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THE RAILWAY ENGINEER. Steadfast and firm at his place he stands With his gaze on the shining track before. The throttle gripped in his leathery hands As the train speeds on with thundering roar. Over bridges, through woodlands green. Across the plains at lightning speed. Threading the tunnel or dark ravine In safety he guides the iron steed. Steadily on through the darkest night, Through the drifting snow and pouring rain. The engine showing its cheerful light. Like a meteor shoots "the lightning train." The passengers take their rest and sleep. Dreaming of homes so far away. While a constant vigil he must keep Watchful ever by night or day. Where one is brought to eternity's brink. And history tells of the martyr's claim; But many a railway engineer Has died at his post to save the train. Brave men there are who praise deserve. In every calling of hand or brain; But none of firmer, steadier nerve Than the engineer of the railway train. -F. M. Behrmer in Arkansas Traveler.

THE END OF THE HUNT. "It was on the old Red Cloud trail, a good many years ago; how many? I don't remember just how many—it was the summer after the deep snow. We always went on the deer hunt, in those days, and I came back about the time that the plums are red. My brother, Lone Pine, was a famous hunter when he was a young man, and until he grew blind, after his son died, there were none who could shoot more deer than he. "We were three lodges that summer, I and the old man, Lone Pine and his two daughters and one son and their old grandmother—their mother was dead and brother never took another wife—and the third lodge was their cousin, Three Badgers, with his wife and his two sons, one a young man called High Bear, and one a boy about as big as yours. Let me see (counting laboriously on her skinny fingers), eleven, and we were all near relatives and food was plenty, and so we should have journeyed happily together; but High Bear had wanted for a long time to marry Red Bird, the younger of his two cousins, and he had offered four ponies for her, and her father liked him, but the girl would not marry, and people say that this is what made all the trouble. "The two sisters always said that they never would marry, though both were pretty and very skillful in all sorts of work, and men from all the tribes were continually making offers for them. Red Bird would not say why she refused them—she only laughed. People said afterward that she did not really mean it at first, but that after her cousin was supposed to have done because of her, she hated all men. But her sister, Blossoming Rose, said: 'I am very happy now. I can do just as I please, and no one says anything to me. My father lets me have my own way. If I marry some man I shall have to do as he tells me, and perhaps he will scold me. Then I shall be unhappy. I do not wish to change.' "We made the first camp on Thick Woods Creek. It had been a hot, bright day and in the middle of the night the thunder bird descended upon us in floods of water. The wind blew and the voice of the thunder was loud and dreadful, and his light blinded our eyes. We made up the fire and prayed to the Great Spirit. But a great gust came and blew our tent over and we both lay close to the ground with our blankets wrapped tightly about us until it passed. Then I pitched the tent again and we slept. "When the sun rose Red Bird came to me with a cup of coffee and a cake of bread. They made many presents of food, and of clothing and ponies. We all made presents, but they always gave more than the others. Blossoming Rose and her grandmother cooked all the day long, and sent Red Bird to the other tents with dishes of food. She laughed at me as she stooped to the doorway. 'Oh, Auntie! you looked so funny when your tent blew down. I heard you scream and I peeped out of the door and saw you by a flash of light, holding both hands to the lodge poles, but they went over and you too. It didn't hurt you, did it? We all got wet, too, it rained so hard. I am going with sister to gather cherries. You had better come with us.' She ran off, and they pounded cherries enough to load a pony. "Red Bird was eighteen years old that summer. Her brother, Eagle Feather, was almost seventeen, and a beautiful youth. They looked much alike, and were very dear to each other. She was slender and small, and her waist was no bigger than a white woman's waist. Her hair was very black, and hung down to her hips after it was plaited in two thick plaits, and her features were small and pretty. She was forever laughing, and she usually wore a red dress that was very becoming. She was twenty-one years old. She was taller and larger than her sister and men said just as handsome. But she was one of the quiet kind of women. She never talked much, and when she was displeased she said nothing at all. "On the third day out Eagle Feather saw the fresh track of a buck deer, and he borrowed his oldest sister's gray pony and followed it. The gray was her favorite and the one she always rode. He was gentle, but very fast, and that is the reason that Eagle Feather wanted to take him. At night he came back on foot, with the deer (concluded on fourth page.)

