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GILBERT & PATTERSON,

Dealers in Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Windowglass, Etc.

LOCAL MARKET.

Wheat, net 90 cents per bu. Hops, active; 22 to 28 cents per lb.

Daily Bulletin.

The only business in town at Strong's.

See the new private balcony rooms for Sunday dinners at Strong's.

WESTACOTT & IRWIN.

Persons leaving town for the springs, seacoast or mountains, can have the DAILY JOURNAL sent to them without extra cost.

Notice.

Persons leaving town for the springs, seacoast or mountains, can have the DAILY JOURNAL sent to them without extra cost.

THE HUFFMAN WILL.—The John A. Huffman will was today admitted to probate by the county judge.

BY SILVER MOONLIGHT.—Sedgwick Relief corps will give a camp fire Friday evening in Marion square.

AN IDYLIC SCENE.—The Second Regt. band concert Wednesday night drew out hundreds to hear a high order of music.

SPECIAL DRILL.—The Capitals will meet tonight at 7:30 for drill.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS FILED WITH COUNTY RECORDER.

E. M. Waite and wife to A. L. Adams, lots 32, 33, 51, Hamden Park, 15 acres, \$3600.

J. Jay Cook and wife to John Irwin, lot 6, Marion Park, \$300.

S. G. Crabtree to Susanna Waters, lots 1 and 2, blk 3, Stanton's add to Stanton, in sec 10, \$70.

Elisabeth Eberhard and B. G. Eberhard, her husband, to J. D. Fain land off tract owned by A. Davis.

E. E. Wild and wife to Geo. W. Barber, part of lots 1 and 2, blk 51, University add., \$700.

A plat has been recorded of Doud's second add to Woodburn, 7 lots.

The World Enriched.—The facilities of the present day for the production of everything that will conduce to the material welfare and comfort of mankind are almost unlimited.

A large shipment of Oregon peaches just received at J. G. Wright's. He is prepared to supply all.

Clark & Eppley wish to call attention to their higher grades of coffees.

The finest toilet soaps at J. G. Wright's.

Cut prices on ladies' muslin and knit underwear for this week at Holversen's.

New lot Beehive Baking Powder just in—Sroat & Gile.

MADE HAPPY.—The overland train Wednesday night bore G. E. Miller, one of the Lashwick wreck victims.

There are now 125 teachers enrolled at the institute.

The Baker & Staung's play the Silverton's at Salem Sunday.

The street sprinkler is now very much in demand.

The beggars to the coast and mountains depletes our city.

Two unvarnished drunks got five days each of his honor Judge Goodell.

New potatoes eight inches long and still growing in the Salem market.

Mr. and Mrs. Werner Breyman and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. England, are at Wilbut Springs.

A large party of Salem's best people will take an outing at Crystal Spring resort tomorrow.

The Cottle-Parkhurst block is taking shape as one of the most stylish in the city.

Misses Carrie Freindly and Stella Dorris, of Eugene are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Hirsch.

The S. P. Co. settled with G. E. Miller, of Grant's Pass, for \$2500.

G. A. Sanford, of Ladd & Bush, of Salem, is in the city, taking his vacation.—Albany Democrat.

Enjoy life while you may, and go over to Gearhart Park and Latsop beach to live in ease for a short time.

The ladies are flocking to Holversen's cut rate sales in a great rush.

Several Nebraska millionaires have been in Salem the past week.

The Santiam Lumber Co. furnished the new sills for the big Capitol mills warehouse.

Pres. VanSeoy, late of Willamette university, is building a residence and boarding hall at Portsmouth, close to Portland university.

Rev. C. E. Cline and family will spend their vacation season in the mountains, and any necessary messages from friends will reach them if directed to Mehama.

Man-holes in her sidewalks are a feature that few cities of Salem's pretensions can boast.

There are still some vacancies in the regular army for Fort Canby, and the recruiting officers at Salem will give any young man a chance to adopt a military career.

