

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

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JACOB L. MITCHELL, Manager.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1.

Two San Francisco newsboys are arrested for carrying burglars' tools.

THE Chinese highlanders, as well as their harem are being oppressed by the police of San Francisco.

BAKER CITY has several artesian wells, and these were sunk from 150 to 160 feet when a good flow was procured.

SOME pathetic Democrats are just now busy painting a war between Harrison and Alger. They point out scenes for 1852 that will make our blood run cold.

ASTORIA Transcript: A Tacoma man fell down a hatchway into a cellar, and afterwards went home and drank a pitcher of beer. A few minutes later he was dead. The people of Tacoma will doubtless say the fall killed him.

LAST Thursday night at the Western hotel in Baker City, another of Baker county's pioneers, Dr. J. B. Huley, departed this life after a long and painful illness of paralysis of the bowels. He was born in Nashville, Ky., in the year 1820, being at the time of his death 69 years of age.

It is quite certain that another newspaper will enter the Portland field. The supposition that it is a democratic venture is supported by the fact that Postmaster Roby is interested in the scheme and has purchased the material of the late Journal to make a start with.

THE first number of Katie Field's Washington is before us. We hear folks ask, "What is that?" Well, modest readers, it's a weekly newspaper published by one of America's greatest women at the capital of the nation.

"My little man, didn't you write to Santa Claus and tell him all about what you want?" "There ain't no Santa Claus, I know better."

Daniel Boone Good Enough. A farmer who was seated with his wife in a wagon on the market yesterday beckoned to a newsboy who was shouting: "All about—"

"What's up now?" "All about the message." "What message?" "The President's." "Oh, that's it. The President sent a message to some one, did he?" "It's the message to Congress," said the boy, after looking at the headlines.

"Must be mighty important!" "Yes, sir." "Guess I'll take one then." "I guess you won't!" exclaimed the wife as he felt for his change. "What on earth do you want of a message?" "Want to see what it is, don't I?" But it's nothing but reading." "No, I s'pose not, but the President had a hundred in 'em on his mind when he made it up."

"S'pose he had. We've got 'nuff on our minds, haven't we?" "You haven't flushed that life of Dan'l Boone yet." "That's so. Say, bub, sorry to have troubled ye, but I guess I don't keer for any message, and the ole woman is rather ag'in it, too. It's probably all right, but I don't keer for it. I've got a book to home that makes my half stand right up on every page, and I guess the President can't beat that 'Life of Dan'l Boone,' and the way he old knock injuns and b'ars about would make your feet cold to read. No, I guess I won't buy. I'll continue on with Dan'l Boone."

It seems rather personal to the drum major when the band behind him starts up "Where Did You Get that Hat?"

The man who is most satisfied with himself generally gives the least satisfaction to those by whom he is surrounded.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

Christmas in the City and its Suggestions.

The following remark was overheard while we stood packed in the solid phalanx of purchasers in a book store, yesterday.

"There has been a little change in Christmas since my day. We were seven children in a Methodist pioneer preacher's family and instead of having such rainbow illuminated books, we used to have our pick of the family shoes Christmas morning. These were all put in a heap on the floor and each selected a pair which another had been wearing, or exchanged a right for a left or one with the brass ends to the strings. It was on the principle that other people's things always seem better than your own."

The old man who told this tale of Christmas tide smiled and enjoyed it with the rest. And so we concluded there must have been something else in those old-time festivals, to sweeten and flavor them, else he would not remember them so well. He did not mention the cheer and mirth and joy of those old-fashioned Christmases, when they had to make up in quality and spirit what they lacked in quantities and materials. He did not mention the homely, simple pleasures of the old-fashioned households, where there was a magical charm about the crackling of nuts and the glimmer and shimmer of the fire. He did not say anything about the hearty good-wills of the parents and the merry laughs of the little ones, which in those days radiated from every humble home, nor did he hint at the deep and tender reverence which pervaded and filled all things. Of these things which worked together to make Christmas carols and beautiful tales and Santa Claus and the Christmas tree and the gift of givers—all these things he said never a word as he stood waiting to purchase a book for his little grandchild, and I wondered whether it were the old shoes and the book that he contrasted, or these other things which then were and are now so rare.

For although this grandfather said nothing about them yesterday, there was a look in his eye which said that Dickens and Thackeray and hundreds of poets had written true Christmas stories. The look in his eye reflected the glow on the hearth to which his mind had wandered back. How the tone of a child's voice grated on my ears and roused me from putting myself into the old man's place. "Mamma, I want that engine, and if you'll get me the one with the red smokestack, you won't need to get me the book." The mamma looked helpless for a moment, and seemed about to yield, when someone said: "My little man, didn't you write to Santa Claus and tell him all about what you want?" "There ain't no Santa Claus, I know better."

