

AN OLD SALT'S YARN.

A Treasure Found in a Cleverly-Made Wooden Leg.

The Whale and the Clam—A Jonah-Like Escape from Death—A Novel Combination of Wine Cellar, Bank and Safety Deposit Vault.

An old man sat on the edge of the string-piece of a South street dock ingeniously splicing a hawser, and his only companion was a short, black clay pipe, from which he puffed spasmodically clouds of rank plug tobacco smoke with much energy and satisfaction. His age, says the New York Tribune, was about sixty; his hair long and gray, and about his withered but kindly countenance there were many signs of the hardships and privations he had experienced during "a life on the ocean wave."

Yet his appearance was not particularly nautical, aside from a sou'wester and a few brass buttons which adorned an ancient "reefer." Nor would he have attracted much attention had it not been for an old-fashioned wooden leg which was devoid of all external covering below the knee except a coat of white paint. It was, moreover, his right leg or a necessary substitute for that useful member, and consisted seemingly of a straight piece of timber which tapered very awkwardly down from his knee into a thick brass ferrule at the bottom.

There was no crutch beside him, and the reporter was curious to know how he managed to get about the deck of a vessel with such a primitive-looking limb, when he rose from his occupation and hobbled vigorously over a narrow plank from the dock to the deck of a rakish-looking little schooner, with a remarkable cat-like agility. Then along the deck and down into the Eliza Anne's cabin the tall, angular and eccentric figure disappeared for a few moments, returning to his work with a large jack-knife, with which he proceeded to trim off the waste or ragged ends of a neat splice.

"Kinder spy, for an old fellow with a timber leg—ain't it?" he observed, noticing the writer had been watching him.

"You are, indeed!" emphatically responded the astonished reporter, taking a seat by his side.

"Yes, and few on 'em's smarter nor me to this day at sea—as I always says to my eldest son, Bill, who owns part of that there schooner. But, of course, I ain't up to much sealing a riggin' or going aloft nowadays—which was the cause of my losing my right leg, and subsequent adoption of this here apparatus."

"How long have you worn it?"

"Thirty—yes, thirty-two years ago last October, I was blown off the yardarm of Cap'n Samuel's peerless clipper ship, the Dreadnaught—going to the east'ard. There was a gale, and all hands were piped up to reef and shorten sail, when the first thing I knew I kinder lost me footing on the 'stirrup' of the lower foretopsal yard and was thrown on deck."

"And—"

"And this here leg that used to be so badly broken that it had to be amputated at the knee the next day by the ship's surgeon, and when we arrived in Liverpool I was taken to the Seamen's Hospital and laid up for repairs."

"Then," continued the ancient mariner, after regarding this wooden extremity with much admiration for several moments, "I became acquainted with another crippled sailor, who died of consumption. 'Take this, Joe,' says he, pointing to this here leg, 'Tain't much, I know,' says he, 'but may be useful when you get well' and with that he died."

"Did it fit?"

"Yes, to a T, and one day I was examining of its wonderful mechanical construction inside, when I found beneath a secret plug in the hollow part of the leg here a wad of bank notes that took my breath away. Two hundred and fifty pounds, sir, as true as I'm Cap'n Joseph Saltus, of Gloucester."

"What did I do with 'em? Why, bless your heart, put 'em back again and never set on to nobody I'd found 'em for fear (in a confidential whisper) his poor relations'd hear of the discovery and expect me to settle up. Then, after I had been in the hospital two months, 'Cap'n Sam' visited me personally, kind soul, and insisted on my returnin' to his ship and acceptin' of a job in the galley. My cruise as assistant cook aboard the old Dreadnaught came mighty near ending in a watery grave."

"How was that?"

"You see we were bound for New York, and just off the banks got into a calm, and I thought I'd try my luck fishing. So I took a big cod hook and line and set out on the fore'ard rail, baiting the hook with a whole clam, and, after tying the line to this wooden appendage for a fishing pole, cast out to starboard for a bite. I sat there for a whole hour and was almost asleep, when all of a sudden there came such a tug that I went overboard. It was a whale. Just when I expected to be swallowed whole like Jonah something gave way and I was picked up on the port side of the ship. The worst of it was there wasn't a board who believed a whale had pulled me overboard."

"You see most of the crew were asleep, and to make matters worse, me and the mate, a man who refused to eat my apple dumplings, wasn't extra friendly, and he swore that I was drunk at the time, which assertion most on 'em believed until we arrived at Sandy Hook and discovered a dead whale."

