

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY, BY THE Capital Journal Publishing Company. (Incorporated.)

Entered at the postoffice at Salem, Or., as second-class matter.

JACOB L. MITCHELL, Manager.

Advertisements to insure insertion (for the same day) should be handed in by 1 o'clock.

Correspondence containing news of interest and importance is desired from all parts of the state.

No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Persons desiring the CAPITAL JOURNAL served at their houses can secure it by postal card request, or by word left at this office.

Specimen numbers sent free on application. Office, corner Court and Liberty Streets.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899

SATURDAY EVENING.

A Fascinating Story that Ends Romantically.

SCENES UNDER THE APPLE TREE.

Pretty May Grierson is Tempted by a Villain to Banish Her First Love.

Who Comes at Last.

She stood under the apple tree in the little patch of ground that was all the garden the small house behind her could boast.

Pretty May Grierson, she was called; but as she stood looking out into the road, and picking to pieces a sprig of apple blossoms, there was that in her beauty to make the heart ache.

She was hungry; she was almost desperate. The large, brown eyes, whose natural expression was all gentleness and timidity, were bright and eager, the face was thin and white, the lips parched with fever.

"Just a mile to the river," she was thinking—"one little mile—and once under the waves, rest, peace and oblivion."

Out upon the soft summer air there came from the window behind her a hollow cough. As she heard it her face softened and a rush of tears filled her eyes.

"I could not die and leave him. Ah! the way is hard, the cup is bitter, but I will walk over the one and drain the other for his sake—only for his sake. It will be only for a little while, and then there is still the river."

She was not yet nineteen, and the way before her was to lead to the church, the cup to be drained, her marriage, and for her wedding portion she was meditating suicide.

Does it seem exaggerated? I will tell you her story, and you may judge. Her father, Paul Grierson, had been a successful artist, and May was his idol, after his wife died, years ago. May had been carefully educated, and upon a groundwork of useful knowledge her father had reared a fairy palace of music, poetry, and painting. Without being rich, they had plenty, and they had traveled far and wide with a companion May had loved from a baby, her father's pupil and namesake, Paul Grierson Hall, a distant cousin.

When May was seventeen and Paul five years older, the young artist joined an exploring expedition to make sketches, and the trio separated. That was the first heart-wrench. They were all in Paris when the parting came, but a few months later Mr. Grierson's health began to fail, and he became homesick.

The tiny cottage in Hamilton—smallest of villages—was his inheritance from his mother, and he came to it to die; for consumption grasped him in iron folds, and while he struggled with sickness the bank in which were all his savings failed, and save for the cottage and its furniture he was destitute.

Then began that fierce discipline of life that had robbed pretty May Grierson's cheek of its bloom and driven her step by step over the rugged road of poverty and suffering to the boundaries of desperation.

She sewed for the villagers at starvation prices; she carried her father's pictures to the great city, nine miles away, walking one way always, but rarely finding a sale. She saved and starved to give food and wine to the invalid, and at the last, in sheer despair, she resolved to marry Cuthbert Holmes, from whom her soul shrank in positive horror.

It was useless to write to Paul, wandering in Central America, and whose letters to Paris were forwarded; before he could come they would be dead from hunger and privation. Cuthbert Holmes was rich, and had fallen in love with May in the church choir. He had a deep bass voice, and had supported her clear soprano week after week, till she woke in him a desire to keep her ever beside him, his wife and mistress of his large, handsome house.

He was a coarse, illiterate man; and there were rumors that his dead wife died of an obsolete disease called decline by the profession, broken heart by the sentimental.

But he had a sort of clumsy tact, and he wooed the girl through her father, talking of what he would do if he had the invalid in his care, sending flowers and fruit to the cottage, and all the while hating Paul Grierson as a coarse mind hates a refined one, smarting under a sense of inferiority, though he called the Griersons beggars in his heart.

I think had Paul Grierson known all that was in his daughter's heart as she stood under the apple tree he would have bidden her go to the river, leave him for the suicide's lot rather than put her hand in that of Cuthbert Holmes and swear to love and honor him. But he guessed nothing of this crowning act of self-sacrifice the girl meditated.

