



EVA AT THE SEASIDE.

Where the Batchelors Camp
---Observations at the Hotel---Cape Foulweather
Lighthouse---A Much-
Abused Postmaster.

(Special Correspondent of the JOURNAL.)

WALLER CAMP, Aug. 14.—Your Newport correspondent took a run up to Albany Monday to pilot some lady friends down. Do not come to the coast, ladies, without some kind of company. A man is better than nothing, but women are women's best friends and society after all that is said and done. A lot of women can have a better time together any day than a lot of men, even if the women are not all brilliant or wise. Discard gossip all you will, a little of it wedges in nicely between the more substantial things, like finely chopped and seasoned ham with a little mustard in a sandwich. Even a lady woman has to be sensible part of the time at the seaside, and a dull woman expands like an unfolding flower, away from the cares and drudgery at home. So do not come to the seaside alone. I say you'll find to talk about and interest you at the coast.

AT ALBANY.
I had to wait an hour. An economical young man had taken possession of one of the benches and was refreshing himself with alternate bites off a luncheon spread out on one hand and a French novel in the other. He had some boiled eggs, two large tomatoes, bread, cold meat and some nice red jelly, and seemed dead to the clang of the eating house gong, and blind to those Albany belles who have some important business at nearly every train. I sauntered around to the other side of the depot and nearly fainted at the terrible stench that came out of what looks like a pig-yard, between the baggage room and the side-track. A sewer carries all the slop from the eating house out there in a pool to rot on top of the ground and I was the hotel keeper, the city, the railroad, or somebody else, I would have the place covered up and scattered with quicklime. If a woman were as slovenly about the house as some one seems to be here, no man would think of marrying her. The beautiful flower bed at the Albany depot is a credit to the taste of agent or whoever keeps it up, as that surface cesspool is a disgrace. I did not intend to bring this right on top of that young man's luncheon, but it is just as well to mention a few of the unpleasant things that it appears so necessary.

ABOUT THE WEATHER.
The nights continue cool here, so we require a fire of evenings and mornings to dress by with any comfort. A fog obscures the sky nearly every day until 9 or 10 o'clock. We thought it would be so hot that we had an awning put up on the sunny side of our cottage but we did not need it. Even when the sun is out a cool sea breeze tempers its rays. The steady northwest wind has bent all the plants over so that many of the fern and evergreen thickets are packed right tight down to the ground. In some places the young trees are leaned over so as to form very pretty shelters beneath which campers have stuck their little tents. Some young men without families are perched away out on the edge of the cliffs that overhang the Pacific, where their ears are lulled by the roar of the surf and night, where the wind is stiff and damp enough to almost extinguish a fire, and where ladies or children seldom venture. An ideal spot for a sound bachelorette! It would take the little winged god's most daring messenger to seek them out in this last western inch of earth. They are perfectly safe. Men are not so scarce on the coast, and an animal of such solitary habits would probably not be much more congenial as a husband.

WE DINED AT THE HOTEL.
Last Sunday, and between the wide-panted dudes and half-starved victims of Portland boarding-houses we managed to get a square meal. We could not help notice over and over again the enormous waste of the hotel table. A lady with four children persistently culled for nearly every dish on the bill-of-fare, which contained pretty near everything from the bottom of the sea, the earth, the top thereof, and the birds and fruits of the trees in the air. What one ordered, all ordered, and there it piled up in wasteful profusion, until the waiters had to carry away to make room for more. The Indians pack it off in bags and baskets and the whole Siletz reservation could almost subsist on the food wasted at any of these American hotels, were it eatable. But dyspepsia forces them to abandon this hotel bodge-podge, and return to their traditional succotash and boiled muskrat.

I have not studied women and children so much as I have men, in regard to eating; but I judge they are all alike in this respect. Men strike a dish at the hotel they like and down it goes and they order some more of that and with the scripping hotel dishes, a man has to order three or four times, to do which only certain varieties of commercial travelers have the check. If a man strikes something he likes his nature is to gorge himself on it. This is the nature of the animal, and hotels

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1899.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ought to profit by it. They ought to try to find out what a man wants and give him enough of that particular dish. They try to make up in variety what they lack in substantiality and quality of cookery. Men have not the artistic taste of women to enable them to appreciate a skillfully arranged variety.

