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Stock Holders Meeting. The annual meeting of the stock holders of the Gold Mountain and Dry Gulch Consolidated Gold & Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of said company in Salem, Oregon, at 2 p. m. Saturday, August 1st, 1891, for the purpose of electing five directors for the ensuing year, and for such other business as may properly come before such stock holders meeting.

GEO. C. WILL, Piano, Organ and Sewing Machines. REPAIRED AND CLEANED. At Your House. Agents for Northwest Insurance Co. Two doors north of Post Office, Salem, Or. No. 101, 5th St. and 6th St. Sewing Machines. 101 1/2

WANTED—Girl to do general housework in family of five. Apply at 212 1/2 street, corner Chestnut. 721 1/2

MY BACKYARD.

I left school at ten year old, But have my share of knowledge, And I am educated. Than any chap from college. Ideas have been tanned into me. Just billed and stewed in hard, Just baked in the sun that shines In my backyard.

An' I believe it's Bible truth If man wants to be wise. He's got to live out in the air Beneath the open skies. The tulip in the sunlight breaks The earth's skull, old and hard, An' the sun sprouts thoughts in my skull In my backyard.

Take your brain out in the sunshine. If you want your thoughts to sprout Strong stock of purple colored fancies, Flowers or faith, not weeds or doubt: Give yer bare brain to the sunlight. Let its lanes stah ye hard, An' yer'll ha' some thoughts worth thinkin' In my backyard.

There's thoughts that's salted down in books. Like salt pork in a barrel, An' boys in school will eat the stuff If rained in by a storm; But new untainted meat or thought That don't digest so hard, Is foun' out in the open air In my backyard.

The power that makes the parsnips grow Will start the tendrils of the soul, An' fertilize the brain. So I wash in a sun bath, an' I let her soak in hard, An' strong red flowers or thought are grown In my backyard.

The brightest thoughts a fellow thinks Are those he thinks himself. They ain't in any book that's foun' On any library's shelf. No college president could think If he thought long an' hard, Thoughts like the sun soaks into me In my backyard.

—S. W. Fess in Yankee Blade.

"HER ADVENTURER."

Perhaps it was because Edward Slocomb was in love with Carrie Tracy that he disliked Jack Mourndant so much.

On the morning after Mrs. Aspinwall Jones' dance Slocomb was leisurely dressing in his room at the hotel. There was a knock at the door, and a telegram was handed in.

"Come at once," he read. He glanced at the signature—simply "Grace." Slocomb read the telegram again, and ran his fingers through his hair in perplexity.

"Who the devil is Grace?" he muttered.

Then he looked at the telegram again. There was a mistake. Slocomb rushed out into the hall. The messenger boy was just going down stairs. He shouted to the boy, but he continued on his way. Slocomb threw a slipper he held in his hand and struck the boy between the shoulder blades.

"Can't you hear?" he said angrily. "Come back. This telegram is not for me; it is for Mr. Mourndant. His room is 13, mine is 18."

The boy took the telegram off and Slocomb went on dressing. When he found himself trying to shave himself with a clasp knife instead of a razor, he looked intently into the glass and cried:

"What's up? What's the man going to do? By Jove, he shan't marry Carrie if I can help it."

After this very emphatic speech Slocomb went down to breakfast.

His perplexity and anger were not out of place, however. If you ever happened into a conservatory and found a man kissing the girl you love you know how Slocomb felt.

This is exactly what took place at the dance the night before. Slocomb was very much surprised at Carrie. He thought she knew better than that.

She danced with Mourndant altogether too much, and she ran off with him into the conservatory altogether too many times. It looked odd indeed. People noticed it, and commented on it without mercy.

"If they were engaged, all right," said they. "Otherwise"—and shoulders were shrugged and eyebrows elevated.

Jack Mourndant was a social success at Lenox; and that for a man means a good deal. No one cared to know where he came from; no one cared to know about his family. He was hand some, in his dark, Spanish way, a good dancer—dancing men are so very scarce—and he always said the right thing in the right place.

But Slocomb was not at all satisfied with him. He could not take him as the rest of the people did. A man who danced with his cousin, Carrie Tracy, must be something more than a four weeks' wonder.

Carrie was Slocomb's cousin in a distant sort of way, and a half engagement existed between them. Slocomb had not spoken, however. He was Carrie's constant companion, and, with Mrs. Tracy as chaperone, they were out a great deal together.

It was the mother's place to put a stop to this Mourndant business, but she was quite as much fascinated with the man as her charming daughter. Therefore it fell on Slocomb's shoulders to see that nothing came of the rapidly growing intimacy. He had done his best, but he came into the conservatory just too late.

Carrie Tracy was annoyed at his appearance. Mourndant excused himself hurriedly. Slocomb took occasion to lecture Carrie in a cousinly way. She was very sulky, however, and snubbed him without mercy.

