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

FRENCH DINNER at STRONG'S NEXT SUNDAY.

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

RECEPTION TO DR. LANE. The Asylum Employers do the "farewell act in saying goodbye."

The employees of the Asylum tendered Supt. Lane a farewell reception Friday evening.

The Asylum farm comprises 1045 acres, the late purchases being nearly all good lands.

THE COTTAGE PLAN. Dr. Lane has given his heart and soul, and which he hoped to be able to complete.

LOCKJAW.—There have been several cases of this terrible disease among horses at Salem lately.

PAVING.—There is a general expression among Salem business men that what paving is done should be done right.

THAT DETCH.—Seventy men and twelve teams are at work between Stayton and Aumville enlarging the Santiam water ditch.

PROBATE.—An application to sell real property in the J. B. Tichenor estate, Mary E. J. Tichenor appointed administrator.

THE ASYLUM TRANSFERRED.

Dr. Rowland Steps in as Superintendent and Dr. Lane Steps Out. The past week has been a busy one and full of excitement at the Oregon state asylum for the insane.

Dr. Rowland was on hand bright and early attended by his assistant, Dr. Griffith. The nearly a score of inventory clerks were still busy in putting the finishing touches on their work when the final moment came.

THE TRANSFER

was made at 8 o'clock by Dr. Rowland presenting his certificate of appointment, and entering upon his duties as superintendent. The inventory was completed Friday in triplicate, a copy being delivered to the new incumbent, one going to the secretary of state and one retained by Dr. Lane.

Dr. Lane had all his personal effects packed in a wagon at the back door, ready to start for the mountains where he will spend his vacation fishing and hunting as is his custom every summer.

LANE'S ADMINISTRATION. Dr. Harry Lane took charge July 1, 1887. At that time there were 318 male and 148 female patients, a total of 466.

THE JOURNAL has more city and suburban circulation than any paper that is read at Salem.

A marriage license has been issued to Margaret A. Erhard and C. R. Fletcher.

THE SUNDAY GAME OF BASEBALL is to be between the Salerns and Solos.

THE FORUM for August has an interesting article on "Literature in the Marketplace."

THE Supt. Yoder is sending out the school laws to all the officers in the county and they can be looking for them.

ATTORNEY DePue, of Woodburn, is in the city.

Another fresh supply of buckberries just received at Rineman's today.

FRESH BLACKBERRIES and blackcaps, four boxes for two bits at Rineman's today.

GREENWALD, who was committed to the asylum a few weeks since as a dangerously lovesick man, has been released and returned to his friends.

MR. Geo. Shiel, who has been connected with the Salem Flouring Mills Co. for a number of years as representative on the Sound and British Columbia, has taken the proposition as manager of the Capital mills. He is an experienced business man in this line.

MANAGER Holland says there are 100 men at work between Aumville and Turner making the ditch big enough to convey the water without flooding anybody's fields.

NO HARM INTENDED.—THE JOURNAL was misled by an entirely unreliable source, (which it never relies upon for information when it can be obtained in any other way.)

IT IS A GO.—Arrangements are completed by Smith & Steiner for a telephone line and instrument to the state fair grounds.

THE HOT SEASON.—Even tho' it be not hot, and whether it be spent at home, at the seaside or in the mountains, requires special clothing.

BY THE WAY.—If you are looking for reasonable groceries, fruits, or vegetables, call at Squire Farrar & Co. They have what you want.

Remember that the new improved Singer took the premium over all other sewing machines at the last state fair. Office in State Insane building.

COME TO STAY.—Branson's low prices in groceries. Everything fresh. Gents underwear at cost at the Capitol Adventure Co.

BLACK UPON YELLOW.

A Colored Pugilist Sprays Sad Haze Among Maugols. Caleb Jones, who cuts wood on land about Salem, kicked up a lively row in Chung Hin's Liberty street establishment Friday night.

The Chinaman in the block were calling for help as Caleb, who is considerable of a pugilist, laid the mugs out to right and left.

THE CHINESE have laid an information against Mr. Jones, whose reputation as "dead hard scrapper" is owned, that they do not want to come into contact with him again.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

The Ellwood is due up tonight. Salem grange holds a meeting today.

