# THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

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JACOB L. MITCHELL - -- - Manager

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

of clock. Correspondence containing news of in-terest and importance is desired from all parts of the state. No attention will be paid to anonymous

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tion. 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!" eried Margery Kearney, "I've seen himi- Chy. Sterlingour new neighbor?' In quite a whiri of excitement

Margery had dashed into the cozy room where her three sisters were sitting. She was shuning with rate from the hoad of her silver gray gossamer to the very tips of her rubbers. The fluffy brown curls across her forehead were sprinkled with bright drops and her cheeks were glowing from her rapid walk.

"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 scemed created for her especial amusement.

"No-no-no!" laughed Margery. "Not handsome-or lea"ned-looking bloom! Aud how sweet the flowers -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 he gossamer and disclos

if the carpet was threadbare, the He took the book rather diffichairs venerable, the damask cur- dently, and very curiously, too. It tains darned-perhaps all the more could not matter. Sketches were home-like for these suggestions of made to be looked at. And this a constitutional and not a local disc social service and experience. was a sketch of his own pet pony. Janet went on with her talk of

"W! at is it?" asked Janet.

others flocked around to her.

"He can't look like that?"

"Indeed, comical and grotesque

Bertie. "I'm going to run and ask

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 after-

noon sun, weary and sulking, was

coming out in splendid state. In

its radience every drop on every

clover leaf was a glittering jewel,

and the pools in the street reflected

On and on wandered Bertie, her

scarlet skirt blowing backward, her

yellow hair tangling flossily as the

breeze caught and played with it.

mamma if I mayn't go out."

And off she rushed.

bits of the brilliant sky.

peer through.

verbenas.

"What a caricature!"

"Wait a moment."

"Oh, Margery?"

smile.

"There?"

gogg.es.

Neighbor,"

"By George!" remodeling an old dress. Clotilde He almost dropped the book. "Oh, please, please," in an agony went over to the window, and looked wistfuly through the drizzling of remove. "I quite forgot your rain to the red brick chimneys picture was in there. What won't which rose above the house which Margery say? Oh, never mind the

held the coveted books. Margery, pony's picture, now !" obeying a sudden impulse, had She snatched the book, turned, snatched up her ever-ready sketch- ran home as fast as her fat legs book from the table, and wasscratch- would carry her, leaving Clive Stering vigorously away. An ecstatic ling crimsoning and laughing as he communications. Persons desiring the CAPITAL JOURNAL served at their houses can secure it by pos-pal card request, or by word left at this tention of the others to her work. Bigging over her shoulder, called the at-tention of the others to her work. Bigging over her shoulder, called the at-tention of the others to her work. Bigging over her shoulder, called the at-tention of the others to her work. Bigging over her shoulder, called the at-tention of the others to her work.

as others see me, thanks to the Margery looked up with a nod and pretty one!"

He dropped his eye-glasses and sauntered back to the house. For On her brisk pencil flew, the dim- several days he neither saw por ples in her pretty cheeks deepening heard anything of his neighbors. as her mischievous smile grew. Then he chanced to encounter Bertie. She he'd up the open book, The "Oh, please, I can't talk to you,"

the child said. "The girls say I'm so unreliable. You know Margary caught me when I was sneaking her sketch-book back, and made me tell her where I had taken it to."

"And then?" was the drawing of the long, lank figure, with the spidery extremities, "Then," confessed Bertie, with a the flying coat-tails, the tremendous contrite gulp, "then she pat down and cried!"

"Oh, just a trifle accentuated-not "I say! No!" "She did. There she is now. Oh, quite a caricature," she said, laugh-

ingly, as she scrawled under the Margery, Margery!" picture the words: "Our New The girl had come unexpectedly around the corner. To avoid a "The rain is clearing off !" cried meeting was impossible. She was

quite near her sister and the master of "The Oaks." "This is Mr. Sterling, Margery,

You knew you wern't reg-regularly introduced before. I've been telling him how you cried about— A delicious blush of mortification, regret, pleading, swept across Mar-

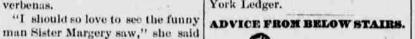
gery's wild-rose face. Frankly she held out her hand, lifted her clear eyes. "I am so sorry for having been rude! Will you forgive me, it you

can? And come over and play ten nis this afternoon?"

"Thank you. Yes!" he said. "Why, Margery," the others said to her, when he, after a rattling good

As she passed "The Oaks" she game, had returned home, "he is paused to put her small, exquisite ust splendid !" face against the iron railing and "Good-looking, too!"

