

EVENING CAPITAL JOURNAL.

VOL. 4.

"THE PEOPLE'S PAPER."

SALEM, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

"TO-DAY'S NEWS TO-DAY."

NO. 113.

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We can show you twelve different styles of Oxfords, A. B. C. D. and E. widths. A very fine assortment this, and they are reasonable in price.



Remember we sell the best quality of **BLACK OVER GAITERS** At \$1 per pair. We have all sizes and can give a perfect fit. **Wm. BROWN & CO.,** 231 Commercial Street. DEALERS IN FINE SHOES.

One-Third of Your Life

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R. J. FLEMING'S,

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BROOKS & HARRITT.
NEW LINE

DOLL CARRIAGES. BABY CARRIAGES. HAMMOCKS. CROQUET. LAWN TENNIS. 94



GUNS. REVOLVERS. AMMUNITION. BASE BALLS. BATS. CAPS, Etc. FLAGS. FIRE CRACKERS. State Street.

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for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Anson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, without injurious medication.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City, Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 15th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Important to Land Seekers.

Ten acres of fruit land eight and a-half miles from Salem and three and a-half miles from Turner for \$850.

Ten acres of fruit land six miles from Salem, all in cultivation, with never failing spring; \$600, cash.

Lots in Highland addition to Salem on the installment plan for from \$400 to \$500 each; city water, street cars, sewerage, well-graded streets, shade trees, city park adjoining, and the best horse car service in the state soon to be changed to an electric line. The Oregon Land company, Salem, Oregon.

OREGON LAND COMPANY.

Salem Truck & Dray Co.

DRAYS AND TRUCKS always ready for orders. Sell and deliver wood, hay, coal and lumber. Of 500 State St., opposite the corner of State and Commercial streets.

THE GENUS NEWSBOY.

Unwritten Laws Which He Observes with Commendable Strictness. Etiquette is not confined to the Four Hundred by any means. Even the newsboys of this great town have a code of manners which is carefully kept up even without the surveillance of a Me-Alister.

Watch one board a horse car, for instance. He swings himself on the platform with an adroitness which is little short of marvellous. If he sees another newsboy in the car that settles it. The latter comes gets off the car without more ado. Perhaps he is many times larger than the boy inside, but that makes no difference. There is an unwritten law among the newsboys of New York which says that "The first feller on der car owns der roost."

Size and personal prowess do not count in the deal at all. It is simply an arrangement adopted by the craft long ago and founded on the basis of fair play.

Another thing that one notices in the horse cars is the tendency of the conductor to be tolerant toward the boys, even though the little fellows sometimes get in their way and tread on their corns. Seldom is it that a newsboy, when he is handed five cents for a penny paper, appeals in vain to the conductor for five coppers if he happens to find himself without change.

On the other hand, if the day is very cold and the car door is kept shut by the conductor, the newsboy in opening it will always close it again carefully before crying out the different editions of his paper. This seems to be another tacit understanding among the boys. Occasionally a cross grained conductor will strike one of the little lads, who are so great a convenience to the public, or even push him off his car, but such cases are few and far between. It is not impossible that some of the conductors were newsboys themselves in their time.

Aside from his method of doing business on the city's horse cars, the New York newsboy has another trait which entitles him to respect, and that is his honesty. Give a boy a dime, and if he says, "Haint got no change, boss; wait er minute," and then disappears in the crowd, you needn't think for an instant that you are being robbed. Of course the boy could get away if he were so inclined, but he isn't. The little chap may have had hard luck, and perhaps didn't get money enough to buy his usual luncheon, but it will never enter his head to run away with your dime. Just inquire among your friends and see if you can find one who will say that a New York newsboy ever robbed him of a cent.—New York Herald.

Improvement in Surgical Dressing.

A new material, which has been named "Christia," has been introduced for surgical dressings. It is a membrane-like tissue, made by a process of felling the pure fiber of the manilla hemp. It is very light and strong, impermeable to water, spirits of all kinds, oils and acids. It is made neutral, so that it can be rendered antiseptic with any desired medication. It will stand tropical heat and arctic cold without being injuriously affected by the changes.

It is particularly adapted for India and other hot climates, where gutta serena tissue and oiled silk become in short time amalgamated to such an extent as not only to be useless to the surgeon but injurious to anything with which they come in contact. In view of the fact that both oiled silk and gutta serena tissue have been discarded by the government of the United States, England, France, Denmark and Norway in consequence of their impracticability, there is a large field for the new material, another advantage of which is that it is only about half the price of oiled silk.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Knowing Horse.

Some fifteen years ago, on the green hills, in sight of the beautiful Pennesewassee, browsed an old horse which had been through the war with its owner, a quartermaster. It would take a long time to tell all that this intelligent animal knew and could do; but it was this which especially excited the admiration of the village maids.

