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THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

HOFER BROTHERS, - - - Editors.

PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY,
BY THE
Capital Journal Publishing Company.
(Incorporated.)
Office, Commercial Street, in P. O. Building
Entered at the postoffice at Salem, Or., as
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

What has become of our Saturday Night, says a reader, who seemed disappointed that it did not appear in its regular order. She was a good Presbyterian and had her regular allotment of sermons and we had fondly supposed belonged to a class of persons who could best spare the mental pabulum which it seems is sometimes contained in the Saturday Night. The plain fact is that department of the JOURNAL is the only real set task of its editor. A sort of implied contract has sprung into being by which he is under some obligation to furnish a weekly Saturday Night. He is chafing under this restraint not a little, as he does not believe in set sermons nor set editorials. He thinks the lips should only move when the heart speaks, and that performances of this kind to move hearts should be as far from mechanical and formal as possible. He did set down as an iron-bound rule that he would only write a Saturday Night when the spirit moved him and thus escape the dry rot that is so fatal to all made-for-order work in the press or pulpit.

A number of subjects are suggested for discussion. The trouble with the Saturday Night source of inspiration is not that there are not subjects to discuss, but that there are so few new or original lines of discussion left open. Life is a big subject—yet worn thread-bare, if not in theory at least in fact with most people. The subject of death might be a more fruitful topic were it worth talking about. The wise man will say little about death, tho' he may suffer more from its cruel blows than he who can prate by the hour about death. There has been a good deal of fine poetry written about death but somehow all its fine versification disappears and it becomes meaningless jingle in the presence of the reality. So with prose. Silence is the only expressive tongue in the presence of the destroyer. As we note time only by its flight, so we reckon of death only by the absence of its victim. The familiar face and form of one who was a helpmate for half a century no longer greets us. The kind voice and soft step that were always so willing, whether it was to help a neighbor, one of her own, or the stranger, are what we long for. It is not the thought of death so much as the absence of her who had come to be a part of the very lives of all who knew her—that is what pains most, and the pain of one to whom she was especially near and dear we cannot assuage or estimate. In another home a favorite daughter has been swept away. It was she who was always last to complain and first to soothe those in trouble. She was kind, gentle and willing and was her mother's second self and shadow. Now that she is gone a part of the motherhood that has cared for the younger members of the family and always was ready with counsel or consolation for the older ones, seems to have departed. The dark spot that circles eyes is not death but the place made vacant. In a household of the poor a father is no more. He was an obscure and almost unknown member of the larger society of the city. He was a failure from the financial standpoint; did not stand up as a pillar of society morally, religiously or politically; those he loved and who had confidence in him were not persons whose society is sought after by the elite or better classes. Yet he was all to them and they saw as much in his character as the perfect darling of our social realm does in the perfumed and successful parent who presides over a mansion of wealth. Yet he had hardly where to lay his head and his burial spot is close to the potter's field. It is not the bread and butter hand supplied when able to do so that they miss so much as that wasted invalid form they had come to love.

We all look at the terrors of death from out of the shadows of its fatality and bereavement. In the presence of the great and universal facts of life we are at least philosophical. Our philosophy must come in before we read the important passages. Birth, love, marriage, divorce, disease, death scatter our philosophy to the winds and only the cold-blooded cynic has any of the precious gift at that time, and to him it is of little use. The man of heart and soul bows his head in the presence of things greater than the individual mind can cope with or understand and submits to the common fate of all mankind in silence.

Having proven himself thoroughly unphilosophical by saying so much about an unphilosophic subject, the Saturday Night editor can only plead that it was necessary to

say something in answer to his critics, who at times demand to know why he does not write more on this subject or that. He promises whatever he does say the things that are in his mind to say, and not write to order or command—not even of his critics. We are all at our best when we write as we would speak to one another at our firesides. Yet it is next to the impossible not to act a part in our chosen avocations. Even the actor must demean himself in accordance with certain rules of his profession. He must measure up to the expectations of the public in the walk he has chosen. It goes hard with an editor in the public expectation if he cannot write an essay on any subject the respected subscriber gives him. What subject it is his duty to write upon is another matter. Whether it is duty or not, the subscriber sets him down for an ass if he does not prove able to handle any text given him at least beyond the comprehension of the one who gives it. If the pastor cannot preach better on a given text than the one who gives him that text, or better than that one has heard it preached, woe unto his ignorance. Therefore the pastor should not allow anyone to set his texts. The fiddler should not let other people select the tunes he is to play. Choose your own tunes and play in God's name your very best, is what preacher, editor and fiddler must do if they would be of any use whatsoever on earth. So if anyone fails to find his Saturday Night at any time, please remember that you would have been worse served had you found it. The type-writer is a willing instrument; the pulpit is always ready to be preached from; and the cat-gut on the violin is ready to respond to the sweep of anyone's bow; but if the soul of the player be absent in either case your time were better spent taking in something with some soul in it.

