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CRISSMAN & OSBURN,

Have some articles in their store that are worth your while to hear about at this time of the year. They are best prepared to furnish you with what may be called

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THE GROCERS

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The Best for the Money all the Time.

THE WAVES ON THE HARBOR BAR.

Oh, the rosy waves on the harbor bar Laugh and blush; as the rising tide Comes pulsing in from realms afar, Comes dancing in from the ocean wide, And the fisherman hums a quiet tune, As sweet as a song of a brook in June, That dreamily sings to the little flowers, As they drowse on its banks thro' the sunlit hours.

Oh, the golden waves on the harbor bar Dance like the light of love's young dream, As the tailless tide from realms afar, Comes rippling in with its sunny gleam, From a little cottage there peers a face As sweet as a violet's quiet grace, And, with cheeks like the heart of a sunlit rose,

She watches his boat as it seaward goes: And he waves his hand as he flies afar, Past the golden waves on the harbor bar, Oh, the fierce white waves on the harbor bar Seethe and roar as the maddened tide Comes howling in from the sea afar, Comes thundering in from the ocean wide, Gazing seaward with aching eyes, She raises her hands to the leaden skies, Asking the life on one whose name Brings to her cheeks the touch of flame; And with tear blind eyes she looks afar, Past the fierce white waves on the harbor bar.

Oh, the leaden waves on the harbor bar Sob as they roll to the surf girl strand, Moaning for wrecks they have wrought afar, For desolate hearties on sea and land, Wearied with watching, she lays her head For a moment's rest on her little bed, And directly thinks of the coming year; While ever, thro' all her dreams, she hears The moaning sob, as it floats afar, Of the leaden waves on the harbor bar.

Oh, the silver waves on the harbor bar Dimple and laugh in the moon's soft light, As she rises out of the sea afar, A blushing globe in the heavens bright, In the mystical ahorn of the queen of night, There's the glint of a sail that is snowy white, As a fishing smack tows her way thro' the foam To seaward heart and happiness, love and home, And the tide comes swinging from realms afar, Past the silver waves on the harbor bar. —Home Journal.

Hunter and Buck. An exchange prints an adventure narrated by an old trapper living among the Pennsylvania mountains almost fifty years ago. He was still hunting for deer when he discovered a big buck not twenty yards away. He says: I fired the instant I saw him throw up his head, and down he went as suddenly as though the bullet had gone through his brain.

I stood my gun against a tree, snatched my knife out of my belt and hurried toward him. As I reached down to pull up his head he struck out with one of his forefeet and knocked the knife out of my hand. He was on all fours in an instant, and the only thing I could do was to grab his antlers. I never saw a madder animal. He snorted, bucked, struck with his feet, and tried his best to kill me. At that time I was a strong man, but for fifteen or twenty minutes I thought my time had come.

My only hope was in clinging to his horns. Several times he doubled himself up and made great efforts to tear me with his hind hoofs, but I managed to keep out of his way. By and by the buck began to weaken, and I myself was about exhausted. Finally I let go one horn, got out my pocket knife and finished him with it. On examining his head afterward, I discovered that my bullet had struck the root of his left antler and temporarily stunned him.

A Cat's Devotion. A strange story in which a cat is a pathetic character has come to light at Paoli. A little boy of that village owned a cat that was a great pet in the family. But the cat would have nothing to do with any one except the boy. The latter died, and for two weeks the cat would come as usual every morning to the door and go in the room would cry very mournfully and walk over the child's bed hunting for his lost friend. Finally the cat disappeared, only returning occasionally. At last one of the child's sisters saw the cat in the graveyard, where it remains, only returning for food. It keeps guard at the boy's grave, and can be heard at night crying piteously. —Atlanta Constitution.

Animals That Live Under Heavy Pressure. It is said by scientists that fishes and mollusks living at a depth of more than three miles under water have to bear a pressure of several tons, the weight being that of the superincumbent brine, which exerts its power from all sides. The reason they are able to bear this tremendous weight is because they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allows the water to flow through every interstice, thus equalizing the weight. When the pressure is removed they die almost instantly. —St. Louis Republic.

Brass is an alloy of tin and copper, and analysis of the earliest existing specimens demonstrates that it was formerly manufactured in the proportions of one part of tin to nine of copper. A notice in Genesis fixes the discovery and use of both these metals, according to the Bible, at between 4004 and 1635 years before the Christian era.

Inquiry into the subject of explosions in mines being caused by dry coal dust has led to some very valuable experiments and plans for clearing the galleries of foul air. One of these consists in moving open water butts through the affected localities. The coal smut collects in the water, and the air is thereby cleared before the danger limit is reached.

