

NEW MILL FOR SALE

TO BE BUILT ADJOINING THE
MURPHY WAREHOUSE.Strong Corporation Organized to Begin
Operations and Give Sale to
Flooring Mill.

(From Daily Statesman, Nov. 14.)

A. M. Humphrey, J. B. Ashley, L. G. Emmert, E. T. Hall, and W. H. Humphrey, yesterday incorporated the Farmers Warehouse & Milling Company, of Salem, Oregon. The company will purchase the business of A. M. Humphrey & Co., of this city, and Macleay, and extend the same, and will erect and operate flouring mills and deal in flour and mill feed, as well as transact a general shipping and commission business. The principal office will be located in Salem. The corporation has a capital of \$25,000, divided into shares valued at \$25 each.

The plan of this corporation is to take the present business of A. M. Humphrey & Co., at the foot of Union street, this city. This business, conducted in the old Herren warehouse, is flourishing. Mr. A. M. Humphrey, the present manager, having for a number of years most successfully operated the warehouse, doing at all times a thriving grain and feed business. He has a wide acquaintance among the grain farmers of this portion of the valley, and enjoys a large clientele. He proposes to turn this into the new stock company, then erect a moderate sized mill adjoining the warehouse, and operate it as a warehouse, together with the warehouse business as at present conducted.

The plan is to erect this mill in the spring, and have it in operation in time for the new crop of wheat in 1901. In addition the company proposes to operate its warehouse at Macleay, and a part of Mr. Humphrey's present business, running it in connection with the local plant.

Mr. Humphrey has an enviable reputation in the grain trade, and as it is proposed to make him the manager of the new mill, there is no question as to the success of the enterprise. His long experience in the trade, his advantageous connections with exporters of grain and flour, and good financial backing, will doubtless result in the upbuilding of a splendid milling business in this city, drawing trade to Salem from the surrounding country, that now, with no flouring mill here, goes to other points, and filling a long felt want in the Capital City of Oregon. The gentlemen associated with Mr. Humphrey in the new enterprise are all well-to-do young farmers, men of means and enterprise, who do not know the word fail, and who readily recognize the importance and value of a flouring mill in Salem, and the great possibilities here, for an institution of that kind, now that the Oriental trade is just opening up for this coast.

The mill will be built in the spring, and the next crop of wheat produced in Marion and Polk counties will doubtless be manufactured into flour at the plant of the new corporation, which was brought into existence yesterday under such promising circumstances.

Scrofula the Cause.

Eczema, cancer, skin disease, white swelling, and even consumption have their origin in scrofulous conditions. With the slightest taint of scrofula in the blood, there is no safety. The remedy for this disease in all its forms is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which goes to the root of the trouble and expels all impurities and disease germs from the blood.

The best family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

THREE STORIES OF LORD RUSSELL.

One day, a legal correspondent writes, before the late Lord Chief Justice took sick, he was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches, whispered, "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," instantly replied Russell.

On one occasion Lord Russell went to help the Liberals in a certain campaign. He began his speech of set purpose with some very badly pronounced Scotch. After the confusion caused by his apparent blunder, had subsided, Sir Charles Russell (as he then was said) "Gentlemen, I do not speak Scotch; but I rate Scotch." Tremendous applause followed, whereupon Sir Charles drank Scotch. "With this in the hold on the audience was secured. Although uninvited in the art of cross-examination, on one occasion he was distinctly beaten by a witness. "What is your age?" he asked. "Is it my age you are asking?" replied the witness. "Yes sir. Now, speak up and be exact." "And be exact! Well, of all the— "The court does not desire to hear any comments of yours. Tell the court your age." "Well," said the man, "I celebrated my twelfth birthday last week." "Don't trifle with the court, and remember you are on oath." "It's quite true. I was born on February 29th, in leap year, and my birthday only comes once in four years."

THE STORY OF A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

How Elbridge T. Gerry Helped Instead of Harming Him.

"Elbridge T. Gerry's fixed conviction that the use of children as public entertainers is ruinous to their moral and physical being has resulted in much benefit for talented youngsters and in a deluge of abuse for their protectors. Several years ago he called in the aid of the law to prevent the performance of a child pianist. The child was admitted by all qualified to judge to be marvelously talented, and as the young prodigy seemed to be well cared for, the outcry against the society was long and loud. But Mr. Gerry never flinched, and the law upheld him. Shortly afterward the child was taken to Europe, and the episode faded from the public mind. Ten years later the same pianist reappeared, now in the vigor of youth. His musical gifts

had been developed under the guidance of the most accomplished foreign instructors. The public wondered and admired, but few knew that the musician owned the training. In his art to the generosity of the man who had restrained him from concert playing ten years before."

