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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 9, 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.

A TOUCH OF NATURE. When first the crocus thrusts its point of gold Up through the still snow-drifted garden mold...

A FAIR SOMNAMBULIST.

"Second class, sir! Here you are, sir!" And the speaker, a railway porter, opened the door of a second class compartment on one of the Scotch mails, which was already beginning to steam slowly out of Peterboro station.

Looking round the compartment, he saw that it contained only one occupant besides himself, a young lady, seated in the opposite corner. A second glance at her, as she reclined with her head back, her eyes closed, and her lips parted, breathing with monotonous regularity, showed him that she was asleep.

She was very pretty, and remarkably well dressed. Everything about her traveling appliances suggested affluence and comfort, from the costly fur rug in which her feet were wrapped to the silver fitted traveling bag which stood open on the seat at her side.

The old gentleman glanced at the title, and as he noted it a look of stern disapprobation appeared upon his face. He knew the book by reputation as one of dangerously flippant tendencies, and being a pillar of the Scottish kirk, and severely puritanical in his views, he regarded with scant favor even the soberest works of fiction.

Of course, the something glance which he cast at the objectionable novel and then transferred to its owner was quite lost on the slumbering young lady. And Mr. Joshua McParson, feeling no doubt, the utility of thus wasting his "sweetness" on the desert air, took up his Times and began to peruse the money market intelligence assiduously.

He remained absorbed in this study for some time, too much taken up with it to have any thought to spare for his traveling companion, until he was aroused again to an active consciousness of her presence by hearing her make a sudden movement. Glancing quickly over the top of his newspaper he saw that she had opened her eyes and sat up. She was looking rather hard at him, surprised very likely at his presence in the compartment, and wondering how he had come there.

Mr. McParson began to feel rather uncomfortable. He had a constitutional horror of boldness in women, and a nervous dread of being made the object of any attempted familiarity—especially in a railway carriage. Perhaps this well dressed young lady might be an actress, or some abandoned creature of that description, and—

His speculations were interrupted by another sudden movement on the part of the young lady which caused him to peep at her once more. She was now standing up, but her eyes still looked straight at him in the same unswerving gaze. Something, however, about them struck him this time which he had not noticed before.

He cleared his throat, coughed and rustled his newspaper; but her face remained absolutely unmoved, giving no token that she had heard the sounds, or was in any wise conscious of his presence. That was very unlike blind people, who were always so quick to notice. Besides—as his eyes fell upon the novel and the magazine—a blind person would not take work of literature for her traveling companions.

No. Blindness could scarcely be the explanation of her very strange demeanor. But if not that, what then? Was she in a state of coma? Or was she, perhaps, a lunatic? The notion of this last possibility made him decidedly uneasy, and his heart began to beat with increased speed in his portly breast.

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

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BATTLE CREEK.

Marion County's First Battle—Reminiscence of 1846.

In the early pioneer days of Oregon, in 1846, I joined the "Oregon Rangers," and was with them in an Indian fight on "Battle Creek," six miles south of Salem.

I give the particulars as I remember them, though perhaps I may be in error, which others can correct. The situation of Oregon in 1846, two thousand miles west of even a house of civilization, in a country jointly claimed by us and England, and a mere handful of Americans jointly occupying Oregon with Indian tribes and a settlement of Hudson Bay trappers demanded some means of personal self protection, and among others, the "Oregon Rangers" were organized.

With the exception of missionaries and some who come with pack animals, the first immigration of 80 wagons, under Whitman; and 150 wagons in 1844, in which we came; and of, I believe, about 500 wagons in 1845, were the sum total of Americans here.

I took up a piece of land on the Santiam river in 1845, before an immigrant had crossed the Santiam to its south side. At that time only three families, Campbell, Holden and Looney, were living in the Santiam country. In 1846 others began to settle there. In this year about thirty young men organized as the "Oregon Rangers" at the Mission Institute, as Salem was then called, for home protection.

Capt. Bennett and Lieut. A. A. Robinson were the officers. A band of Walla Walla Indians were roving through the country, and Mr. Looney claimed that they had killed some of his cattle and called on the "Oregon Rangers" to assist him in getting redress. In the absence of Capt. Bennett Lieut. A. A. Robinson took command and we met on the Santiam. Scouts brought in word that the band of Indians were on the move toward the Mission Institute, so we at once went there to intercept them.

After waiting an hour or two scouts brought word that the Indians had camped on what is now known as Battle Creek, six miles south of Salem. We immediately formed in line and rode out. We found Looney, Evans and one or two others on the first hill, and after consultation we passed over the hill with our horses at full speed, down the slope, and across the creek to the opposite little prairie bottom where the Indians were camped, and surrounded the camp with the exception of the creek side. But few of the buck Indians were in the camp. One old Indian was particularly excited in trying to get out his gun. I noticed Mr. Daily, by my side, leveling his gun at the Indian as intending to shoot, I put my hand on his arm and with others requested him not to shoot. He said he would if that Indian did not put down his gun. The Indian saw the movements and, leaving his gun, waved his hand, saying, wake, wake, (no, no). Capt. Robinson called Mr. Walker out as interpreter and we started our demand of pay for cattle killed. In commencing negotiations we gradually became quiet in our places, promising we would not hurt them. Robinson gathered the Indians before us in a body for a talk. Gradually a dozen or so of Indians came in, one after another, from ambulances in the tall grass, weeds and brush outside of our lines where they had rushed unobserved as we had been coming down the hill upon their camp. We had a long talk of an hour or so, the Indians denying having killed cattle, and we insisting that they had, and demanded pay. At last Capt. Robinson concluded to take two or three of the Indians as hostages till pay was given. He ordered us into ranks, and ordered the second platoon to close in between the Indians and the creek. The Indians saw our movements in reforming our disordered ranks, and some began to promise to pay us a horse, then two, three or as many horses as we demanded. One or two Indians hastily gathered bridles or ropes to go and get the horses for us. Robinson did not seem to notice these offers, nor did he check the movements of our men when the second platoon began to move between the Indians and the brush on the creek, the Indians made a rush for the brush and several of our men began firing on them. It was crack, crack all around me. The Indians immediately returned the fire. An Indian fell not 20 feet from me and the others dragged him into the brush. One Indian was bold enough to rush out close to us to fire at us as he kept dodging. The others fired from behind the brush. Our position close to the brush was at

