

"Puzzled The Doctors."

MORE of the cases cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla have been given up by the regular practice. Physicians are recommending this medicine more than ever, and with satisfactory results.

E. M. Sargent, Lowell, Mass., says: "Several years ago, my daughter broke out with large sores on her hands, feet, and other parts of her body. The case puzzled the doctors. My daughter used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it resulted in a complete cure. Her blood seems to have been thoroughly purified, as she has never had so much as a pimple since taking this medicine."

"This is to certify that after having been sick for twelve years with kidney disease and general debility, and having been treated by several physicians without relief, I am now better in every respect, and think I am nearly well, having taken seven bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Maria Ludvigson, Albert Lea, Minn.

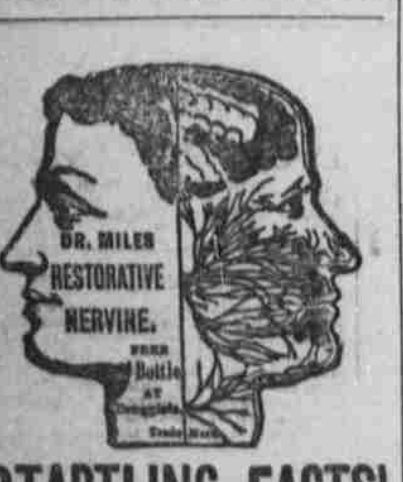
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

A Matter of Place.
"Well, madam," says the head of the house, who had apparently got out of bed on the wrong side, "what have you got for breakfast this morning? Boiled eggs, eh? Seems to me you never have anything but boiled eggs. Boiled eggs! And what else, madam, may I ask?"
"Mutton chops, my dear," says the wife meekly.
"Mutton chops!" echoes the husband, bursting into a peal of sardonic laughter. "Mutton chops! I could have guessed it! Madam, if I ever eat another meal inside of this house—and jamming on his hat and slamming the door the aggravated man bounds down the stairs and betakes himself to the restaurant."
"What'll you have, sir?" says the waiter, politely handing him a bill of fare.
"Ah!" says the guest, having glanced over it. "Let me see. Bring me two boiled eggs and a mutton chop."—Jury.

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.
The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourishes and soothes that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.



STARTLING FACTS!

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggests the best remedy: **Albion's Restorative**, of Boston, Mass., says that when he was a young man he was afflicted with a nervous headache, and after trying many remedies, he was cured by **Albion's Restorative**. He says that he has since cured many others of the same complaint, and that he has cured many of the most prominent physicians of the country. He says that he has cured many of the most prominent physicians of the country. He says that he has cured many of the most prominent physicians of the country.

DR. MILLER'S RESTORATIVE NERVE TONIC

When examining a horse with a view to purchasing, always have him led down a steep or stony descent at the end of a halter and with no whip near him. Many horses when brought out of the stable are excited by the presence of strangers, and become still more so at sight of a whip. A slight lameness may therefore be momentarily overlooked by the horse himself, just as a man under strong excitement will sometimes forget a sore foot. Leading the horse down a slope will show any defect in his forequarters, and running him back will develop any weakness that may exist in his hind legs. Horse sharpers know these facts as well as anybody, so if the horse is in the least affected they will generally avoid a bill when showing off a horse to a probable purchaser.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE END OF SAN JOSE JOE.

A Monster Shark That Was Known to All Shippers of the Pacific Coast. There is an exhibition in Stewart street in the shape of a photograph "all that is mortal" of "San Jose Joe." San Jose Joe was in his lifetime a shark, and was better known all along the coast from Guatemala to Panama than any skipper sailing the Pacific, and he was an object of general respect too.

The first known to the men who tell fish stories is that he came into prominence about fourteen years ago by taking on a cargo of two natives, who were enjoying the luxury of a sea bath on the Guatemala coast. Like "Old Brin," the grizzly of the Sierra, his reputation as a man eater increased rapidly, and he was given credit for the havoc wrought by all the sharks in the district he infested.

