-stick, absconded, skeddaddled and absquatulated, and, like the grave of Moses, no man—or woman, either—knew of its whereabouts. The Pinkertons were called in; but the Pinkertons looked wise, and then looked blank; a fugitive bustle possessed of \$7500 of flat money, with no brands or earmarks, and with its age, color, complexion and nativity unknown, was even to them an intangible mystery. The Walla Walla bloodhounds were suggested, but it was believed the track would be cold, so that scheme was abandoned. The power of a hundred million-dollar corporation was behind the pursuit of the missing bustle, but against this merger the wily and wiry pansier matched its wits, and continued in hiding. It was used to it, for it had been brought up in concealment, hidden during all its existence from the eyes of man. For three whole days Mrs. Lucy Van Cereke, of Shawnee, Illinois, put in her time mourning its loss; at times sad, at times hysterical, at times weeping, but at all times buoyed up by the sweet small voice of Hope. At last she became desperate, and telegraphed home the sad, sad news of her loss. Then the scene changed, and tears of sorrow gave place to smiles, albeit somewhat moistened by tears that still lurked beneath Mrs. Lucy Van Cereke's eye lids. The bustle was at home, indeed had never left it; but reposed calmly, serene where Mrs. Lucy Van Cereke had left it, and where it belonged, when not actively engaged in business, that is in Mrs. Cereke's bedroom. She had simply forgotten it, and had started out in the bustling world bustled and unceasingly. The faithful little old crib still contained and guarded its treasure, true to its mistress, and its bringing up.

The mystery was solved, only to bring forth a still more undecipherable one. How did Mrs. Lucy Van Cereke travel all the way from Shawnee, Illinois, to Chicago; sleep in a Pullman car, and not know that she had left her bustle behind her? Anyway, the officials of the road are smilingly happy, Mrs. Lucy Van Cereke, tearfully so, the porter and conductor no longer reach around to see if the backs of their belts are in place, or if a parasitic and criminal bustle had attached its fleshless frame to them while they were not looking, and the meek and lowly "aid to grace," the humble bustle, retains its good name, and is ready to again repose in peace, having the full confidence of its employers, and ready for business at the old stand.

Joe Mitchell, of Baker City, has a head long enough to fit satisfactorily with a stork. He and his wife

quarreled over the ownership of a horse, and she passed him her alternative that he couldn't have her and the horse both—and he chose the horse. Whereupon she told him he was "persona non grata," and gave him his passports.

Rev. Henry Duckery, of Cambridge, Mass., is at the head of a movement to bring 500,000 negroes from the Southern states and locate them in Massachusetts. He thinks this will solve the race problem. Of course, the scheme is chimerical, and, like putting carp in the Willamette, easy to do, but injurious when done—and worse than all—irreparable.

An article on the death of Oren S. Munger, clipped from a Eugene paper, and appearing in The Journal Wednesday, by some "cantrip sleight" got cut into four pieces, and appeared in sections among the personals. It was entirely unintentional that it was run on the installment plan.

That bit of feminine apparel called the bustle, was 40 years ago generally known as a "bishop." There is no known reason why, unless it was considered an "aid to grace."

Right to the Point.
Portland capital is considering the further development of the state of Washington. It is quite probable that the Lyle and Goldendale road, built by Portland money, and owned by Portland capitalists, will be extended up the Klickitat river in the near future. In the meantime, Portland kicks at Harriman for turning Oregon traffic away from Portland, and surveying roads which would not make the city a terminus. The people of Central Oregon doubtless believe, with the old lark, that holds a prominent place in the fables of the nursery, that if a person wishes to see a thing done, he must do that thing himself, and trust no friend, no matter how voluble his promises, or how near the ties of kinship. Having faith in this doctrine, it would not be strange if the neglected settlements of the interior, should encourage the building of roads that would carry the trade of the country to a good market, presided over by wide-awake business men, who know a good opportunity before its back is forever turned upon them. San Francisco needs the products of Central Oregon, and has a record for going after what she wants.—East Oregonian.

