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SATURDAY - - - - - SEPTEMBER 25, 1898

SATURDAY EVENING!

Can It Be True That Dark Men
Are Always Jealous.

A TRUE STORY BY OWEN'S WIFE.

The Marriage of a Young Couple Comes
Near Ending in a Sad Manner—
All Comes Out Right at Last.

"Dark men are always jealous men. Beware if one crosses your path."

So said the gypsy fortune teller to Maggie Cameron, when she sought the hollow where the tents were pitched, with half a dozen other frightened girls and laughing boys one summer morning, and Maggie was superstitious for a girl of the nineteenth century, yet she accepted Owen Mayne on her way home. The darkest of the dark, eyes like jet, hair no raven's wing could outvie, the skin of a Spaniard, strong features, and a temper that leaped up at a touch, and did not cool again in haste.

He was older than most of the party, and had more experience. He had been in the far west; he had fought the Indians once or twice; he had met with desperadoes who would have robbed him had he not left them dead on the spot. A tall, slight man, graceful and agile; as good a dancer as he was a fighter—he had taken Maggie's heart by storm.

He knew how to make love, too; he was not one of your timid lovers. "Your gypsy told you to beware of dark men, did she not?" he asked Maggie as they walked home together.

"Yes," she said, "because they are jealous; but, for my part, I should not like a husband who was not jealous of me; I should think he did not care enough."

"You are right," said Owen. "Without jealousy there is no love. Marry me, Maggie, and I think I shall make you happier than any chilly hearted fellow who only wanted you to cook his dinner for him could. Marry me, Maggie, and have no fear of a jealous man as long as you are true to him, for he will not suspect you without cause."

And Maggie put her hand into his, and, though no doubt all the others saw him do it, Owen kissed her.

And so they were married not long after, and for a year were as happy as mortals could be.

At the end of the year there was a little baby in the little home, and the young couple were as proud of it as young couples usually are.

Owen was an engineer, and off and away much of the time. But when his train passed the little cottage where his wife dwelt, he always gave her a signal in the shape of a whistle she had learned to know.

"I wonder what that whistle means?" people on the cars often asked each other, never guessing that it was the young engineer's signal to his wife and baby.

The child grew and thrived, a pretty creature, with its father's dark eyes and its mother's golden hair; and except for the fact that, like any other engineer, Owen took his life in his hands each morning when he went forth to win his bread, there was nothing to trouble Maggie.

"The dark man has never been jealous of me once," she used to say to herself. "But, to be sure, I never look at anyone else, and he has no cause."

The home where the three dwelt was in a quiet little village on the borders of a small but beautiful lake. On those afternoons which brought Owen home Maggie used to go to meet him by what they called the Lake road.

At first she carried the child, then she pushed him in the little wagon; but at last he was able to walk beside her.

He was a sturdy little fellow, with no fear of anything, and Maggie had much ado to keep him in good

order, but she was very proud of him.

It was a bright autumn afternoon, and Maggie was on her way to meet Owen, when her attention was attracted by an unwonted sight. Beside the lake an easel was set up, and an artist was seated before it making a sketch of the surrounding scenery. The place was so out of the way of tourists or summer boarders that this thing had never been seen before, and Maggie, who was very fond of pictures—though she had seen but few—paused, and watched the painter from afar.

He was an elderly man, and wore a velvet coat and a large slouched hat. When he saw Maggie standing at a little distance he turned and smiled kindly upon her.

"Come," he said, with a strong French accent; "come and see, if you like—come."

Maggie approached the easel. "Oh, how pretty!" said she. "I don't see how you ever do it, I'm sure—all with that little brush and some paint."

"And some brains," said the Frenchman.

"Oh, of course you must think it all out," said Maggie—"the sky and the clouds and the water. What lovely little waves!"

Maggie stood watching him as he worked, and for the first time in her life she forgot her child.

The little creature wandered away, going nearer to the water than his mother ever permitted him to go, and shortly waded in further and further down the gradual slope of smooth sand, until a sudden dip took him off his feet, and at his scream his mother turned to see him struggling—sinking—drowning before her eyes.

The next instant the Frenchman had thrown off his coat, kicked off his shoes and was in the water. He seemed to be a good swimmer, soon grasped the child's garments and reached the shore with him.

Maggie clasped her boy to her heart, and finding the little fellow unharmed, and now laughing, flung herself upon her knees before his preserver.

"How shall I thank you?" she said. "You have saved my boy's life."

"Oh, it was nothing, it was nothing," the Frenchman repeated, resuming his coat and shoes. "A plunge hurts nobody this weather. I go home to dry myself, that is all."