Locketts, which are just now so fashionable as adjuncts to the chateleine, neck and watch chains, are out in an infinite variety of patterns, and assume round, square and oblong shapes.

One of the mechanical curiosities of the gramophone is the fact that the etched record itself is the screw which propels the diaphragm from periphery to center.

FRANK E. J. Binkley, who was last heard of as second officer of the "Wind" will learn something to his advantage by addressing MISS F. BINKLEY, Portland, Oregon. Any information thankfully received.

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

HOFER BROTHERS, Editors.

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INTERNATIONAL FINANCE.

The weekly financial circular statement issued Saturday by Henry Clow & Co. asserts that "it is very many years since we have witnessed such a disorganized condition of financial relations between this country and Europe as has recently developed." The circular goes on to say:

"Such is the distrust prevailing at the foreign centers that numerous bills heretofore considered good drawn here on European houses have become in a large measure unobtainable, and the consequent scarcity of negotiable exchange compels a continuation of the shipment of gold long after the balance of our accounts with the outside world has ceased to rule against us. A condition of things more calculated to check business and to enforce liquidation in foreign commerce could hardly be conceived. Even if there were no real reason for this distrust towards bills of exchange this sort of discrimination is calculated to cripple importers and exporters in ways that can hardly fail to disturb confidence and produce embarrassment, which is dangerous treatment under present conditions. It is undoubtedly a gratifying evidence of strength that we have been able, without any signs of suffering, to so long endure the withdrawal of the European banking balances which are usually allowed to rest here, and to pay them off in cash without a wince; but when our export bills become unobtainable because of the distrust directed against the foreign houses on whom they are drawn, we encounter a kind of gold drain of much more serious nature; and yet nearly all the June shipments, amounting to nearly twenty millions, have been of this forced character. European bankers may deem it wise to take in sail in every direction, but they cannot be ignorant that to impose a violent contraction upon these important foreign trade credits must precipitate more serious dangers than they are now seeking to avoid. Of course Europe has to provide against the effects of coming general deficient harvest, with the natural bad results to internal trade; and the controlling bankers may deem it prudent to discourage general imports so as to keep down the exports of gold that must be made in purchase of the unusual American surplus of breadstuffs.

SUGGESTED COMMENT. THE JOURNAL gets there with a swish. Salem is getting under a great headway.

Don't be a microbe killer; get after bigger game. How can you get mental rest if you have no mind to rest. Men of worth are found worthy of the confidence of other men.

Salem cannot have too many electric car lines nor too easy terms. Water will ruin any pavement, and we do sometimes have water in Salem.

The Silverton Appeal speaks of "the usual sound of the baseball game Sunday."

Oregon papers begin to tell of the things in which this state excels. That means an exhibit at the Columbian fair.

Salem ladies will do well to look after their chrysanthemums as there is liable to be a show of that kind of flowers this fall.

The Town Talk says a man with \$3,000,000 can build a railroad to Astoria. Then it proceeds to construct the man with the money.

Children are a good deal like chickens. Give them plenty of range, clean food and plenty of water, and they will require very little doctoring.

Some Salem gentlemen won high compliments for their Fourth of July orations. Salem men generally do get the bouquet wherever they go.

An exchange says there is but one lawyer in heaven. It cannot be owing to scarcity of lawyers. But the other place probably makes up for the deficiency.

The alliance is not, strictly speaking, a political organization, but in order to make itself felt as a political factor it must necessarily ally itself with some party. —Portland Dispatch (den.). You would not suspect that the above was disinterested advice if you did not know its author. We beg leave to differ. If farmers organize to have greater political influence they can commit

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

no graver error than to ally the organization with some political party. The Dispatch seems to imply that farmers are not fit to form a party, but should "ally" themselves to some superior intellects who are fit—democratic politicians, for example.

"Unless a great change takes place in public sentiment," says the Southern Alliance Farmer, of Atlanta, Ga., the official paper of the Georgia alliance, "every influence combined cannot keep the farmers of Georgia from going into a new party. It seems to us inevitable. The only opposition you find is in the towns and cities. There is no use in disguising facts. We see but little chance of Georgia going democratic in 1892. It's going to take big concessions and hard work from the democrats to secure the alliance support in Georgia." It will stand the democratic lower house of congress in hand next winter, to show that it is really and truly democratic, not plutocratic. Only that party is democratic which is for the masses and with the masses. Let us hope the party is alive to the issues of the hour. —Oregon City Courier.

