

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY. Capital Journal Publishing Company. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION DAILY. One year, by mail, \$5.00

Nothing feebler than these words can describe the condition of our colored fellow-citizens in some parts of the South. Farmers and mechanics, professional men, and others who are incumbents of offices to which they have been elected by properly qualified voters—reputable men—are driven from their homes never to return.

They do neither plow nor weed In the City of the Dead, In the city where they sleep away the hours; But they lie, while o'er them range Winter blight and summer change.

A HAPPY RUNAWAY MATCH.

Not so very many years ago there dwelt in the quiet little town of P—a graceful and comely maiden who had a wealthy but eccentric father. The old gentleman was a stuy farmer and counted his wealth by thousands.

AN INFAMOUS SYSTEM.

The convict-lease system, which still prevails in the majority of the Southern states, says the Star, is continually furnishing most glaring illustrations of its intrinsic barbarity and debasing influence, and it is deplorable that the efforts made to abolish it are successfully resisted by powerful beneficiaries of the system.

Republican National Ticket.

For President, BENJAMIN HARRISON, Of Indiana. For Vice President, LEVI P. MORTON, Of New York.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS. Robert McLean, of Klamath County. Wm. Kapus, of Multnomah County. C. W. Fulton, of Clatsop County.

SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1888.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRATN was the only survivor, when four years old of a family of eleven, all victims of the yellow fever.

While the King of Italy is junketing with the German Kaiser his charming wife is beating the feminine record in climbing the Alps. Her ideal is loftier than that of her husband.

The folly of leaving firearms within reach of small children was again demonstrated in Pennsylvania Monday night when a six-year-old boy, fired with the desire to become a cowboy, shot his mother and the baby in her arms.

When navigation on the Missouri river closes this winter, the probabilities are that it will close forever. Had any one predicted thirty years ago when 125 majestic steamboats were engaged in traffic between St. Louis and Kansas City, that all boats would be withdrawn in the fall of 1888, he would have been looked upon as insane.

FRANCE is again on the threshold of a Ministerial crisis over the question of constitutional revision. This is the twenty-ninth disturbance arising from the same cause. It is time that the statesmen of France—if she has any—should recognize the merit of such a continuous complaint.

KATE FIELD is in the East and is attracting considerable attention, principally from the fact that she is announced as representing the California State Viticultural Commission, bearing to eastern centers of social culture the "gospel of the grape" and the praises of California wines.

THE story of how Gen. Andrew Jackson got the name of "Old Hickory" is again going the rounds, and will be new to some. During the Creek war he had a bad cold, and his soldiers made for him a shelter of hickory bark. The next morning a tippy soldier not knowing who was under the bark, kicked it over.

It combines the worst features of slavery. The auction block, the blood-hounds, and the whipping-post are its accompaniments. For this reason, perhaps, its barbarous features are condoned by the late employers of slave labor but it constitutes a national disgrace which should be met by the indignant protest of the people everywhere.

Last week in Dallas, Texas, five white convicts belonging to a gang leased by the prison authorities to the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company made a dash for liberty at the hazard of their lives. The guard, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, killed two of the convicts and captured a third.

Organized labor everywhere should endeavor to bring this matter to the attention of candidates for congress and the State Legislatures and to secure if possible their pledges to oppose the lease system and secure its abolition.

On the Wing.

Now autumn winds are wailing, And wheat is on the rise, And everybody's wailing Campaign lies.—Chicago News.

A Ruined City in Texas.

The survey at present being made for the Kansas City, El Paso and Mexico Railroad, at a point north latitude 33 degrees and west longitude 106 degrees, pass along the lava flow which by the local population is called the Molpais. It consists of a sea of molten black glass, agitated at the moment of cooling in ragged waves of fantastic shapes.

The sparkling eyes the winning ways of Minnie Danforth made her suitors numerous; but her father was particular, and none succeeded in making headway against him or her.