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. The arguments for the relative supremacy of physical or intellectual, of material or spiritual forces has proceeded since the beginning of time. In Homer we read of the triumphs of crafty and all wisest of men, Ulysses, over semi-brute Cyclops, vast forest-born giants and mythical centaurs. The whole poem is an epic tribute to the superiority of psychic forces over brute strength. Behind the entire stage of dramatic action is stretched the beautiful moral background of the hero's devotion to his wife and family and his dearly-loved native Ithica. While his keen intellect and deep knowledge of men and affairs gained him victory over hostile races and the conspiring elements, his faithfulness to a higher, more spiritual conviction enabled him to triumph over the temptations of the lotos-eaters, the seductions of Circe, and closing his ears to the siren songs from the isle of Calypso, sail in peace and safety to his beloved home port. So we conclude that behind all his physical prowess, his mental cunning, his skill in practice of arms there was a spiritual force that impelled Ulysses and made him the hero of ages. He towers above all mere fighters or merely mental giants of history or fiction as a giant among pigmies. It is the spiritual force that causes this difference. Nature and physical force are but crude and inferior expressions of power, as the whirling water wheel that drives the dynamo is inferior to the subtle current that flashes along delicate wires, carrying messages, lighting cities and moving trains. We find in German history and literature two fine types of the triumph of spiritual power over material forces. One of these is greater than or different from the other, as the poet is greater than the political economist or theologian—we refer to the contrast between Luther and Goethe. In Martin Luther we find the highest combined embodiment of physical, moral and spiritual courage; the mighty combatant in polemic controversy; the brave fighter who was ready to defy the whole religious power, when it had as allies every government in Europe; who would go to the diet at Worms tho' there were a devil for every tile on the house tops along the way. In Goethe we behold the other type of highest German national development—the prince of intellect, the potentate of culture, who came not to rend and divide the world into hostile religious camps—he came rather to unite, to harmonize human efforts, to bring the ends of the world together in harmonious consecration to truth. "Goethe's object has been, at all times, to unite rather than to divide," says Carlisle. His conception of art and his purpose in poetry are shadowed forth in one of his finest and deepest-toned passages in Faust. The poet, he tells us, is not to confuse men. He is to unite them by his harmony; inner and outer harmony of verse and soul. It is his duty to transform the monotony of life, the discords of the spirit into rhythmic movement which shall unite and musically order all existence. This famous utterance in the prelude to Faust may be specially regarded as a key to Goethe. It strikes the profoundest chord in the poem: Wer nun das einzelne zur allgemeinen wehret, Wo es in herrlichen accorden schwebet? The allusion is to the poet and a literal translation would run thus: "Who calls the individual to its universal consecration, where it strikes (or unites) in glorious chords?" The individual thing or person must rise into the universal order and become truly consecrated. Thus the poet finds his highest sphere of duty toward truth in pointing out the universal significance of one man, his relation to the whole, and in leading him to ultimate consecration, a holy accord of his maker, in glorious accord with the music of the spheres—not an ever returning mass of earth dust, groveling ever and ever to the earth beneath. This consecration of all things to the universal law is the work of every great master poet. Animate and inanimate, thing or man, in the alchemy of his literary art we behold ever the rise of the individual to the universal. He turns the storm-animal thing in nature—into the image of the passions of the human soul. He makes the evening red-another thing of nature—glow in the earnest sense or in the spiritual way. The blossoms of spring for love, the green leaves of laurel for merit, are not natural objects merely, but are

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transfigured into poetry, elevated out of the individual to the universal. This is true of all the great poets. Thus does Homer secure Olympus itself, the abode of the divinity, and unites the gods into one grand controlling divine order. This is the work of the true world poet, who is himself a universal, not a individual merely. Such is that "ultimate highest concord," in which all things become one and harmonious, and in which every student of Goethe loves sooner or later to find himself.

It Was a Baby's Death. It was a baby's death that during the past week showed the gentler side of Iowa journalism. There was not a paper in the state that did not, for a little while at least, drop the burdens of daily toil and contentions to bend over the cradle-coffin where slept in death the fond hope of an Iowa editor's home—William Fawcett Faulkes. The many words of kindness and sympathy that the bereaved father had written to brighten the hopes of other hearts when bowed in grief were returned to him and to his with a hundred fold. Words flowed tenderly, as tears that come unbidden in the eye, because they who wrote them stood in the shadow of a fellow laborer's sorrow. It was the touch of a hand that is mightier than many armies and as mysterious as the great future into which it summons all, kings and peasants, men and babes. And that hand of death was laid upon the darling of a home, upon the best beloved of a mother's heart and the greatest hope of a father's life. But not in vain the little life that leaves a stronger love behind! Not in vain the life, that, going out, leaves a sacred memory to moisten hearts that otherwise might grow hard and cold! And not in vain the life the loss of which makes men kinder and gentler—brothers indeed.—Des Moines Register.

