

FROM SUNDAY'S DAILY

WILL RETURN HOME

A LIFE-TIME CONVICT IS TO BE PARDONED.

Will Go to Coos County to Die—Joseph N. Russell Will Not Last Long.

Gov. T. T. Geer yesterday decided to extend executive clemency to Joseph N. Russell, received at the penitentiary from Coos county, in October 21, 1897, under a life sentence. He takes this action upon an urgent petition of numerous of the leading citizens of Coos county, including Judge Fullerton, the trial judge, and the recommendation of the prison officials and physician, the prisoner being in a dying condition, suffering from dropsy. Mrs. Russell, wife of the prisoner, came to Salem a week ago, for the purpose of interceding with the authorities, and announced her determination to remain in the city until such time as she could take her husband home to die, if she could secure his release, or to exert his remains home, should he die in the prison.

Russell was convicted, in Coos county, of murder in the second degree, having been found guilty of shooting his son-in-law. The crime was committed in the Russell home early in 1897, where the old gentleman was lying ill. It seems the son-in-law entered the house and sat down in the room adjoining the bedroom of his father-in-law, when the latter arose from his bed, seized a rifle, and, firing through a crack in the partition, killed his son-in-law. The supposition was that the old gentleman's mind was deranged when he committed the deed, as there was no cause for quarrel between the two men.

Since coming to the prison, Russell has suffered much from dropsy, and the prison physician, Dr. W. A. Cusick, recommended his discharge, as he cannot live long, especially if he remains in the prison. The pardon will be issued early this week, or as soon as the prisoner's wife has completed her arrangements to take the unfortunate old man home.

Rumors have been in circulation for several days, to the effect that Col. E. Huff has been appointed turnkey at the penitentiary to take the place now held by Jay J. McCormick. Governor Geer and Supt. J. D. Lee, however, say that the appointment has not been made, though it may have been under consideration. It is stated, however, that Mr. McCormick should another turnkey be appointed, will be put on the wall as a guard, as he is considered an excellent and most efficient employee.

MET TRAGIC DEATH

GEO. F. MITCHELL'S BODY FOUND AT OREGON CITY.

Believed to Have Been Killed by the South-Bound Freight—A Resident of Salem.

George F. Mitchell, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, of this city, met a tragic death yesterday afternoon, while on his way home from Spokane. He was found dead on the railroad track just north of Oregon city. The following Associated Press dispatch to the Statesman, received at 10:15 a. m. last night, brought the first intimation of the accident to this city: "Oregon City, Aug. 25. A young man was killed by the south-bound freight train this afternoon. Letters in his pocket indicate that the deceased was George F. Mitchell, of Gervais, Oregon. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death."

Following the arrival of the above message, the Statesman received a telephone message from Oregon City to the effect that the young man's body was found on the railroad track a short distance north of that place. Life was extinct, death having resulted from a severe wound in the head, from which the brains and blood were oozing. He was supposed to have fallen off either the northbound Roseburg train, or the southbound freight. The remains were said to be those of a well-dressed young man, aged about 22 years, and letters on his person indicated that his home was at Gervais.

Further investigation disclosed the fact that he was the eldest son of W. F. Mitchell, of this city, who is now conducting a store in Gervais. The young man left his city several months ago, going to Gervais with his family, when the latter established himself in business at that place. Later he went to Spokane, and he was expected to return from there during the past week.

Injury at the family home, on North Front street, at 10:50 o'clock last night, elicited the information that the family had just received the news of the young man's tragic death. His mother—one of the teachers at the dear little school—and his two sisters, were grief-stricken at the report of the awful calamity which had overtaken their son and brother. The father of the unfortunate young man is at Gervais, where he received the news last evening.

George F. Mitchell was born in Chicago, twenty-two years ago. He came to Salem, with his parents about nine years ago, since which time he has lived in this city. He had a large circle of warm friends among the young people in Salem, with his parents and sisters, will mourn his early demise. The remains will probably be brought to Salem for interment.

GAME LAW ENFORCED.—The Mongolian pheasants are plentiful and are now a fair size and some of the country hunters have commenced to kill them in violation of the law, but will surely come to grief and pay very dearly for their pastime. Four arrests have been made during the last week or two, in this county, and more will follow in a few days. Those arrested have paid their fines of \$15 each and consider it too expensive to try to kill birds out of season, as the second fine comes much higher.—Albany Herald.

THE HOMLIEST MAN IN SALEM

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Price 25c and 50c.