In the meantime Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret. His name was Joe Walker, a farmer, employed by old Danforth who had entrusted Joe with the management of his place for two or three years.

By agreement, an apparently settled coolness was observed by the lovers towards each other for five or six months, and the father saw with satisfaction, that his previous suspicions and fear had all been premature. Then, by mutual consent, Joe absented himself from the house at evening; and night after night, for three months, did he disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return home only at late bedtime.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter, but that the old man refused to entertain his application for the young lady's hand.

This was capital—just what old Danforth most desired. This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child, and he would help to get Joe married, and thus stop all further suspicions or trouble at home. So he said:

"Well, Joe, is she a boxton lass?" "Yes sir," said Joe. "That is other folks say so. I'm not much of a judge."

"And you like her?" "Yes, sir, yes."

"Then marry her," said old Danforth.

"I can't; the father objects."

"Pooh" continued Danforth; "let him do so; what need you care? Run away with her."

"Elope?" "Yes? Off with her at once! If the gal will marry you, all right. Marry her and bring her here. You shall have the cottage at the foot of the lane; I'll furnish it for you; your wages shall be increased, and the old man may like it or not as he will."

"But—" "Give me no 'buts', Joe. Does I bid you; go about it at once, and—" "You will stand by me?"

"Yes, to the last. I know you Joe; you're a good fellow, a good workman, and will make anybody a good husband."

"The old fellow will be so mad, though."

"Who cares, I say? Go on quietly, but quickly."

"To-morrow night then," said Joe.

"Yes," said Danforth. "I'll hire Clover's horse. 'No you shan't.'" "No?" "I say no. Take my horse—the best one—young Morgan; he'll take

you off in fine style, in the new phaeton."

"Exactly." "As soon as you're spliced, come right here and a jolly time we'll have of it at the old house."

"But the old man might drop in on us."

"Bah! he is an old fool; whoever he is; he don't know your good qualities, Joe, as well as I do. Don't be afraid. A faint heart, you know, never won a lady fair."

"The old man will be astounded."

"Never mind; go on. We'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of you and your wife, at any rate."

"I'll do it!" said Joe.

"You shall!" said Danforth; and they parted in the best of spirits.

An hour after dark on the following evening, Joe made his appearance, decked in a new black suit, and looking really very comely.

The old man bustled about the barn with him, helping to harness young Morgan to the new phaeton, and leading the spunky animal to the road.

Away went the lumpy Joe Walker in search of his bride. A few rods distant he found her, as per previous arrangement, and, repairing to the next village, the parson very quickly made them one in holy wedlock.

Joe took the bride, and soon dashed back to the town of P—and halted at the house of Danforth, who was already looking for him, and received him with open arms.

"Is it done?" asked the old man.

"Yes—yes," answered Joe.

"Bring her in, bring her in," continued the old fellow in high glee; "never mind compliments; no matter about the dark entry. Here, here, to the right in the parlor, we'll have a jolly time now," said the anxious farmer, pushing away for lights, and returning almost immediately.

"I am married—" "Yes, yes—" "And this is my wife," he added as he passed up the beautiful bride, the lovely Minnie Danforth.

"What?" roared the father. Joe you villain, you—you—you—" "It is true sir; we are lawfully married. You assisted and last week thought me worthy of any man's daughter."

"I didn't! I deny it! You can't prove it. You're a—a—" "Calmly now, sir," continued Joe; and the entreaties of the happy couple were at once united to quell the old man's ire, and to persuade him to acknowledge their union.

The father relented. It was a job of his own manufacture and he saw how useless it would be finally to attempt to destroy it.

He gave in reluctantly, and the fair Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be duly acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walker.

The marriage proved to be a happy one, and the original assertion of old Danforth proved truthful in every respect. The cunning lover was a good son and faithful husband and lived many years to enjoy the happiness which followed the runaway match, while the old man never cared to hear much about the details of the elopement, for he saw how completely he had overshot himself.

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