After the parties to the street contract are satisfied, it would seem as if the city officials could let go.

It is a positive relief to all kidney and stomach troubles, the finest table water on the market.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Fleming start for the Sound tomorrow morning, and will be joined by Mrs. Rosenberg at Portland.

Hon. Geo. H. Burnett succeeds P. H. D'Arcy as attorney for this county in all school land matters.

Deceased was a resident of Oregon since about twelve years, when he came to Oregon from Illinois.

A lady (whose name we cannot learn) on Church street was in great distress last evening about the absence of her baby boy.

The masons have to-day begun the foundation of the H. V. Matthews residence on Englewood heights.

Nez Hayden's fine hunting dog, was poisoned this morning.

There is some amusement in a western town about an alleged newspaper that talks a great deal about its fighting editor.

Five hundred dozen choice fat hens wanted immediately at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

STRAYED.—A boy pony with light green mane, about 7 years old, with rope around her neck, saddle marks, and brand on each hip.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Splendid weather for crops of all kinds.

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SUPPLIED.—To be well supplied is not simply to have all the provisions you want, but to get such as you want, fresh and clean, and to get them on time.

Sarah Day and I. H. Dorrance obtained license to marry.

The Baker & Staung's play the Silverton's at Salem Sunday.

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plato ready, for we would fight in preference to being sacrificed, and had barely finished his instructions when it was announced that no rain would come until the spirits had smelled and tasted human blood.

The chief nodded assent, and the young men of the tribe tremblingly formed a circle to be inspected by the muti to see if any would answer as to a sacrifice.

Myself and two servants were inside the circle near the chief. As the muti passed along the line of terror and misery were depicted on the faces of the young men.

He came to the spot where I and my two men were, hesitated a moment, but passed on, returning, however, the next moment and drawing his bloody knife across my shoulder yelled out, "Bas-sella! bas-sella!"

At the same time commanding four young men who had held the oxen for the knife, to approach and seize the sacrifice, "that the Great Spirit might have human blood to drink and breathe the fragrance of the ascending smoke of his roasted heart."

Not seeing the matter in the same light as the muti, we prepared to defend ourselves. In the present state of excitement I knew it would be of no use to parley or even attempt to, so as the savitors approached without a moment's hesitation we fired on them.

Two fell dead, and taking deliberate aim at the villainous muti I sent a bullet crashing through his head, which sent him to his last account, and before the people could recover from their astonishment we took to our heels, and gaining a large rock placed our backs against it, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible if any further attempt was made to harm us.

The muti being dead, a consultation was held by the chief and his advisers, who evidently decided not to carry on a war against a man who was powerful enough to kill a muti with a small noise. In a parley which followed we explained to the chief, very plainly, what the consequences would be to him and his tribe if we were harmed when the news reached our friends on the coast.

We were not subjected to any further trouble, the stipulation being that we leave their country at once, a condition we were not loath to comply with. I had my men bring our horses and rifles to the rock, and receiving an angry goodby from Matokwa and sundry malignant scowls from the assembled warriors, we departed at a brisk trot.

After an hour's travel Umecobela, one of my servants, rode up to me and said, "Boss, can you make a big war?" I did not understand what he meant by this, and asked him to explain.

He then told me that we would be very likely to receive a visit from the Sitantas, the tribe we had just left, and they would try to avenge the deaths of the muti and his savitors whom we had shot. This piece of information was far from pleasant, as I knew we three could do but little against the numbers that would possibly assail us.

I called Mphana, and asked him if he thought we would be pursued, and received a very depressing reply in the affirmative. The day was nearly spent, and I told my men we could hide during the night and possibly escape them the following day.

This they doubted, and proposed that we go on to the Little Marraba tribe and ask protection. I had been among these people before and had rendered them quite a service, and readily agreed to the proposal, as it seemed the only way out of the trouble.