"Oh! but you must be mistaken, my little girl has written to him and she expects him to answer her letter in person, by way of her stocking."

The little fellow looked rather doubtful and the questioner continued: "Did you ever play Santa Claus and give people things?" "No, but that's what ma does. There ain't no Santa Claus. She just buys things for me."

"But did you know that Santa Claus, the real truly Santa, never takes anything or keeps anything, but just gives everything away,—he is the all-giver!"

Here there was a rift in the crowd and I found myself stranded near a counter of books for girls and boys. I was trying to hold to the thought of the All-giver, and to comprehend grizzly Santa in his new light, when another mother spoke out emphatically.

"Is there anything of the love story about it,—Isabel shall not read a book of that kind. How would you like 'Children of the Abby,' Isabel?" My astonishment was as great as her well-intended emphasis. In the presence of Isabel herself, the good mother denounced love stories, laid down a law for her child, showed her ignorance of one of the oldest books and one of the most deceptive titles,—all in the presence of Isabel and the public. I wonder how she will account to Isabel, who is now fourteen, when some of these days she mentions the first meeting of herself and father.

"City girls must have something very nice, you know,—this would hardly do, it's too ordinary," said a woman in a seal skin coat, and she pushed back a copy of the poets in a seal leather binding. Is it true then that city girls are less appreciative than others, and that because they see and hear and have more than those in the country, they are justified in understanding real values? but the book stores are not the only places of interest to the ever-dropper of public sentiment. The ribbon counters are

"five miles deep" devotees, as a poetical-licensed woman remarked. It will be unnecessary to go into the details of jewelry, novelty, luxury and fancy departments. But there is one place that has attracted, not so much to buy as to see,—the toy stores.

Everyone, all classes, rich and poor buy toys? Why do they buy toys? To please the children. What pleases the children? You would say, a great many things, did you watch the streams of visitors to those emporiums of playthings. Such a difference there is, however, in these articles? and such different people select such different things. A Frenchman or Frenchwoman always buys a fanciful doll, with big hat and many ruffles, or they select a gaudy picturebook, or a statue of gayly dressed Southern fruit vender. Of course such things will suit their children for they suit their own tastes,—how could it be otherwise? The Germans invariably rest their searching eyes on some household arrangement, or one of those rosy, plump-eyed-doll-babies,—they are so partial to the genuinely things in life, and know that the little ones will dearly love a cradle or a little wash-tub. The Swiss are faithful to their mountain tastes and find the carved sheep and cows, whose heads are always down as if browsing. It is said that Alpine cattle are not often seen looking around aimlessly, they are ever busy finding the stray wisps of fodder. The English like ships pretty well, but are not over particular whether they sail or not, and are very fond of military toys. But it is our own Americans who choose the steam engine, that really goes and puffs and ting-a-lings, or the magic lantern that casts a giant shadow on the wall. So each nationality goes on perpetuating its peculiar tendencies and traits, beginning by grafting them on to childhood by means of their plaything.

Chicago, Dec. 23, 1889.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

This is a faithful picture of the establishment of Thomas Fry & Son, at 524 Sacramento St., S. F. As the leading chemists of the west, they were asked to settle the question as to what sarsaparilla was in fact purely vegetable. We present their report. "We have made careful chemical analysis of several well known brands of sarsaparilla, and have found them all with the single exception of Joy's to contain iodide of potassium. As a result we are enabled to pronounce Joy's to be the only purely vegetable sarsaparilla now on the market, which has come under our observation." Modern medicine has proven that all ordinary face eruptions are caused by indigestion and sluggish circulation, which call for vegetable alteratives, instead of mineral blood purifiers like iodide of potassium. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the first to discard the old notions and proceed under the modern theory. Its cures are the talk of the hour.

When the fast young man gets himself into the station house, he is then both hard and fast.

A Friend to the Family. Dr. E. S. Holden: I have used your Eucalypti Cough Syrup in my family for many years, and I believe it my duty to recommend it to all as a sure and effectual cure for colds and all disease of the throat.

The Dalles, Ogn., May 18, 1889. Large size \$1, small 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

The reason why Eve ate the apple was probably because she wanted to get some clothes.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Daniel J. Fry's drug store.

There is no courtship in the Antarctic regions at present. The sun shines there all the time.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great nerve tonic and alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50 cents at Daniel J. Fry's drug store.

Baeklen'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.

A young woman reaches the worst stage of her existence when she becomes stage-struck, unless, indeed, she be adapted to the profession, which makes a difference. Generally, however, she isn't. A popular man is usually what he is called, but a popular subscription is usually very unpopular. It may be love that makes the world go round, but an overdose of whiskey will do it more successfully.

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.