C. B. Moores and family went to Newport today.

Lawyer Carson is confined to his house with neuralgia.

Dogs are getting altogether too numerous in some parts of town.

The gravel nuggets should be removed off State street.

For harvest time there were a great many people in town today.

The Oregon school for deaf mut opens later than usual this year—not until Sept. 21, and runs to May 21.

The Jefferson people will be down in big force Sunday to see the Salerns wipe up the ground with Solos.

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Fresh watermelons at M. T. Ridenman's.

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RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL.—Rev. Chambers will conduct the morning and evening service, Rev. Lund being absent at Roseburg.

FRIENDS.—Rev. George is home from his vacation to the coast and will occupy his pulpit in the Highland Park church Sunday morning and evening.

BAPTIST.—Preaching morning and evening by Rev. Henry A. Barden. Sunday school at 12 m. Endeavor meeting in church parlors at 6:15 p. m.

CHRISTIAN.—Lord's day preaching at 11 a. m.; subject, "Man's Indebtedness to God." At 7:30 p. m., subject, "What Will Become of the Jews?"

EPISCOPAL.—St. Paul's Episcopal church, Church and Chenebets streets. Service every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Sunday Dinner at The Willamette.

CHICKEN a la Princess and Calf Head a la Royal.

BOILED Salmon Trout a la Genevoise, Baked Sea Bass a la Port Royal, Potato a la Duchesse.

ROASTED Capon, Egg Sauce, Ham, Cham pagne Sauce.

SALAD. Mayonnaise of Chicken.

ENTREES. Antelope Sauté of aux Pommes, Croquettes of Fowl Champignons.

ROAST. Beef a la Andal, Pork with Apple Sauce, Saddle of Venison a la Richelieu, Spring Chicken, Sauce a la Giblets.

COLD MEATS. Beef, Ham, Beef Tongue, Veal, Pork.

RELISHES. Tomato Catsup, Worcestershire Sauce, Horseradish, Chow Chow, Sliced Onions.

VEGETABLES. Mashed Potatoes, New Potatoes Sliced in Cream, Green Peas, Succotash, Stewed Tomatoes.

PASTRY. Green Apple, Blackberry and Lemon Meringue Pies, Steam Fruit Pudding, Brandy Sauce, Boston Cream Puffs, Champagne Jelly, Vanilla Ice Cream, Biscuits, Glace Punch, Fruit, Sponge and Silver Cake, Jelly Rolls.

DESSERT. Nuts, Raisins, Fruits in Season, Cheese, Crackers, Ice Tea, Black Coffee, Ice Milk, English B K Tea.

Removal of Office. Dr. W. H. Young has moved his office into the Dr. Rowland building on corner of Liberty and Court streets.

Catterlin is the first to offer aristo photos.

Hats at cost at the Capitol Adventure Co.

We are selling ladies' misses' and children's Canvas and Russet shoes at less than cost.

Clothing at cost at the Capitol Adventure Co.

Clark & Eppley are selling those choice Eastern hams at 15 cents per pound.

Special dress goods sale at Holverson's this week will save buyers 20 per cent.

Notice the run at Catterlin's gallery for that fine aristo work—the new process.

Fresh steam roasted "Gamecock" peanuts at H. Benbrand's.

Special dress goods sale at Holverson's this week.

Look at the fine display of glassware in the west window of Strat & Gile.

Boots and Shoes at cost at the Capitol Adventure Co.

BLACK UPON YELLOW.

It was very embarrassing. Slocomb begged pardon, was awfully sorry, and withdrew as quickly as possible. He said nothing to the man about it, however, until the dance.

"This thing must be stopped," said Slocomb savagely to Mourndant later in the evening.

"What thing?" asked the young fellow, with a frank smile.

"This kissing my cousin for one thing, and secret meetings with a woman for another," said Slocomb in his blunt way.

Mourndant grew angry. Slocomb had no right to talk that way.

"I'll not explain about that affair after the tennis party," he said hotly. "I'll not betray a woman's secret. She came to the hotel to see me; it was necessary she should see me at once. They sent her to the cottage. Our meeting was accidental."