A LIGHT HOUSE.
I would be about the last spot on earth a woman would choose for a home. For woman, young or old, must have a social atmosphere. She could live without air sooner than without society. She can put up with an exclusive social diet of the male variety, if she is very precocious and if the deeper powers of her nature still lie dormant. She soon rudely awakens to the fact that the average man is the most highly selfish of all animals, whose affections and passions are in reality but an outward gloss of his true inward nature. This selfishness that exists at the bottom of the male sex enables men to adapt themselves to celibacy, or polygamy, and all the various stations between at which they tarry in sulky revenge or lustful gratification. It pays any woman to let out once in a while and farry take the hide off the men, because they deserve it. Like the three gods of the Brahmins, they are our adorners, preservers and destroyers. But I started to write about a lighthouse, the most unsocial place in the world for a woman. We visited the government light at Cape Foulweather, the other day. As we leave the beach, and climb the mountain, where sea-birds circle and clouds of sea-fog spread their curtains over the sun, we come to the government enclosure, pass the neat vegetable garden. I want to say right here that no sweeter or tenderer vegetables are grown than on this coast. The cool, moist, salty air, and sandy soil is simply immense for all root crops and garden truck. The government buildings and grounds, as everywhere else, are here kept neat and clean. The walks are filled in with black pebbles from the rocky beach below to which a stair descends. The water off the Cape is full of strange forms of dangerous black rocks upon which seal and whale are sometimes dashed in pieces. Sea-birds by the thousand inhabit these waters in great variety. A little later whales may be seen spouting off the cape. I shall not attempt to describe the light-tower, nor how the light is cast far to sea by a \$15,000 set of lenses. A keeper explained it all to us; how it could be seen twenty-four miles, took about seven gallons of oil per night, which is fed by clock-work and watched by two men. The light is nearly two hundred feet above low tide. Heavy storms have thrown water into the top of it. This seems incredible; but an attendant explained how a wave fifty feet high, coming with tremendous force, striking the wall of rock below, should with a high wind be able to carry water to the top of that light and cause it to rock and tremble on its base. It does not seem possible that so solid a mass of iron and brick could ever be stirred by water. Anyway I should not like to be penned up here away from the rest of the world.

GETTING OUR MAIL.
Like others, we have a good deal of experience getting our mail. Our troubles have not been so much with the representative of Uncle Sam, as with his subjects. The Newport postoffice I have read a great deal about in our Salem papers in other years, and he has been several times down brown, roasted and burnt on the griddle by wrathful correspondents. Let me tell my experience at this much complained of office. It seems Newport has no need for any but a small office nine months in the year; the other three months the office should be equipped with as large a force as Salem, and probably gets more of the most troublesome of all kinds of mail—transient and remailed matter. All my letters are remailed here, and since the first dose of difficulties I have had none. I have made arrangements to get my mail in a lock box. My troubles have all been with the American crowd. An American crowd at a watering place is the most unreasonable of all. Mr. Hamilton, P. M., and his wife and a young man, handle the mail in an efficient, expeditious and painstaking manner. The tide of idlers begins to come in an hour before the mail arrives. They are mostly women campers. Each one will ask for letters from ten to twenty others in that flickering, uncertain manner that the postmaster nearly always has to ask them their name over again. Each name has to be gone through with. Then:

"No papers?"
"The papers are gone through with by the clerk, who finds none."
"Sally Jones?"
No letters for Sally, who probably has not a very extensive or important correspondence.

"Papers?"
No papers for Sally, who probably never was guilty of subscribing for a

paper in her life. So on for a dozen more.

Then the next representative of a camp or camps. Our sympathy is with the postmaster. All the time this was going on several loud-mouthed fellows are cracking jokes over the women's heads, and one fellow, after finding fault for thirty minutes because a string of women got up to the office window ahead of him, was laughed at heartily for after all his fuss he did not even get a postal card.