A VACANCY FILLED.—The state board of education yesterday elected Miss Emily Henry, of this city, to fill the position of teacher in the state school for the blind. The election was had as a result of the resignation of Mrs. E. Y. Chase recently elected to the same position. Miss Henry, who has an enviable record as a teacher, will assume her new position at the opening of the school year in September.

The Latest Yarn.

A Pittsburg drummer tells this new yarn: "I always carry a bottle of Kemp's Balsam in my grip. I take cold easily and a few doses of the Balsam always makes me a well man. Every where I go I speak a good word for Kemp. I take hold of my customers—I take old men and young men, and tell them confidentially what I do when I take cold. At druggists, 25c and 50c."

NEW SUIT FILED.—The Goodale Lumber Co., plaintiff, vs. E. A. Stanton, defendant, is the title of a new attachment suit filed in the state circuit court for Marion county, department No. 1, yesterday. The action is brought to enforce the collection of \$511.91 and interest from July 15, 1897, for which amount judgment is asked. Brown, Wrightman & Myers are the attorneys for the plaintiff.

AT THEIR OLD HOME.—Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Ralston, who have been living in Eastern Oregon for a number of years, will again take up their residence in Lebanon. They left there about forty years ago, since which time they have made several moves.

He Fooled the Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Prolapse, he would die unless a costly operation was performed, but he cured himself with five boxes of Backen's Anker-Salve, the surest Pile cure in earth, and the best Salve in the world. 25 cents a box. Sold by Dr. Stone Druggist.

HIS FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES

"What broke him up in business?" "Slow collections." "I thought he sold goods for cash only." "He did. It was the firms he owed that had the trouble in making the collections, and they closed him out."—Chicago Tribune.

IN LONESOMEHURST.

Mrs. Jones—So your cook has actually stayed with you six weeks? Mrs. Smith—Yes; and John is beginning to get very much worried about it! He thinks there must be a warrant out for her in New York, or something like that.—Puck.

A beautiful question of ethics has arisen between two dry-goods store proprietors of Pacific W. and one of his clerks named Vladimir Almann. Almann took in a coin of 304 in payment for some goods and got 306 for the same coin from a Chicago dealer. Now the proprietor claims that the coin should have gone into his till.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ACTS GENTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS
CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM
DISPELS EFFECTUALLY COLDS, HEADACHES, OVERCOMES & FEVERS
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
PERMANENTLY TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.
BUY THE GENUINE—MANUFACTURED BY **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. NEW YORK, N.Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

MORE RAIN FALLS

UNTHRESHED GRAIN THREATENED WITH MORE DAMAGE.

Hops Reported in a Thriving Condition Although Mould Has Appeared in Some Yards.

(From Daily, August 27th.)

Another drizzling rain set in early yesterday morning and continued to fall during the entire day, excepting only a few brief intermissions. The storm was not a severe one, but the rainfall was adequate to thoroughly wet all grain in the stack.

Yesterday's rain was a very great disappointment to farmers, fully four-fifths of whom had not begun to thresh their grain. Those who had their grain harvested and in the shock before the initial storm of the present, unseasonable weather prevailed, had just succeeded in properly drying their grain preparatory to threshing either yesterday or by tomorrow at the latest, and now their discouragement is augmented when they realize that their labors in that direction have proven futile, for the grain is again thoroughly drenched and will necessitate the application of the same process of evaporation before the grain can be threshed.

A number of farmers, who were in the city yesterday afternoon, were interviewed as to the situation of the grain crop in the valley, but they were disgraced as to the actual condition of the grain at the present time, or the extent of the damageable to result from the rain. The opinions, represented in the statements offered, were so very conflicting that it is impossible to intelligently discuss the situation. The best plan is to remain hopeful until the disagreeable weather subsides and then take the amount of damage that has been done.

F. Frizzell, Salem's street commissioner, who has been in Oregon forty-seven years, and a great majority of that time a farmer, yesterday said that in all that time he had not experienced a year that would compare to this one, so far as unseasonable weather for the month of August is concerned. He also said that the conditions that now exist were simply unavoidable and that farmers themselves are not blameable for the rainy weather, which is a very unusual thing for this season of the year, nor for the consequent damage to grain. It is simply an "off" year and especially unfortunate for the farmers.

G. W. Weeks, of Howell Prairie, was in the city yesterday and says thus far the grain in his locality has not been harmed, but much damage will result if the present rain continues for any length of time. Mr. Weeks predicates this conclusion upon the fact that the grain shocks have been separated that the grain might dry thoroughly from previous rains, with the result that the heads of grain are not so compactly arranged and will be harmed by the rain more readily.