Thanks to the State Board of Health for their great consideration in our behalf. We greatly appreciate their kindness in helping us to advertise our scheme.

Drs. Schoettle, Barr & Barr, Osteopaths, Grand Opera House, Salem, Or.

Civilization Has Never Been Reached.
One writes "our present civilization, and of previous civilizations, but, indeed, no civilizations have yet really come into existence. Tribes have aggregated into nations, nations have aggregated into empires, and then, after a struggle, has come a great confusion of thought, a failure to clarify a common purpose, and disintegration. Each successive birth has developed a more abundant body of thought; a more copious literature than the last; each has profited by the legacy of the previous failure, but none have yet developed enough. Mankind has been struggling to win this step of a civilized state, and has never yet attained it—unless, perhaps, in China. Though the whole volume of history the thoughtful reader cannot but exclaim, again and again: "But if they had only understood one another and certain little things, all this bloodshed, all this crash, disaster and waste of generations could have been avoided!" Our time has come, and we of the Caucasian races are making our struggle in our turn. Slavery still fights a guerilla war in factory and farm, cruelty and violence peep from every slum, barbaric habits, rude and barbaric ways of thinking, grossness and stupidity are still all about us. Things are bad enough one knows. And yet, in many ways we seem to have gotten nearer to hope of permanent beginnings than in any of the previous essays in civilization. Collectively, we know a great deal more, and more of us know it, than ever before. Assuredly, we know enough to believe that we have passed the last of the Dark Ages. And if we have not. Still, we must go on as though we had, and, at the worst, leave a still stouter hope for the peoples who will follow.—H. G. Wells in the Cosmopolitan.

Rain As a Purifier.
The health department has often called the attention of the public to the fact that rain is a great purifier, and there is some highly interesting

Twice Pronounced Dead—Heart Trouble.

Doctor Finally Told Me to Take Dr. Miles' Heart Cure—It Cured Me.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure cures heart disease by removing the cause. It strengthens the weakened heart nerves; it regulates the heart's action; it enriches the blood, improves the circulation and replaces sickness with health, weakness with strength, misery with happiness. Do not delay treatment. If your heart flutters, palpitates, skips beats, pains, if slight exertion causes shortness of breath, your heart is weak and you should at once begin the use of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"Dr. Miles' Heart Cure has been of incalculable value to me and I doubt if I should have tried it at all but for others' statements of its beneficial results. I suffered from valvular heart trouble for a number of years, was given up to die on several occasions, and twice pronounced 'gone.' In September, 1896, the date of my last severe attack, my physician advised me that there was no hope. The valves did not close at all, there was constant regurgitation, and the circulation was so sluggish that the slightest effort caused fainting, followed by muscular contractions, each one seeming the very throbs of death. I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure under my doctor's care and when the first bottle was gone I was ordered to buy a half-dozen more. The effect of the seven bottles was something remarkable. I am now restored to a condition of good health and bid fair to enjoy many years of life."
—Mrs. A. A. STOWE, Los Angeles, Cal.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nerves and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

testimony to the same effect in a recent number of the London Lancet, which is fortified by references to a recent examination and analysis.

Beginning with June 13th London had a continuous rainfall for five days, the total precipitation being estimated at 3.8 inches. On the third day of the period a supply of raindrops was secured for an investigation, and it was found that the solid matter contained therein amounted to 9.1 grains per gallon. Among the constituents noted were common salt, ammonium sulphate, organic ammonia, soot and suspended matters and nitrates. The Lancet assures us that the quantity of ammonia sulphate, .652 grains, was remarkable, and that its chief origin is the combustion of coal. Salt contributed .8 grains and soot and suspended matters 5 grains. With this analysis and an estimate of 6,437,329,860 gallons for the total rainfall over the London country area as the basis of the calculation, it is figured that the enormous downpour "represents the washing out of no less than 3738 tons of solid impurities, of which 330 tons consisted of common salt, 267 tons of sulphate ammonia, and 2000 tons of soot and suspended matters." Another interesting computation is given as follows: "Regarding the combustion of one ton of coal to produce 20 pounds of ammonium sulphate (a very fair average) the quantity of coal represented by the storm would be 29,904 tons."