I learned from my servants that the two tribes were not overly friendly to each other, and this gave me more hopes of succeeding in getting their help and protection. We rode hard until about 4 in the morning, and found ourselves on the outskirts of the Little Marraba kraal.

We entered the village and at once paid our respects to the chief. As we had neither seen nor heard anything of the Sitantas, I concluded not to say anything to the chief about it, but Umecobela said it would be best, and I had him tell the story. The chief thought some time over what he had heard, and finally spoke: "You killed the great amanzi?"

"Yes, I had to do it to save my own life."

"You do not feel any sickness or nothing moving in you?"

"No; what do you mean?"

"Nothing, Boss; it is good. Nothing can harm you now," and turning to his men he had a long and earnest talk with them. They began to encircle me and gaze on me with wonder and curiosity shown in every feature.

I asked Umecobela what it meant, and he said the chief and people could hardly believe I had killed the muti and lived afterward, and that if my words were true nothing could harm me, for I was most mighty, equal to the spirits. I told him to tell the people it was true, and that we were anxious for help should the Sitantas follow us, all of which he did and received assurances of their united help. I then requested food and a place to rest in, and was given quarters in the chief's hut. We ate a hearty meal and were soon snoring, for I was nearly done up with fatigue.

Nothing was seen of the Sitantas that day, and I was congratulating myself upon getting out of a serious difficulty so easily when Mphana spoke up and said, "Wait till another day, Boss, you may see more."

I laughed at his fears and interested myself in getting everything ready for an early start next morning. After eating supper I strolled out to smoke and enjoy the cool night air, and found the kraal in a state of excitement and making preparations for a fight. I hurried back to the hut

and asked Umecobela what the trouble was and found that rumors had just come in stating that the Sitantas were coming in large numbers toward the village. I then hastened to the chief and told him to avoid a conflict if possible; to tell the Sitantas we were not there or anything that would prevent a battle. He smiled and said, "White Boss afraid of Sitanta warrior when he kill muti amanzi?"

I told him no, but that I did not wish to see any of his subjects killed. He replied gruffly, "That is what warriors are for," and I then left him, resolving in my mind to do my share if a battle must be fought. I secured my revolvers, and taking a bountiful supply of ammunition bade my servants do the same, and grasping our rifles we went to the side of the kraal where the Sitantas were expected. It was not long until a courier arrived demanding of us Chief Little Marraba, but the chief sent back word that "the white boss was Great Medicine, or Induna Mlunga Unkulu," and would only go where he pleased. If they wanted him they would have to take him."

Soon their cry of the peacock (the war cry) could be heard, and the Marraba answered back by yelling nanzi unpi (there comes the army), balaga amuzantata (strike the Sitantas), giva vava makosi gani (we fight for our chief). Soon the clash fell, and muttered yells and words could be heard along the lines, mingled with the clashing of assegais, and their dull thud when striking the skin shields. I and my servants poured in a steady fire that reduced the ranks of the enemy considerably. The moon rose suddenly from behind the mountains and disclosed a weird scene. Naked savages, crazed with the desire to shed blood, standing on the forms of friends and foes, the better to be able to kill the enemy. With the aid of the moon's rays we could do better execution with our firearms, and every shot was made to count. This drew upon us the missiles of the enemy, but we kept up such a hot fire that we soon had them fleeing from our part of the line amid the cry of Oul Oul Marraba tyele (Hurrah! hurrah! Marraba strikes well or true).

Thus the battle raged, what seemed to me hours, but finally the Sitantas wavered and were soon put to flight by the Marrabas, who followed them several miles, killing all they could come up with. Mphana was killed in this fight, and I felt as though I could never forgive myself for bringing his death on him, and did all I could to give him a good burial and a nice resting place for his last sleep. Umecobela and myself escaped with a few slight cuts and knelt in prayer to thank God for our safe deliverance. Little Marraba offered me a fine young warrior as a servant, which I accepted, and after thanking him for his protection and offering what I could in the way of sympathy, I had my horses made ready and pushed on at once for Marabastad, where I arrived in a sad plight three days later. Ferret had followed from the wounds on me inflaming, and I was laid up here a long time. This trip had about cured me of my curiosity, and had I listened to reason, would never have had any further trouble with the Kafirs, but what man can tell what he will not do to gratify his curiosity!—South Africa Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Where Lace is Made.