WOULD BE SENATOR.

Hermann Proposes to Resign to Contest for McBride's Seat.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Commissioner Hermann, of the General Land Office, is a candidate to succeed McBride as Senator from Oregon. The latter's term expires on March 4th next. Hermann is so confident that he can be elected Senator that he has announced to President McKinley that he will retire from his present office within the next three months. It is doubted here by Oregonians that Hermann can win. However, it is said, that President McKinley has promised Hermann's place here to a well-known Minnesota politician, Hermann, it is said, declines to say whether or not the rumors are authentic.

DOWIE BAPTISM FEE IS BIG.

Zion Chief Asks \$1000 From Estate of Wealthy Indiana Woman.

The discovery of personal letters belonging to the late Mrs. Mary Redding, a wealthy woman of Mishawaka, Ind., who owned immense tracts of land and resided at a handsome country home, has disclosed to her relatives that she was an ardent believer in the doctrine preached by John Alexander Dowie, the noted Chicago agitator, who is now in London.

Mrs. Redding had been in poor health for a time and became a follower of the Spiritualists, who promised to restore her to health. They failed and the woman took recourse to the Dowie doctrine. A few days before he left for England, Dowie came here from Chicago, gave Mrs. Redding "treatment" and personally baptized her. He assured her this would restore her to her normal condition. Her administrator has just received a bill from Dowie, in which he asks \$1000 for coming 90 miles from Chicago to administer baptism. It will not be paid.

MOKI TEA positively cures Sick Headache, indigestion and constipation. A delightful herb drink. Removes all eruptions of the skin, producing a perfect complexion, or money refunded. 25 cents and 50 cents. Dr. Stone's drug store.

MINING AND CHINESE REFORM.

Two New Corporations File Articles in the State Department.

(From Daily Statesman, Nov. 14.) In the Department of State, at the Capital, yesterday, two new corporations filed articles and received authority to begin operations in this state, as follows:

The General Lawton Mining Company will engage in mining in the Bohemia district, with headquarters at Oakland, Oregon. The company has a capital stock of \$100,000, divided into shares valued at \$1 each. J. A. Underwood, W. C. Gilmour, L. C. Chenoweth and W. C. Underwood are the incorporators.

The Chinese Empire Reform Society will improve the intellectual and moral condition of Chinese in America and do all they can toward the amelioration of the Chinese people. The principal office will be located in Portland. Lee Mee Guin, Chin Ju and Gong Hee are the trustees.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

Millionaire Charles T. Yerkes, in His Own Life Story, Tells the Secret of Amassing Wealth.

Any man who has health, good business judgment, energy and ambition should not speculate to make money. He should pick some good business for which he is adapted and which he likes and stick to it.

That is what I have done all of my life. I have made the bulk of my fortune by a combination of good luck and good judgment. Some of it I did make by speculation, but just as certain as the sun rises and sets, if I had continued to speculate I would be broke today.

I have said the man who speculates is an idiot, and I believe it. I have said that I have never seen a "ticker man" who made any money and kept it, and I mean by that the man who goes to the ticker when it starts and does not leave it until it stops for the day—I mean the man who speculates in securities that he knows nothing about and acts upon information he receives at second, third or fifth hand, with no intention of ever actually holding the stocks he puts up his margins for.

Now, a man like Russell Sage I do not class as a speculator. He buys stocks for the stocks themselves or to secure an interest in the corporation for business purposes. I do not think he ever speculates. His business is a tender of money and an investor, and it is that which has made him a power in Wall street.

There are big men in that street who are speculators, pure and simple, but the actual buying of stocks to hold and occasionally selling them to an advantage as a business deal I do not call speculation.

I was a speculator when I was a stock broker, and a heavy one. I lost a fortune and made it again, with a little more besides, but I formed the opinion which I have expressed that the man who speculates is an idiot.

Then, too, I stopped. I have not speculated since 1873. I lost my money in the panic which was caused by the Chicago fire in 1871 and I made it again in the panic which followed the Cooke failure in 1873. I formed a partnership with John P. Bell in Philadelphia after that, and the express terms of our agreement were that the firm should not speculate for itself. We made a good deal of money out of the speculators instead of speculating ourselves. A good portion of it, however, we made in business, trading for business men.

I have been asked how I made my money if I didn't speculate.

I didn't begin life as the typical barefoot boy on the towpath. I had some money when I started—not a great deal, but some. I began as a note broker in the days when Philadelphia merchants used to receive

notes from their customers for goods they sold.

I did sweep out my own office for a time, but I was successful in my business, and after a little time I arose to the dignity of having a boy to do those things. I made money dealing in paper and then branched out as a stock broker. I became a member of the exchange, both in Philadelphia and New York, and it was not until after I had plenty of money that I began to speculate.