Why Slocomb distrusted Mourndant was on account of a very odd episode that had occurred a week before. There had been a tennis party at one of the cottages, and going home Slocomb had stumbled on Mourndant in a bypath, talking earnestly with a stranger.

(Continued on third page)

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

HOFER BROTHERS, - - - Editors.

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OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

Women's ways are not all ways of foolishness nor are theirs all paths of peace. To be sure they talk much about styles and house keeping, but at the same time they tend the babies and keep the domestic machinery lubricated.

There are many women with wonderful ways in this world of ours. I cannot resist telling the JOURNAL ladies about one peculiar little woman who lives not far from Salem. She is about five foot tall and is as slender as a willow. She wears gowns and aprons of home-made and a hat that some neighbor has given her. Her greatest peculiarity is that she is a thorough Yankee and is bringing up a family of six sweet little girls. Her husband is as she says with a happy look; "a big wearin' rough sort of a fellow, but we have nice homey times just the same."

This peculiar little woman is sweet and friendly and chatty. Her house is on a steep hill and her furniture is very limited. The cistern is in the middle of the kitchen, without a cover over it. But her children are good and keep away from the water and the muddy bank. Her husband is a fisherman who is gone tending his nets most of the time, and busy selling his salmon.

This queer woman lets her children go to the neighbors to gather up the skin milk to raise a calf. The neighbors are glad to have it carried off; it keeps the little girls busy and the calf grows by night time. Such a ladylike little person as she is! You can't help liking her. She does not talk much about how busy she is, nor does she ever grumble or complain. She reassures people who think it is too much for her to have her father-in-law with her too. She says: "Why of course he's helpless, but I don't seem to mind the extra trouble much. You see, he was in Andersonville prison nine months and a half, and though he weighs over two hundred pounds he can't even put his own shoe on. But he's nice to have around so I don't mind him at all. Sometimes he is cross and grumbles with the children, but I don't mind that, the way some would. Indeed he's no trouble at all. I only hope he'll stay the winter through."

VERY ECCENTRIC. City ladies are very apt to be peculiar. They have so many advantages and grow so independent because of the broader opportunities of city life. One young lady of position, style and culture was recently visiting the home of a friend in the suburbs. While there, a girl who had formerly been in service to the lady came to stay a few days. She was sick, friendless and homeless. She had served others but there was none now to serve her. Her family was across the waters in Scotland, her money had been spent for medicine in vain. What should she do? She who had made home homelike and enjoyable to many another by the willing work of her hands had now no resting place.

The young lady visitor heard this sad story and pondered. She was going to her own lovely country home for the summer, where there was room for many an expected guest. Why not take this poor girl as her guest too, and let her enjoy rest and pleasure as hundreds less needy enjoyed?

Was this not an extravagant idea for a cultured young woman of the XIX century to indulge. It was decidedly original to say the least. But this independent creature carried her idea into reality and my reader can imagine the Scotch servant girl being entertained most royally. She has learned to row a boat, to drive and climb and read her book on the lawn in the most unbecoming manner. Such are the ways of some girls of the period.

THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE. This mythical person is always just out of sight, is just beyond the reach of today or in school boy slang "ex conspicuum." She belongs to the tomorrow. Then what is this that is growing into womanhood on all sides of us,—putting on long dresses, playing lawn tennis and the piano, riding horses and managing Shakespeare clubs? It seems to me that the woman of the future will never get near enough for us to see her, unless we look for her in the woman of today. If we watch for the signs of her coming as did the sons of Abraham for a Messiah we may watch for ever. If we are not privileged to see her in her full-orbed glory, we can at least watch the first red rays of her dawning. These rays may stream

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TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

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

WHALE ASHORE.

LONG BEACH, (via Hwaoo), Aug. 1.—The largest whale ever seen on the Pacific coast is now ashore between Tinkers hotel and Tiogo. Thursday afternoon a party of bathers in the surf were startled to hear loud cries from people who were on the sands, and, looking out toward the ocean, were paralyzed at beholding a huge black mass coming towards the shore. Slowly the huge mass drifted along, each breaker bringing the monster higher upon the beach, until finally the whale grounded. It was just the turn of the tide, and when the tide had gone out a careful measurement was made and the total length of the monster was found to be 187 feet. The beach was crowded with hundreds of people viewing the carcass, which lies like a huge bulk along the beach. There was a small whale washed ashore near Stout's about six years ago, but it only measured fifty feet in length. An old Indian, who has lived near the ocean beach for many years said large whales had come ashore many years ago, but never had such a monster as this been seen.

INNOCENT PASTIME.

One of the newer developments of the day which promises to meet the artistic as well as the industrial nature of womankind, is that of amateur photography. When spending an hour with a friend recently, I was entertained with the product of her camera. She had such interesting groups of familiar faces and forms, here and there a striking pose of one of the village belles, or a snatch of quiescent landscape. Home interiors and animals, fancy costumes and railroad bridges,—all taken and finished in the most approved way. What a pleasant call I had! We talked of the scenes in the pictures, the method of securing them, the artistic effect of grouping thus and so, the form of the family horse, the light and shade effects.