EMPLOYING OBSOLETE ARGUMENTS
Says the Salem CAPITAL JOURNAL: "The corporations have a powerful grip on Oregon by land and water." Why certainly; but many remember the time when it was different. You could then ride over Oregon on a cayuse horse, or go on foot. Freight could be hauled on wagons through the mud, and you could camp by the roadside. There were no corporations then, with their grip on Oregon, by land or water. It was a state of the largest individual freedom; and we, who know by experience what it was, never cease to look back upon it with fond remembrance. But there is a vestige of liberty left. We can shake off the grip of corporations and still go on foot, or haul in wagons through mud or dust, if we prefer to do so.—Oregonian.

It is difficult to convince people that the only remedy for obstacles to present progress is to retrograde. As retrogression is an absurdity, and an impossibility, and no answer or solution of present abuses, we need not consider such a remedy seriously. Yet it is the favorite line of argument with the corporation press. The farmer who is not satisfied with the result of his labors is referred back as the only alternative to the days of log cabins, Indian depredations, corn meal and bacon style of living. The citizen who imagines that there might be some improvement possible in our financial system, is asked if he don't want to restore the days of wampum, barter, "red-dog," "wild-cat," French assignats, when we had no banks, or when gold was at enormous premiums. The citizen who hopes to see the day when the people shall have the greatest possible service at the hands of the transportation companies, is waved back to the day of going to mill with a bushel of corn as the back of a cayuse. Is that not logic? Is it not profound philosophy? Is it not argument unanswered? There is something wrong with the citizen who will not receive such answers to his questionings for reforms. He is a crank, or an anarchist, to say the least, says the Oregonian.

This style of reasoning has been abandoned by intelligent journalists and this paper will not spend much time controverting obsolete arguments. There are still farmers in Oregon who prefer to use a homemade wooden pitchfork, and look upon a steel-tined implement of modern construction with suspicion and distrust. The Oregonian is just about in the same fix in its attitudes on the transportation question.

Hapless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and four doctors gave me up. I gave myself up, determined I could not stay. My husband was advised to get King's Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and I am now well and hearty." Trial free at Fry's Drugstore.

HAPPY REFLECTIONS.

—The new spring suits at the Woolen Mill Store happily reflect the style that will be put on by Salem gentlemen this season.

CHURCH NOTES.

It is stated that a new and elegant church will soon be erected for Father McSweeney's congregation on San Pablo avenue, Oakland, Cal.

The Sunday Normal Institute, led by Rev. Dr. Gilbert, of Indianapolis, will begin in Oakland, Cal., April 8th and last until the 30th. A mass meeting will be held April 19th at the First Presbyterian church.

Rev. J. M. Van Eveney having resigned pastoral charge of the Thirty-Fourth street M. E. church, Oakland, Cal., to engage in secular business, Rev. W. F. Paxton, D. D., has been appointed to the pastorate.

Rev. Dr. Faris, editor of the Occident, has been engaged to supply the Central Presbyterian Church on Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco, Cal., during the present month. It is hoped that the financial difficulties of this church will soon be adjusted and the way opened for renewed prosperity.

The First Congregational church in Oakland, Cal., of which Rev. Dr. McLean is pastor, made its annual contribution for home missions last Sunday. The amount asked for and received was \$1300. Of this \$300 goes, by vote, to the Mission Church in Lincoln.

A. J. Bell and E. A. Arne, evangelists, are assisting Rev. R. E. Wenk, pastor of the Methodist church, Gilroy, Cal., in revival work.

Rev. Edward R. Brainard, of Los Angeles, has been called to the Park Congregational church, Lorin.

The M. E. church of Santa Clara is undergoing repairs, and will soon be put in first-rate order in every respect. The Sunday school library is also to be largely increased. Rev. E. E. Dodge is pastor.

Rev. George B. Allen, who resigned pastoral charge of the Congregational church at Lorin, Cal., to take effect the 1st of April, has consented to remain until the 1st of May.

Rev. John Reid, of Victoria, B. C., is spending his vacation in Sonoma with his son, the pastor of the Congregational church there.

The Presbyterian church at Sumner, Or., is preparing to enlarge its church edifice to accommodate 250 more people, the capacity of the present edifice being far outgrown.

Rev. D. M. Davenport is the popular and efficient pastor.

Pastor Cole, of the Baptist church, Azusa, Cal., writes that his society has secured a new chapel organ and is improving the church building.

Rev. A. M. Russell, of the Baptist church, Willows, has so far recovered from a severe attack of la grippe as to resume his labors.

Rev. A. Drahms, formerly pastor of the Congregational church at Martinez, but for several years past a resident of Sonoma, has been appointed chaplain of San Quentin.

The Congregational church in Hayward, Cal., has accepted the resignation of its pastor, Rev. W. W. Madge. He preached his last sermon there a week ago.

Rev. J. A. Mitchell, has been succeeded by Rev. F. T. Lockard as pastor of the Presbyterian churches at Los Alamos and Ballard, Cal. Mr. Lockard will also have pastoral charge for the present of the church at Los Olivos, recently organized.