Some time later Slocomb found himself in Albany, and he saw Mourndant and "Grace" again.

"What am I going to do about it?" he echoed in amazement. He did not know what to make of Carrie's utter nonchalance.

"But I am," declared Slocomb earnestly. "awfully. Good heavens, Carrie, can you see a man carry on a double game before your eyes and not say a word or lift a finger?"

"What can I do?" She said this wearily, and then Slocomb saw what was beneath her mask of cold rivalry. She had put on a bold front and tried to pass it over lightly. It was no use, however. Slocomb prided himself on his knowledge of human nature.

They went to a dance that evening, and every one noticed that Carrie Tracy was more beautiful than ever.

"Too bad!" everybody said. "She should know better than to fall in love with a handsome adventurer. He was an awfully nice fellow, though, but frightfully wild!"

And so Carrie Tracy had to stand by and hear all this, and accept the condolence of her friends. It was gall and wormwood to her, but it only made the triumph that came in October all the sweeter.

"You don't believe there is a man in the world you may trust?" she said one girl say to another. She was sitting by a window in the hotel which opened upon a piazza. The two girls were peering up and down outside.

"I know it sounds awfully silly, but I don't believe in trusting people."

"I wish you would let me tell you a little story; it's only an everyday sort of a story. It's from real life. I'll tell you the story of Jack Mourndant."

At this Carrie Tracy looked up quickly. She listened eagerly to every word. The two on the piazza had seated themselves near her.

"The family is an Albany one. There were four brothers, and he was the youngest. One of the brothers is now in Albany, the other abroad, the third is well, was near Albany—in jail. It was his own fault that he got there; he was the black sheep of the family—Percy Mourndant. When a very young boy he was always stealing trifles from his schoolmates. There was no excuse for it. His family was rich, and he had every advantage. Percy was an awfully wild boy."

"Jack had always been Percy's bosom friend. Again and again he had helped him out of scrapes. Percy was a quiet fellow to all appearances. He wore eyeglasses, and was meek as Moses. But he had the very devil in him. Jack seemed more like the rascal, with his dark Spanish beauty. Percy was light and had sandy hair. He appeared quite harmless."

"After they got out of college Percy behaved himself, but not for long. He got to gambling and drinking and all sorts of horrid things. The family was proud and extremely sensitive. They feared he would do something that would disgrace them forever; something that the sensational newspapers would make a hue and cry over as 'Another swell gone wrong'—you know what I mean."

"At last he did. He made an un-

BLACK UPON YELLOW.

fortunate marriage. A very good sort of a woman was Miss Morris, but quite below him. He did not stop here, but forged a large check on his father's name. The matter was partly hushed up. Old Colonel Mourndant sent Percy away. And to make the matter worse, everybody in Albany was talking about it.

"Jack was the only one of the family who stuck to the unfortunate Percy. This summer Percy got into more and serious trouble. Grace came here to see Jack and get him to come to Albany to help him out. Jack couldn't come, but I believe he arranged for Grace to send word when she needed him."

"Jack went to Albany soon after, met his brother's wife at the station, arranged with her to help Percy out. His brother was in a serious fix this time. It was not a question of hushing up. It was a question of life and death. There had been a row in a low gambling resort. A man had been killed. Percy was not wholly to blame, but he had been held for—what do you call it?—manslaughter!"

"Jack did some clever detective work then. He discovered that some of Percy's former associates had agreed to make the case so black that Percy would be convicted of murder after all. It was a serious matter. Percy must not stand trial. What should he do? He made one last appeal to Colonel Mourndant, but it was of no use. Then what do you suppose Jack did? You will not believe me, perhaps, but it is true."

"He went to his father and said: 'See here, I am to have so much of your property when you die. I don't care to wait. There is an immediate use for the money. May I have my inheritance now? Fancy that! His father was quite taken aback. He asked a few questions and let his errand son have the money. It was a large sum, running far up into the thousands.'

"This money—think of it—every cent he had in the world he used to get his brother off. I don't know how he did it. It was bailing him out or something of that sort. Percy and his wife sailed from San Francisco not long ago for Australia. An odd tale, is it not?"

