

PERSONALS.

O. P. Wilson, cashier of Hamilton, Job & Co's bank, Corvallis, took in the fair and went back to-day.

E. Grimm, B. S., professor of agriculture in the State Agricultural college was in town yesterday.

D. H. Deardoff, of Mount Tabor, has been to the fair, and is visiting W. H. Byars and family, his relatives.

S. F. Flood, of the Umpqua Herald, published at Roseburg, came down on the California express this morning.

Tom Ayers and wife of Heppner, Morrow county, formerly of Salem, have been visiting in the city and returned home to-day.

We acknowledge a very pleasant call from Rev. W. K. Azbill, a minister of the Christian church in Indianapolis. He has been holding a Missionary meeting at Aumsville, and went on to Independence and Monmouth.

Mrs. Emma Plants, of Milton, Umatilla county, has been visiting her mother Mrs. Melson who is still quite sick. Mrs. Plants returned home to-day. Another daughter, Mrs. Josie Garrigus, of Heppner, remains with her mother for a few weeks.

To Take the Field.

J. W. Webb, who has been temporarily assisting in the local department of this paper, goes to Portland on Monday, with his Pisk pin still on the lapel of his coat, and will take an active part in the prohibition campaign. Though he may not accept a pastorate at any one place, he expects to preach regularly at several points during the coming year.

Mr. C. B. Irvine, a newspaper man of experience, from Kansas City, formerly of the St. Joseph Times, and who wears a white hat with a pearl band, will henceforth rustle for local items for these columns. We bespeak for him courteous treatment and generous assistance in gathering the daily news.

Fortunate Oregon.

No people in the wide world ought to be more deeply thankful than those of Oregon. While the harvests, the fair, bursting barns and overflowing warehouses and mills testify to the abundance of food in the state, the telegrams give such harrowing news as the following. No man with any heart but will deeply regret it even though it tend to keep up the price of the wheat he has for sale: The Central American Republic of San Salvador is suffering. Advice by the steamer "Acapulco" from Panama state that all the crops of San Salvador have been ruined from the lack of rain and the grasshopper plague. A famine is feared.

Up From California.

Dr. Deardoff and wife, of California, made the JOURNAL office a pleasant call to-day. They go to Jefferson to-night, and then back to Fresno, their home, of which they are very proud, believing that with its unenvied prosperity, its glorious future has only just begun, no setback having occurred in the boom. The Dr. wears a Harrison and Morton button and predicts that California will go largely republican.

Plums.

H. S. Jory brought to this office a branch of plums that would take the adjectives "fine," "handsome," "succulent," "multitudinous" and many others to describe. An eastern gentleman feasted his eyes and then his internal economy on them and is probably still expressing his surprise.

The Vidette.

Those who profess to know, say that the Vidette, that has suspended publication for the last week or two, will be revived very shortly by new men from another part of Oregon. It will likely be only as a weekly, and perhaps under a new name.

Good, Square Deal.

Get your meals on the fair ground at the Aurora restaurant. It is conducted by H. Will, of Aurora, who understands running an institution of that kind so as to give satisfaction to all.

Goodbye, Gamblers and Blacklegs.

Goodbye, gamblers and blacklegs—that is, in hopes you are going, oo.

Subscribe for the CAPITAL JOURNAL.

More About the Glenavon.

Dr. T. H. Parks, who used to live in this city, tells the Oregonian that he has interviewed some of the crew of the Villalta, a ship that was in the storm in which the Glenavon, with Omega Port on board as a passenger, went down, the day before Christmas, 1887. From the steward, the cabin boy and a sailor he obtained the following information: "The Glenavon fared a great deal worse, for she went under. She was in sight of the Villalta during most of the storm. The vessels were several miles apart but in plain view of each other. The Glenavon had all her masts and rigging carried away, and being helpless and heavily laden, foundered. The crew of the Villalta plainly saw the vessel make the final plunge. It was about 6 o'clock Christmas eve when she sank from sight beneath the grey watery waste. She went down stern first, a tremendous sea passing over and bearing her under. At the time the Villalta was probably three miles distant. No human assistance whatever could be rendered, as the sea was running mountains high, and no life-boat could have lived a minute. "All the boats of the Glenavon had been smashed and crushed before the vessel went down, and were useless. The Glenavon was making signals of distress for some time before she went down."