Two new Catholic churches will soon be erected in Washington—one at Trent and the other at Spokane Bridge.

Father Rohlinger, of Puyallup, Wash., has been assigned to three more missions—Buckley, Eamclau and Durban. This addition makes eleven missions in Father Rohlinger's circuit.

Rev. Gilman Parker, of Moline, Ill., will commence his pastorate with the Oregon City Baptist church on the 1st of May.

The new Baptist church at LeMoore, Cal., was occupied on Sunday, March 23d, for the first time.

Rev. A. C. Walker, minister of the Campbellite church at Red Bluff, is reported at death's door from la grippe. His wife died of that disease recently.

Rev. Z. C. Rush has commenced his pastorate of the Baptist church at Madras, Cal. His people have elected trustees and will soon incorporate.

The Auditorium at Twin Lakes, Santa Cruz, in which the approaching meetings of the Baptist State Convention will be held, is completed.

Rev. C. C. Bateman, recently appointed post chaplain of the United States army, and located at Vancouver barracks, Wash., writes that his work there has fairly begun and that the religious services are well attended alike by officers and men.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

Associated Press Report and Digests of all Important News of To-Day.

MISCELLANY.

MIDNIGHT FUNERAL OF ALBERT PIKE.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—Long before midnight last night hundreds of people had gathered in front of the First Congregational church, waiting to witness the midnight services over the remains of the late General Albert Pike. So dense was the crowd that it was with difficulty that the bearers of the casket from the Scottish rite sanctuary could force their way into the church, followed by a long line of Masons who wished to pay high honor to the deceased brother. It was a quarter of an hour after midnight before the services began. The scene in the church was peculiarly solemn; the hour of the night, the assembled knights and the somber trappings combined to make an impressive picture. The walls of the church were covered with black cloth, while on a catafalque, on a platform extending out twenty feet from the pulpit, was the casket containing the body of the deceased knight. There were nine candlesticks, four feet in height in three triangles; on the east, west and south of the casket, each having a lighted candle; otherwise the church was unlighted. On the upper end of the casket was a chaplet of white roses, and below it the insignia of the order and the sword of the deceased knight in its scabbard. Upon a tablet near the coffin was a skull wreathed with evergreens, surrounded by seven large candlesticks, bearing no lights. At the head of the casket stood a great cross painted black. When all was quiet and the organ playing softly, Grand Master Holt, bearing a lighted candle and an iron hammer, walked slowly in from a room on the left and stood at the foot of the casket. Then twenty-one knights, all bearing candles and attired in black, followed, with scarfs of erape and their heads bare. They entered the shadows and arranged themselves in a semi-circle on the west, south and north sides of the casket, facing east. For a few moments there was perfect silence, a trumpet sounded in plaintive notes in an adjoining room, and after the last faint echoes had died away, the grand master began the ceremonies according to the ancient knightly custom. All was quiet as death as he said:

"It is midnight, and a new day begins for us. Our brother has finished his earthly probation. Death is the inexorable creditor whose indulgence nothing in the world can purchase. Every moment that sees a new-born child laugh at the light sees also a man die, and hears the cry of a breaking heart and the lamentations of those who sit lonely and in the desolation of affliction, no longer seeing the faces of dearly loved ones. Round the little island of our being, on which we follow our various pursuits of tool or craft, of usefulness or mischief, throbs the illimitable ocean of eternity upon which, round the isle, a broad circle of impenetrable darkness brooding lies. But beyond that, the other ocean sparkles and its white crested waves dance in the light, and somewhere in the distance the islands of the blessed are dreaming, girdled by the peaceful waters. Here, in our present home, we live our little life, waiting to be called to other duties elsewhere, and one by one our loved ones and our cherished friends glide away from us unseen, and are swallowed up in darkness, which is the shadow of the broad wings of death." The beautiful, but wondrous services, were continued by taking the chaplet from the temples of the dead knight, the cross from the breast, the cards from the feet and hands, and then, in succession, the attendants approached the casket and each laid his right hand upon the eyes, cheek, mouth, heart, hands and feet, each repeating a blessing. When the last attendant had touched the body of the dead, the light was turned up, and after all had left the church, the remains were carried back to the Scottish rite temple.

END OF A FAMOUS CASE.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 11.—When Lieutenant F. G. Hyde of the navy died at Woodstock, Conn., last fall, he left not only an estate of \$100,000 but a divorced wife and a widow to fight over it. The divorced wife was a dashing brunette, employed as a barmaid at Vallejo, Cal., where Hyde first met her in 1870, while on duty with his ship on the Pacific coast. In 1878 he located at Oxford, Mass. Domestic troubles arose, and his dissatisfaction with the conduct of his wife increased. He offered her a \$10,000 house, and \$1000 in cash if she would procure a divorce. She assented, and locating in Providence, secured a divorce in 1886. Next year Lieutenant Hyde married Miss Alice Robinson, and removed to Woodstock, Conn. The