

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

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

JACOB L. MITCHELL, Manager

See fourth page for terms of subscription.

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.

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Specimen numbers sent free on application.

Office, corner Court and Liberty Streets.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16

SATURDAY READING!

The Kearney Sisters Excited Over the New Neighbor.

LITTLE BERTIE CAUSES SOME FUN.

The Neighbor Was Good Looking and a Gentleman After All.

"Girls!" cried Margery Kearney, "I've seen him! Clive Sterling—our new neighbor!"

In quite a whirl of excitement Margery had dashed into the cozy room where her three sisters were sitting.

"He can't look like that!" "What a caricature!"

"Indeed, comical and grotesque was the drawing of the long, lank figure, with the spidery extremities, the flying coat-tails, the tremendous goggles."

"Oh, just a trifle accentuated—not quite a caricature," she said, laughing, as she scrawled under the picture the words: "Our New Neighbor."

"The rain is clearing off!" cried Bertie. "I'm going to run and ask mamma if I mayn't go out."

Soon, with her kitten in her arms and her little spaniel at her heels, she was out on the wet road. The rain had quite ceased. The afternoon sun, weary and sulking, was coming out in splendid state.

"You did?" interrogatively chorused three eager voices. "I really did!"

"Is he handsome?" asked Janet, who appreciated all beauty as intensely as only a plain-looking person can.

"Intellectual-looking?" inquired Clotilde, who dipped daily into Emerson and professed to adore Ruskin.

"Jolly?" queried little Bertie, who was at the age when jolly people seemed created for her especial amusement.

"No—no—no!" laughed Margery. "Not handsome—or learned-looking—or even jolly. He is simply the most awkward-looking mortal I ever beheld!"

And she broke into a peal of heartiest laughter at the recollection of her encounter with their new neighbor.

"You see it was this way, girls," jerking off his gossamer and disclosing a form attired in a dress of chocolate cashmere—a form that was trim, slim, and willowy as that of sweet 17 is apt to be.

"Hello, little lassie! what is your name?"

"Kearney, sir."

"Oh, you're one of the Kearney sisters, are you? Which one?"

Bertie hugged her kitten more tightly and looked very important.

"I'm not the clever one," she said. He smiled.

"No?"

"No. Clotilde is the clever one."

"Well?"

"And I'm not the good one. Janet is the good one."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," with a nod. "And I'm not the pretty one, either. Margery is the pretty one."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm the bad one. At least that is the way Uncle Dick says we ought to be distinguished!"

She was breathless from her struggle with the big word.

"Then," he said, laughter lighting up his quiet brown eyes—"then it was Margery I saw to-day?"

"Yes, and I think," indignantly, "she was all wrong. I don't think you're one bit awkward."

"Eh?"

"I think you're downright nice. And some day—not now, because the girls said I mustn't—but some day, when I'm better acquainted, I'm going to ask you to let me ride on your little white pony."

He bowed gravely.

"Certainly."

"It's so sweet!" growing friendly and confidential. Do you know that last summer—keep still, Kitty Kearney, to the pussy, which was writhing attempting an escape—"last summer Margery, who is the grandest artist that ever lived, I think I made a sketch of it, when it was out at pasture. Just wait here and I'll run and get it. Come on, Twig."

Away she scampered, her little dog after her. Smiling amusedly the tall brown gentleman awaited her return.

In about fifteen minutes she was back with a fat book under her arm.

"It is in there, and he is eating grass!"

if the carpet was threadbare, the chairs venerable, the damask curtains darned—perhaps all the more home-like for these suggestions of social service and experience.

Janet went on with her talk of remodeling an old dress. Clotilde went over to the window, and looked wistfully through the drizzling rain to the red brick chimneys which rose above the house which held the coveted books.

Margery, obeying a sudden impulse, had snatched up her ever-ready sketch-book from the table, and was scratching vigorously away. An ecstatic giggle from Bertie, who was peeping over her shoulder, called the attention of the others to her work.

"What is it?" asked Janet.

Margery looked up with a nod and a smile.

"Wait a moment."

On her brisk pencil flew, the dimples in her pretty cheeks deepening as her mischievous smile grew.

"There!"

She held up the open book. The others gazed around to her.

"Oh, Margery?"

"He can't look like that!"

"What a caricature!"

"Indeed, comical and grotesque was the drawing of the long, lank figure, with the spidery extremities, the flying coat-tails, the tremendous goggles."

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In about fifteen minutes she was back with a fat book under her arm.

"It is in there, and he is eating grass!"

He took the book rather diffidently, and very curiously, too. It could not matter. Sketches were made to be looked at. And this was a sketch of his own pet pony.

"By George!"

He almost dropped the book.

"Oh, please, please," in an agony of remorse. "I quite forgot your picture was in there. What won't Margery say? Oh, never mind the pony's picture, now!"

She snatched the book, turned, ran home as fast as her fat legs would carry her, leaving Clive Sterling crimsoning and laughing as he never had crimsoned and laughed before.

"Well, I've seen myself for once as others see me, thanks to the pretty one!"

He dropped his eye-glasses and sauntered back to the house. For several days he neither saw nor heard anything of his neighbors. Then he chanced to encounter Bertie.

"Oh, please, I can't talk to you," the child said. "The girls say I'm so unrelaxed. You know Margery caught me when I was sneaking her sketch-book back, and made me tell her where I had taken it to."

"And then?"

"Then," confessed Bertie, with a contrite gulp, "then she sat down and cried!"