He looked from the window and saw her standing quietly alone, and said, gently:

"Shall we walk to the grove, darling?"

"Do you feel strong enough?" she asked, coming quickly to his side.

"It is not far, and I sleep better after a walk."

She wrapped him carefully in a soft traveling shawl, brought him a taste of wine in a tiny glass, and gave him her arm, only stronger than himself in the fact that there was no disease in her young frame, only the weariness of hunger and suffering.

They walked slowly to the grove, a cluster of trees upon the public common, and where one bench at the foot of a gigantic oak tree was a favorite resting place. They were hidden there from passers-by upon the narrow foot-path, and when May had made a cushion of an old shawl, that would keep her father's feet from the ground, they both fell into deep, contented silence; the girl crouched at her father's feet, and his hand softly stroking her glossy, brown curls.

"I think the greatest blessing was the power both possessed to lift themselves at such times above realities, put their sordid life far away, and live again in their past, or make a new world of poetic and artistic imaginings. Somewhere in dreamland they were resting for their brief holiday, when a harsh voice from the other side of the great oak tree roused them. Only too well both knew those hard tones, as Cuthbert Holmes said:

"She'll marry me fast enough when I ask her; and as to her father, I'm not quite such a fool as to burden myself with a sick man. I'll take May off for a wedding trip, and keep her till the old man—"

The voice was growing faint in the distance, and they heard no more.

But Paul Grierson's eyes were fixed upon the white, white face at his knee with such terror that she cried:

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me! It was for your sake!"

"For my sake, May! Would you have married that—that brute to help me? Child! child! I would sooner strike you dead than give you up to him!"

"I know," she said, with a choking sob. "But he was always talking of what you ought to have, what would do you good, as if he only wanted the right to provide every comfort and luxury for you. Oh, father! how can we be thankful enough that we heard him!"

But Paul Grierson was too deeply shocked to realize May's escape.

"It could not be long for me, dearest," he said, holding her hand in a close clasp; "only a few months of ease or rest; but for you a life-long agony. Promise me, promise me, May, that you will never yield to such a temptation again for my sake."

"I promise. We may suffer, but it will be together. Oh, to think he would have parted us, and left you to—"

And a shudder finished the sentence.

But even then, in her relief and pain, May gave no hint of those visions of rest under the river that had been the dream of release. Surely heaven had saved her once, and some way would open for the future—the future the girl bounded by her father's life. Beyond that separation, the dread which never left her, May had no thought of a future.

Dusk was gathering when Paul Grierson rose feebly and set his face homeward. When the cottage came in sight father and daughter stopped short in the road. There being little to tempt burglars, they had not fastened the doors or windows, and evidently someone was in the house. There was a light in the sitting room, and when they entered it a table was spread such as they had not seen for many long days. The service was familiar, the old-fashioned china that old Mrs. Grierson had cherished since her own wedding day, the well-kept damask, the small silver spoons and forks. But where had boiled chickens, muffins, golden proscoves, huge strawberries and crisp water-cresses rained down from? Who had

heaped the sugar bowl, filled the cream pitcher, replenished the butter dish? Who was coming with a firm step from the kitchen, bearing triumphantly a coffee pot, whose fragrance was wafted upon the summer breezes to greet astonished noses?

A tall man, a brown-bearded man, a broad-shouldered man, with great blue eyes full of mischief, and yet softening oddly at the sight of his host and hostess, as if tears were not far away.

May gave one ecstatic cry: "Paul!" and would have rushed forward, but he waved her back, deposited the coffee-pot with a dramatic flourish, and then opened his arms. She nestled there like a bird who has found her nest after a storm, and looking over her head, Paul held out one hand to his god-father.

"My little wife?" he asked, and knew by Paul Grierson's eyes and May's quick sob that the hope he cherished in his long exile would soon be a reality.

"Come," he said, presently, "eat of my supper. I knew you would come home half-starved, so I foraged with a pocketful of silver. You know I have a natural genius for cooking, and it has been cultivated to full perfection in our explorations."

"But how did you find us?" asked Mr. Grierson, when the two were seated.

"Came direct from Paris. May wrote you were coming to Hamilton, so to Hamilton I came. The natives told me where Mr. Grierson lived."