"Another!" murmured the astonished reporter, preparing to hear a fresh whale story.

"No," interrupted the Captain, with an artful wink, "the same whale that I hooked off the banks."

"But how did you know it?"

"Why, by the line that was hanging out of its mouth with this here leg attached to it, of course."

"What, you lost your leg, then?"

"Yes, for the time being, and I was mighty lucky I had one to lose, for I might have lost my life if I hadn't parted with my leg."

"True! But what killed the whale?"

"The clam," insisted the Cap'n, "which was the biggest and toughest clam I ever saw before or since I baited that hook in the spring of '88 on board the Dreadnaught. But the thought of that whale always makes me dry," concluded the Cap'n, bracing his back against a mooring pile, and twisting his wooden leg until that eccentric member was dislocated at the knee.

Then, after peering into its internal mysteries with one eye shut, as if looking through a telescope, he extricated a bag of canvas, which, when tenderly unfolded, contained a large black bottle, which he gazed at with unmistakable reverence, and turning to his amused companion with a sly twinkle in his starboard eye, said:

"Great scheme, ain't it? A wine cellar bank, and safe deposit vault all in one, and nobody, not even my old woman, able to get at its valuable contents. Take a nip."

Go to the End, Ye Lazy Hens.

The Popular Science Monthly asserts that an egg lays 2,000,000 eggs. This is a good deal to swallow. Those noisy barnyard cacklers, the hens, should go and learn wisdom from their slippery rivals.

THE RELIABLE GROCERS
KELLER & SONS,

Corner State and Liberty Streets, Salem.

Specialties in Table Luxuries,
Fine Tea, and Coffee, Creamery
Butter, Cream Cheese, etc.WE LEAD IN CANNED GOODS.
Remember the Place and Call.Values Coming Up
Immigrants are Arriving and
Purchasing Homes Daily!

NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST!

\$900. 2 slightly lots on proposed street railway line in North Salem. Very cheap and choice.

\$600. 75 feet front on Front street running through 240 feet deep to the river bank. For a week only.

\$2600. Elegant hard finished house, with 2 lots and a good barn on High street. Very slightly place, and in good neighborhood. Worth seeing.

ACREAGE.

Twenty-eight acres very choice property, adjoining town. Running spring. Elegant meadow on part of tract. \$200 per acre. For a short time only.

Lots in Capital Park addition, one block from State street, \$800 for quarter blocks, \$900 and \$400 for single large lots.

Lots in Yew Park, Queen Anne, Mill addition and University additions. 75x130 near Asylum avenue; \$900.

ISAAC A. MANNING,

Real Estate Broker, Bank Block.
Up-Stairs, Salem, Oregon.

Weekly Capital Journal!

Has Been Enlarged

And Greatly Improved and Now Is The

CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER IN OREGON!

THE BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER

IN MARION COUNTY

Read Our Reduced Terms!

WEEKLY, one year, \$1.50. WEEKLY, six months, \$0.75

Now Read Our Discount for Cash!

WEEKLY, one year, \$1.00. WEEKLY, six months, \$0.50.

WAS THERE EVER ANYTHING EQUAL TO IT? NOW ROLL
IN THE NAMES, AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR
ONE-HIRD OFF FOR CASH.

Our Old Subscribers

Now in arrears are urged to take advantage of our big discount, by settling old accounts and joining the grand throng of one dollar subscribers

THIS IS NOT A SPECIAL OFFER

But a solid, permanent reduction. We have come to stay

TO ONE AND ALL

We say, send us your names. If you want to take advantage of our "one third off for cash," and are not where you can get postal notes of other convenient method of remitting, send us your name and state that you will remit at first opportunity. This will ensure your being placed on the dollar list.

OREGONIAN RAILWAY CO.

(Limited Line.)

CHAS. N. SCOTT, Receiver.

On and after Feb. 18 1896, until further notice trains will run daily (except Sunday) as follows:

EAST SIDE.

Coburg Mail

From Portland

STATIONS.

To Portland

Lv. Portland

Ar. Portland

Lv. Portland

Ar. Portland

Lv. Portland

Ar. Portland

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KRAUSSE & KLEIN,

No. 211 Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon.