When I did go into it I went into it at a considerable extent, and then when the news of the burning of Chicago came I was caught. I lost everything I had made as a broker and was forced to wait for two years for a chance to recoup. When I heard that Jay Cooke had failed I went on the market as a bear and made money rapidly. Then I quit.

Since that day I have never speculated.

People think I live solely to make money. That isn't true at all. Money means very little to me. I work because I like it.

You look back and around you over the men who have made fortunes for themselves and you will find they are men who enjoy their work.

I enjoy mine, and to that more than anything else I attribute my success. I have lots of fun at my work, and that is the reason I stay at it and do not retire and buy a yacht or live in Europe, or do all or any of the things which I am constantly accused of being about to do. I like it better to stay here.

The man who worries over his work can't succeed.

The successful man must take his work easy.

If he worries, he will break down and be forced to retire. He should have some hobby to occupy his mind after he leaves his desk, otherwise he will be morose and be one of those men who throw a pall over their homes when they come into the house—who sit alone in the library while their wives tell the children they must not make a noise, "because father is here."

I have had several hobbies in my time—nonsensical or otherwise.

Just now it is pictures. When I was younger it was raising fish, and I had a complete hatchery fitted up in my house.

I repeat, I am all through with speculation, although it must have been born in me, for the first business deal I ever made was a speculation pure and simple.

It was when I was a boy at home. There was an auction store in the town and I used to go there some times and listen to the auctioneer. One day I noticed a lot of soap. It was the same kind of soap we used at home and we bought it from a grocer around the corner. It occurred to me that I might be able to make some money out of that soap. I went around to the grocer and asked him how much he paid for that kind of soap. He told me 9 cents a pound. I asked him if he would buy some from me for 8, and he said he would. So I hung around the auction room until the soap was put up. There was considerable bidding, and I finally bought the lot of it for 8 cents a pound. After they had asked my name and I had sung out with my boyish voice, I was very much frightened. I ran around the corner and all out of breath, recalled the promise to buy at 8 cents to the grocer. He stuck to the bargain, and I delivered the soap over to him without holding it myself and pocketing the profits just the same as the speculator in stocks.

But that was many years ago. I have made the bulk of my fortune out of street railways, as I suppose everybody knows. It is a business I have been in nearly all of my life, and I think that is one of the few things I understand. I had my first interest in 1890 and have had hold ings in them almost ever since.

When I started out on a plan of action I usually continue it.

It like my work. When I consider a proposition now, it is not to figure out how much money there is to be made in it, but whether or not there is a possibility of a loss, and whether it is a good thing to do.

I do not care much about making

money, but I admit I do not like to lose any. I don't lose very often.

I figure things out carefully before I go in and then keep at it until it pays. I see my name mentioned frequently in connection with this or that big deal in Wall street. I have absolutely no relations with Wall street and have had none for years. My business is the street railway business.

I have made money at it because I understand it, like it, and persevere in it. I shall stay in so long as I continue to enjoy it or my health allows it, and then I shall retire.—Charles T. Yerkes.

SINFUL BETTING ON

A CERTAINTY.

"Woman," remarked Mr. Goosling of Georgetown, "is heaven's best gift to man, but whether it means a married woman or not, I am not so certain."

"Now, there's my wife; I've known a good many women in my time, and I don't think I'd be willing to change her for any woman I ever met, saw or heard of. We've been married twenty years, and in all that time we've never had a cross word that we didn't get disposed of somehow before we had many more. It's the only way to get along with a woman. I'd rather yield a dozen times a day that to eat the kind of meal my wife can have brought on the table when she's a mind to. I'm willing to make as many concessions as the next man, but I really think there is a limit that any reasonable woman ought to observe. Not that my wife is not as reasonable as any other married woman, mind you, for she is. But there are times when she makes me doubt her strict accuracy of the time-honored maxim I have quoted. Now, for instance, the other day I was doing something or other around the house, like a man has a right to do on his own premises, and just as men sometimes do, I put my finger where I had no business to put it, and hit it a lick with the hammer.

"Well," said I to myself, though my wife was sewing by the window on the other side of the room, 'I'll bet I'm the biggest darn fool in ten states.'"

"All of which I had a perfect right to say, but my wife looks up from her work, and says she: "'William,' save she, 'don't you know enough about the ethics of gambling to know that you have no right to bet on a certainty?'"

"That's what she said, and under the circumstances, what on earth could I say but nothing, and that's what I said. But I hit that nail a lick with the hammer that drove it clear in over its head and broke a pane of glass that cost a dollar to replace."—Washington Evening Star.