The school house was three miles from the barn from which old Betsy drew a pung full of little ones every day. After arriving at the school the oldest would secure the reins, turn Betsy's head homeward, and the old horse would jog along, making the right turns in the road, sheering off for towns and arriving home just as safely as if it had a driver.—Lowiston Journal.

Improved Automatic Stall Door Trip.

A new door trip has been designed to facilitate the movements of the fireman upon receipt of an alarm by throwing open the stall doors and loosening the horses, which immediately at the first tap of the bell take their position ready to have the harness fastened. It also has a clock which marks on a register the exact moment the alarm was received. It can also be made to light the gas or electric light in any part of the house, or ring one or more mechanical or electric bells.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Love's Young Dream.

Sweet Girl—Papa, Mr. Poorchap proposed to me last night, and I told him I would marry him if you were willing. Father—Send him about his business.

Sweet Girl—He hasn't any.—New York Weekly.

12 Spools of Brooks' Cotton 25c. thread for A. J. H. LUNN'S

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.

It is the season to be flying to seaside and climbing into mountains. The few poor creatures who remain at home, oh! but your fashionable summer resorters pity them! In his or her airy retreat, free from all cares, wandering at pleasure on the beach, or breathing the elevated atmosphere where it is least needed, it is quite the thing to imagine that only a small, sweltering minority remains at home. Not so, dear sea-siders and peak-climbers. We are still the multitude, suffer tho' we may. It is the prerogative of the majority to pity the absurd and foolish minority at all times, tho' there may be mingled an afterthought of regret. If we are philosophical, we can take some comfort out of existence tho' banished to stay at home. We wave you off, disdainfully pointing at your discomforts and disadvantages. You often come home to rest; it is you who eat the most bad meals; are robbed on all your charges; have to put up with noise and garrulity and swinishness of ill-used hotel guests, who always get the best chairs, and grasp the best dishes, and monopolize the waiters, and pay no more or not so much as you are compelled to. You are the ones who rent rooms "at a quiet cottage on the seaside" only to find that you are in the midst of a bedlam of noisy children, and that it is located a good mile from the beach and the road all the way soft sand. Allow us who remain at home to point out these things and in the sour grape philosophy of the day get out of them what satisfaction we can. You will still have your fun and returning vow such good time was never had by mortal. Our only recourse is to go to work and extract what enjoyment we can out of the situation at home.

Before going into details permit a philosophical observation: The joy of life is neither in the anticipation, possession, or realization; but it is in the living thereof. We do not live enough. We are not alive enough. It is safe to assume that not one life in a hundred is lived to its full capacity in any direction. It may not be best or we all were Napoleons. Nevertheless we rust out rather than wear out. The faculties languish from inactivity rather than from exercise. It behooveth thee, dear reader, to see if thou canst not get a greater momentum onto thyself. It is a duty.

So, to begin with, we do not enjoy ourselves enough at home, to say naught of going to the seaside or mountains. We can develop the greater capacity to enjoy life right here at home. We do not even fully enjoy our peerless summer climate. Here we have three months steady, clear, peerless weather. Behold the perfect day! It beginneth in a pearly, crystalline morning, set in millions of dew drops that sparkle on leaf and grass. There is a calm and serenity that is a balm to the soul and a restful solace to the spirit. Away to the northeast the sun climbs into a faultless sky of pale azure. It has a milky whiteness behind, which as a screen stands the wall of eternal blue. Slowly, as the sun wheels up on high, the tinkling symphony of nature, accompanied by plaintive bird-song and challenge of barnyard fowl, is displaced by the more practical clatter and bang of civilization. The hammer and saw, the rattle of wagons, the tramp and roll of the street cars, the puffing of steamers and locomotives, all blending into the commercial chorus of the busy day. Now come four hours of bright, strong sunshine, interlarded with snappy breezes, that give assurance of grand harvests of grain for the coming year. Then the royal god of day declines to his down-going, far away to the northwest. As he bows his head toward the Pacific there sweeps over the forests from the foothills of the Coast range the breath of the sea, come to cool the fervent day. Rippling over mountains and filtered through many miles of fir trees, this hyacinthine steady daily trade-wind of health and joy rushes into the lungs and sends the blood coursing with new life thro' all your veins. The evening cools as it advances until the whole Willamette valley is one vast refrigerator amid a burning continent. At nine o'clock the landscape is still visible in the semi-light of a fading day. The charm of moonlight is on land and water. The day is done. Have you fully enjoyed all its beauties? Has your nature been awake to its manifold charms? It should have been.