Joe had a certain route which he "worked," and it was early noticed that his weather eye was always open for a choice morsel with a line attached to it. The expression on his countenance when the ship's cook would cast him a well larded shank was edifying to behold, but he had a human contempt for people who gave donations "with a string to them."

Mariners on the west coast of Central America, after experimenting with a hook on Joe for some time, at length discarded that method of effecting his capture and resorted to firearms. The amount of lead Joe had fired into him with all sorts of firearms no doubt added to his weight, but it had no appreciable effect on his buoyant spirits or on his appetite for bathers and lone rowboats.

As the United States steamer Ranger was lying in the harbor of San Jose de Guatemala, the noted shark came alongside and cast a hungry glance toward the cookhouse. Captain Reiter armed himself with a harpoon and entered a dingy lying aft. He was so fortunate as to get an opportunity for landing the harpoon in a vital spot; and, in short order, the old shark, who had terrorized the coast for so many years, was lying an inert mass on the deck.

The carcass was hauled on board and photographed. Measurements were taken, and Joe's body was weighed. His weight was 3,800 pounds. He was 26 feet 8 inches in length, and was 9 feet 3 inches in circumference back of the gills. It was found that the old fellow had no teeth, probably owing to his great age. He was a tiger shark—that is, spotted like a tiger. The natives on the coast have breathed easier since his timely taking off, and Captain Reiter is a very popular man down there.—San Francisco Report.

Trifles Easy to Make.
If any woman is in need of a convenient little work basket, and has a good strawberry box, here is a suggestion for her. Not long ago an ingenious woman painted such a box thoroughly with several coats of white enamel paint. A thick layer of wadding was then laid in the bottom and over the sides, then a lining of bright yellow silk was placed inside. The silk was shirred and turned in at the top in a narrow frill that set up an inch above the edge of the basket.

A pretty receptacle for flowers is made by painting tall and well shaped tumblers of clear and perfectly plain glass with violets, daisies or clover leaves. A very good combination is of single white daisies and the maiden-hair fern rising from the base of the glass and nodding on their stems. Pitchers of graceful shape are now painted in the same way. A pitcher of amber glass seen with painted with the yellow daisies commonly known as "black eyed Susans."—New York Post.

Phantom Cannons.

Among the strangest of phenomena are the explosive noises that have been heard for years over half of the large area of the Ganges delta and that have not yet been assigned to any satisfactory cause. The noises, for the lack of a better name, have long been known as the Barisal guns, so called from Barisal, the chief town of the district to which they were mostly confined. The startling sounds were the subject of a long discussion at a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, but the learned members are no nearer a solution of the mystery now than when it was first discussed and written about, nineteen years ago.

The sounds resemble the explosion of bombs or the thunder of heavy guns. They occur at quite regular intervals, but most frequently in the rainy season, and their usual accompaniment is a southerly wind. They are heard along 100 miles of the coast and up the many branches of the delta from 50 to 100 miles inland, and due north as far as the Garro hills, about 150 miles from the coast. The low lying, swampy coast region for fifty miles inland is thinly inhabited, and, strange as it may appear, no one ever seems to be at or near the place where the noises originate. The meeting of the Asiatic Society was profuse of theories as to the cause of this phenomenon, but no theory was supported by evidence entitling it to much weight.

The noises are variously assigned to atmospheric electricity, to subterranean or subaqueous agencies, to the bursting of bamboos—which last, however, produces a noise more like the crack of musketry than the boom of artillery—and also to the breaking of the tremendous surf rollers along the northern shore of the Bay of Bengal, the sound of which, it is urged, is borne far inland among the river channels.—Boston Transcript.