Bruges makes the well known point Duchesse. Valenciennes, named from its French native province, is a pillow lace, now best made in Flanders. Point d'Alencon, which ranks next to Brussels in value, is made mainly with the needle.

Spanish point was so much used in the churches that up to the suppression of the monasteries in 1839 it was little known.

Black and white silk laces are made largely by the peasant women of both Spain and Portugal. It is a different fabric, though, from the "Spanish lace" sold in American shops. That is a machine product, and comes mainly from Lyons.

Bionde got its name in an odd fashion. It was first made from silk in its natural yellow-white hue, so was styled by its French makers "blonde," or fair.

Mauger the introduction of machine lace there are at least a million lace workers in the various European countries.—New York Herald.

Odors of Fungi.

Fungi are characterized by the most surprising varieties of odors. Some are provided by nature with such horrible smell as nothing else besides can approach. The infective stench of one known as the "catarrhus" has given rise to a superstition in parts of France where it grows that it is capable of producing cancer, so that the inhabitants of the Landes district call it the "cancer," and when they find a specimen cover it carefully over lest some one should chance to touch it and become afflicted with that horrible disease in consequence.

Another species smell strong of onion, a third of apricot, a fourth of tallow, a fifth of putrid meat and a sixth of stalepotent. Wholesome mushrooms usually have an agreeable perfume, and the safest rule to follow in gathering them for the table is to nibble the stem of each one picked. If the taste is not pleasant throw the thing away.—Washington Star.

Taking No Risks.

Mrs. Gaddish—Is it true, as I've been told, that your husband proposed by telephone?

Mrs. de Schriek—Why, no, that's a silly story. He only asked papa's consent that way.—Puck.

Notice to Travelers.

Our store is crowded with a fine, new line of

TRUNKS AND TRAVELING BAGS

This line embraces all kinds and sizes of trunks from the cheap packing trunk to the \$16 ladies' Saratoga. It is the finest line ever brought to Salem, and of the best manufacture.

PRICES THE LOWEST POSSIBLE FOR GOOD GOODS.

Traveling Bags and Valises from \$1 to \$7. We invite the attention of the public to the fine quality of these goods.

CAPITOL ADVENTURE CO.,

Opera House Block.

New line of swimming trunks and tennis shoes. 8 spools cotton for 25 cents. Wool bought.

Out Side the Trust.

A. B. BUREN & SON,

Old Undertakers of 18 years experience have, through

much difficulty, secured a stock of Undertaking supplies out side the Undertaking trust and are now prepared to furnish funeral outfits in a first-class manner and can make you prices independent of any trust. Special attention given to embalming.

Undertaker's rooms fitted up specially for the business

FURNITURE

AT AUCTION.

If you want Furniture, attend the auction sales at the Auction House, near Court House every Saturday and get your goods at your own price. H. R. MOORE, Auction and Commission Merchant.

"HONEST FRANK," Auctioneer.

CLEAN!

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the

SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY

where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner. COLONEL J. OLMSTED, Liberty Street.

Yew Park Grocery.

G. D. RADABAUGH

Has put in a new stock of Groceries, Queensware, Feed, etc. Produce bought at highest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed in all things. Goods delivered to all parts of the city. Call and give me a trial.

THE CLUB

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES.

W. H. GOULET, Proprietor. All stock left in my care shall receive the best of attention. Telephone No. 24, Cor. Liberty and Ferry streets, Salem, Oregon.

SNOW THE YEAR ROUND