Bent Patton, of the Waldo hills, proposes to try a novel experiment in connection with the storing of his grain this year. Mr. Patton, becoming alarmed at the threatening weather, had his grain threshed yesterday before it was thoroughly dry. He now proposes to insert in each sack of grain two bricks to prevent, in possible, the grain from molding. This tendency on the part of damp grain, Mr. Patton thinks, can be overcome by this method, the absorbing quality of the brick being deemed sufficient to consume the unnatural moisture of the grain.

During the past week many of the farmers of the Waldo hills, anticipating further rain, carefully stocked their grain, furnishing ample protection to the shocks from a southern rain—iron which effected in the slow, inevitable course—and to their complete astonishment yesterday the storm during the course of the day shifted in three directions—south, west and north—and beat upon the grain where it was least protected. Yesterday's storm was a peculiar one in that particular. The course of the rainfall shifted at intervals.

The price of flour advanced 25 cents per barrel at the Salem Flouring mill yesterday and the wholesale price now quoted is 25 per barrel. This is an advance of 55 cents per barrel that has been made during the past week. The market quotation for wheat remains at 50 cents.

Thus far no damage has been done to the hop crop, although the expression on the faces of growers and buyers becomes more dubious as the rain continues. A prominent local buyer returned last evening from an inspection of the yards surrounding Salem. He says while the yards are generally in fine condition, mold has appeared in a few yards. He predicts that a continuation of the alternating weather conditions, such as has been experienced in the valley the past three weeks, will result in extensive damage to the hop industry. Such weather is conducive to mold and lice and the two pests, combined, are capable of accomplishing much damage.

END OF THE WORLD.

Scientist Figures Out That It Is Three Billion Years Off.

Scientists do queer things sometimes. One of them has attempted to calculate in cold mathematics how soon we may expect the judgment day; and he has prepared a paper on the subject which he expects to read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science when it meets next month in Columbus. Starting with the total amount of energy stored in the sun and the fact that the orb of day is continuously distributing energy equivalent to the work of seven men for each area of the globe, our man, our statistician calculates that it will require

3,375,000,000 years of outpouring before a sensible diminution of the quantity of energy given out can be detected. Up to this distant period mountains will stand, rivers will run, plants will grow, and animal life will exist very much as it does today.

If you realize that solar energy as soon as used reasserts itself in some other form, either as sound, electricity, or simply motion, it is easy to see that this estimate is too small rather than too great. At any rate the world is not liable to stop going for a few years yet, according to his reasoning.

Some idea of the vastness of the force that is meted out to us from the physical source of earthly life may be gained, he says, by considering that if the energy that the sun gives to earth in a single day could be bottled up and directed against Niagara falls it would cause that great body of water to dash back again up hill for 4,000 years. If turned into a single blast of heat it would cause every living creature instantaneously to blight and wither, the ice around the poles would be melted in one and three quarters minutes, and in another eleven seconds all the oceans would be turned into steam.

If transmuted into electricity a spark would flash from the earth as far as the planet Jupiter. If collected into a single point and the vibration thereof would not only break every ear drum in the world, but would uproot the giant trees of the forest, and even level mountains. If changed into a momentary flash of light it would be so blinding as to penetrate the walls of the deepest dungeons and destroy the sight of every living creature. In brilliancy this flash would exceed the brightness of the sun itself over 1,600,000 times.

For one man to expend an amount of energy equivalent to that which the earth receives from the sun in the tenth part of a second would work continuously for \$7,000,000 years.

This calculation is remarkable in that its result differs by more than 3,746,000 years from the period which scientists generally believe that the world will come to an end. Such experts as Darwin and Huxley have believed that it could not sustain life 2,000,000 years hence.—New York Herald.

AGREEABLY SURPRISED.

When the proofreaders employed in the government printing office at Washington signed the pay rolls for last week they were surprised to find that their pay, as well as that of the compositors and bookbinders, had been raised under the new schedule authorized by the last congress and made effective July 1st by the public printer. Under the new schedule the proofreaders receive \$28.08 a week. The pay of bookbinders and compositors was raised from 40 to 50 cents an hour, or from \$3.20 to \$4 a day, and of proofreaders from 53 to 58 1/2 cents. This pay goes on through vacations, holidays and sick leave, thus making positions in Uncle Sam's printing office much coveted. Congress has authorized these increases in wages, but did not at the last session appropriate the money to pay them. Public Printer Palmer has decided to carry out the obvious intent of congress, and trust to a deficiency bill to make good the increased outlay.

America Advancing.