"I say! No!"

"She did. There she is now. Oh, Margery, Margery!"

The girl had come unexpectedly around the corner. To avoid a meeting was impossible. She was quite near her sister and the master of "The Oaks."

"This is Mr. Sterling, Margery. You knew you weren't regularly introduced before. I've been telling him how you cried about—"

A delicious blush of mortification, regret, pleading, swept across Margery's wild-rose face. Frankly she held out her hand, lifted her clear eyes.

"I am so sorry for having been rude! Will you forgive me, if you can?"

"And come over and play tennis this afternoon?"

"Thank you. Yes!" he said.

"Why, Margery," the others said to her, when he, after rattling good game, had returned home, "he is just splendid!"

"Good-looking, too!"

"And a gentleman!"

"All three!" decided Margery, promptly, as she sought the sketch of their new neighbor and deliberately tore it up.

She is Mrs. Clive Sterling now. Bertie was her bride-maid.—New York Ledger.

ADVICE FROM BELOW STAIRS.

"Bridget, I would give all my wealth for half of your health."

"Sure, ma'am, you need only give \$5. for that's the price of six bottles of J. V. S., as the boys call it. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla will make you as strong as me, ma'am."

Mrs. J. Barron, of 142 Seventh street, San Francisco, writes: "I have been taking Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla with immense benefit. It is perfectly splendid to build up nervous, run-down and worn out women." Mrs. Fred. Loy, of 277 Ellis street, Mrs. G. Werner, of 235 Berry street, and hundreds of others relate the same experience with the pure vegetable juices of this California compound.

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.

ELLIS & WHITNEY,

Proprietors of the

Favorite Livery and Feed Barns

Good rigs always on hand and furnished on short notice.

Private boarding of horses and stock a specialty.

Office and barns at the corner of Trade and Commercial streets.

MRS. M. E. WILSON,

Milliner and Dressmaker,

Invites the ladies of Salem and vicinity to call and inspect her select stock of Fall Millinery that has just arrived. She will pay particular attention also to the latest styles of dressmaking.

NEW HARDWARE STORE!

Chas. Pugh, Proprietor.

(Successor to Bellinger & Co.)

HARDWARE

—AND—

Farming Implements

A complete line always in stock.

My stock is bought new and for cash, at the lowest prices, and is sold at the most reasonable prices.

The best and latest improved machinery always on hand.

Office and store rooms at Bellinger's old stand on State street.

Catarrah

is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and

Catarrah

effects a permanent cure. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrah when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength.

Catarrah

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrah, and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrah was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pains in the back of my head. The effect to clear

Catarrah

my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I am never without Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house as I think it is worth its weight in gold." Mrs. G. B. GIBB, 108 High Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1 per box. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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FINE HANGING LAMPS

THOMAS BURROWS

Has just received a new line of the latest style of hanging lamps which will be sold at the most reasonable rates. We also carry a full line of Groceries, Feed, Cigars, Tobacco.

Crockery and Glassware!

Don't fail to sample our new line of crockery.

No. 228 Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon.

DORRANCE BROS.

Dealers in every variety of

OREGON LUMBER.

DRESSED AND UNDRESSED!

Lumber Delivered on Short Notice.

Yard at the Agricultural works, Salem, Oregon. 2141 East 4th and a half miles northeast from center, on the John Martin donation land claim.

Slab Wood 50c Per Cord.

Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere.

John A. Carson,

COUNSELOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Member of the Bar of Ontario, Canada.

Office, 90 State Street, Salem, Oregon.

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Hon. Sir Thomas Galt, Chief Justice of Ontario; Hon. James McLean, Judge of the Court of Appeals; Hon. W. F. R. Street, Judge of the Queen's Bench; Money to loan.

OREGONIAN RAILWAY CO.

(Limited Line.)

CHAS. N. SCOTT, Receiver.

On and after June 21 1889 and until further notice trains will run daily (except Sunday) as follows:

EAST SIDE.

Coburg Mail Portland 8:00 am

From Portland 8:55 pm

Portland 10:06

Woodburn 10:56

Townsend 11:05

McKee 11:19

St. Pauls 11:25

Downs 11:35

Silverton 12:10

Johnston's Mill 12:20

Switzerland 12:35

East side Junction 12:44

Macley 1:08

Aumsville 1:26

Ale 5:26

O P Crossing 2:21

West Slo, 2:43

Crabtree, 3:13

Spicer, 3:45

Tallman, 3:55

Plainview, 4:31

Brownsville, 5:07

Rowland, 5:55

Coburg, 6:50

AR 6:00

LV 8:30

Continuation Tickets at two cents per mile on sale at stations having agents.

Connection at Mt. Angel with stages for and from Willmet Mineral Springs and at Woodburn with Southern Pacific company trains for and from Portland, Or.

CHAS. N. SCOTT, Receiver, General Offices, N. W. Cor. First and Pine, Portland, Oregon.

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MUSEUM OF ANATOMY

701 Market St. San Francisco Admission 25 cents. Go and learn how to avoid disease. Consultation and treatment personally or by letter, on spermatorrhoea, organic weakness, and all diseases of men. Send for a book. Private office 211 Geary street. Consultation free.

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.

School Tax Notice.

The school taxes of District No. 24, in Marion county, are now due and payable at the clerk's office, No. 104 Court street, in Opera House block, Salem. The same will be deemed delinquent unless paid within sixty days from date.

DAVID SIMPSON, School clerk. October 15, 1889.

Educate