He Had Forgotten Something.
I was staying on the Riviera when the famous convulsion of 1888 occurred. I was awakened by a shock which dashed two pictures off the wall of my room and upset the washstand. While I was striking a match another shock struck me and some chairs among some fragments of broken crockery. I had presence of mind enough to remember that during an earthquake you are no safer in the streets than in a covered building; so I dressed without undue precipitancy, and after a desperate struggle to open my door—which had got jammed—walked down stairs. The sight was one never to be forgotten. Men, women and children in detachable were huddled in the front hall, crying, shrieking and praying. Some had bolted out of doors with hardly any clothes on, and had made for the sea, where they clamored to be rowed out in open boats—about the worst thing they could do.

Among the panic stricken folk was an old gentleman in pyjamas, who had come down the stairs three steps at a time. But on reaching the hall he exclaimed that he had forgotten something and must go back. His friends thought to him that the upper stories were dangerous; but he turned a deaf ear, bounded up stairs and presently returned panting. The thing which he had forgotten was his set of false teeth!—Cor. London Graphic.

A Lively Race.
He was telling about the wind in one of the new states. The train was going in the same direction as the wind. "We came up with a party of section workers on a handcar. They got off to let us pass, the train stopping in the meantime. The handcar was a most wonderful one, and was whirled away by the wind. It gained rapid headway and before the workmen realized the fact it had a hundred yards' start and was just busting. The section superintendent ordered the gang to board the engine and then the train moved ahead after the fleeing car. The engineer went easy at first, thinking the little car would soon be recaptured. But no, the car was in for a race. So he opened the throttle and the big locomotive and cars dashed ahead at the rate of fifty miles an hour. It was a long chase and the conductor told me that we traveled over seventy miles to catch that handcar. I suppose the handcar would have beaten us into Chicago if it hadn't had a hot box. I tell you the wind is awful out there."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Avenge His Friend.
Alderman Higgins is the owner of two handsome and valuable dogs. One is quite small, while the other is a good sized fellow. They are both well behaved and quiet. The other morning the little dog started up the street alone. Before he had gone far two other dogs met him and a fight ensued in which the little one was badly punished. After getting away he turned and went to the Higgins studio, where his big chum was reposing. A few moments later the larger dog wanted to go out; the door was opened and he darted up the street. Before going far he met the two dogs who had assailed the little one, and, in the language of the small boy, "he licked 'em both." Having accomplished this work, he went back to the studio wagging his tail and apparently much pleased at having avenged his comrade.—Bath (Me.) Enterprise.

Cause of the Trouble.
Mrs. Brown—What's the matter with the ice cream, Johnnie?
Little Johnnie—Nothing, ma; only I suster has the big spoon.—New York Epoch.

TOO MUCH FOR A WIFE.

This Man Hesitated About Marrying Again Because of the Fee.
"Wyd'n't ye git another wife, Josiah?" asked Jonah Skinfint of Josiah Nudge the other day as they met by accident in the woods while in pursuit of their favorite calling—hunting.
"Toll ye wat, Joner," said Nudge, "I've bin thinkin erbout it monstrosly fer er long spell. Let's see. It's bin nigh over three weeks sence ther ole 'oman died, haint it?"
"Ya-as, summers erbout thar."
"Pears nigher forty, though."
"Speck it do, fer ye led er mouty awful good wife."
"Now yer shoutin, shore'n sartin. Afere ther ole 'owan drapped off I never had ter do onnythin' cepint ter kinder oversee ther erap an' hunt, but sence she died I've had ter suck'n' worm ther terbacker, hoe ther sorn an' pull woods oten ther cotton. Tell ye wat, Joner, I'm erforded I'll never git another 'n 'at'll take her place on complain'tly. It's true thar 'n'tt' overly much ter do, but mouty few gals thar be 'at'll 'n't kink w'u'n er yaller steer on tendin five acres o' terbacker, ten acres o' sorn an er few acres o' cotton, adides slich little chores as cuttin sprouts, totin corn ter mill, choppin wood'n drawin water fer ther fattenin hogs."