Carrie Tracy didn't think so. She sat with shining eyes for some moments after, and then went down stairs. It was just then that the bus from the station came up to the door.

A man jumped out, and he never forgot the picture that she made as she came out on the piazza. The sun was low in the west, and the light played on her expressive face, on her hair, and lit up her eyes. When he saw her he stood quite still. He bared his head with a gesture reverential and devout, as if she were being from another world. It was but an instant that they stood there. Then Carrie Tracy gave him her hand, and he looked into her eyes and saw that he was welcome.

Society was shocked at the re-appearance of "her adventurer." Everybody wondered how he managed to get an invitation to the dance that evening, which happened to be at the Aspinwall-Joneses. But the true story got out, and Jack Mourndant became more and more popular. Even Edward Slocomb had to acknowledge that he was a good fellow. And he took the trouble of shaking hands with him and telling a pious fib that he was very glad to see him again. And when Carrie Tracy went into the conservatory again with Mourndant he did not care to follow.

A shower had come up shortly after sunset, and an hour after had cleared away. The moon had risen, making the raindrops on the bushes and trees sparkle like diamonds. The lawn seemed covered with jewels, and drops of moisture still clung to the window panes, making them gleam. The clouds were moving rapidly about, now and then shading the moon. Some of them were dark, while others were so fleecy that it seemed as if one could crush them in one's hand. Presently the clouds blew away and the sky was one delicate mass of subdued azure, except where the moon glowed.

In the music room they were playing a waltz. "Only Tonight." Then, in some unexplainable manner, Mourndant's head came very near hers, her gray blue eyes intoxicated him, her full red lips were so tempting—and he had kissed her again.

This time Edward Slocomb did not come in and claim a dance; this time he did not lecture any one; but a half hour after he shook hands with Mourndant and heartily congratulated him.

"And why don't I make love to a girl?" he remarked slyly to young Aspinwall-Jones when his cousin's engagement was announced, "and get married? Bah! It's an awful bore."—William E. Baldwin in Boston Globe.

Robbers That Defy the Gardener. Eternal vigilance is the price for a successful crop of garden trinkets nowadays. The pestiferous and voracious sparrow getteth up early in the morning with a razor edge appetite. He scorneth the solemn and sedate worm, and turneth up his nose at the festive caterpillar. These may do for the vulgar robin or redstart, but for him the crisp and succulent lettuce and the tender blossom of the sweet pea is good enough, and eating together about 500 of his relatives they start on their devastating career, and when the man of the house getteth up some time afterward and sees the ruin that has been wrought he relieves his overburdened feelings in such a manner as to imperil his chances for future salvation. There is a fearful reckoning in store for the introduction of these feathered Italians on our shores.—Allentown City Item.

At Actual Cost! CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND GENTS UNDERWEAR. CAPITOL ADVENTURE Co., Opera House Block.

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.

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 SALER 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. 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 At 100 Chemeketa Street. HOUSE - and - SIGN - PAINTING. Paper Hanging, Kalsomining, Wall Tinting, etc. Varnishing and Natural Wood Finish. Only First-class Work. SNOW BROS.

CHURCHILL & BURROUGHS. Tanners, Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters, SHEET IRON WORKERS. Estimates on all work in our line. 100 Chemeketa Street.

Churchill Sash, Door & Manufacturing Co. Sash, Doors, Blinds & Mouldings, Turning & Scroil Sawing. New DRY KILN, by which we can always keep a full supply of seasoned stock of all kinds. Agricultural Works, Corner of Trade and High streets, Salem, Oregon.

IRA ERB Sash and Door Factory Front Street, Salem, Oregon. The best class of work in our line at prices to compete with the lowest. Only the best material used.

FEED. The mill is shut down now, but we have a large stock of Bran and Shorts always on hand. T. BURROWS, No. 228 Commercial St., Salem.

SUCCESSFUL WAR! Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Gooseberries, Cherries and good fruit of all kinds at the Salem Cannery.

PHILLIPS & CO., Merchant Tailors. A full line of imported and domestic wools. Also a complete stock of goods for furnishing goods. All the latest styles 313 Commercial street.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.