EVERYTHING GOES WRONG.
In the mechanism when the liver gets out of order, constipation, dyspepsia, contamination of the blood, imperfect assimilation are certain to ensue. But it is easy to prevent these consequences, and remove their cause, by a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates the liver, organ and regulates its action. The direct result is a disappearance of the pains beneath the ribs and through the shoulder blades, the nausea, headache, yellowness of the skin, furred look of the tongue, and sour odor of the breath, which characterize liver complaint. Sound digestion and a regular habit of body are blessings also secured by the use of this celebrated restorative of health, which imparts a degree of vigor to the body which is its best guarantee of safety from malarial epidemics. Nerve weakness and over-tension are relieved by it, and it improves both appetite and sleep.

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Office 181 Commercial St.
All styles of the Famous Singer constant on hand; also repairs and needles for all kinds of machines.

BURT CASE, Agent.
EAST AND SOUTH
—VIA—
Southern Pacific Route
Shasta Line

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—DAILY
BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. P.
South. North.
6:00 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:35 a. m.
8:25 p. m. Lv. Salem Ar. 7:19 a. m.
7:45 a. m. Lv. San Francisco Ar. 6:00 p. m.

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg, East Portland Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany Junction, Shields, Halsey, Harborside Junction City, Irving and Eugene.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.
6:00 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 4:00 p. m.
10:25 a. m. Lv. Salem Ar. 8:05 p. m.
6:00 p. m. Lv. Eugene Ar. 6:00 a. m.

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday).
6:00 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 9:00 a. m.
7:32 p. m. Lv. Salem Ar. 6:08 a. m.
6:00 p. m. Ar. Albany Lv. 5:00 a. m.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.
For accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis:
DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).
7:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 6:30 p. m.
12:10 p. m. Ar. Corvallis Lv. 12:55 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY).
7:45 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:20 a. m.
1:45 p. m. Ar. McMinnville Lv. 5:45 a. m.

Through Tickets
—To all ports—
EAST AND SOUTH
For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., apply to the Company's agent, Salem, Oregon.
R. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. P. and Pass. Agt.
R. KOEHLER, Manager.

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Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Wausau, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Stray, Wis., and Ironwood and Beneshaw, Mich.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.
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DAILY, VIA
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Commencing with Sunday, March 2nd, best first and second class tickets will be honored on "The Limited East Mail," train 1 and 2, as well as on the "Overland Flyer," train 3 and 4.

"The Limited East Mail" trains are equipped with Pullman palace and colonist sleepers, dining cars, chair cars and coaches, and run solid between Portland and Chicago, daily without change.

The "Overland Flyer" trains are equipped with Pullman palace and coaches, and run through with through trains to and from Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis.

Detailed time of trains, rates, through tickets, baggage checks, etc., can be procured upon application to any agent of the Union Pacific system.
S. W. LEE, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.
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POSTOFFICE BLOCK, -- SALEM, OREGON.

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Our City is a No. 1, and
Our Property is the Best.

MONEY TO BE MADE BY BUYING NOW.

Salem is just now offering opportunities for investment such as her citizens will never have again. With advertisements for the Capital City of Oregon reaching two million Eastern readers every week we are bound to have an ocean tide of emigration to our beautiful, healthful and prosperous place. Salem is the making of a city because it is already a city. It is the second city in Oregon, has state institutions, factories and the best advantages to be found on the Coast. Salem is not a city of wind and platted on unsurveyed land, a community suffering from the nervous excitement, nor nervous prostration, chronic in the boomed towns.

The time money is made on real estate is by buying before the boom. Salem has had no boom, her property is still cheap and there is no possible doubt of her going forward.

One of the factors that will insure a return from an investment at Salem is the numerous crop failures in various parts of the Mississippi valley, and even as far east as Ohio, which not only depreciates the securities offered by those sections to investors, but will discourage thousands of settlers, who will gather up their effects and start for a region where crop failures are unknown, and the climate is devoid of extreme heat or cold.

NO DECLINES.

No honest property has declined a penny in Western Oregon, through what is known as the dull season of July and August, when so many of the well-to-do people of the Pacific Coast suspend work and go to the seaside. Prices have not yielded a particle, but so far as placed on the market it assumes a firm and rigid valuation, that has never been known to decrease, but for five years has steadily advanced, until now prices are far beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine citizen a few years ago.