"Them air fax, Josair, 'at I hadn't thar'er about, as my ole 'owan allus looks arter ther hog'n hominy part. An I sorter manage ter pervide ther game. But I judge ye'll try ter find er sensible gal wat won't git lar back up at doin slich liddle trifles."
"I dunno, Joner. Thar haint many gals in this part."
"Wal, thar's d'ed oodles on em down ter Porcupine Holler. They're gollatin purty uns, I'm er tellin yer."
"Is thar so?"
"Fax."
"I'll be daddnapped of I haint er noshun ter go down."
"Ye'd order."
"D'ye reckon any on em 'ald splicio 'th er feller?"
"I know it! Thar's a hull passel o' gals 'n widder's wat 'ud jist nactuallly jump higher'n shitepoke at ther chance."
"Wa-al, I'll go. Say, wat'll er squar cost down thar?"
"Squar Munger costs five dollars, Darby seven an ther parson ten."
"By jux! I'll never pay it."
"Why?"
"Too steep."
"Tis?"
"I'd holler of twarn't it!"
"I sposed it wer erbout rite."
"Nary time! Say, I've been spliced nine times an never hadter pay er squar more'n seventy-five cents, an they make money at thar price, for it don't take 'em more'n er minit, and thar's all I'll pay."
"Ye'll not git spliced down thar, then."
"Wa-al, ergin a feller pays seven dollars ter ther squar an three fer er coffin when he kicks ther bucket, he's out ten dollars! Gese whilkins, feller, I'll never cutter at thar price."—J. W. Hyder in New York Epoch.

How Hides Are Tanned.
Better leather is made today from hides in from sixty to ninety days than was manufactured in the old way. It should be remembered, however, that hides are tanned in precisely the same manner now they have always been. That is, the same agencies are used for combining it with the gelatine of the hide and for converting it into leather. Modern tanners have simply discovered methods by which the tannic acid is made to penetrate more quickly into the pores of the skin. This is accomplished partly by frequent manipulation of the hides while in the vats and partly by special treatments for keeping the pores of the skin open during the tanning process. It is a fact well known to all tanners that any method or process which will hasten the union of the tannic acid with the hide shortens materially the time necessary to convert it into leather.—New York Advertiser.

Too Much.
A little boy had his first pair of rubber boots, and could not be contented till his mother went down to the brook with him to see him wade.
With loving care he dragged a board across the brook for her to walk upon, while he waded beside her in water which came nearly to his boot tops. Suddenly, as if he had just realized what she was deprived of in being a woman in shoes, he took her hand and said with affectionate earnestness:
"Indeed, mamma dear, I will not wade another minute where you can see me. It must be too temptational for you to bear."—Youth's Companion.

A Story of Napoleon III.
Napoleon III, who had no fewer relatives to help on than any other sovereign, was trying one day to convince a cousin, whom he had already generously aided, that it was impossible for him to increase her allowance. The princess took the refusal angrily, and, as she was leaving, said in a taunting manner:
"Decidedly you have nothing of the great emperor, our uncle."
"You mistake, my dear cousin," replied Napoleon with a cheerful smile, "I have his family."—Harper's.

A Stroke of Good Fortune.
Bunker—Bloomer is looking pretty well lately. Has he had any luck?
Hill—Why, haven't you heard? He married a widow and her former husband's clothes just fit him.—Clothing and Furnisher.

As Staple as Coffee.
"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is as staple as coffee in this vicinity. It has done an immense amount of good since its introduction here." A. M. Nordell, Maple Ridge, Minn. For sale by G. E. Goode, druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve,
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Swellings, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Itching, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Croup, and all skin Eruptions, and prevents cure Flu, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give relief, or a full refund of money returned. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dan J. Fry, 25 Corn St.

MODERN SAMARITANS.