The Growing Outlet.

If competition be the life of trade, and if the opening and improving of more ports through which to send our produce to market and receive needed commodities in return, be greatly beneficial, the following items should be read with great interest. Oregon is bound to forge ahead;

Albany, Or., Sep 21.—A gentleman from Yaquina to-day states that the government work has been commenced on the north jetty.

It commences a short distance above a point of rocks around the point from Newport. The rock for this purpose, also for the work on the south jetty, is brought down the Yaquina on scows.

The schooner "Twilight," from San Francisco, is expected to arrive at Yaquina to-morrow loaded with steel rails for the Oregon Pacific. The vessel will then take four hundred tons of wheat to San Francisco.

Big Mining Prospects.

The South Benton Mineral Development company that incorporated a couple of months ago is quite jubilant. An assay of the ore from their mine has just been received from the Selby Smelting Company, San Francisco, showing \$725 58 gold, and \$148 silver, to the ton. The recently discovered ledge on the land of Geo. A. Waggoner, railroad commissioner, a principal stockholder, twenty miles southwest of Corvallis, is said to be a five foot ledge. Work is to be at once prosecuted. It is claimed that on the same property stone for lithographic purposes, equal to that imported from Germany has been found.

O. P. Matters.

The contract of Searle & Dean for an additional ten miles of the O. P. tracklaying eastward was finished to-day. They have a large force of men, as have others, and they are advertising for more. The O. P. company has now nearly enough steel rails in San Francisco to put the road through to Boise City, Idaho. In Yaquina they are working the machine shops to their full capacity to supply the increased demand for material at the front. At the head office in Corvallis the clerical force is largely increased.

Distinguished Visitors.

On the morning train from California were U. S. Justice Stephen J. Field and wife, going east over the Canadian Pacific, to visit his brother Cyrus W. Field, and other members of the family. This is the gentleman that was not killed by ex-Chief Justice J. Terry, and Sarah-Althea Sharon, his wife, in the San Francisco court room, lately.

Pundita Ramabal, the Hindoo lady lecturer, who is to speak in Portland on the 24th, and here on Oct. 3rd, was also on board, attracting considerable attention.

The Date Fixed.

The ladies in charge of the arrangements for the lecture, in Reed's Opera-house, of Pundita Ramabal, the distinguished Hindoo lady of high caste, have certainly acted wisely to postpone it from this fair week to Wednesday October 3rd. She will speak in the Opera house. She makes a most impressive and instructive address and should be heard by all, and especially by our young people whose attention will be vividly drawn to other lands and people not favored like our own.

Waste paper and exchanges for sale at this office.

HOW THEY COURTED.

A Romantic Story of Pioneer Days in Oregon.

The Oregonian gives from the poetic pen of Joquin Miller, the following scene at a camp meeting, in the early days of Oregon:

Much of the "courtin'" was done on horseback. I remember one "Sis" Waldo, the bell—I think I may write of her now since I am told that she and all her bright little circle have crossed to the other side of darkness—who claimed that she could outstride any man living. And so by and by it somehow came to be whispered about and understood that she would marry the man who could keep up with her, or rather, ride at her side from the camp grounds to her father's home, some fifteen miles away. She was an heiress, had splendid horses, and daily rode to and from the camp grounds all alone. The story that she would marry the man who could catch her kept widening and crystallizing till it became the current talk of Oregon and Northern California. Suddenly, one fine summer, a handsome, dashing young Californian from the mines who had loads of gold, laid his plans and came early on the ground with a gallant mount, determined to carry off the prize or perish. Interest became intensely heightened in the affair when it began to be whispered about that Miss Waldo was not indifferent to the suit of the ardent and dashing young miner from California. The swiftest animal in his mount of four fine horses was a trim-limbed little Morgan mare, with a brown nose and three white feet. I remember seeing one of the old Oregon preachers—a splendid judge of horse flesh he was, too, as were all Oregonians—shake his head sagely as he saw these three white feet one day; and he lifted his nose as he looked at the Californian. He clearly did not like the little brown nosed Morgan mare with the three white feet nor the Californian either.