American becomes are handling English trunks, and the Englishmen are pulling over American steel rails. Our machinery is sold all over the world. A great American remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is gradually working its way to all parts of the globe where dyspepsia and indigestion thrive. Like all American products, it is honest, and does just what it claims to do. The most stubborn cases of constipation, biliousness, nervousness, liver and kidney troubles must yield to it. It is the most perfect remedy ever devised. For weak stomachs for fifty years it has been famous for its astonishing efficacy. It is a perfectly natural remedy, and there is nothing to quit it, except a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

POSSIBLE RUSE.

"When I asked your father if I might hope to make you my wife," exclaimed Wilfrid, striving to be calm, "he knocked me down and kicked me in the face!"

"My darling!" cried Constance, impulsively, and threw herself into his arms.

But presently the sober second thought came to her.

"Does papa really object to you?" she now mused. "Or is it only a ruse of his to get me interested in you?"—Detroit Journal.

Glorious News.

Comes from Dr. L. B. Cargile, of Washita, L. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Dever of sciatica, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It is the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by Dr. Stone, Druggist. Guaranteed.

NO LARNIN'.

"Do you think the populists will figure in the next election?" asked the stranger in the Tennessee mountains. "I dunno about the populists around here," said the cracker; "you see, stranger, that are preshure few of 'em that kin figger at all."—Chicago News.

The Best Prescription for Malaria.

Chills and Biliousness is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price 50 cents.

AN AWFUL MISHAP

LITTLE ROBERT WYLIE KILLED BY HIS BROTHER.

The Older Boy Was Chopping a Stump When the Little Fellow Fell Under the AX.

(From Daily, August 15th.)

At the residence of James Wiley, about two miles south of Salem, occurred yesterday afternoon, one of those horrible accidents that seldom happen, and which carry with them a life-long regret. Three of the younger boys of the family, Charles, Robert and Jesse, aged, eleven, six and three years, respectively, were playing in the yard near the house when Robert was struck in the head, with an ax, in the hands of his oldest brother, and instantly killed.

The boys were playing at "blasting stumps" such work having been done, recently, in the neighborhood. Charles had a double-bitted ax in his hand, chopping a hole in the root of a stump to prepare a place to put in the mock giant powder, and the smaller boys attending to that portion of the play. He had cautioned the boys to stand on the other side of the stump, which they were doing, but, child-like, Robert kept coming nearer to watch the operation, and not noticing where he was stepping, tripped and fell, his head striking the notch that was being chopped. It was just as the down-stroke was being given, and the bit of the ax struck the little fellow squarely in the top of the head, splitting his head open to the brain.

Instantly realizing the gravity of the accident Charles called to his mother saying, "Oh, mother, I have killed my little brother." The mother, who was standing in the door of the house rushed to where the children were playing and picked up the injured child. As soon as the child recovered his feet after being struck with the ax he started toward the house and walked about twenty feet when his mother reached him; he threw his arms lovingly around her neck and breathed his last in her arms with the name of "mamma" on his lips. The father was near by, picking blackberries, and immediately ran up, but the poor boy was dead before Mr. Wiley could get there, living only about two minutes after the blow struck him.

The oldest boy is nearly distracted with grief at the unfortunate occurrence while the parents are heartbroken. The child had been rather an invalid during his short life, and consequently had been the idol of the parents.

The family is in straightened circumstances, the father having been sick all summer and only able to earn a small pittance. He had just begun to work again, and had been chopping oak cord wood, and had sharpened his ax to its best for this purpose. Kindly neighbors came in as soon as the accident was made known and did all in their power to assist the grief-stricken family.

The remains will be interred in the Macleay cemetery tomorrow. Mrs. Wiley having relatives there. Mrs. Chas. Hartley, of that place, being her sister.

WOOD BIDS OPENED

MANY PROPOSALS FOR FUEL FOR THE CAPITOL.

Received by the Secretary of State Yesterday—Contracts Will Be Awarded This Week.

(From Daily, August 27th.)

At 2 o'clock, yesterday afternoon, in the state department, the sealed bids for wood, for the state house, received in response to an advertisement recently published, were opened. The advertisement called for 250 cords of big body fir, and the bids for the grade of fuel, received by the secretary, aggregated 1,355 cords. In addition to the big fir offered there were a number of bids for second-growth fir, aggregating several hundred cords, but these were not considered, as the secretary wanted only the big fir. The bids ranged from \$2.50 per cord to \$2.95. The lowest bidder, R. Smalley, who proposes to furnish 225 cords at \$2.50, it is thought, may not have understood the terms, and he will be communicated with, but it is likely that he will furnish the wood required. The contract will probably be awarded immediately upon the return, from Astoria, of Secretary Dunbar, the first of this week. Following are the bids received:

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Bidder	No. Cords	Per cord.
R. L. Swarts	100	\$2.75
Ralph Swarts	100	2.95
N. P. Smith	25	2.80
N. P. Williamson	100	2.69
Simon Swarts	20	2.85
C. S. Bradley	50	2.75
Conrad Hoyer	25	2.70
R. Smalley	225	2.50
D. S. Bentley & Co.	50	2.74
D. S. Bentley & Co.	50	2.80
E. English	50	2.75
M. S. Skiff	50	2.74
J. Bowers	25	2.75
Joseph Gerig	25	2.80
W. Ross	250	2.68

HOW THE LAST MAN MAY DIE.