The Lancet adds that besides the purification which is shown by the analysis there is a bacteriological purification also, which of course is a very important factor in the beneficent work of the rain.

Browning's Negro Blood.
In an article in the July Booklovers' Magazine, "The Negro's Message to the World," by Professor W. E. B. Du Bois, occurs an intimation about Robert Browning which will be new to most people. The writer is a professor at Atlanta university and probably the most scholarly negro in the United States. It is not likely that Professor Du Bois spoke without having facts of some kind at his command. One would suppose that the passage would provoke considerable comment. It is as follows:

"The negro, as the world has yet to learn, is a child of the spirit, tropical in birth and imagination, and deeply sensitive to all the joy and sorrow and beauty of life. His message to the world, when it comes in fullness of speech and conscious of power, will be the message of the artist, not that of the politician or shopkeeper. Al ready now, half-conscious of the message in them, choked at times by its fervor; Phillis, the crude singer; Al dridge, the actor; Burleigh, and Rosa mond Johnson. Over the sea the masters have appeared—Poushkin and Dumas and Coleridge Taylor—aye, and Robert Browning, of whose black blood the world but whispers."

Dangers of Toil.
(Youkers' Statesman.)
"Why don't you go to work for a living?" asked the lady at the door of Weary Wilkins.
"Not me, madam," replied the itinerant, raising his brimless hat: "I read only yesterday in the paper that in the United Kingdom last year 4627 persons were killed while at work, and 107,290 others injured."
Better swallow your good just than lose your good friend.
Sweets are the uses of adversity, bitter are the uses of prosperity.

Roosevelt's Running Mate

We may be sure, says the New York Sun, that Theodore Roosevelt is looking with peculiar pleasure toward Joseph Very Quarles, a Senator in Congress from Wisconsin and at Quarles' emblems, the jumper and the overalls. Mr. Quarles lives in Milwaukee, but his heart is in his hay fields in Kenosha, the village of his birth. Last week Mr. Quarles had 60 acres of "splendid grass" not cut. He tried to sell it standing. The neighbors were too busy to buy. He swore that grass should not wither unshorn. He dressed his black broadcloth Senatorial breeches and frock coat. He donned a pair of sky-blue overalls and a tender brown "jumper." Then, accoutred as he was he plunged in. By Friday night "the entire 60 acres were in shock." Mr. Quarles is called to be Mr. Roosevelt's "side partner" and "running mate." From the bulletin board of faie shines this ticket: Roosevelt and Quarles, Cowboy and Plowboy, Ahaki and overalls, sword and scythe.

Pension Its Employees.
The Southern Pacific pension system has been put into operation; and 35 old employes of the company have been retired under its provisions. Among them are G. Ewald, transportation department, lines in Oregon. The work of the pension board is still unfinished, and a number of high officials will probably be placed on the retired list in a short time. Among these are; Joseph L. Wilcutt, secretary of the Central Pacific, the Southern Pacific and other roads in the Pacific system; Captain N. T. Smith, treasurer of the Southern Pacific company; T. H. Goodman, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific; Jerome Madden, land agent of the Southern Pacific company; J. N. Hanford, paymaster of the Southern Pacific company; E. Black Ryan, tax attorney of the Southern Pacific company. All of the above officers are over the pension age limit of 70 years and all have been in the service of the company for more than the prescribed 20 years.

A Few Painters.
The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with consumption. This disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 25c and 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Wanted, Hop Pickers.
Thirty acres, good yard. Mail, groceries, meat and bread delivered daily. Register at office, 2 to 5 p. m., room 7, upstairs, second hall south of Bush bank, Commercial street.
S-10-1-wk ED. C. HERREN.