But Paul did not mention how the one native he had interviewed had described to him the dreadful poverty in the little cottage.

"May!" he commanded, "eat more, and stop drinking coffee. You are the same old coffee lover as ever, I see."

"This is simply delicious," she replied. "Nobody could make coffee like yours."

"But we will train our slaves," he answered majestically; "for, May," and he laughed like a boy, "what news do you think I found in New York?"

"I cannot guess."

"My grandfather is dead."

"Well, I thought you quarreled with him because you would be an artist."

"Too true, yet he relented and left me all his money. We are rich, my dear."

"We!" she echoed. "You are rich."

"It's all in the family, my love, for I am going to have a wedding in Hamilton to-morrow."

"Oh, Paul!" she gasped. "It is too soon."

"Then I'll be off to Central America again, and give you two or three years more to think about it."

"Dare to go!" she cried, wondering if her slinging heart was the one so full of misery only a few short hours before.

But before she slept she made her confession, and was forgiven, and Paul had his way about the wedding.

He had been urged to haste by Mr. Grierson's gaily face and racking cough, but the Angel of Death passed them by. With money used lavishly in physicians and remedies, and with the most loving of care, his children nursed Paul Grierson back to life and health, and the studio in the great house, where there are baby voices now to greet Paul and May, is as much for the use of the elder artist as for his son and pupil.

Sometimes they make summer visits to the tiny cottage and live in Arcadian simplicity for a few weeks, but May's dreams under the apple tree are no longer of despair and suicide, but full of rosy visions of a fair happy future—happy in her father, husband, and children, and the home-love encircling them all.—New York Ledger.

DEAFNESS CAN'T BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

F. J. Cheney & Co., proprietors, Toledo, O.

heaped the sugar bowl, filled the cream pitcher, replenished the butter dish? Who was coming with a firm step from the kitchen, bearing triumphantly a coffee pot, whose fragrance was wafted upon the summer breezes to greet astonished noses?

A tall man, a brown-bearded man, a broad-shouldered man, with great blue eyes full of mischief, and yet softening oddly at the sight of his host and hostess, as if tears were not far away.

May gave one ecstatic cry: "Paul!" and would have rushed forward, but he waved her back, deposited the coffee-pot with a dramatic flourish, and then opened his arms. She nestled there like a bird who has found her nest after a storm, and looking over her head, Paul held out one hand to his god-father.

"My little wife?" he asked, and knew by Paul Grierson's eyes and May's quick sob that the hope he cherished in his long exile would soon be a reality.

"Come," he said, presently, "eat of my supper. I knew you would come home half-starved, so I foraged with a pocketful of silver. You know I have a natural genius for cooking, and it has been cultivated to full perfection in our explorations."

"But how did you find us?" asked Mr. Grierson, when the two were seated.

"Came direct from Paris. May wrote you were coming to Hamilton, so to Hamilton I came. The natives told me where Mr. Grierson lived."

But Paul did not mention how the one native he had interviewed had described to him the dreadful poverty in the little cottage.

"May!" he commanded, "eat more, and stop drinking coffee. You are the same old coffee lover as ever, I see."

"This is simply delicious," she replied. "Nobody could make coffee like yours."

"But we will train our slaves," he answered majestically; "for, May," and he laughed like a boy, "what news do you think I found in New York?"

"I cannot guess."

"My grandfather is dead."

"Well, I thought you quarreled with him because you would be an artist."

"Too true, yet he relented and left me all his money. We are rich, my dear."

"We!" she echoed. "You are rich."

"It's all in the family, my love, for I am going to have a wedding in Hamilton to-morrow."

"Oh, Paul!" she gasped. "It is too soon."

"Then I'll be off to Central America again, and give you two or three years more to think about it."

"Dare to go!" she cried, wondering if her slinging heart was the one so full of misery only a few short hours before.

But before she slept she made her confession, and was forgiven, and Paul had his way about the wedding.

He had been urged to haste by Mr. Grierson's gaily face and racking cough, but the Angel of Death passed them by. With money used lavishly in physicians and remedies, and with the most loving of care, his children nursed Paul Grierson back to life and health, and the studio in the great house, where there are baby voices now to greet Paul and May, is as much for the use of the elder artist as for his son and pupil.