Suddenly one afternoon as they were singing the final hymn, and "Sis" Waldo stood on the edge of the outer row or the crowd with her gathered riding skirt in one hand and hymn book in the other, there was a commotion. The little Morgan mare, led by the California boy, came prancing under the trees not forty feet from where Miss Waldo's groom stood holding her horse, and ready for immediate use. The crowd began to drift and tilt over to that side. The preachers sang their loudest; their high nasal notes fairly made the maple leaves quiver overhead. But still the pious people had but one neck, and one pair of eyes now. At last the same old preacher who did not like the three white feet slipped his hymn-book back in his pocket, and still singing with all his might, slid down out of the pulpit behind the pulpit behind the other preachers, and slowly but surely tilted over on the edge of the crowd close to the little Morgan mare with the white feet. Don't blame him! We did love horses so in Oregon in those days. And bear in mind we had but little other diversion.

As the last loud notes of "Greenland's icy mountains" died away amid the hissing leaves overhead, there was a leap and a spring for high benches. Hundreds of young horsemen were determined to be in the field! There was going to be such a chase and such a race over the open and rolling Waldo hills as the world never witnessed.

But the beautiful and audacious little lady seemed to be in no great haste. She walked slowly up to her horse, stood still a moment, then handed the boy who held her horse not only her hymn book, but her little rawhide whip also. The old preacher who did not put faith in the three white feet of the Morgan mare, now put on a very queer and derisive smile, and taking his long underlip side-wise between his thumb and finger, he jerked at it viciously, as he seemed to say to himself: "Zounds! she wants to be caught."

How she got on the horse I don't know. But she was on and she was gone while I was looking at that preacher pulling his big underlip. And the Californian was not forty feet behind her when I first turned to look.

Oh, the impetuous young people that came pouring out of the woods and after them! Horses, footmen, mules, all mixed up together; young men and old men, preachers that pretended not to care a copper, all struggling out to get a front view from the little hill-top that had now

shot up between the lady and her lover and the hundreds of horsemen that followed.

And did he catch her and keep up with her? Win her and wed her?

As a truthful chronicler I can only say that he did not wed her.

Reports said that he once, during the desperate ride, came alongside of her, but that she left him instantly and for good, and that when she reached her father's home he was not even in sight of her. I have been told by one who claims to know, that the lover had been drinking some in order to nerve himself for the hot work before him; that although she was at first disposed not to escape him, yet when he came very near her she knew that all was not right; and so she left the three white feet and the Californian behind her in a flash and forever.

How much "poetic license" Miller took in that case the late Mrs. Brown, of Brown & Fullerton, the "Sis Waldo" of the story, could have told were she still among us.

STATE FAIR NOTES.

Ex-Gov. W. W. Thayer, one of the supreme judges, was also one of the judges at the races, yesterday.

At the Catholic bazar a number of articles were raffled off, the chances being from ten cents to half a dollar each. The result is announced thus: Silas A. Jones, 94, bed-room set; M. F. Ryan, 59, silver butter dish; Mrs. Connell, 26, gold watch; Mrs. M. A. White, East Portland, 25, silver sugar bowl and spoon holder; M. J. Synonk, 61, rug carpet; A. L. Frazier, 28, castor; H. Lamoureux, 46, gold-headed cane; John Minger, 12, sofa robe and cushion.

CASE FOR CLEVELAND.

A fine, gold-headed cane was voted for in the usual way, ten cents per ballot. The competitors were Harrison and Cleveland, the winner to be presented with the cane. Owing to the sheep men being busy with their stock, and the farmers being absorbed with examining the hayseed, grasses and angora goat skins, the democrats got away with the election. The vote stood Cleveland 292; Harrison 237. Perhaps the republicans will open a barl on a small scale, and swamp the democrats to-day.

RACES.

Running race single dash 1 mile. The following horses participated, positions in the order named: War Pete, Broadchurch, Roley Boley, John Hall and Lady Duff. The start was a good one, and the race was regarded as the best of the fair; in fact, the only one in which pools sold freely, the purchasers buying on their judgment.