How Some Very Angry Neighbors Turned Their Feelings to Good Account.
It was a sort of impromptu indignation meeting held just after breakfast. The landlady said that the way the child next door was abused was a shame, and the contractor's wife said it was nothing less than a crime.
The shipping clerk said that he believed the baby had been crying steady for six hours, and the landlady said that it had cried more or less the day before too.
The contractor's wife said that she knew his mother whipped it, and that if she were a man she'd have it stopped, even if she had to go to the police.

The big, gruff contractor straightened himself up and said he would go in next door and see what he could do.
The shipping clerk volunteered to accompany him, and the little dry goods salesman said he was in for any movement that would stop that crying. The cashier said that cruelty to children was the one thing that actually made him want to strike a woman. He had noticed the way that baby had been treated for some time.
The four men sallied forth, and the landlady, the contractor's wife and the cashier's wife watched them from the bay window. They climbed the steps, rang the bell and a moment later entered the house. Three minutes afterward the cashier came out and hurried off down the street, and the women exclaimed simultaneously, "He's going for a policeman." Then the shipping clerk appeared and hurried after the cashier.

It was fully fifteen minutes before the contractor appeared, followed by the dry goods salesman. The former was wiping his forehead with his handkerchief as he climbed the steps of the boarding house again. He was met at the door by the three women.
"What did she say?" asked his wife.
"She said she was glad to see us," he said in his gruff way.
"The brazen thing!" exclaimed the three women.
"Stop that!" he said sharply. "We told her we were neighbors, and she said it was kind of us to come in."
"Oh! Oh!" chorused the women.
"Stop it, I tell you!" he exclaimed. "She had the baby in her arms and there were dark rings under her eyes. She said the baby was sick and she didn't dare leave it to go down cellar to the ice chest, because there was no one else in the house."
"And what did you do?" the landlady asked.
"I went down cellar and got some cold meat. She hadn't had any breakfast."

"And I brought up the milk," put in the salesman, "and George ran for the doctor and Harry went to the drug store."
"Oh, dear!" said the landlady. "The poor thing! Where's her husband?"
"He didn't come home last night," said the contractor, scowling. "Some nights he forgets, it seems."
"And what are you going to do?" asked the cashier's wife.
"I know what one woman is going to do," he said, looking in the direction of his wife.
"Yes, John," she said, "I'm going right over."
"And I know what another woman is going to do," added the landlady, picking up a shawl. "She's going to offer to get up something hot for mother and baby. Their kitchen fire must be out."
"And another's going over just to see what she can do," put in the cashier's wife.
Then, as they started, one of them called out:
"How about the husband? Hadn't some one better?"
"I can lick him," interrupted the little dry goods salesman, "and if I ever meet him I will."—Chicago Tribune.

Why Horses Stumble.
Many horses stumble, and are whipped therefore, because persons having them in keeping are careless in "hitching them up." The most flagrant and common error in clothing a horse is the placing of the breechen, or hold back strap, at the proper height on the horse's hind legs. In fact every third horse is hitched wrong in this respect. The breechen should be so buckled that it will not slip up under the horse's tail, and never so that it will, when the horse is going down hill or holding against a load, slip nearly down to his hocks. The latter position deprives the horse of the free use of his hind legs, causes his feet to cross alternately, lifts his hind feet, if not his whole hind parts, nearly off the ground, and throws the weight of the load and of the horse himself on to his front feet—the result being badly "sprung" knees, frequent unavoidable stumbling, with the generally attending whipping, jerking of the reins and curses of the foot driver.—Cor. Washington Star.

Why a Preacher Should Ride a Bicycle.
John Bertram, ex-mayor of Dundas, Ont., is in the city. Mr. Bertram is a shrewd, sharp man, and his conversation is marked by a well defined vein of dry humor. He was passing down the street today with his friend Mr. Dunn, who knew him in Dundas, when they passed the Rev. Robert R. Maitland, who was speeding along on his bicycle.
"That's the way every man go around in Vancouver," said Mr. Dunn.
Mr. Bertram looked at the speeding form, and without a smile replied, "Well, he can save some that way for a certainty."—Vancouver Telegram.

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