DID YOU EVER THINK OF THIS FACT?

One general fact is always very potential with thinking men and women, because it is made up of a multitude of other facts all tending one way. That tendency has all been to advances in Salem real estate. Several hundred sales in the past few months all showing sharp advances constitute the general fact of all-around rise in valuations. This is significant to the most dull and at the dull season of the year.

IF YOU LEAVE THE CITY

Even for a month and approach it from any direction, upon your return you will express surprise and the conviction will be forced upon your mind that "she grows." When a city has the room to grow in that Salem has, and is spreading out into the surrounding prairies, but one thing will result—a great city. Americans love to build a city on a slightly place. On a beautiful river, with natural forest, it is no wonder our city spreads out like another Philadelphia. You need not go to Puget Sound cities to see streets lead out through native forests. That can be seen right here in Salem, where miles of avenues and streets have been graded this year through natural thickets of evergreens.

EXPERIMENTS ARE COSTLY

at all times, but none are so expensive as real estate experiments. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a real estate experiment is a clean out-and-out sacrifice, as all know who have tried it. If you are going to do anything at all in real estate that will be satisfactory, get into something that has passed beyond the experimental stage. Salem real estate has, no one doubts that. Whatever doubts anyone may have about any Pacific coast real estate, it does not attach to investments in Salem property. That is certain. You can place money here with a certain assurance of rise. Not a piece of property in Salem held five years that has not advanced one to five hundred per cent. It will do better in the next year than it has in the past. It is impossible in justice to make this statement any milder. Well placed confidence in the Capital City of Oregon will repay you ten-fold more than other places that seek notoriety temporarily and will soon have relapsed into oblivion.

THE BEST PULL IS A PULL FOR YOUR OWN TOWN

if it is a good town, and that's what we've got in our splendid Capital City of Oregon. While the city has doubled and quadrupled since the last census, it has not begun on the growth it will reach in the coming decade, and you want to be in to take advantage of it. We handle property on merit and believe in setting forth the steady growth and solid merit of Salem. That is all that is necessary. No over-statement is required.

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We have 5 and 10 acre tracts, most desirable and Cheap. In HAMPTON PARK we also have some choice 5 and 10 acre tracts, and they are selling right along. We also have some excellent tracts in AUBURN and FAIRVIEW. Let us show them to you. We have a general list of Farm, Suburban and City property, on which we offer the best bargains.

We repeat it, people right here at home might as well have some of our rare bargains as to let them all go to strangers. Come and see us, whether you have much or little to invest! We can give you some eye-openers.

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by the manufacturer of Dr. J. C. Smith's Remedy for an incurable case of Cancer in the Head.

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TULMON FORD, attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office upstairs in Patton's block.

A. APPLEGATE, attorney at law, First block, Commercial and State streets, Salem, Or.

JOHN A. CARSON, Counselor and Attorney-at-Law. Member of the Bar of Ontario, Canada. Office 102 State street, Salem, Oregon.

PRATT & HUNT, attorneys at law, Salem, Oregon. Office over Hart's jewelry store, State street.

W. F. WILLIAMS, STENOGRAPHER and Typewriter. Office with Capital City Bldg. Co., 115 State St.

C. B. KNIGHT, Electrician, office 127 Court street, Salem Oregon. Pulmonary diseases a specialty.

D. R. M. KEENE, Dentist. Office over the White Corner, Court and Commercial streets.

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SOCIETY NOTICES.
G. A. R.—Sedgwick Post, No. 10, Department of Oregon, meets every Monday evening at the hall over the Oregon Land company's office. Visiting comrades are cordially invited to attend.

D. C. SHERMAN, Post commander. S. A. HANDLE, Adjutant.

O. U. W.—Protection Lodge No. 2, A. A. O. U. W.—Salem, Oregon. Meets each Wednesday evening at its hall in State Insurance block, corner Commercial and Chelmsford streets. Visiting and benevolent brethren invited. F. B. SOUTHWICK, Liaison, Recorder. M. W.

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