GREEN DIAMOND A RARE GEM.

One of the rarest gems in Queen Victoria's collection is a green diamond of marvelous beauty. It has never been set.

FEMALE DOCTORS IN ASIA. Within the last twenty years the number of American and English female physicians in Asiatic countries has increased from twenty to 220.

TRULY AUTOMOBILE.

Tons of Ice Transported Over a Hill With No Power but Its Own Weight.

At the houses of a Maine ice company at West Brooksville, Me., the blocks of ice are taken from Walker's Pond, pulled up a steep hill and carried a half a mile to the head of Eggemoggin Reach, a branch of Penobscot Bay, and the whole work is performed without using any power except gravitation.

The large town of Brooksville just escaped being an island. Walker's Pond lies in the southwest corner of the town, nothing but a horseback a half a mile wide parting it from salt water. Bagaduce river flows from the east end of the pond, going east, then north, and finally sweeping to the west and southwest, when it empties into Penobscot Bay, between Castine

An Astonishing But True Story

"My home is in Sidney, Ohio. I have been nearer death with consumption than any other living person in the world, and I want you to read this, so you can tell others. I took a severe cold and neglected it. I grew worse all the time, and at the end of two years I had run into consumption. I coughed terribly, lost flesh, could not sleep, and became so dreadfully weak that I had to take to bed. In the following eighteen months I gradually reached the last stages of consumption. No less than seven physicians treated me and all gave me up saying I was incurable. I was absolutely helpless. The whole family wore themselves out caring for me. One day mother and sister came to my bedside, and said I had but a day or two more to live. Tears rolled down their cheeks as they sobbed the news. The doctors had declared I was in the last stage, and no human being could save me. I was willing to die, but before going to the cruel grave, I wanted to go out and see my dearly beloved town of Sidney once more. They told me such a thing was impossible—that I would surely die before I got back. But I insisted, and to gratify my dying wish, a carriage was fitted up with a bed of pillows, and to this I was carried and slowly driven around Court House Square. I got home more dead than alive. Through the mercy of Providence, someone brought a trial bottle of medicine said to be a consumption cure. No one imagined for an instant it was worth trying. But as a drowning person grasps at a straw, so I tried this medicine. I was better after taking two doses. Mother got more of the medicine and I took it, improving all the time. Today I am as well as any reader of this paper, and the medicine that cured me was 'Acker's English Remedy for Consumption.' I declare before God and man that every word here printed is true."

This remarkable testimonial, on file in the office of Messrs. W. H. Hooker & Co., New York, proprietors of Dr. Acker's Celebrated English Remedy, is vouched for by them, as well as by prominent druggists of Sidney, Ohio. Acker's English Remedy is sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee that your money will be refunded in case of failure. 25c. per bottle in U. S. and Canada. In England 1s. 3d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d.

FOR SALE AT DR. STONE'S DRUG STORES.

and Brookville, having gone more than thirty miles to end within less than a mile of its source. Walker's Pond, from which the company gets its ice, is about three hundred feet higher than the waters of the bay just over the hill. The icehouses are on a wharf facing the ocean. The company has an endless chain elevator running from the pond over a slight hill down to the icehouses, and when the ice is ready to house the heavy belt to transport the cakes is put in motion by loading its ocean end with stones until the wheels turn with the added weight, when the chain moves on, bringing up its load of ice.

As the tops of the houses are some 20 feet lower than the pond, and the ocean side of the run is twice as long as the pond side, as soon as the endless belt is fully loaded with ice on both sides the downhill side has power enough to pull all the ice out of the pond without stopping and thousands of tons of latent energy is left over. This surplus force is controlled by two men who stand on top of the hill and apply powerful brakes until the proper speed is secured, after which the machinery runs itself.

If some one with a malicious turn of mind should bore through the base of the hill with an artesian drill and strike the bottom of the pond the water pressure would soon force a large hole through the gravel and Walker's Pond, which is three miles long by one-half mile wide, would be wiped from the map of Maine.

The historically famous Bagaduce river, the outlet of the pond and the dividing line between Brooksville, on the interior, and Sedgwick Penobscot and Castine, on the outside, would all cease to exist.

So long as Walker's Pond yields excellent perch, pickerel and alewives, in addition to ice that can be shipped the year round, and so long as the Bagaduce furnishes tons of smelts and thousands of muskrat pelts every year, this interesting but melancholy experiment will not be tried.—Boston Daily Globe.

THE ARMY BILL. Senator Fairbanks Predicts Its Early Passage by Congress.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, today said that in his judgment, at the short session of Congress, the army reorganization bill and the reappropriation bill certainly would be passed, and that the Nicaragua Canal bill probably would pass.

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