Was it not innocent, instructive, and pleasant pastime? The young lady artist who took the pictures might have told many more things that the pictures did not. She might have described jaunts to the woods and river, over hill and dale drives and walks and the pleasant associations of the times and places to which her camera had taken her.

Yes, the ways of women are as various as the banks of a winding stream. As the banks are shaped and curved by the current of the stream, so are their ways turned and rounded by the wash of circumstance. This only enhances the beauty and variety.

ASSASSINATION.

SPOKANE, Aug. 1.—A Review special from Colville Wash., says: "Moses Dupuis and Alex. McFadden, two old settlers of Colville valley, quarrelled over a strip of meadow land and carried the case into the courts. McFadden thought the case had been settled and went on the land to remove the hay. While he was at work Dupuis and a hired hand came into the field, and after a few words Dupuis fired a load of buckshot into McFadden's breast. The latter fell, probably mortally wounded. The assassin and his employee then placed the wounded man on the load of hay, drove out to the highway and started the team toward McFadden's house. Some time later it was seen, and the wounded man was taken to his home. Dupuis is under arrest."

ANTI CLEVELAND.

Senator Morgan's Views on the Next Democratic Nominee.

St. Louis Republic special from Washington: Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama is in Washington. Mr. Morgan is still of opinion that because of Mr. Cleveland's views on free coinage of silver he is an impossibility as a democratic candidate for the presidency. Mr. Morgan is one of the really great and intellectual men now in public life. His opinions are always interesting. Indeed his very prominence makes his utterances of unusual interest. One of his sentences is as follows: "I do not believe Cleveland will be nominated."

"There is," he continued, "a thoughtful, earnest and patriotic feeling among the people of the South in regard to the presidential campaign next year. They feel grateful to Mr. Cleveland and have perfect confidence in his integrity and in his fidelity to democratic principles and policies. They agree with him in the suggestions of his tariff message to congress which, they believe was a heroic devotion to principle for which the country is greatly indebted to him. They believe that the reformation of the tariff will take place through the assistance of the industrial populations of the Middle and Western states upon the lines laid down in that message."

"But," said the senator, "the democrats of the South believe that this government ought never to issue promises of any kind to circulate as money that are not redeemable in coin. They hold that the doctrine is a principle of government sustained by wise financial policy and made imperative by the constitution. They believe that fiat money, or money redeemable in anything else than coin, is a transgression of the fundamental law of the country. Having always had the uses and advantages of silver coin till 1873, and never having suffered from it in any way, either in their internal industries or in their foreign commercial affairs, they believe that the demonetization of silver was a crime and that it was intended to put the financial power and control of the country into the hands of a limited number, who could use their gold to fix their own price upon property and labor."

A BLOW AT THE RIGHTS OF THE SOUTH. "So they regard antagonism to (Continued on fourth page.)

NICKEL STEEL ARMOR.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—In view of the exhaustive trial made by the navy department with the result of demonstrating the superiority and greater tensile strength of nickel steel resistance armor for navy vessels, the secretary of the navy has contracted with Carnegie, Phillips & Co. for ten three inch protective deck plates, upper layers. The relative cost of these plates as compared with pure steel will be studied, and if satisfactory terms can be made this kind of armor will be adopted in construction of the armored cruiser New York and cruiser No. 12.

BURGLARY.

WALLA WALLA, August 1.—About midnight Thursday night word was brought into the city that two men had broken into M. F. Col's farm house, five miles below this city. The sheriff and Col went down, but, on attempting to enter the house, were warned away by the invaders, who threatened to shoot. Sheriff McFarland returned to the city, organized a posse and returned, surrounded the house and ordered the supposed inmates to surrender. After considerable parleying, a man came out with his face and hands blacked and gave his name as John Mack, stating that he had been induced to commit the burglary by his companion who had left him soon before the officers arrived. On the road back to the city, Mack pointed out a man sitting by the side of the road as his companion. Both men are now in jail awaiting examination.

Word was received at an early hour last evening, that some time night before last the safe in the store of W. M. Fell, at Hartsburg, a small town near Dayton, was blown open, and money and accounts to the amount of \$18,000—only \$700 in cash and \$800 in checks and certificates of deposit, made payable to bearer, W. M. Fell, who owns the store, were over \$8000 in money and accounts. John Kirby lost \$145 in money and \$8000 in accounts, Denny & Richardson, \$700 in cash, and a like amount in notes. A man sleeping in a room next to that in which was, remembered hearing an explosion during the night, but paid no attention to the matter. On Thursday evening a blacksmith in Watsburg discovered that a brace and bit had been stolen from his