ARE THE LEADERS IN

Ladies' and Gents' Fine Dress Shoes

Also a large line of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' canvas shoes for summer. Remember they will make it an object for you to call on them and they will show you the best lines of goods in the city. This firm is well known to all the citizens of Salem, and surrounding country, as a firm that handles nothing but reliable goods. Take the people's word for it and call on these gentlemen when in want of foot-wear.

Their Spring Stock is Unsurpassed in Quality and Prices.

LOOK = OUT!

—Something is Going to Drop at—

BODWELL'S NEW SHOE STORE,

95 State Street, Salem.

We contemplate a change of business soon, and will therefore make sweeping reductions in certain line of Boots and Shoes in order to reduce our stock to a minimum. We want Money! You need Boots and Shoes. Come and examine goods and prices and see if it will not pay you to lay in one or two years supply at the prices we offer.

GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES!

A child can buy as cheap as a man at our store. We mean business, and if you wear shoes look us up. YOURS FOR "KOLD KOIN!"

BAILEY F. BODWELL,

THE KEY TO SUCCESS!

FOUND!

Success in Business Requires preparation! Therefore, thoroughly master Commercial Arithmetic, Business Penmanship and Business Correspondence, Book-keeping by both Single and Double Entry, the nature and correct use of Commercial Papers, Commercial Law and Business Practice. Learn also, Shorthand and Type-writing, Manifold, and Dictation work. All these are needed in business, and are thoroughly taught by experienced teachers at the
SALEM BUSINESS COLLEGE
Griswold's Block, Salem, Oregon.

EASTERN PROPERTY!

—To Exchange for—

OREGON LAND!

HOMES

—FOR THE—

HOMELESS!!!

1200 ACRES

—OF—

Varied Lands

—FOR—

Sale or Rent.

Quantity and Quality to Suit

Purchaser.

Lands near R. R. Facilities

A GOOD CHANCE

For particulars at this office.

TRANSPORTATION.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company's steamship line, 225 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TIME SCHEDULE, (Except Sundays):
Leave Albany 1:00 P.M.
Leave Corvallis 1:40 P.M.
Arrive Yaquina 2:30 P.M.
Leave Yaquina 3:40 A.M.
Leave Corvallis 4:30 A.M.
Arrive Albany 11:30 A.M.

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.
The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co's Line of steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

SAILING DATES.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Willamette Valley Thursday Dec. 17

Willamette Valley Monday " 17

Willamette Valley Sunday " 18

FROM YAQUINA.

Willamette Valley Wednesday Dec. 12

Willamette Valley Monday " 24

This company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Passenger and Freight Rates Always the Lowest. For information apply to Messrs HILLMAN & CO. Freight and Ticket Agents 220 and 222 Front St., Portland, Or. or to
C. C. HOGTE, Asst. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R.R. Co., Corvallis, Or.
G. H. HASWELL, Jr., Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Development Co., 304 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

TIME TABLE—RIVER DIVISION.

The elegantly equipped steamboats, Wm. M. Hogg, Capt. Geo. Raabe; the N. S. Bentley, Capt. J. T. Coulter; the Three Sisters, Capt. W. F. Short; are in service for passenger and freight traffic between Corvallis and Portland and intermediate points, making three round trips each week as follows:

NORTH BOUND—Leaves Corvallis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m. Arrives at Salem Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 p. m. Leaves Salem Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 a. m. Arrives at Portland Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8:30 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND—Leaves Portland Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 a. m. Arrives at Salem Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9:15 p. m. Leaves Salem Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 a. m. Arrives at Corvallis Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8:30 p. m.

For freight and passenger rates apply to the captains and purser of the respective boats, or to W. M. Hogg, agent, 230 and 232 Front street, Portland; Gilbert Bros. agents, Salem; I. M. Adair, agent, Albany; C. A. Miller, agent, Corvallis; or to the general freight and passenger agent, Corvallis, O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

F. W. BOWEN, Superintendent.
Wm. HOGG, General Manager.

Overland to California

—VIA—

Southern Pacific Company's Line.

THE MOUNT SHASTA ROUTE.

Time between Salem and San Francisco

Thirty-six Hours.

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUN DAILY

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F.

South.

Lv. Portland Ar. Portland

Lv. Salem Ar. Salem

Lv. San Fran. Ar. San Fran.

Lv. Portland Ar. Portland

Lv. Salem Ar. Salem

Lv. Eugene Ar. Eugene

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