Maggie, however, did not look upon the matter calmly. She had expected to see her child drown before her eyes. She was trembling from head to foot, and after striving in vain to restrain herself she burst into a flood of tears, which ended in a fit of hysterical laughing and sobbing.

"Oh, these women," said the Frenchman to himself, but he was gallant to express his feelings.

Placing Maggie upon his sketching stool, he knelt beside her, applied a little smelling bottle to her nostrils and shortly restored her to calmness.

"Now, little mother, do not cry any more," he said. "You should laugh because the little one is safe. Ah—good heavens! how foolish!"

And then, in a perfectly paternal manner, he kissed her. And Maggie, crying out:

"You good, good man! I shall pray for you every night of my life," kissed him again.

It was all for the preserver of her boy, of Owen's boy, and because she was really out of her mind at the moment. But at this instant Owen himself, coming rapidly along the shore road, caught sight of his wife. The child, perched on a rock, was playing unconcernedly with his wet shoe, but Owen did not see him. What he saw was a stranger kissing his wife, his wife kissing the stranger again; and all that was fond and tender and loving flew from his soul.

"The dark man," of whom the gypsy had warned Maggie, was her husband now. He came rushing down toward them, and the Frenchman, seeing what he fancied—not without reason—to be a madman approaching, turned and fled. His fighting days, if he ever had any, were over. He was willing to risk his life to save a beautiful little child, but this was another matter. As for Owen, he reached Maggie's side at three bounds, and seizing her arm, held it in a grip of iron.

"I saw you kiss him!" he hissed in her ear. "You play me false, do you—yes?"

"Owen, you are crazy," said Maggie.

"Speak; did you kiss him? I can't believe it yet," said Owen. "Why, Maggie, it cannot be. Say you did not; that the sun was in my eyes; that I did not see rightly. You did not kiss him!"

"I did," said Maggie; "yes, I kissed him. He—"

Owen pushed her from him, so that she staggered and fell. And when she looked up he was gone—he had followed the Frenchman, or intended to do so. But the light-footed foreigner had been careful to step aside as soon as he was out of

sight, and return to his hotel by a devious route.

"No doubt that was madame's husband," said he. "When madame shall have explained, all will be right. Just now I will be on the safe side."

Meanwhile poor Maggie had gathered herself up, taken her boy by the hand, and gone homeward. A deadly fear of her husband possessed her—she remembered the gypsy's prophecy.

"He will kill me," she said to herself. "He will kill me before ever I can tell him my story."

Then Maggie, terror-stricken, took her boy and fled from the home. The dread of being murdered by the "jealous dark man" was strong upon her.

She knew of an empty hut—once a flagman's house—which stood beside the road. Here she could hide until dawn, when Owen would be miles away. Then she would fly where she could meet him no more, for she had no hope of proving the truth to him.

She had cause for her fear—Owen meant to kill her. He fancied her one of those vile women who have the seeming of an angel, and who mar the lives of men who love them—he would kill her, and then die.

He had not had time to go home. The hour of his return to the engine had come upon him almost unawares. He reached his post only by the greatest efforts, almost tempted to desert in order to find and slay the man who had killed his wife.

It was 10 o'clock, in the lonely hut by the railway track. Maggie had put her boy to sleep, when the sound of voices caused her to creep to the window and look out. There she saw a sight that curdled the blood in her veins—train wreckers at work—three vile tramps, who had already placed across the track a hill of obstacles which would insure the destruction of any train which came upon them in the darkness.

They worked by the light of lanterns, and she heard them chuckling in fiendish glee.

"Best get out of the way now," said one, "and be seen at the tavern. When we hear the whistles we'll come and help."

"Yes, we'll help, good, charitable souls that we are," said another. The 11 o'clock express going north will be delayed to-night."

They laughed as they spoke, and Maggie clasped her hands—the 11 o'clock train was Owen's.

The engineer is always the first victim in a disaster. The man who was going to kill her would never live to do it if this train met the fate prepared for it. But Maggie never thought of that. It was only her dear Owen she remembered now—her loving husband, not the dark, jealous man from whom she had fled.

If the tramps returned her doom was sealed; but that did not matter. She covered her boy with a cloak she had brought, and lighting a match, peered at the little silver watch she wore about her neck. The train was due in half an hour. What should she do?

"Thank God for the candles," she said, as she barred the door and went out upon the road.

She would not waste her means. She listened intently—moments seemed hours—but at last she heard the far away whistle. She knew how fast the express train flew. She must be prompt or her efforts would be in vain.