Sometimes they make summer visits to the tiny cottage and live in Arcadian simplicity for a few weeks, but May's dreams under the apple tree are no longer of despair and suicide, but full of rosy visions of a fair happy future—happy in her father, husband, and children, and the home-love encircling them all.—New York Ledger.

DEAFNESS CAN'T BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

F. J. Cheney & Co., proprietors, Toledo, O.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. It is merit that wins, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has given to this medicine a popularity and sale greater than that of any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier before the public. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all Humors, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an Appetite, strengthens the Nerves, builds up the Whole System. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Price, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Henry Terlan, a prominent young man at Covington, Ky., was killed by a blow from a beer glass in the hands of a woman at a dance house.

Oregon is one of the most productive states in the Union. Its vast mineral regions contain gold, silver, copper, iron, and coal. Its immense tracts of grazing lands support thousands of cattle and sheep, and its extensive agricultural regions produce all the cereals in abundance, the yield per acre being, in some instances, the largest in the world. Among the useful and valuable products of the Web Foot State may be mentioned Oregon Kidney Tea, which has proved a boon to thousands afflicted with pain in the back and kidney difficulties. It is purely of vegetable composition and never ails. Sold by D. W. Mathews.

J. Frank Collom, the alleged forger of 227,000 worth of notes, was released from the Minneapolis jail on the 16th, on \$100,000 bail.

A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this country. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking the first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a free trial bottle at Daniel Fry's drug store.

The Kansas City council has passed a law raising huckster's license to \$50. The grocer's worked this through to kill the business.

MARIT WINS.

We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Sold by Daniel J. Fry, druggist.

EPICURE.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and \$1 per bottle at Daniel J. Fry's Drugstore.

The recent flood in Kansas was general throughout the western part of the state. Salt creek at Lincoln went over its banks and over 500 cottages were submerged.

It should be generally known that Dr. Hensley's Dandelion Tonic insures a hearty appetite and increased digestion, dispels nervous depression and low spirits, overcomes lack of energy and wakefulness and will infuse new life and strength into the weakest invalid. Sold by D. W. Mathews.

This is the season of the year when the raw, cold winds create sad havoc with the hands and complexion. Soft white hands and a clear "peachy" complexion can be assuredly preserved by the frequent application of Dutar's Specific. If rubbed into the skin well it leaves no greasy surface. The skin absorbs it. Sold by D. W. Mathews.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Daniel J. Fry, druggist.

The Best Residence Localities

In the city of Portland and other prosperous towns are those owned by men or corporations who have the disposition and ability to improve them.

HIGHLAND ADDITION

—IS OWNED BY—

THE OREGON LAND COMPANY!

And this Corporation is determined to

Make It The Most Attractive Addition

To the city of Salem. They have at this time fifteen teams employed and the contemplated improvements have scarcely begun. It is intended to make the drive leading from Commercial street through Riverside and Highland additions and around Highland Park

THE FINEST DRIVE IN THE STATE

Of Oregon. The line of the Salem Street Railway Company runs through the middle of this addition, and no lots will be more than two blocks distant from the line. Highland Park will in the near future be

THE MOST POPULAR RESORT

ABOUT THE CITY OF SALEM.

Lots in Highland Addition are High and Dry and Well Located; Most Excellent Drainage

The soil is black and rich. From all points a fine view is obtained of the public buildings and our highest mountain peaks. Arrangements are already being made for the location of two churches in this addition, and a number of residences are soon to be built. Buildings only of the best class will be permitted. Residence lots within the limits of the city of Salem are worth on an average over \$1000. We can sell you better lots in Highland addition for one-third of the money, and being directly on the line of the street railway they are practically not half so far from the public buildings and the business part of the town as the majority of the so-called "inside lots."

Buy a Lot in Highland Addition for Three Hundred Dollars,

And let some other fellow pay \$1000 for an inferior lot not so well located. With the difference of \$700 you can build a beautiful cottage, or put it out at a rate of interest that will buy you nearly two thousand street car tickets every year.

Farmers, Mechanics AND SPECULATORS.