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MISCELLANY.

ARRESTED FOR FORGERY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 8.—Bayard Saville, who was arrested on complaint of ex-Senator James G. Fair, has been charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. On July 15, he presented a letter of introduction purporting to be from ex-Secretary Bayard, of Wilmington, Del., and on the strength thereof induced Senator Fair to indorse a draft for \$500 on the Security Trust and Safe Deposit bank of Wilmington. It now transpires that the letter was a forgery and that Saville had no money in the bank. He cashed the draft through the Nevada bank of this city. He claims to have studied law with Secretary Bayard, but was subsequently engaged in the commission business, having houses in New York and London.

A SUIT FOR DIVORCE.

BAYHEAD, N. J., Aug. 8.—The people here eagerly discussed yesterday the facts connected with the punishment of John Clayton by vigilants, because he had been too friendly with the pretty young wife of Joseph Parker, who lives across Barnegate, on Metedeconk Point. Clayton and Mrs. Parker disappeared after Clayton was ducked in the bay and then fogged. It was rumored that the couple had gone away together. They started in a carriage in the direction of Hightstown early last evening. Clayton came originally from Hightstown. Mr. Parker has gone back to his home on Metedeconk point. He has secured the services of one of the well-known lawyers of Tom's River and instructed him to institute proceedings for an absolute divorce. Mrs. Parker is an unusually pretty woman, and Clayton, who is nearly ten years her junior, became deeply infatuated with her the first time he saw her, about a month ago, when he came here to spend the summer. The couple were together day and night, and two weeks ago Parker drove his wife out of his house and closed it up. Mrs. Parker and Clayton have since it is alleged, been together on yachts in the bay, and in cottages not occupied by their owners. Their actions led to the punishment inflicted on Clayton by the gang of vigilants organized by the villagers and summer cottagers.

SWINDLED HIS CUSTOMERS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—It was heard among the banks yesterday that the failure of Abraham Backer, the note broker, was likely to be followed by unpleasant disclosures. Backer failed early in the week, and his liabilities were put at \$4,000,000, largely contingent liabilities on good commercial paper, indorsed by him. He had been a note broker and a dealer in commercial paper generally, besides being the capitalist of a cotton goods mill and a commission house. He had gained the confidence of merchants, particularly in the dry-goods districts, and the confidence of the bank as well. His failure was a surprise. Now that the condition of his affairs has been looked into, some of the merchants for whom he handled paper have been to their banks and have expressed alarm about the outcome of their dealings with Backer. Some of Backer's customers were: J. Pollock, of Mobile and New York; V. Henry Rothschild & Co., of New Orleans and New York; Rice, Stix & Co., of St. Louis and New York; and Hornthal, Whitehead, Weisman & Co., clothiers, of Bond street and Broadway. Some of these firms and, it is said, other firms also have been inquiring at banks about paper of theirs handled by Backer, and have reported that they themselves did not receive the proceeds of the paper. It was said yesterday that one merchant had consulted with his lawyers as to the best means of calling Backer to time, and that Backer had disposed of \$30,000 worth of paper for V. H. Rothschild & Co., and \$40,000 worth for Hyman Lieberstein & Co. Other firms are reported to be in the same boat. In one case it is reported that not only the proceeds of the paper, but the collateral put up with it, are unaccounted for. The patrons of Backer hunted Wall street yesterday to discover the whereabouts of their notes. This news did not get out until late

IS HE STILL CASHIER?

There is Difference of Opinion as to Governor Penney's Attorney General.

The JOURNAL has considered it a public duty to ascertain if possible whether Mr. Chamberlain, Governor Penney's appointee as attorney general for Oregon, is still connected with the Linn Co. National Bank.

Inquiry at a bank in this city which holds stock in the Chamberlain bank at Albany elicits the information that as stockholders they have had no official information that he has severed his connection. From their bank correspondence they think however that he severed all connection July 24 by a transfer of stock for some real estate.

It will be remembered that Mr. Chamberlain was appointed May 31st and entered upon his office June 1st. The question of fact involved is whether he was still an official of the bank at the time of his appointment or thereafter.

The JOURNAL addressed the following note to the president of the Linn county bank: SALEM, OREGON, July 21st, 1891. Mr. J. L. Cowan, Albany, Or.

Dear Sir: Could you inform us when Mr. Geo. E. Chamberlain severed his connection with the Linn Co. National Bank, and whether he still has an interest in the same. And greatly obliged.

MR. COWAN'S REPLY. The reply of the president of the bank was in two paragraphs as follows: "May 1st, 1891. "Severed his connection and interest in the Linn Co. Nat. Bank." "J. L. COWAN, Pres."

If the first paragraph had followed the second, and both had been written (Concluded on third page.)