The evening and the morning have their several enjoyments, as hath the noon. The cool air is ambient with delicate cooling perfumes. They are faint, and the dull unsympathetic nostril may never scent them. To the keen nose each morning and evening nature gives out a new refreshing perfume. Walk over a common at high noon, and preceive the pungent aroma of herbs that arises to salute you. The vile dog-fennel under the albinic sun yields a breath as of myrrh and all the other lowly herbs bruised by your tread join in the chorus of fragrance. There is a joy out on the heath in the evening air, when the long shadows of fire stretch their dark hands over miles and the far distant tinkle of the cow bells is redolent into a silvery chime. A walk through a cool fir forest has its special elevating influence and holy benediction. And these are only the minor and common enjoyments that he about you. The higher pleasures of outdoor and indoor life are still beyond. The tent for the children in your doorway; the games; the swing; the river; the band concert; the berrying; the occasional meal out of doors—all these are in your reach.

Of course, if you are bilious, or dyspeptic as it is called by some, or malarial as a good many doctors term it, or lazy, which is more nearly the truth, a more heroic course is necessary, or you will surely see death staring you in the face before your time. The simple truth is probably you are not fully alive and would not be whether you were at the coast or wheresoever. You can change this condition at home as well as anywhere. Bathe daily and read Paul only. Work you need next—if you are still young at all. Work a few hours before breakfast. Work until noon, until night, until supper; work so that when you lie down rest will be a boon and sweet sleep will pour its healing oblivion over you until morning. Drink plenty of water and stave until you can eat anything and any quantity of it. If you have a sick neighbor carry him or her flowers. If a poor one, who is in need, carry some good tidings in the shape of employment, or the gospel of encouragement, and it will be wine to your soul. Chances are, you do not do any good in the world to yourself or anyone else. Here is medicine for the soul, body and spirit. Here is summer-resorting that can be made a blessing to you all the year around. The seasons will become as one. All days will be Sundays for good honest works and consecrated well-doing. In the mean time you will forget that you ever were bilious and you will have an appetite like a cayuse.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

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

MISCELLANY.

BOULANGER'S PARTY.

LONDON, July 18.—Dispatches from Paris relating to scenes in the chamber of deputies Thursday show who cherished the idea that Boulanger was no longer capable of stirring up a row have met with a genuine surprise. The cabinet sustained a rebuff which must have completely dazed the gentlemen composing that body, so even has been their political path for many months past. It was to be expected that sooner or later some deputy would revive the question of the German passport regulations in the conquered provinces. But nobody dreamed that the ministry would have any difficulty in evading a reply, or in completely ignoring the matter if it should see fit. The coalition which cast the majority of the votes against the government on the question of discussing the regulations adopted by Germany concerning passports across the French border, was quietly formed and confident of success, but was scarcely aware of its own strength, for it was later admitted by one of their number that the result of the division was as surprising to them as it was gratifying. The subsequent discussion of the matter in the chamber will doubtless be as exciting as the most ardent anti-German agitator could wish, and the debate will be watched with great interest in Berlin. Meantime, the Boulangerists will make the most of their victory, for victory it is, though it probably will not have a tendency to add much to their voting strength at the polls; yet the incident has given the faction a degree of importance which it did not before possess, and imparted to it a new lease of life as an element of discord, if not as a political faction.

MRS. LUCY PARSONS.

CHICAGO, July 18.—Two weeks ago, Lucy Parsons gave an entertainment at her house. Among the guests was Martin Lasher. Lasher, according to his own story, has been boarding with Mrs. Parsons for about two years. He deserted his wife and family to break bread at Lucy's table. Mrs. Parsons invited a friend to the party for whom Lasher entertained the most bitter contempt. The next day Lasher took Mrs. Parsons to task for inviting his enemy. He struck the widow in the face and she retaliated by hurling a flatiron at him. Mrs. Parsons secured a warrant for his arrest, and the case was aired in Justice Levenson's court. Mrs. Parsons told the justice that Lasher had been a source of annoyance to her. She had to eject him by force from her house, and a few days ago he smashed in the front door with an ax and began to make kindling wood of the bedstead and sideboard. He made threats against her life and property, she swore, and has left her no option but to appeal to the law for protection from his attacks. Lasher is a pale-faced young man, and there is nothing about him that would suggest anarchy save a miniature gallows and noose as a scarfin. He told the court that the piece of jewelry was a love token given to him by Mrs. Parsons. His story was that he left his wife and children to board with Mrs. Parsons. He said that he wrote the book of Parsons' life, and that he also paid numerous bills to save Mrs. Parsons from the hands of the law. The furniture which he smashed he said was his own. He has now gone back to live with his wife. While making some damage statements against Mrs. Parsons' character she interrupted him by saying: "If you say that again, I will kill you." The justice fined Lasher \$25 and costs.

HONORING THE FRENCH.

LONDON, July 18.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg says that preparations for giving an official reception to the French fleet under the command of Admiral Gervais, which is now on its way to Cronstadt, have been left undone that would tend to make the reception both at St. Petersburg and Cronstadt a thorough success, and, as everything has been conducted under the express orders of the czar, the honors paid to the warships and their officers will have the widest significance.