The dash was won by Lady Duff, Broadchurch, 2nd. Time, 1:47.

Trotting race, 3 in 5, Onco 1st, Oleander 2nd, Jim Irvington, 3rd, Maud Knox 4th. Oleander won the first heat. Time, 2:34. In 2nd heat, pools sold \$20 to \$10 in favor of Maud Knox. At the request of her owner, Misner, Maud's driver, was replaced by Mr. Green. The heat was won by Maud Knox, Onco 2nd, Jim Irvington 3rd, Oleander 4th. Time, 2:30.

On the 3rd heat, pools sold: Maud Knox, \$20; Oleander \$4; Fields \$6. In the 4th heat, pools sold \$25 on Onco, \$25 on Maud Knox, and \$6 for the field. Fourth heat, Onco 1st, Oleander 2nd, Maud Knox 3rd, Irvington 4th. Time, 2:34.

Fifth heat was won by Maud Knox, Oleander 2nd, Onco 3rd, Jim Irvington distanced. Time, 2:32. Pool buying was lively after this heat, Maud Knox first choice at \$30 against the field, at from \$20 to \$45. Maud has been the favorite all the way through and the heats how stood two for her, two for Onco, and one for Oleander. After a little jockeying, a very good start was obtained, and it was apparent to all before the first quarter was reached, that the heat lay between Onco and Oleander. When they reached the post they were neck and neck. As they tore down the home stretch, Oleander was ahead but within fifty feet of the finish. One spurred and came in about three feet ahead, winning the heat and the race, Oleander 2nd, Maud Knox 3rd. Time, 2:26.

NOT IN DANGER.

A very large lady at the races to-day, proposed walking over the ground, and when it was suggested she might be run over, she said there was no danger so far as she was concerned, for if anything ran against her it could not tip her up.

LAST DAY NOTES.

The finest plate of peaches in the display was that of John Aikins's Salem cling seedlings. The best

specimen measured twelve and one-half inches in circumference.

In the Salem volunteer fruit display was exhibited an apple of the "Gloria Mundi" variety, which measured seventeen inches.

The largest pear was of the pound family, and measured eighteen inches. It was grown near Salem.

Riches and Van Scoy of Turner exhibited some nice specimens of second crop Wilson strawberries. They were fully as large and delicious as those of the regular season.

Those who failed to see the premium quinces missed a rare treat. The sight of a single quince weighing one pound and nine ounces is a treat.

Douglas county sent in a mangel wurzel that tipped the beam at thirty-five pounds.

A Lane county man exhibited some onions of a size and strength calculated to make the eyes water. Only fourteen were required to make a peck. He says they produced 250 bushels on a tract of a quarter of an acre. For these he found ready market at 75 cents per bushel.

The big squash weighed 100 lbs. It was grown without irrigation.

In county vegetable exhibits Marion captured first and Polk county second premiums.

Lane county was first, with Cuckamas a good second, in the display of grasses.

In the wheat exhibits Lane county wears the blue and Marion the red.

The sale of transportation tickets to the fair grounds this year is greater than last year by quite a good percent. Friday was the banner day of the week.

The election at the Catholic fair continues interesting. The polls close this evening at 5:30; Cleveland ahead at last accounts.

LOCAL NOTES.

I. O. G. T. lodge to-night.

Quarterly meeting in the M. E. church to-day.

Painless dental operations at Dr. T. C. Smith's, 32 State street.

The Oregon school for the blind opens under the care of Dr. Gray next Wednesday, Sept. 26th.

Services in all the churches to-morrow. But there will be no evening meeting in the Baptist church.

Dallas is perhaps the only county in the state that has for years lacked a hotel. The new one is about ready to be opened.

Have your children been vaccinated? Small-pox is in the state, although we hope it will not reach Salem or vicinity.

Mrs. Belle W. Cooke is ready to resume her classes in drawing, crayon and oil painting. Now since the fair is over the young people will "be prepare" to settle down to work.

Rev. J. H. Rook is home from the North Santiam country, where he and seven others have taken up 100 acres of placer diggings and several lodges which give good promise—as what mines do not? He goes on to his ministerial work at Newport, where now stationed. But he will not remove his family.