BOARERS. PRIVATE BOARDING.—A few ladies or gentlemen can obtain, at reasonable rates, good board, with neatly furnished rooms in the finest part of the city, right by the street cars, by calling at 327 Winter street, corner of Center street.

FOR RENT. HOUSE FOR RENT.—Pianos to rent or for sale cheap for cash, good upright pianos. For particulars call at 367 Winter street.

SOCIETY NOTICES. KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.—Regular meeting on Tuesday night of each week at 720 P. M.

W. H. H. WATERS, R. of R. and S. CLAY LORGE, N. B. L. W. T. F., meets in the hall over the Oregon and Commercial and Ferry streets, every Saturday at 7:30 p. m.

W. M. CLARKE, Secretary. G. A. R.—Sedgwick Post, No. 10, Department of Oregon, meets every Monday evening at the hall over the Oregon and Commercial streets. Visiting comrades are cordially invited to attend.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. TULLMAN FORD, attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Offices up-stairs in Patton's Block.

J. J. SHAW, attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office up-stairs in the Patton block.

W. H. H. WATERS & CO., LAWYERS. Rooms 1 and 2 First Block, N. E. corner State and Commercial streets, Salem Oregon.

PHYSICIAN.—MRS. DR. M. E. MCCOY, Physician and surgeon, has located and taken rooms over Squire Farrar's grocery store. Chronic diseases a specialty. Consultation free. 12-21-d

W. P. WILLIAMS, STENOGRAPHER and Typewriter Copyist, will make reports of trials, etc.; copying on typewriter accurately and neatly done. Office over A. T. Yenton's furniture store, Commercial street, Salem.

CHARLES C. CURTIS, M. D., Surgeon and Homoeopathic physician. Office at residence, New Bank block, 327 Commercial street, Salem, Or. Office hours 8 to 9 a. m. and from 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Diseases of the rectum and chronic diseases a specialty. Fifteen years experience. d-w

ANDREW H. DIVEN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Salem, Oregon. Office hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 3 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m. Office: Court street, next door east of Dr. Rowland. Residence, 331 Chenebetta st.

H. Diamond, Teacher of Music and dealer in Musical Instruments and Strings, NO. 247 FRONT ST.

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 and glassware. No. 228 Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon.

Established 1868! The Oldest and Stanchest Between Sacramento and Portland.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers, Iron Building, Salem, Oregon. Accounts kept, loans made, exchange on every part of the world bought and sold, letters of credit issued to travelers, collections made throughout the United States, British America and Mexico, state, county and city warrants cashed. We offer patrons accommodations consistent with conservative banking.

New Express Wagon. WILLIAM HOLCOMB Has started a new express wagon and is now ready to deliver baggage to and from the depot, and to any part of the city. Baggage of any kind delivered on short notice.

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

THE OREGON LAND COMPANY! And this Corporation is determined to make it the most attractive addition.

THE FINEST DRIVE IN THE STATE. Of Oregon. The line of the Salem Street Railway Company runs through the middle of this addition, and lots will be more than two blocks distant from the line. Highland Park in the near future be

THE MOST POPULAR RESORT ABOUT THE CITY OF SALEM. Lots in Highland Addition are High and Dry and Well Laid; Most Excellent Drainage.

The soil is black and rich. From all points a fine view is obtained of the public buildings and our high 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 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 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 tickets every year.

GRAND PRIZE

ELEGANTLY DECORATED CHINA DINNER SET. One Hundred and Thirty Pieces to be Given Away by COX & BOGGS, GROCERS, 249 COMMERCIAL STREET, SALEM, OREGON.

Ticket with chance on prize presented to every purchaser of a pound of our "Reliance Can Tea."

Call and See T. J. CRONISE, Salem's Popular Job Printer, AT HIS NEW QUARTERS IN THE Commercial Insurance Building, Cor. Commercial and Chenebetta streets.

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

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

Conservatory of Music. Of the Willamette University by Salem, Oregon, the most successful Music School on the Northwest Coast. Courses in music are equal to Eastern music schools. Twenty at the residence of nearly one hundred and fifty teachers. Miss Louise M. Smith, Miss Mary A. Parsh, and Miss Marie Parsh, Branches: Singing, 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. PARKER, 7-253 3rd St.

New Fish Market. A few shad are established in the fish market on State street, and he keeps good live fish, a call and your order will be promptly attended to.

Educate. For success at the CAPITAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, in Salem, Oregon. F. M. WHITE, business.

Printing. THE MOST POPULAR RESORT ABOUT THE CITY OF SALEM.

OF THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENTS IN THE STATE. Lower rates than elsewhere. Largest stock. Legal Blank stationery, a'd biggest discount. Send for list of job printing, and catalogue of blank. Steam Printer, Salem, Oregon.