How small the candle looked! The train did not stop—they did not notice—a greater flame must be made. She tore off her gown—the calico would make a greater blaze—she tied the sleeves to a branch she had caught up and set it on fire. The danger signal sounded; the train was slowing.

"Thank God!" she cried, "Owen has seen it; he has stopped!"

She flourished the flaming fragments of her dress still more wildly, and now people were running down the track, and she was surrounded by men who thanked her for their lives, and amongst them Owen.

"Maggie!" he cried. "Oh, good heavens! how did you come here?"

"God led me, I think, Owen, to save your life."

And Owen, looking into her noble face, knew that he had been mad to doubt her, and clasped her to his breast.

Later, when she told him the story of her kiss, jealousy died within his soul forever, and he knelt repentant, asking her forgiveness—Mary Kyle Dallas in the Family Story Paper.

Secretary Tracey has decided to build the two 3,000-ton cruisers in the Government Navy Yard. One vessel complete will be built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, as well as the machinery for the other, while the hull and boilers of the second vessel will be constructed at the Norfolk Navy Yard.

Enoch Fowler, a resident of Georgetown, D. C., has received \$100,000 for one-half of a small property in Wyoming which a few years ago he could not sell at \$1 an acre.

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, Stomach Headache, Biliousness, overcomes That First Feeling, creates an Appetite, strengthens the Nerves, builds up the Whole System. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all drug stores. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

The present emperor of Russia obtained the right of succession in 1866 by the death of his brother. Shortly after that event he wrote a letter to a friend, in which he said: "I must repeatedly tell you that I am not at all satisfied with my position. It is too brilliant for my character, which is only contented with peace and family life. Court life does not suit me, and I suffer daily at being compelled to associate with the men at court. But I cannot accustom myself to judge their miserable actions coolly, and yet all this is done solely with the object of receiving outward distinctions, which, according to my opinion, are not worth a coneck. I feel unhappy in the society of these men, whom I would not suffer near me if they were lackeys. But, alas! they occupy the highest offices. In one word, dear friend, I must acknowledge that in losing my brother I suffered an unutterable loss. I am not suited for the high mission fate has ordained for me, for if, as Crown Prince, the burden appears unbearable, how much heavier will that be which in the future I shall have to bear?"

THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.
W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Daniel J. Fry's drugstore.

Mrs. Hiram Snell of Mala d Idaho, has given birth to three boys and three girls, weighing altogether eight pounds and all bright and lively.

MARTIN 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.

A broadsword contest between Duncan Ross and Sergeant Walsh at the Elmira (New York) State Fair last night developed into a fight and Walsh was seriously injured.

ETIPEPSY.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. "A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed." Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50cts, and \$1.00 per bottle at Dan'l J. Fry's drugstore.

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 first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hanrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a free trial bottle at Daniel J. Fry's drugstore.

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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 ask to see its 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, Leonora Willis, Miss Eva Cox, assistant teachers, Miss Lulu M. Smith, Miss Holly Parke and Miss Marie Parvin. Branches taught are Vocal Culture, Piano, Organ, Violin, Pipe Organ, Harmony, Counterpoint, and Church Teaching. Diplomas given on completion of course send for catalogue and circular. Z. M. PARVIN. 7-2nd 3m-wlm.

Small Farms for Sale.

A number of ten-acre tracts of desirable land, within one and a half miles of Salem, at prices ranging from \$50 to \$100 per acre. Apply to

WILLIS & CHAMBERLIN, 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 waiting machines will do well to call on or correspond with me before purchasing. Office at Gilbert Bros.' bank, 35 Commercial street, Salem.

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JOS. ALBERT, Agent, - - Salem, Oregon

NEW LIVERY STABLE.

Gaines Fisher, Proprietor.

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Good accommodations for commercial travelers. First-class rigs always on hand. Charges reasonable.

W. S. MOTT, M. D.

(Formerly of Williams Grove, Pa.)

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DRESSED AND UNDRESSED!

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Slab Wood 50c Per Cord.

Call and see us before purchasing else you are wrong.

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Kansas House,

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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 glassware.

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 prices and quality.

THOMAS BURROWS,

Commercial Street, Salem, Or

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CHOICEST AND BEST MEATS

of all kinds that the market affords.

Give them a call and be convinced of the superiority of their meats.

Articles delivered free.

\$75 to \$250 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. E. F. Johnson & Co., 309 Main St., Richmond, Va.

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A BARGAIN.

If you have \$200 or \$300 to invest in a business that will

Clear You from \$5 to \$15 a Day.

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