What Have to Say?

Concerning Dr. Nourse who preaches in the M. E. church to-morrow night, and lectures in the opera house on Wednesday and Thursday, the testimonials are not from obscure papers, but written and signed by some of our best known public men. Read them; then go and hear him.

"Announce Nourse widely. He is a great success, full of sense and fun."—Bishop J. H. Vincent, Chautauqua.

"One of the most eloquent, wise and witty talkers you ever heard."—Washington Gladden, L. T. D., of the Century Magazine.

"You may say what you will about Nourse, you cannot say too much."—Robert J. Burdette, Brooklyn Eagle.

"You may speak of Nourse in terms that will appear extravagant until you have heard him."—Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D., Chicago.

"Just now, in my opinion, Mr. Nourse is the greatest platform orator going."—Rev. Simon Gilbert, D. D., Editor The Advance.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned wish to most heartily thank the friends, who, by their many kind services and ready sympathy during the long sickness and recent death of our baby, have so generously aided us.

WALTON SKIPWORTH, ROSE SKIPWORTH. SALEM, SEPT. 22, '88.

THE AURORA SPRINGS.

It is passing strange that so valuable a property as the mineral springs within easy walking distance of the railroad depot on the Oregon & California railroad, but twenty miles from the state capital, and thirty from the metropolis, has not attracted more attention and been long ago fixed up in presentable shape. They are in a grove and near a creek that might be made very beautiful. They are not in inaccessible canyons or on dry, barren, heated hills like many springs. But with a little taste and a trivial outlay they could be made a popular resort. They belong to Dr. Mart. Giesy. One prominent gentleman of state reputation has long proved the wonderful curative properties of the water. As it is not effervescent it does not lose its virtue, but retains its properties for years. He keeps a barrel of it always at his house. Father J. L. Parrish, Judge Grimm and many others testify to its good effects.

ANALYSIS.

We are kindly furnished by one who has no interest in the place or property, and who only speaks for general information with this:

Table with 2 columns: Substance and Amount. Chloride of calcium grains... 474.128, Sodium... 256.000, Magnesium... 19.872, Carbonate of iron traces, Lime traces, Sulfate grains... 10.028, Organic matter... 1.016.

Total solids one gallon grains... 801.024

This analysis was made by Dr. T. H. Bill, of Vancouver, W. T.; we believe an army surgeon. He adds: "These waters, from the large quantity of chloride of calcium contained, are of great service in serofulous diseases, such as ulcers, tumors, the wasting of children, etc., etc., they act internally on the skin, bowels and kidneys, and they are confidently recommended in all chronic diseases in which saline waters are effective."

Our informant adds: "I can say you cannot praise them too highly."

Several prominent citizens use these waters as a beverage, which in the case, it is "the lamp still under the bushel." There are hundreds of feeble men and women who could be made robust if they would throw aside coffee and tea and drink these waters—nature's true physician.

I wish you could hear Judge Grim on the subject, who can enumerate many remarkable cures.

Strange to say, there is a spring in Douglas county containing the same properties only double in quantity. This spring a few years ago created quite a sensation. But too strong for beverage drink. Hence the use of the waters did not follow as was expected. But as a remedy for diseases they are used still with success, and sold in the drug store for 50 cents per bottle.

The Aurora spring can be used for beverage. The water will keep for years in barrels or bottles. It should be in general use."

MARRIED.

BURCH-CULBERTSON.—At East Portland, on Friday, September 21, 1888, Miss Laura Culbertson to W. C. Burch.

Miss Culbertson, the bride, is well known in Salem, having resided here several years and attended school. Mr. Burch was formerly from Grant's Pass and expects to make his home here.

EDUCATIONAL.

SELECT SCHOOL.

MISS KNOX

Will continue Her School for the ensuing year at the LITTLE CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING, Cor. Church and Marion Sts., beginning

SEPTEMBER 10.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

Boys and Girls.

The school will open on the 23d of September. Thorough instruction in the primary and advanced.

English Branches.

LATIN AND ELEMENTS OF MUSIC

—In course— TERMS and further information may be had on application to REV. F. H. HORT, Cor. Chemeketa and State sts. 8-20-1