What They Did. Among the most important measures passed by the republican congress and upon which it will ask a continuance in power are The Tariff Bill. The Reciprocity Bill. The Disability Pension Bill. The Mail Subsidy Bill. The Postal and New Navy Bill. The Anti-Lottery Bill. The River and Harbor Bill. The Meat Inspection Bill. The Silver and Currency Expansion Bill, and many other important measures, in opposition to democratic votes.

LITERARY NOTES. Harper's Magazine for September will be remarkable for the number and excellence of its illustrated articles. Among these will be Edw. A. Abbey's illustrations of Shakespeare's "Much Ado about Nothing;" an article on the New York Chamber of Commerce, by Dr. Richard Wheatley, with portraits reproduced from Trumbull's paintings, besides numerous other pictures; George du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson," with fourteen characteristic illustrations drawn by the author; Montgomery Schuyler's "Glimpses of Western Architecture," with views of some notable dwelling-houses and other buildings in Chicago; another chapter of Walter Besant's "London," with pictures of the remains of mediæval palaces and other remarkable structures; and F. Hopkinson Smith's "Under the Minarets," beautifully illustrated from his own paintings.

SHIP-BUILDER'S STRIKE. PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 22.—Inquiry yesterday at Cramp's shipyard proved that the strike of the riveters, caulkers, shippers' holders and rivet-beaters had not assumed the proportions reported by the men last night. It was that the number of men and boys who quit work is about 500, but 100 are all who went out. Henry W. Cramp said today the strike would not amount to anything, as the firm could get all the men it wanted.

AT WATERLOO. LONDON, Aug. 22.—Quite a number of the Brussels congress made an excursion today to the field of Waterloo. The English delegates chose with few exceptions to absent themselves from the scene of the memorable victory so that the excursionists were mostly French, Germans and Belgians. The object was to talk over the necessity for universal peace as illustrated by the famous battle. It was noticed that many of the Frenchmen were very reticent, notwithstanding their assumed indifference to the scene, and one of them got into a wroth controversy with a German as to the share of Blucher in the victory that nearly led to blows. The interference of a Bohemian and an Italian was necessary to prevent black eyes if not bloodshed. At least all the visitors were orating on the battlefield in full sight of the sombre heroic figure that keeps watch and guard over the dead.

JOLLIFICATION. PORTSMOUTH, AUG. 22.—The admirals of the British and French fleets and the members of their respective staffs are hobnobbing together at Cowes, where the festivity

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

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

MISCELLANY.

THE SAVIOR'S COAT.

TREVES, Aug. 22.—The unveiling of the holy coat Thursday made a deep impression. The cathedral was thronged with a motley crowd gathering whose modern appearance contrasted with the mediæval ceremonies. Prussian officers were there in uniform, English tourists in their light tweeds, and the bourgeois in evening dress. Aged cripples and sufferers from nearly every chronic complaint were in the crowd. Bishop Kodum at the unveiling dwelt on the spiritual significance of the seamless vesture, as symbolic of the unity of the church. The coat was distinctly visible in the body of the church. The old silken covering had almost worn away and the garment looked a brownish color. The service consisted of monotonous Gregorian chants, and the administrative ecclesiastical. Many women fainted, overpowered by their emotions. Pious continually handled the rosaries and crucifixes which had been in contact with the relic. The streets were alive with processions and bands of music. The vendors of photographs, rosaries and images, drove a lively trade and the pickpockets were rampant. Late at night throngs of people were still besieging the doors of the cathedral and multitudes were filing past the relic.

PENNY OCEAN POSTAL.

LONDON, Aug. 22.—In an interview yesterday with a correspondent of the International Telegram Company, Mr. J. H. Henniker Heaton, M. P., who has taken such a great interest in the subject of cheap postage, stated that the government had decided to adopt a system of penny ocean postage. Postmaster General Raikes had absolutely committed himself to the plan, and had obtained the assent of the cabinet. Mr. Heaton showed the correspondent letters from Mr. Raikes and Mr. Goschen, chancellor of the exchequer, stating that all the arrangements had been made with the exception of the Indian services, and this branch would be brought into line soon. The new rates does not apply to letters sent by overland routes nor via Brindisi. The scheme is ready to put into operation, but the government will probably reserve it until the eve of the general election, and use it as a popular campaign measure. Mr. Heaton is jubilant and confident that universal penny postage will soon follow.