Fates That May Overtake the Survivor of the Human Race.

Astronomers tell us that the day must come when the earth will, like the moon, wheel through the heavens a dead and barren ball of matter, airless, waterless, lifeless. But long, long before that time man will be extinct, will have disappeared so utterly that not so much as the bleached skeleton of a human being will be visible on the surface of this planet. Unless by some huge and universal cataclysm the whole race is swept at once into eternity, it is but reasonable to suppose that man, like any other race of animals, will disappear slowly and

that eventually there will be but a single human being left—some old, old man, gray-headed and bearded, and left to wander alone in a solitude that may be imagined but not described. How will he die, this last relic of the teeming millions that once transformed the face of the globe and ruled undisturbed master of every other living thing? There are many fates that may befall him. He may go mad with the horror of loneliness and himself and his own miserable existence. He may be eaten by the vast reptiles or giant insects which will then probably infest the solitudes. But his fate may seem the weirder and more dreadful. Scientists say that as we burn the coal and timber we are still so richly supplied with what we let increase into the atmosphere an ever increasing volume of carbonic acid gas. Much of this taken up by plants, but not all, must increase and eventually pollute the breathable air, filling the valleys and mounting slowly to the hills, where the last remains of animal life are striving for existence. The last man will climb higher and higher, but eventually, the suffocating, invisible fluid will reach and drown him.

Again, it is said that the earth as it gets older is cracking like dry mud. These cracks will increase until at last they will let the waters of the ocean and rivers sink into the fiery center of the globe. Then will occur an explosion so terrible as may startle the inhabitants of neighboring worlds. The last man in this case will probably be some arctic explorer or Eskimo, whom the vast plains of ice around will save from instant death and leave to grill a few moments till the ice continents are swallowed by red-hot gases and steam. Suppose these earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man's fate will be the worst describable. He will die of thirst. The scene of his death will probably be the great valley in the bed of the Atlantic ocean, off the Brazilian coast, halfway between Rio Janeiro and the cape, where now six miles of green water lie between the steamer's keel and the abyssal plain beneath. There, hopelessly digging in the ever-drying mud, he must perish and leave his bones to parch on a waterless planet. The Antarctic polar ice cap has been growing thicker and heavier for uncounted ages. The distance from the south pole to the edge of this ice cap is 1,400 miles. The ice rises steadily from the edge to the center. At that center it cannot be less than twelve miles in thickness—twice as thick as Mount Everest is high. Suppose it splits. Imagine the gigantic mass of water and ice that will come sweeping up north over the oceans and continents of the earth. Where, then, will the last man breathe his final gasp? High up in the snows of some great range he will perish miserably of cold and starvation, looking down on a huge shallow sea beneath whose tossing waters will lie the whole of the races of the world. Or, last, and perhaps dearest fate of all, the human race may outlive other mammals and last until the sun, at some day it must, grows dull and cold and vegetation dies from the chilled earth. The miserable remnant of earth's people must then slowly die out after ages of an existence to which that of the Eskimo of today is a paradise.—London Answers.

A WISH.

Trotting Thomas—I wish I could turn myself into a rumor for a few moments. Walking Thomas—What for? T. T.—Why, they say a rumor gains currency.—Yonkers Statesman.

Admiral Winfield Scott Feibley

especially well liked by his men, was General Scott. The latter in 1850 undertook the trip from Boston to the Maryland farm, where Feibley was born "to see that baby that's been named for me."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Trade Mark

★ ★ ★

Stamped in Star.

SECRETARY

ON THE SPOT

That's what wins—Getting there first and hitting 'em hard when you arrive. That's what

Our Goods

and

Our Prices

are doing for competition in the Shoe line this season.

We're hammering down prices and driving up values.

\$3.25

Is our price for the above shoe.

—Faultless in style and finish. Made by The

Brown Shoe Co., St. Louis, who

turn out nothing but the best.

FOR SALE BY

New York Racket

SALEM, OR.