Your attention is respectfully called to the special advantages of

Wm. R. White's Patent Gate,

Which received the highest honors ever given to gates at New Orleans World's Fair. Call and see these wonderful and simple mechanism, which, in the words of the jury on awards, "is a wonderful combination of simplicity." Also the Lone Star Hay Press, The price of which, \$100, puts it within the reach of the ordinary farmer. Theodore Palm, agent, County rights for sale. On exhibition at corner Liberty and State streets, Salem, Or.

Conservatory of Music

Of the Willamette University Salem, Oregon, the most successful Music School on the Northwest Coast. Courses in music are equal to Eastern music schools. Yearly attendance of nearly one hundred and fifty. The able corps of teachers for the coming school year will be Prof. Z. M. Parvin, Leona Willis, Miss Eva Cox, assistant teachers, Miss Lulu M. Smith, Miss Healy Parish, and Miss Mamie Parvin. Branches taught are Vocal Culture, Piano, Organ, Violin, Pipe Organ, Harmony, Counterpoint, and Class Teaching. Diplomas given on completion of course. Send for catalogue and circular. Z. M. PARVIN 7-563 3rd-wm.

Small Farms for Sale.

A number of ten-acre tracts of desirable and within one and a half miles of Salem, at prices ranging from \$50 to \$100 per acre. Apply to WILLIS & CHAMBERLIN, 6-29-1st Opera House Block

C. M. LOCKWOOD, SALEM, OREGON.

Headquarters for the Willamette Valley for the celebrated Columbia bicycles and tricycles. The Columbias are well known as the best made, and have valuable improvements for the year. Those wanting machines will do well to call on or correspond with me before purchasing. Office at Gilbert Bros.' bank, 207 Commercial street, Salem.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE CO. OF N. Y.

JOS. ALBERT, Agent, - Salem, Oregon

NEW LIVERY STABLE.

Gaines Fisher, Proprietor. Corner Ferry and Liberty streets, N. E. cor from Chemekete hotel, Salem, Or. Good accommodations for commercial travelers. First-class rigs always on hand. Charges reasonable.

W. S. MOTT, M. D. (Formerly of Williams Grove, Pa.)

Office for the present at RESIDENCE, No. 470 Commercial Street!

Calls in the city or from the country promptly responded to.

DORRANCE BROS.

Dealers in every variety of OREGON LUMBER. DRESSED AND UNDRESSED! Lumber Delivered on Short Notice.

Yard at the Agricultural works, Salem, Oregon. Mill located four and a half miles northeast from Salem, on the John Martin donation land claim.

Slab Wood 50c Per Cord. Call and see us before purchasing else where.

Kansas House, Corner of Court and High Sts.

E. M. LAW, Proprietor.

We have taken a new name but will continue to serve our patrons with the best the market affords, give them a cordial welcome to Our Home. Terms reasonable. Give us a call and we will do you good. No Chinese employed.

Store Enlarged

Having enlarged my store I am now able to supply you with all kinds of groceries, feed, cigars, tobacco, crockery and glass-ware. Country produce of all kinds always on hand. If you have not traded with me before, I respectfully solicit a trial believing I can suit you both in price and quality.

THOMAS BURROWS, Commercial Street, Salem, Or

New Butcher Shop AT NO. 110 STATE ST.

ANGEVINE & JEFFERSON.

Have opened a first-class butcher shop at the above location, where they will be pleased to serve the people with the CHOICEST AND BEST MEATS

of all kinds that the market affords. Give them a call and be convinced of the superiority of their meats. Goods delivered free.

\$75 to \$250 A MONTH can be made by those who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. H. F. Johnson & Co., 1039 Main st., Richmond, Va.

N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. H. F. J. & Co. 44-45-m-s.

Oregon State Fair

Twenty-ninth annual exhibition at Salem, Oregon, Commencing Monday, Sept. 16,

Continuing one week under the management of the Oregon State Board of Agriculture.

OVER \$1,500 In Cash Premiums

Offered for agricultural stock, dairy and mechanical exhibits, for works of art, fancy work, and for trials of speed.

Running and Trotting Races EVERY DAY.

Important improvements have been made in the premium list.

Reduced rates for fares and freights on all transportation lines to and from the fair.

PRICES OF ADMISSION: Men's