"And a gentleman!" What a grand, big house it was! "All three!" decided Margery, And how smooth and green the promptly, as she sought the sketch large lawn all lovely with beds of of their new neighbor and deliberately tore it up. She is Mrs. Clive Sterling now. Bertie was her bridemaid.—New smelled after the rain-the geraniums, carrations, sweet-brier and





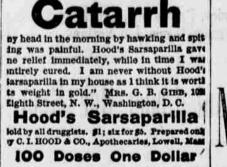
in constitutional and not a local disease, ind therefore it cannot be cured by local ap-ileations. It requires a constitutional rem-indy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working brough the blood, eradicates the impurity which cures and a second which causes and promotes the disease, and

Catarrh

permanent cure. mects a Thousands of cople testify to the success of Hood's Sarsa-HIGHLAND ADDITION sarilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparills also builds up the whole system, and makes rou feel renewed in health and strength.



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



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Dealers in every variety of

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Lumber Delivered on Short Notice.

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 High land additions and around Highland Park

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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.

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### THE FINEST DRIVE IN THE STATE

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

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#### ABOUT THE CITY OF SALEM.

#### Don't full to sample our new line of con-ectionery. Lots in Highland Additon are High and Dry and Well Located; Most Excellent Drainage No. 226 Commercial Street, Salent, O. egon,

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 High-land addition for one-third of the money, and being directly on the line of the street railway they are practi-cally 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,

Yard at the digreedbird works, Salem. Dregon. Shill waven four and a half miles northeast from salem, on the John Martin donation land claim. 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 ickets every year.

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

School Tax Notice. John A. Carson, 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. COUNSELOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.



ATTENTION FARMERS!

### THE CAPITAL EVENING JOURNAL.

ing a form attired in a dress of chocolate cashmere-a form that was trim, slim, and willowy as that of sweet 17 is apt tobe. "I was running home in a great hur:y-for its sauntered toward the gate. chillier out than you folks amagine -and just as I came opposite the gate of 'The Oaks' I stopped very suddenly, for right there was the most tremendous black dog I ever saw. I shook my umbrella at him. He wasn't a bit afraid. I said, 'If you don't get out of the way I'll hit you!" and he actually grinned. There was nothing to do but step out in the street-it was so muddy, too-and walk around him. But just then-I suppose my dilemma was apparent from the housedown the path he came running. Oh, he looked so rediculous! He is about as tall as Jack's bean-stalk, lean as a lath, and brown as an Indian.22 "Well?" exclaimed Janet. "He

must be charming?"

"Oh!" eried Margery, going off into a fresh paroxysm of laughter. "What with his glasses, and his coat-tails flying straight out as he rushed to my rescue, he looked like some great, curious, comical bird?"

"Birds don't wear glasses," corrected Bertie, "Was his coat a awallow-tail?"

The appeal for information was ignored.

"Well, he called off the dog, and apologized for the monster, andthat's all."

"I wish he'd offer me the use of his library," sighed Clotilde.

"They say 'The Oaks' is a perfect palace as far as the furnishing goes," murmurs Janet.

"I think I'll ask him to loan me the lovely little white pony," deeided Bertie.

But this rash resolution way ruthlessly crushed.

"The Oaks" had been shut up so long-ever since the Kearney's had come to live in the gray-green cottage near by. Its owner had gone abroad on the death of his mother, Twig." three years ago, leaving his handsome house in the care of a couple of servants. But now that news of his return had spread, curiosity was rife in the fashionable suburb of Riverview. And not the least interested were Clive Sterling's near arm neighbors.

A pleasant room this in which the sisters sat; a home-like room, even grass?" "It is in there, and he is eating

walk, not twelve feet away, from a small side path, came Mr. Sterling. He saw the little maiden 'outside the railing-the bright-eyed, curious tace. He liked children. He

to herself. And then, just as if she

had had a magical ring, her wish

was gratified. For out on the main

"Hello, little lassie! what is your half of your health." name?"

"Kearney, sir."

"Oh, you're one of the Kearney isters, are you? Which one?" Bertie hugged her kitten more

tightly and looked very important. "I'm not the elever 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 dis-dis-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."

11E1.955 "I think you're downright nice,

And some day - not now, because the girls said I musn't-but some day, when we're 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 possy, which was writhingly attempting an escape-"last summer Margery, who is the

grandest artist that ever lived, I was out at pasture. Just wait here and I'll run and get it. Come on,

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

In about fifteen minutes she was back with a flat book under her