The representative of the St. Louis Republic who was in attendance upon Tammany Hall's Fourth of July celebration, reports as the most significant incident of the occasion the relative enthusiasm inspired by Mr. Cleveland and Governor Hill, both of whom sent letters of regret. The reading of Mr. Cleveland's letter was followed by a spontaneous outburst of applause, lasting four minutes. "Hats were thrown in the air, umbrellas were opened and waved, and the lungs, feet and hands of the crowd were exercised in no uncertain way." Immediately following this Governor Hill's letter was read, and in spite of the attempt of the schemers on the platform to stimulate a similar manifestation of enthusiasm, "the cheering was all over in less than a minute," and it lacked but the volume and spontaneity with which the mention of Mr. Cleveland's name was greeted.

Judge Shaw's Letter. (Camp No. 1, on Shotts creek 21 miles south east of Cottage Grove, Lane county, Oregon, on the road to the Bahama gold mines, and 18 miles by trail to the same.) Mr. Editor: As you are aware that I belong to a surveying party, it will be of no use to explain when I tell you that Mr. W. M. Bushey, has the contract to survey township 22, south and 1 west of the meridian or base line. The main camp broke up on yesterday and moved some three miles up the creek and intend to operate from that point for a few days, this point is the base of supplies and we were afraid to leave them for fear they would come up missing. I was therefore, detailed to look after them, and today being Sunday and there being no one moving into or out of the mines it was rather a lonesome morning. On yesterday morning Mr. Bushey concluded he wanted more help as the ground is very rough and steep, and in order to make a success he will have to pack the grub along with the party and it will be impossible to get a horse over this rough country, so he will have to use men packers, and he went out to Mr. James Hunt's about six miles to engage his two grown boys to help him, one of them came in last evening and the other followed this morning. He was coming over on foot. All went well until he got within about a mile of this place where a very strange accident took place. One that would make the oldest hunter's blood curdle in his veins. At the point above named he was attacked by a large Brown or Cinnamon bear, and how he came off without losing his life is more than I can say for the animal was within two rods of him before he knew what it was. The first thing he done was to hollow at it as loudly as he could, this seemed to have no effect on the brute which at this time reared up on a log and gave a fierce growl, but this did not frighten the young man, but made him more resolute. He was unarmed, save a pocket knife which he took out and opened, he next took up some stones and clubs and made an attack with them. He succeeded in striking the bear several hard blows with stones before it showed any signs of retreating, but at last it commenced to retreat slowly and the young man by this time had become rather brave and followed the bear for some distance, pelting him every now and then with stones. But he could not make him run, and finally left it standing on a log not fifteen steps away. This beats any bear story that I ever heard from the fact that no one was hurt.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11.—Arthur Upham, of Galveston, Tex., and Paddy Gorman, of Australia, middleweights, have been matched by the Occidental athletic club, of this city, for a fight to take place the latter part of August for a purse of \$1500.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—Minister Fred Douglass was a prominent figure at the departments yesterday. He was at the state department first, where he received all the money due him from the government, and he then went over to the treasury department, where he was closeted for some time with Mr. Foster. Mr. Douglass was reticent on all points. It can be stated that Mr. Douglass has come home for the purpose of resigning his place. So widespread is this belief that there are already a number of applicants for the position. The most prominent candidate is T. Thomas Fortune, a well known colored journalist, now in New York. It is a serious question, however, whether the department will care to send another colored man to Hayti, for it is known here that the Haytiens do not appreciate as a compliment a colored minister at their capital, and much of Mr. Douglass' failure to secure the mole of St. Nicholas as a coaling station for the United States is ascribed to Mr. Douglass' unpopularity on account of his color.

OUR MINISTER DID NOT ATTEND. LONDON, July 11.—Robert T. Lincoln, American minister here, and Mrs. Lincoln, and Mr. White, secretary of the legation, and Mrs. White, did not attend the garden party given at Marlborough house Thursday in honor of the emperor and empress of Germany, although they were invited to be present.

GANG OF THIEVES. PITTSBURG, July 11.—Charlie Snowden, a bright little chap of eight summers, fell into the hands of the police about midnight Thursday night, and told a blood curdling tale in such a convincing way that he has been turned over to the humane society for safe keeping, until the proper authorities can be heard from. Charlie says his father is a professional thief, holding forth at Wheeling, W. Va., and because he wanted to train his son up as a burglar, the boy fled to Pittsburg. The lad declares that his father, whose name is George Snowden, is

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Ten acres of fruit land six miles from Salem, all in cultivation, with never failing spring; \$500, cash.

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