Use Trib for Liquor habit.

Money to Loan.
Loans in sums of \$10,000 or less on short time, or for a period of years.
J. N. BROWN,
S-4-1m Room 5, upstairs, Tioga Bldg.

Use Trib for tobacco.

Out of the Usual.
The Northern Pacific railway has issued a circular announcing that on and after August 1st all skilled employes in the carshops of that company will receive an increase of 6 per cent in wages, and that all apprentices and helpers, as well as unskilled labor, will be given an increase of 5 per cent. This action on the part of the company is voluntary.

Letters from Women

Cured by the use of Kodol are received daily. Their troubles nearly all begin with indigestion or other stomach disorder.

If the food you eat fails to give strength to your body, it is because the juices secreted by the stomach and digestive organs are inadequate to transform the nutrient properties of the food into blood. That is indigestion. The system is deprived of the amount of nourishment required to keep up the strength, and the result is that one or more of the delicate organs gradually grows weak, and then weaker, until finally it is diseased. Here a great mistake is made. That of treating the diseased organ. The best doctors in the land make this very mistake. Why should they? It is so easy to see that the trouble is not there.

Kodol Cures

This famous remedy puts the stomach and digestive organs in a healthy condition so that rich, red blood is sent coursing through the veins and arteries of every muscle, tissue and fiber throughout every organ of the entire body, and by Nature's law of health, full strength and vigor is soon restored to each.

Kodol cures indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach disorders.

I have taken Kodol for nearly two months after each meal and it is the only remedy that gave relief from the terrible pains I endured. After a time I would take it but once a day, and now, while I keep a bottle handy I seldom need it, as it has cured me.
Mrs. J. W. COCHRAN, Mile Center, N. Y.

Kodol Digests What You Eat.
Bottle only. \$1.00 (the bottle 25c) from the West. Wholesale and Retail Druggists.
Prepared by E. G. BOWEN & CO., CHICAGO
P. G. HAAS, Drug Store.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience Against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE DENTON COMPANY, 77 NUNNY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

45c Ladie's Crash Skirts 45c, Tan color, neatly trimmed with white braid
75c Ladies' Duck Skirts 75c, good heavy material, neatly trimmed, regular \$1.25
Ladies' and Childrens Hats less than half price.
Calicoes fast colors, 4c a yd
Hop pickers Gloves

Greenbaum's Dry Goods Store.

302 Commercial Street

Signs of Renewed Activity
In the real estate world indicates financing building operations this Spring, and prompt us to remind you that our facilities for supplying hard and soft wood, lumber, lath, shingles, and other building materials are exceptionally good. We will be pleased to furnish estimates on contracts, large or small. A car of Mill City shingles received.

GOODALE LUMBER CO.,
Near S. P. Pass Depot.
Phone 651.

A Man who is not Fastidious
About his laundry work will take it to "any old place," but those who are well-bred, and want their linen to be faultless in color and finish will seek out the Salem Steam Laundry in time, just as water finds its level. Our laundry work is incomparable, and in the perfection of the laundryman's art. Try us.

Salem Steam Laundry.
COLONEL J. OLMSTED, Prop.
DORUS D. OLMSTED, Mgr.
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Cheaper Than a Doctor Better Than Medicine
The wines, liquors and cordials we present for the approval of the public merit your attention and purchase. Mellow, aged, good "bouquet," our output is bound to claim your attention, to satisfy your every desire in this line of goods.

J. P. ROGERS, 218-223 Commercial Street.
Wholesale and Retail Liquor Dealer.

SPEER BROS. PAY

19c dozen for eggs
10c per lb for hens
17 1-2c per lb for butter
In trade, less 10 per cent in cash

Run Down? Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, gives strength to the nerves, and brings color to the cheeks. Ayer's Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation and biliousness, and aid the digestion.